

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1637

“No! I’m not done with them...” Audrey raised her spoon defiantly at John’s impudent grin before realizing that he was teasing her. She pouted. “Bad Uncle John! Leave me alone!”

John made a slight grimace and pretended to dab his tears with a napkin. “Goodness, she’s going to grow up to be a heartbreaker and snub me, her dear uncle. I’m so sad. I don’t want to be here anymore. I’ll move away tomorrow.”

The kids stared at him in horror, sharing the same sentiment that breakfast had taken an abrupt detour, while the adults watched as John put on an engaging performance.

When Audrey seemed unimpressed, he pumped out more tears and sniffled noisily, almost sobbing at that point.

Only then did Audrey soften a little. A moment later, she hesitated for a while before taking her candy-shaped Lego and offering it to him. “I’m sorry, Uncle John. Please don’t cry. I still love you the most. Good kids are brave and shouldn’t cry.”

Her little hand reached out to pat his head, just like how we would comfort a crying child.

John lowered his head a little to accommodate her, and Audrey cradled his head with both hands, kneading his ears. “Okay, I’ll give you a hug. Stop crying.”

Her expression was solemn, unaware that John had flashed a cheeky smile at us.

Ashton, who had remained silent the entire time, couldn’t watch it anymore and cleared his throat, hinting that John should quit while he was ahead.

That was Ashton’s way of protest because his daughter had never coaxed him this way before.

However, John continued, enjoying her babying.

Then, a roar resounded, “John Stovall! Who are you putting a show for? I’ve said it before, and I’ll say it again. I’m not giving you a daughter!”

Everyone flinched at the loud voice, and John immediately straightened in his chair, his expression tinged with panic. “Uh oh, this isn’t good.”

Emma stood beside the handrail with a glare and stomped up the stairs, disappearing in a flash.

“Is Emma in a bad mood nowadays?” I asked.

“She may be overworked and tired. It’s nothing. Back to our meal. She will settle down after a while.” John brushed Emma’s outburst aside and shooed Audrey back to her seat.

Audrey had never seen Emma lose her temper and didn’t realize that she had been tricked by John.

John started fidgeting after Emma left. He wiped his hands with a napkin, then his mouth before finally taking his leave from the dining table. “I’m full. Please enjoy the rest of your meal.”

His quickened footsteps betrayed his worry for Emma and made Summer snicker.

Problems were not a big deal in marriage as long as one got married to the right person. After all, tolerance and love were essential in maintaining a marriage.

At the hospital, the doctor was doing a consultation for Marcus. Ashton sat with me as we waited in the corridor outside.

I thought Camelia was with Marcus, but only the doctor and nurse walked out.

Ashton followed up with the doctor while I headed in to serve breakfast to Marcus.

He must have been jarred awake as he was sitting against the headboard, staring out the window expressionlessly and motionlessly like a statue.

“Good morning,” I greeted softly and shut the door, uncovering the lunchboxes.

I had only prepared one portion of chicken soup. Wafts of steam billowed out of the lunchbox as I stirred the soup and let it cool a little. Then, I brought a spoonful near his mouth.

However, he had anticipated it and averted his head, protesting silently.

I held on to my patience and asked wryly, “Aren’t you going to try the soup I made for you?”

Without turning his head, he countered, “Did you think I would fall for petty favors?”

“You don’t have to be wary of me.” I put the lunchbox down with a clang and snapped, “Skipping this meal wouldn’t determine your survival or death, but it would quash what little fondness I have of you. You do not fear death, but aren’t you afraid that I’d hate you?”

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No one could know for sure when one would take action upon their murderous intentions, and I did not want to risk agitating him with such ruthless words. Nevertheless, every creature in the world had something to subdue it with. Since the soft approach did not work on Marcus, I could only resort to tougher ones.

We were in a stalemate for a few seconds before Marcus finally reacted—he slowly turned his head toward me.

I then reached out again, and he opened his mouth to take in the chicken soup.

The moment it went down his throat, he furrowed his brows.

“What’s the matter?” I asked. “Do you not like chicken soup?”

Marcus raised his head, and I noticed that his dry lips seemed to be sticking together because of the chicken soup, making it tougher for him to speak. "How much salt did you put in there?"

"It's too salty? Hold on. I'll make a new one for you."

The soup was made according to my family recipe, but perhaps patients preferred blander food. I had to admit that was something that I neglected. It was rare for Marcus to agree to eat, so I felt that a little bit more effort into his meal was more than worth it.

Just as I was about to put the chicken soup back, Marcus stopped me. "I can drink it if you add a little water into it. I'm not patient enough to wait until you're back from remaking one."

I froze, but soon, a smile crept upon my face. "Sure."

With that said, I then poured some hot water into the soup before feeding him slowly. To my surprise, he actually finished it all.

There were a few more snack-bite foods in the lunchbox. I was about to grab it, but he impatiently shook his head and rejected it.

After putting the lunchbox away, I thought of peeling an apple for him. Hence, I pulled a chair closer to sit by the bedside.

Marcus kept looking at me. When the apple was half-peeled, he finally said, "If you're here, can I assume that you've agreed to my terms?"

I froze for a moment. Then, I muttered, "No."

He took in a deep breath before laughing self-deprecatingly. "You're earlier. Much earlier than that foolish woman. Make a guess, then. When you come into this room tomorrow at this time, will you see me alive, or will you see a dead body?"

His words frightened me, and I gritted my teeth. "In that case, I won't shed any tears for you."

Then, I lifted my head and shoved the peeled apple to his lips. “A coward who doesn’t care about his family and friends and only thinks of death isn’t worth my tears.”

Instinctively, Marcus caught the apple, and I let go of it. With a furrow in my brows, I stood up and stormed toward the doorway.

“Where are you going?” He clearly did not want me to leave, but he refused to relent verbally. “You can’t even stand just this bit of torment? It doesn’t seem like you’re interested in making me live any longer.”

“I’m going to ask the doctor about your diagnosis. If there’s really no cure for you, then I’ll let you have the euthanasia you wanted. Are you happy with that?” I questioned coldly.

Unable to get a rise out of me, he averted his gaze and gloomily mumbled under his breath, “I don’t disagree with that plan.”

The way he was leaving his life up to fate infuriated me. “Honestly, if you weren’t a patient, I’d have beaten you up right now.”

Once those words were out of my mouth, I took off in my heels speedily before slamming the door shut behind me.

The moment I turned around, strength fled from my body, and my head felt like it had been stuffed with cotton.

There was not a shred of survival instincts left in Marcus. I could not tell when he would suddenly end his life just like he angrily said he would.

The very thought of the scene sent chills down my spine.

When I went past the counter by the floor, a group of people abruptly swarmed in from the stairwell and crowded around the nurse. With similar looks of anxiousness on their faces, they asked the nurse, “How can we go to the rooftop?”

“The rooftop isn’t a place where patients and their families can go,” said the plump nurse in an almost-frustrated tone. It seemed like working overnight had done nothing to improve her pallor or attitude.

"I'm not a family member of a patient; I'm a negotiator! A negotiator, do you hear me? Someone's about to jump off the building, and are you going to tell me that you can bear the responsibility if you end up delaying my time?" blurted out the man who stood in front of the others.

It was then the nurse realized how grave the situation was, and she hurriedly found someone to bring her the key to hand it to the man.

The cycle of life and death was commonplace here. It was not at all strange to find someone unable to accept reality and end their pain earlier. However, I could not be unfazed by that, for I was now a friend of a patient in the hospital. If I could, I would like to give a word of advice to that person to keep an open mind. Things are not at their worst, was what I would like to tell him.

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I watched as the negotiator rush away through the emergency exit with his subordinates. It took me quite a while before I could snap out of my daze and head to the attending physician's office to meet Ashton.

Every step I took, the phone in my pocket would vibrate. It was a call.

Baffled, I fished my phone out, only to see that it was Camelia's number.

I thought she'd forgotten all about modern devices.

With that thought in mind, I accepted the call and lifted the phone to my ears, about to ask her where she was. "Hello, Camelia..."

"May I know if you're the family member of the owner of this phone?"

I swallowed at the words that had been on the tip of my tongue when I heard the unfamiliar male voice from the other end of the line. He sounded emotionless, but somehow, it made pangs of worry shoot down my body.

“Are you talking about Camelia?” I asked, bewildered. “What’s the matter with her?”

“Yes, it’s best that you come to Kingston Hospital. She’s at the top of the roof, about to jump at any time!”

My mind went blank for a good two minutes. When I came back to my senses, I darted toward the stairwell that the negotiator had headed toward earlier. “I’ll be there right away! Stop her!”

Fortunately, the rooftop was only two floors away. In less than two minutes, after I bypassed the police officers, I spotted Camelia as I stood behind the line.

She was at the edge of the rooftop, and her skirt was billowing in the morning wind. A pretty figure she was, nimble and seemingly light on her toes. If not for the dire situation, the sight of her would have been a beautiful picture.

It was how Marcus’ mother left.

Is she going to leave him this way too?

“Camelia!” My heart was thumping loudly against my ribcage. I did not know what to say to her. All I could think of was to force her to focus on the safer grounds.

When she heard my voice, she turned around and calmly said, “You’re here.”

After a pause, a brittle smile appeared on her face, and she lowered her head. “You’re here so quick. There are so many things I haven’t thought of properly yet.”

Just as I was pondering what she was talking about, an officer behind me whispered, “Try to buy time with her. The firefighters

are on their way. There isn't anything downstairs to catch her yet."

What? This is a joke, isn't it?

The best hospital in the city, but the firefighters can't even come in time. Do human lives not matter to them?

Nevertheless, it was not the right time for me to dwell on it. Even if the alarm bells were ringing in my head, I had to remain calm. Even letting down my guard for a split second might spell the end of someone's life.

I had once seen with my own eyes someone who sought death. I knew how ruthless and determined they had to be to take that one step off the building. Regardless of everything, I did not want to witness the same scene ever again.

"If you haven't thought about it properly, then take your time. There's no rush. Marcus was just talking about you earlier too." Nervously, I swallowed. My muscles were all tensed up, but still, I tried to keep my head clear.

To her, the name Marcus was always special. As if she was reminded by something, Camelia's smile froze and her face. She slowly turned around before looking at me with cold eyes. "Scarlett, do you believe in fate?"

"What?" Her words threw me off, but I nodded nonetheless. "Yes, yes, I do. What is it? Why don't you come over, and let's have a long talk? Just don't act rashly."

I had a plan of my own. As I spoke to divert Camelia's attention, I was inching forward, almost unnoticeably, hoping to shorten the distance between us.

However, I had forgotten the fact that she was a smart woman other than the time she was around Marcus. In an instant, she had seen through my action. "Don't come any closer."

I thought I was hallucinating her words, but she opened her mouth to speak again, this time in an even firmer tone. She took a quick, small step back, letting her heels meet the air. Everything would

be over for her if she were to lose her balance. "If you don't want me to jump right away, then stop."

I was furious but helpless. My feet made the decision before my mind could catch up with them as I halted in my tracks. Subconsciously, I raised my hand in a stop gesture. "All right, I won't move anymore, so you shouldn't move either."

Threatening another with her own life to get what she wanted was frankly unharmed toward others. Yet, it was effective, for what she was using to threaten me into submission was just emotional harm.

But can I assume that she never cared about our relationship if she threatens me with her death?