In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1615

After walking out the gate, I finally saw Camelia standing by the roadside.

Decently dressed in clothes of some affordable domestic luxury brands, the woman did not look too bad, actually. She only looked sickly because of her pale face and sunken cheeks.

"Hey, Camelia," I called out to the woman in a soft voice as if I could scare the soul out of her if I were too loud. "Why don't you come inside?"

Even though romance made me very happy, I could not say the same for Camelia, for I had seen what a lively person she used to be before she had had her fair share of romance.

Facing Camelia, I dared not seem too happy since I was worried it would somehow make the woman uncomfortable. Maybe I was overthinking, but I would rather not let my happiness become a burden to someone less fortunate than I was.

Speaking softly and gently to Camelia like any normal person would was one of the ways I knew how to care for the woman. As a fellow woman, I truly hoped for her to have a better life.

"No, thank you. Marcus is sick, and he wants to see you," informed Camelia with a blenched straight face.

Only the person we loved the most could hurt us the deepest. I could not imagine how badly Camelia was hurting inside when she decided to come to me and tell me something like that.

Frankly, I did not think it was necessary for Marcus and me to ever meet again, but still, I could not just pretend like I did not hear about the man's predicament. "Is it bad? What is it?"

"You can ask him yourself." Camelia's tone remained strangely indifferent; it was as if the woman was only carrying out an order like a robot.

With that, Camelia took her car keys out and went to her car. She stopped just beside the vehicle when she noticed that I did not move a muscle.

"You don't want to go?" questioned Camelia with a brow raised at me. When she was convinced that I had no intention of going with her, the woman finally showed some emotions. "Life is just a big fat joke, isn't it? He doesn't love me, and you don't love him."

"Camelia…" As much as I wanted to comfort Camelia, I was at a loss for words.

Camelia could tell that I felt sorry for her, so she walked back to me and gave me a cold hard gaze. "You don't have to pity me, but maybe you can do that for Marcus, a man at the brink of death. No matter what happened between you two, don't you think you should grant a man his last dying wish? So are you coming or not?"

"Wait. He's dying?" I was utterly shocked by the revelation. The last time I saw Marcus, he was still alive and well. Is it because of the car accident?

"No thanks to you. If it weren't for your grandiose wedding, he would probably have a few more days left," stated Camelia as she continued to gaze at me sternly.

Even though I was meeting her gaze, I could not tell if the woman was hostile to me. However, her straightforwardness and sarcasm clearly showed that she was not trying to be friendly at all. From what Camelia told me, I could more or less piece together what happened to Marcus. The man was already severely ill when he saw the wedding between Ashton and me, and the event probably only served to worsen his condition. If that is the case, I can understand why Camelia sees me as her enemy.

In the end, I decided that Camelia was right and that no one should deny a dying man his last wish. "I'll go."

After getting the guards to inform Ashton that I was leaving with Camelia, I got into the woman's car.

Before long, we arrived at one of the best cancer hospitals in the country.

Sitting outside of Marcus' room were his son and the boy's nanny. Although they looked much better than Camelia, they seemed tired nonetheless.

It was understandable since they had a critically ill member in the family.

"Mommy!" As soon as Tobias saw Camelia, he leaped to his feet and dashed over to her.

Camelia patted Tobias on the head before introducing me to him. "This is Mrs. Fuller. Say hi, Toby."

"We've met before, Toby. Do you still remember me?" I asked the boy with a friendly smile. No matter what happened between Marcus and me, I knew the child had nothing to do with it.

In response, Tobias only stared at me for a while before shaking his head without saying anything.

Though most people assumed that there were many things that children could not understand, they underestimated how good children could be at reading the room sometimes. In fact, some children could tell when someone's presence created unwanted tension in their family.