

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 835 - 836

He stopped peeling the apple and looked up at me with pursed lips. "Is it because of her?"

His words baffled me for a moment, but I soon got back to my senses. "Marcus, are you mad? It's not because of anyone. It's just not going to work between us. Camelia is a good girl. Please don't let her down."

Marcus ignored my words as he looked down and continued peeling his apple. I knew it would be useless to go on. It was impossible to talk sense into someone who refused to be receptive to it.

That night, Summer called and sounded very excited over the phone. "Mommy! Granny said the Harvest Festival is almost here and that it's a day for the family to reunite! Are you done with work? Will you be home soon?"

I had initially wanted to tell Summer that I couldn't go back because of Marcus. But after hearing how excited she was about the festival, I couldn't bring myself to disappoint her. Now that I had promised her to be home soon, I couldn't go back on my word.

Marcus knew I felt bad about it and smiled at me. "Go be with Summer, and don't worry about me. I will be fine with Layla here."

I knew he would be in good hands with Layla, but leaving him alone during Harvest Festival didn't sit right with me.

Besides, when Harvest Festival came around, Layla would be home for her family reunion too. It would be so lonely for him to stay in the hospital.

Maybe I could let Camelia come to A City?

Once that thought flashed through my mind, I decided to put it into action. One way or another, I was going to get Camelia to come.

I decided to call Camelia while I was out buying things. It took a few tries before she finally answered.

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“Scarlett, what do you want?” she snapped. “Are you calling to show off how much you’re enjoying your time with Marcus?”

“No, Camelia. I called to let you know that Marcus got injured in Lavelian Village and is currently recovering in the hospital. He wouldn’t be able to make it back to K City to celebrate the Harvest Festival with you. If it’s possible, could you come to A City to keep him company? He doesn’t show it, but I know he’s afraid of being alone. It’d be nice to have you here and help him feel closer to home.

There was a moment of silence on the other end of the call. “Scarlett, why are you helping me?” Camelia finally asked.

“Don’t overthink it. I’m only doing this because I owe him too much. I genuinely want the best for him. I want him to find someone who loves him and who can give him a sense of belonging. I can’t do any of that for him, but you can.”

Camelia was silent again as she thought about it. “I hope the words you uttered are truly what you felt.”

I hung up the call without saying much more, and my thoughts started to wander.

The call to Camelia made me realize that it had been three days since my last communication with Ashton. He had never been one to take the initiative to call or text, so his radio silence wasn’t much of a surprise either.

Marcus wasn’t happy when Camelia showed up unannounced the next day. She had clearly not wasted any time in getting to A City after my call with her. However, I could barely recognize her when I saw her, a petite girl wheeling around an enormous suitcase while carrying a baby in her arms.

The Camelia standing in front of me was a stark contrast to the Camelia I used to know. In the past, she was the most beautiful and best-dressed girl in any room. But now, she had switched out her high heels for flats and tied her once luscious curls up in a messy bun. She had even ditched her dresses for oversized clothes to make breastfeeding easier.

How did a girl who had everything going for her end up looking like this?

I was in complete disbelief as I stared on.

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"Marcus, how are you now? Why didn't you answer my calls and let us know how you were doing?" Camelia asked frantically as she hurriedly set her luggage aside. She looked relieved when she could finally take a seat and stretch her arms and shoulder.

Marcus ignored Camelia and cast a steely gaze at me. "You told her to come?"

"Yes. Harvest Festival is almost here. Don't you want to spend it with them?"

He remained silent as he looked at the baby in Camelia's arms. "Why don't you head over to the hotel to rest? It's too noisy in the hospital. Toby wouldn't be able to sleep well here," he said bluntly.

Camelia shook her head resolutely. "It's no problem. Toby's very well-behaved. He's even more well-behaved when he's around you!"

Marcus held his tongue as his brows furrowed even more.

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I silently observed Camelia and couldn't help but feel a twinge of sadness. The girl who used to be so beguiling had now become just like any other ordinary girl.

Who do I blame for her complete transformation? Time is ruthless, but so is Marcus.

Just then, Camelia's baby was awakened by the noise in the hospital and started bawling his head off. When Marcus glared at her, she hurriedly apologized and left the room with the baby to coax him back to sleep.

Marcus's actions left me befuddled. I knew he could be cold and distant, but that was reserved only for strangers and acquaintances. I never expected him to treat his family the same way.

I always thought there was a gentler side to him once one got to know him, but after what I witnessed, I started to doubt his character.

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Is it Camelia? Has she done something wrong? Camelia used to lead a blessed, carefree life until Marcus bewitched her with his lies. She fell in love with him, married him, and even had a baby with him. But all she got in exchange for her love was Marcus's contempt.

"Scarlett!" Marcus shouted to get my attention when he saw me spacing out. As his gaze landed on me, I felt a shiver down my spine.

"What's wrong? What's on your mind?"

"Nothing. I'm going to check on Camelia!" I quickly replied and made my way out of the room.

Camelia couldn't find an empty chair in the crowded hospital hallway and sat on the floor instead. As her baby continued to cry, she had no choice but to breastfeed him right there and then, much to the chagrin of the onlookers.

The once beautiful girl who was admired by all had now become a mother despised by passers-by.

It pained me to see her in that plight, so I lent her my coat to give her some privacy. She looked at me with mixed emotions before finally saying, "Thank you." Such simple words, but they conveyed so much sincerity and gratitude.

"No, don't mention it. I've experienced this before with Summer. Every time she cried, I could only coax her by breastfeeding her. As a first-time mother, I can sympathize with you."

She wasn't expecting me to respond as such and was a little taken aback by it. She sat there deep in contemplation and finally gave a bitter smile. "I used to think that my situation would get better once I had my baby. Now that he's here, it feels like I've simultaneously lost and gained everything."

She's right. Becoming a mother is full of sacrifice, but we eventually realize that all the sacrifice is worthwhile.

"Don't worry. You'll see that this is all worth it." I reassured.

She looked at me in confusion, not knowing what I meant by my words.

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Not wanting to elaborate further, I changed the subject. "You came in such a hurry I don't think you've packed enough for yourself. I'll head home and pack some warm clothes for you."

She hummed in response and stared at me for a long while before mustering up the courage to ask, "You and him, are you..."

"Friends. We're just friends," I replied without any hesitation. "I have my own family, so please don't see me as your rival. All I want is the best for the both of you."

Camelia tried to hold back tears as she bit her lips. "Thank you, Scarlett!"

"You don't need to thank me. I owe him."

On my way home, I couldn't help but think about how obsessed men could be when it came to love. Just because they've had a change of heart, they could throw their wives aside without any care of the consequences. Men can be so heartless.

After packing more warm clothes and daily necessities from the villa, I ordered some nutritious food from a restaurant to bring back to the hospital. Camelia could definitely use some sustenance, especially since she was still breastfeeding.

Back at the hospital, I made my way back to the ward with my hands full of bags. When I got there, I was stunned to hear the heart-wrenching cries of Camelia and her baby while Marcus admonished them.

Thankfully, Marcus was staying in a private ward so their quarrel wouldn't have disturbed other patients. From the sounds of it, it didn't seem like Layla was inside with them.

"Fine! I will neither get in your way nor bother you again. I want nothing from you! I'm leaving!" Camelia cried out in pain. Upon seeing me at the door, her face contorted with rage. "Look at how things turned out! Are you happy now?" she yelled.

With that, she walked out of the room with tears still streaming down her face. The situation in the room wasn't any better. Marcus was fuming while their baby continued to cry in his stroller.

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Soothing the baby was my top priority as I dropped all my things and made my way to the stroller.

After picking the baby up, I tried to coax him the way I used to do with Summer.

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