

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 830

I frowned at his snarky remark, but still wanted my question answered. “Has he come out from the ER yet? Is someone looking after him?”

Instead of replying to my burning questions, Ashton continued to stare coldly at me. His gaze was filled with despair and a hint of sad irony. After which, he left the room without uttering another word.

Despite knowing he was upset, I had no choice but to check on Marcus myself. As I sat up from my bed and attempted to remove the IV drip from my arm, the door swung open.

Joseph walked in and saw what I was doing. He darted to my bedside and stopped me. “Mrs. Fuller, the doctor just said that you have to rest. You can’t remove the drip.”

I furrowed my brows and asked, “Joseph, can you help me check on Marcus? I’m really worried about him. Is someone taking care of him?”

Joseph sighed helplessly and said, “Mrs. Fuller, sometimes it baffles me how you manage to overlook all that Mr. Fuller has done for you. Knowing that Mr. White has injured himself trying to protect you, do you not think Mr. Fuller will take good care of him? After being told of your accident on site, he dropped everything and rushed to the hospital in the first instance. But he was met with his stunned wife being worried sick for another man, not responding to his calls when he tried to speak to you. When you passed out all of a sudden, Mr. Fuller even fell into a full-blown panic mode that I’ve never witnessed before. Knowing you’ll be worried for Mr. White’s wellbeing, he has made sure that Mr. White receives the best care he can get in this hospital. Mr. Fuller has even hired a personal nurse to look after Mr. White. And after all that he’s done for you, your first words after coming to were all about Mr. White. Don’t you think that’s a bit too cruel to him? After all, he is your husband, and despite the very little emotion he lets on, he does feel jealous and sad just like every other guy.”

I was overwhelmed and at a loss for words. Biting my lips, I tried to digest the information that had been dumped on me.

Looking at my bewilderment, Joseph sighed again. “Mr. White’s condition has been stabilized. But he hasn’t come to as the anesthetic hasn’t worn off. He is being looked after by doctors and nurses so you don’t have to worry about him. More importantly, you really need to get some rest yourself.”

As Joseph helped me back onto my bed, my mind kept flashing back to all the things that he had just said to me. A pang of guilt rushed into my chest. In retrospect, I did hurt Ashton's feelings for being insensitive.

Since I couldn't fall asleep right away, I waited till the nurse came to remove the IV drip before I decided to take a walk.

Ashton was nowhere to be seen, hence I decided to check up on Marcus. After checking for his room number and arriving at his ward, I was relieved to see that a nurse was looking after him. The nurse greeted me with a smile.

Marcus was still unconscious from the effect of the anesthetic. His forehead was injured and his body was covered in a blanket, hence I turned to the nurse and asked, "How is his wound?"

"The doctor just came by to check on him. She said that he has sustained an injury to his head, but she's not sure at this stage if he suffers from a concussion. A metal rod pierced through his right ribcage, but luckily, it missed his vital organs. There are a few other scratches but they are just superficial wounds. Judging from his current condition, he's going to be hospitalized for a considerable amount of time."

My body shuddered at the mention of his ribcage being pierced by a metal rod. That must have been where most of the blood came from. My hands started trembling and my legs turned wobbly as I relived the incident in my head.

I forced my weakened legs to move to his bedside and sat down, losing my bearings. If it wasn't for him, the metal rod would have run through my body instead. Human lives are indeed very fragile and short. And yet, in the span of my very short life, he has saved me twice; this time he even risked his own life for me. It's not easy to just stop worrying about him like everybody else has been saying.

"Ms. Stovall, why don't you get some rest yourself? I'll be here to take care of Mr. White," the nurse said.

I shook my head a little. "I'm okay. Besides, I've already rested more than enough. I might as well stay here. Please let me be."

Sensing I was not going anywhere, she decided to stop persuading me.

“In that case, Ms. Stovall, I’ll take a walk outside. Please call for me should you need anything,” she said while heading out.

I nodded before I suddenly thought of something and called after her, “May I know how I should address you?”

“My name is Layla Lane,” Layla replied with a smile.

I nodded. “Is it okay if I call you Layla?”

“Sure,” she said before leaving the ward.

After Layla left the room, I turned to Marcus. It was impossible to not be moved by what he had done for me.

I felt suspended in time, trying to decipher what I was feeling in my gut. Slowly, I came to the realization that I had been avoiding people who had displayed the slightest amount of kindness or affection toward me; people such as Ashton, Marcus, and John. It was as though I was incapable of accepting any kind of compassion.

For some reason, I kept looking for every little detail in my life to push Ashton away; subconsciously trying to sabotage every meaningful relationship I have had. A disembodied voice at the back of my mind kept telling me that there had to be a reason why they approached me, be it I could be useful to them, or that I could help advance their own motive. Whatever the reason, I was convinced that I was undeserving of true love.