When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1653-1657

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?"

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.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1655

The bright red shade of the wedding dress reflected subtly against the white hospital walls, coloring them with a faint blush that formed and disappeared like ocean waves as I walked past.

No one else was there to watch, which was why the journey was completely unobstructed.

Joseph placed the neatly folded groom's outfit in my hands and opened the door respectfully before stepping aside.

When I walked in, I saw Marcus taking a shallow nap on his bed. He only opened his eyes a few seconds after hearing my footsteps.

It probably appeared to be a dream to him until he saw the dress I was wearing. The moment he saw me, his eyes widened, and his gaze became completely alert.

"Y-You-" Marcus stammered, unable to form a full sentence in his excitement.

I picked up the layers of my skirt with my fingers and smiled. "Doesn't it look nice? Remember how I told you that I would definitely wear a dress like this when I get married?"

"I-It looks good," Marcus said in a raspy voice. His eyes gleamed with happiness before dulling down again. "What does all this have to do with me, though?"

I smiled and lifted up the groom's suit in hand. After I walked over, I placed it on his bed and said, "You wanted to get married, right? I've finally thought it over. Go get changed! We'll get married right now."

The longer I looked at the groom's suit, the more I started to think about Ashton instead. I couldn't help but smile and couldn't help myself from straightening out the creases with my palm. "No matter how much I look at it, this is such a nice style of formal dressing."

After I spoke, I finally came to my senses and looked at him with narrowed eyes. "You're not regretting things, are you?"

Marcus didn't answer and changed the subject. "Why did you suddenly change your mind?"

I maintained my smile as I shrugged and said casually, "You were the one who said it, remember? No matter what, I can't say no. If I said it was because I owed it to you or because I felt bad for you, would you suddenly turn me down? If that's the case, I'm happy to go home."

"No," Marcus quickly said as he swung off the blanket and sat up with difficulty. "It sounds like you want me to say no. Don't worry, I won't. I will officially become your husband."

"Whatever you say. Either way, there's no way you're getting out of this one," I said faux-nonchalantly. After that, I turned around and walked out as I said, "Joseph will help you change. Let's meet at the church."

"Wait!" Marcus called out, the force of his voice causing him to cough once loudly. Even after he coughed, though, he didn't finish his sentence.

Despite that, I knew what he wanted to say. He was just worried that I'd suddenly go back on my word.

"You know me. Since I agreed, I will keep my promise."

After that, I walked out of the room without waiting for Marcus' response.

I closed the door and took the bag that Camelia had left in front of the door before walking to a safer spot. As per the plan, I then made a call to Camelia.

"You finally decided to call!" The hospital had been closed off since last night, so Camelia was clearly highly-strung after not being able to see Marcus for so long. "Ashton's guards didn't let me go upstairs, and you weren't picking up your phone. What are the two of you up to? Even if you got cold feet, you shouldn't be stopping me from seeing him! He never did anything to either of you!"

"Just calm down first," I said with a sigh. "I'm going downstairs. Go wait for me at the back entrance."

"You're leaving?" Camelia's logic was already taken over by her panic. "Scarlett, was I wrong to trust you?"

"No, that's not it." I knew that if I tried to explain now, things would only get messier, so I said abruptly, "Anyway, I'll see you at the back entrance. Of course, whether you come or not is up to you."

As I expected, Camelia was already waiting for me when I reached the back entrance.

She looked at me with resentment and blame in her eyes. I knew she probably had a lot of things to tell me, but I didn't let her explode on the spot. Instead, I passed her the bag the moment I walked in front of her.

"Wear this."

Camelia took the bag from me and looked at the clothes inside of it. She clearly still hadn't realized what was going on. "What's this?"

"Again, whether you change into this or not is up to you. This is as far as I can compromise."

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After that, I walked out and sat in the car waiting for her.

Fifteen minutes passed before the person I was waiting for finally showed up.

We parked by the road next to the church, and I noticed the bright green grass around it.

Marcus was clearly visible from the window, and I could see him with his hair combed back. He was all dressed up and was holding on to the corsage, waiting for his bride's appearance.

Before I stepped out of the car, I rolled down the window so that Marcus could get a proper look at my face before closing the window again. I picked up the red veil next to me and turned back.

"Are you ready?" I asked.

The entire way here, Camelia was so nervous she had resorted to playing with her fingers relentlessly. Only when I called her name did she realize that we had arrived. She looked out of the window at Marcus, and she started almost hyperventilating.

"What if we get noticed? He could die at any second with this illness of his," Camelia murmured to herself. She began to pinch and pluck at the fabric over her legs, nearly digging her nails into her thighs.

I took a deep breath. I was feeling as doubtful as she was, but at this point, it had to be done. "Just like you said, he could leave at any moment. Are you really willing for that to happen without an official marriage?"

Would she be willing?

After so many years of her feelings getting stepped on and all the physical and emotional torment she went through, how could she be willing for that to all go to waste?

I knew that Camelia had known her answer since the very second she put on the dress.

She only hesitated for another second before looking up at me determinedly. Then, she changed seats with me and put on the red veil. After opening the door, she naturally reached a hand out to Marcus and stood calmly with his support.

Marcus gently held her hand as if she were a fragile fairy. The corners of his eyes were angled upward in a bright smile, and the light that had once disappeared from his gaze finally shone brightly again.

They walked down the aisle hand in hand. The pebbled path before them resembled their own lives that had come together.

He was finally getting married to the person he loved, and so was she.

The moment Marcus and Camelia stepped into the church, my job was finally done. I heaved a sigh of relief before turning on the tablet in the car.

We had stationed cameras throughout the church so that we could stream the wedding live.

The car door suddenly opened, and Ashton appeared on the side of the road. After he got into the car, he naturally slung an arm over my shoulders and pulled me into a hug as we watched the stream together.

Marcus was holding onto the corsage and walking extremely slowly, but the smile on his face outshone everything else. His expression and energy matched that of a completely well person.

Camelia still had her veil on and was matching Marcus' pace. One could see her longing in the way she walked and the liveliness in her demeanor. Clearly, she was overflowing with happiness.

The church had been modified and decorated to match the theme of their clothes, and their vows were written out in calligraphy on one of the banners.

"The bride and groom have entered."

Joseph was dressed in a jade-colored suit matching the theme of their wedding and was both the witness and the emcee for the day.

"Are you two ready?"

The smile on Marcus' face suddenly dimmed slightly. Instead of replying, he turned toward Camelia with an expectant look on his face.

After a moment of silence, a low female voice murmured from inside the veil, "Yes."

It was short and simple enough to keep from raising any suspicion.

Marcus immediately smiled again. His eyes were practically shining with joy, and he said loudly, "I've been waiting for almost ten years. Let's get on with it."

Joseph nodded and became serious as he spoke. "Have you come to offer yourselves to each other, freely and without reservation?"

Both Marcus and Camelia murmured yes.

"Will you love and honor each other for life?"

Once again, they said yes, and Marcus turned around to face his bride before Joseph could speak again.

"You may-"

"Wait."

Joseph hadn't finished his sentence when Marcus cut him off and said apologetically, "I'm sorry, but please wait."

Chapter 1657

After he apologized, his gaze became gentle and tender once again. He looked at Camelia calmly with a clear, determined stare, as if he could see through her.

I stiffened in my seat. Did he find out?

A moment later, Marcus exhaled and smiled.

"Enough," Marcus said as he looked down, almost like he was speaking to himself. "This is enough. At least now I know that loving you was worth it."

He paused before looking up again. When he did, his eyes were filled with tears. The whites of his eyes had become slightly red as blood vessels began to appear in his teary eyes.

"I have always known that Ashton was the man you loved. I knew you had never loved me. Still, I never understood why you loved him and not me. I never ever wanted to hurt you. I just didn't understand why you never even looked at me in that way. Now, though, I think I understand.

"If it was up to me, no matter if Ashton were still here, I could never give you up so willingly. He's willing to do anything for you, but all I can hope for is that only death will do us part. Yes, I've lost to him, but I won't admit it. Just because I didn't love you the way you wanted to be loved doesn't mean I never loved you."

He must have been hurting, whether physically or emotionally. His tears slid down the curve of his cheek, but he made no move to wipe them away.

I didn't know whether it was due to the connection of the stream, but from my angle, I saw Marcus' expression change back to his frail, weak self.

"You were stubborn because you didn't want to give me a chance, and I was stubborn because I kept pestering you. Neither of us was willing to step back, and we ended up butting heads for the rest of our lives. Or at least, the rest of mine."

Perhaps due to the silence of the church, every little noise was recorded by the camera's microphone. Apart from Marcus' labored breathing, I could also hear the quiet weeping of the woman in front of him.

Camelia was standing right in front of him as he talked about how much he loved somebody else.

She had been a stubborn pursuer just like him too. However, at least he got a chance to get closure from the person he loved before he died while all she could do was live off of stolen time as a replacement for his true love.

"Since you've stopped butting heads with me, what's the point of me even trying anymore?" Marcus sniffled and laughed at himself mockingly. "Actually, you're right. Pity, sympathy, or anything that's simply given to me- my pride won't allow it. You've let go of me, so I'll let go of you now. Let's stop here. We don't need to say any more vows."

After that, he turned around to talk to Joseph. "Go back and pass a message to Ashton from me. I may have lost this round to God, but I won't lose again in my next life. You may leave now. Thank you for all you did today."

Joseph hesitated for a mere second before nodding in acknowledgment and walking away.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

The sound of his shoes tapped lightly against the floor and faded the further he walked away.

I turned and saw Joseph walking out of the church, and the tapping noises stopped.

After he left, only Marcus and Camelia were left in the church. Both Ashton and I frowned from our perch in the car.

We had planned to keep her pretending to be me until the vows were over. Then, they would separate for a moment while I put on the veil once again. However, now that just the two of them were left in the church, Marcus could very well lift the veil all of a sudden. If something happened to him then, things would be going out of control.

If it weren't for the rush, I would have wired Camelia so that it was easier to tell her what to do.

I was thinking about how to settle the situation when Marcus suddenly stumbled and held onto the podium next to him, which was where Joseph had been.

Before he could properly get up, he stumbled yet again and fell to the ground, causing his head to knock against the podium.

Camelia quickly bent down and helped him get up. She pulled him against her, so he was lying in her embrace.

"Don't worry, help is coming soon," she murmured softly, trying her best to disguise her voice.

After that, she turned toward the cameras in an attempt to call for help when Marcus suddenly reached out and grabbed her.

My entire body tensed up in worry, and Ashton was already making a call next to me. "Keep the equipment on and drive over, now. Be ready to start the defibrillators at any second."