In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1653

Chapter 1653 No One Owes You Anything

"If you don't try, you'll never know," I said as I walked behind her and subtly pushed her forward, encouraging her to wheel the wheelchair into the room.

Marcus had already heard all the commotion outside, and when we entered, he was staring at us disgruntledly. Still, I could tell that he wasn't lashing out because Camelia was there as well.

I winked slyly at Camelia. See? I told you he wouldn't say no.

Of course, Camelia was overjoyed. She hadn't been anywhere near Marcus for a long time and even seemed to be nervously blushing as we got closer.

Just as I had thought, Camelia was still the girl who would risk anything for true love. She was always somehow both passionate and reserved in front of the person she loved, just like how I had remembered her to be.

Seeing as she was completely stunned by her nerves, I had to approach Marcus and help him get up.

"What do you want?" Marcus protested weakly.

"We're going out for some fresh air!"

"I'm not going."

I acted as if I couldn't hear his protests and turned around, asking Camelia for help. "Camelia, help me out here. I can't support both of his arms at once."

Camelia stood still for a minute as she absorbed my words before nodding and walking forward.

She had barely touched Marcus when he shoved her away. "Don't touch me!"

Camelia stood there in shock at the words he had just said. Frozen, she looked as if someone had just drenched her in cold water.

A gust of anger suddenly welled up inside me, and I pushed Marcus firmly. He was still recovering, so he couldn't help but stumble backward onto the hospital bed. If he hadn't been supporting himself with both arms, he would already have fallen over. Then, he glared at me as he slowly sat back up.

"Don't look at me like that," I said angrily. "None of us here owe you anything, especially Camelia! You left her alone and mistreated her. How dare you shout at her like that after everything you've done?"

"Scarlett, please don't. I'm fine."

Camelia reached out to stop me as she defended Marcus weakly, but I pushed her hand away gently. "Not now, Camelia."

I turned around to look at Marcus, who was still sitting there looking frail and sorry for himself. I felt myself get even more annoyed just looking at him.

Was every sick person like this? Would they all feel the need to project all of their pain and remorse onto the people around them before they felt at ease?

Since resigning myself to his poor attitude clearly wasn't making the situation better, I decided to stop caring so much.

I looked at both of them and reached out again. This time, I forcefully pulled Marcus onto the wheelchair.

I didn't know where my sudden burst of strength came from. Perhaps Marcus had truly lost more weight than it seemed because he got dragged onto the wheelchair with ease. Camelia jumped in surprise before hurrying over to support him so that he could actually sit upright.

"Let's go," I said sternly. My tone left no room for any arguments, and I opened the door after throwing that command behind me.

Marcus was panting heavily, but he couldn't do anything about it. His dark brown eyes stared at me from within their deeply-set sockets as if trying to bore a hole through my face.

I looked away and reminded Camelia, "Don't just stand there. Get a blanket to cover his legs with, and let's go. The doctor said that some sun could help replenish his calcium, remember?"

Camelia finally came back to her senses and quickly laid a blanket over Marcus' legs before pushing the wheelchair out.

The garden seemed to belong in a different universe than the hospital ward. Outside, the birds were chirping brightly while the sun shone down upon us. It was just the right temperature; not too hot, not too cold. Every breath was filled with fresh air.

Clearly, Camelia hadn't had such a relaxing time in a long while.

Even though Marcus still looked disgruntled, he didn't lash out again. It turned out that I had to do things the hard way with him.

It was pretty rare that the three of us were so peaceful. We only walked back leisurely after the nurse called Marcus in for another check-up.

His attending doctor called for Camelia and me to his office in the afternoon.

We felt pretty at ease when he called us in, but when we saw the stressed-out look on his face after we opened his office door, our high spirits dropped immediately.

Camelia was already used to all the bad news after staying by Marcus' side for so long. She immediately sat down and asked, "Doctor, is something wrong with my husband's condition?"

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1654

Chapter 1654 Bad News

The doctor was an old professor who was around sixty years old. He took off his glasses after hearing Camelia's question and

sighed before he looked at us gravely. "His condition is worsening rapidly. We are going to need to intensify the frequency of his treatment and up the dosage of his medication, too. This won't be comfortable for the patient. He would have a better time if he was checked out and brought home to rest. I called you both here to ask if you would like to continue with his treatment here or…" He trailed off.

"How could this be?" I said in disbelief. "He managed to eat some food yesterday, and we brought him out to get some sun earlier today. He seemed to be in better shape than before. Could there be a mistake?"

Camelia was quiet, but she had her phone in a vice grip below the table. She was clearly holding back her emotions and trying to stay calm as she squeezed out a pained smile. "If we up his medication dosage, would he still be able to live for a few more months as predicted before?" she asked in an almost pleading tone.

It was the doctor's turn to fall silent. He frowned and shook his head as he sighed, leaving no hope to be found.

The scariest thing that could happen wasn't falling into despair. It was the feeling of getting kicked back into the dark abyss of hopelessness after seeing the faintest glimmer of hope.

"Impossible," I murmured to myself, trying to stay calm.

"Where are the professionals from overseas that Ashton reached out to? Why aren't you consulting them, too? Marcus is getting better! You're the doctor here, so how could you ask us to let him go and stop treatment? That's so irresponsible!"

Camelia finally exploded and began hitting the table over and over again in frustration. All I could do was hug her tightly, trying to contain the situation before it got worse.

"Please calm down!" the doctor said hurriedly as he got up and tried to help Camelia's situation. He finally gave us an explanation we couldn't deny. "We have already explained the situation to you during our last few consultations. Chemotherapy is extremely harmful to the patient. The reason he suddenly changed and

seemed better is clearly due to terminal lucidity! His energy is close to being used up. If we drag things out any longer, all that's left of him will be an empty shell."

"You're lying! You're lying. Marcus won't die so easily! He won't!" Camelia cried out.

She was clearly already losing control of her emotions, so I had to get the doctor to leave first so that we could have the room to ourselves while I calmed her down.

After a long while, she finally calmed down and slumped down in her chair with an empty gaze. It was as if all her life had been sucked out of her.

I finally sighed in relief when she suddenly sat upright and gripped my hand tightly. "You promised me that you would marry Marcus. You're still following that promise, right?"

I frowned. Deep down inside, I was feeling uncomfortable about this whole thing, but I forced myself to nod anyway. "Of course."

"Then we'll do it tomorrow," she said. "We're running out of time."

The next day, I put on my wedding dress again. Putting it on after my actual wedding had only just passed felt strange and almost surreal.

Ashton showed up next to me in a black suit, and his gaze met mine through the reflection of the mirror. "Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied before asking, "Everything is settled with the hospital and the church, right?"

Ashton pulled me into a hug. Despite the wedding dress adding an extra bulky layer around my midriff, he was still determined to hold it tightly with both hands as if defying reality. "Of course. No one wants this under wraps more than I do."

I completely understood where Ashton was coming from. Our wedding had only just passed, and Wenville's Hanfu craze was still ongoing. The names Scarlett and Ashton had practically become a replacement for Romeo and Juliet. If word got out that I was putting on a wedding dress to get married to another man, it would be instantly frowned upon. In order to avoid getting backlash, the whole wedding had to be kept secret.

After hugging him for a while longer, Ashton helped me down the stairs. I had changed the other wedding dress for a slightly simpler, thinner version, but I was still wearing heels that made it extremely hard for me to walk properly.

We didn't add any overly modern details because I wanted Marcus to see my sincerity.

The van was parked by the back door of the hospital, and there were bodyguards stationed throughout the pathway from the back door to the stairs. All the visitors and family members of the patients on Marcus' floor had been dispersed, and in their place were nurses under the Fuller Corporation.