

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 407

I could not explain that either. "It started after I saw the pregnant woman just now. I guess it must be a repercussion of what happened the last time."

After a brief pause, I regarded him. "What are you doing here?"

Rebecca came over to us. It had only been a few days since, but she looked visibly sallow and seemed to have lost considerable weight.

Ashton was calm. "I was sending her to the hospital when I lost focus and ran into someone."

There may be more to this than what he described, as he had always been a cautious driver. It was unlikely that the cause had been a loss of concentration on his part.

I glanced over to Rebecca's pale facade and puffy eyes.

They were filled with hatred and resentment. Did I somehow offend her again lately?

A siren filled the air as the ambulance approached. Ashton ran his fingers through his own hair and swept it behind his ears before he whispered, "Don't worry about it. Wait for me at home. I'll be back when this is settled, alright?"

I nodded in acknowledgement.

It was a matter of life and death that he should see to it without delay.

As I watched him depart, Rebecca glared at me. "You should have died!"

Those words were as chilling as they were perplexing.

I was seriously baffled as I was certain that I had done nothing recently that might have roused her ire.

Ashton followed in the ambulance when it took the pregnant woman away. The disruption was cleared for traffic to resume.

I had lost half the day and might not have enough time to safely make the return trip from the cemetery before dark. This would be particularly risky, as I would be by myself.

After some deliberation, I thought I might as well drive down to the hospital to see how the conceiving woman was doing.

At the hospital.

It would appear that the woman got out of it unscathed. She had a fright, which made her water broke.

She had been sent into the delivery room by the time I got there. Her family was present as well.

Joseph had taken over Ashton's duty to communicate with her family. Rebecca sustained light injuries and was taken in for observation.

Once that matter was settled, Ashton finally found time to sit down. I regarded him silently for some time. "You've always been careful at the wheel. What happened back there?"

There were mixed emotions in his gaze which instilled a sense of foreboding within me.

Indeed, he said, "Rebecca was arguing with me in the car!"

The scent of iron and copper which filled my nostrils brought my attention to a soaked patch against his black sleeve.

"Are you hurt?" I asked as I reached out for it.

He intercepted my hand with his. "I'm fine!" There was a profound look in his eyes.

My lips pursed as my long-suppressed emotions surged to the surface. "Do you think neglecting to take care of your wounds somehow makes you manlier? What's wrong with you?"

He was taken by surprise by my unexpected outburst, and my glare shut down whatever response he had in mind.

I reached over to remove his coat. That was when I noticed a lengthy cut over his arm. The blood had caked over time and the color of his clothing made it hard for anyone to tell that he was injured.

Were I not close enough to smell the blood, I might not have noticed either.

Upon seeing my distress, he said in a comforting voice, "It's no big deal. Just a scratch."

"Shut up!" I was upset. Whether it was because he was with Rebecca, or because he did not take care of himself—I was not sure.

All I knew was that I was mad as hell.

The nurse was brought in to help clean up his wound. He was frosty when his exquisite, limited edition shirt was cut open.

Unfamiliar with his ways, the fingers of the youthful nurse trembled at his cold demeanor.

A frown creased upon his face before he lifted his eyes. "You do it!"

Her hands stiffened and the alcohol soaked wad fell upon his wound.

Ashton reiterated himself aggressively, "Let her do it!"

I exhaled before I took the bottle from her. "Thank you. Let me handle this."

A weight seemed to have been lifted from the young nurse's chest as she nodded profusely. "Alright!"

After she had gone far, I regarded the man with severity. "I'm not as gentle, so you better not be whining."

He pursed his lips. "What's with the temper?"

I quietly wiped the cotton wad over his wound. It was fortunate that the cuts were superficial in spite of its goriness.

With a bit of cream, it should heal in a couple of days.

Once done with the dressing, I got to my feet and started to clean up. "Why were you arguing in the car?"

I knew him well enough that he would not have gotten into an accident otherwise.

He bit his lip and did not seem intent on speaking. A voice then cut me off before I could say anything else.

"About you, Scarlett Stovall. You jinx!" Rebecca stepped out of the ward after she had her injuries attended to.

Hers was a look of antagonism.