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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1616

Probably unbeknownst to even Tobias himself, the boy was actually making a case for Camelia in his own childish way.

Still, I remained smiling at Tobias and did not mind his behavior.

After patting her son on the back, Camelia gestured at the door beside her. "He's inside. You can go in; I'll stay here."

I could understand Camelia would want to stay outside of the room. After all, no woman could bear seeing their beloved men reunited with the love of the men's life.

After taking a deep breath, I readied myself to push the door open and entered the room.

The smell of disinfectant was even more pungent inside the room than in the hallway. Once inside, I could see a pair of bony legs peeking out of the blanket. They were so skinny that one could almost see the bone underneath the skin.

I could not even recognize the man lying on the bed since Marcus looked like a completely different person then. Had it not been for the name on the door, I could never have figured out who the sickly man was.

Since Marcus had his eyes shut and was completely motionless, I could have easily mistaken him for a corpse if it were not for the ventilators and heartbeat monitor just beside him.

Suddenly, the man unconsciously turned to his side and opened his mouth to gasp for air.

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The sight almost made me cry out loud, so I immediately covered my mouth to stop myself from making a sound. I did not want to wake the man up from his rest. Is this really Marcus? The man who girls all over K City swooning over him and who single-handedly protected me? How did he end up like this? The man looks as if he's about to pass away any second now.

When I thought of what Camelia said about my wedding and the days Marcus had left, I hurriedly rushed out of the room. After closing the door behind me, I held on to a chair to support myself as I finally broke down.

So much had happened between Marcus and me. I even cursed the man and wished that he would vanish from the face of the earth because of my children, but when I saw just how vulnerable he was back in the room, I changed my mind.

At that moment, I wanted nothing more than to withdraw my curses from the man.

"Here, use this," offered a voice from behind me as a slender hand handed me a napkin.

It was Camelia, the one who loved Marcus the most. I could not believe how she managed to remain calm like that. She must've cried so many times when nobody was looking.

"Thank you." I knew I had no right to break down like that in front of the woman, and I also did not want my crying to wake up Marcus, so I quickly dried my tears and recollected myself. "How did it happen? Is there really no way to save him? Maybe you should try sending him to the hospitals overseas."

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“That’s not going to help him. The attending doctor told us not to waste any more time on treatments and that he should live out his remaining days in peace.”

Camelia then walked over to the door and placed her hand on the small glass window as if she could touch Marcus that way. “You know, I only get to take care of him because he no longer has the strength to push me away. He has no choice but to let me tend to his everyday needs, even if that’s not what he wants. But that’s okay; at least I get to be by his side until the very end. I know he’s only hanging on just so he can see you one last time.”

I only realized how similar the two were when I saw Camelia’s exhausted but happy expression.

Even though she never got Marcus to love her, she was willing to care for the dying man and enjoyed every second of it. I guess that must be how Marcus felt when he took care of me while I was unconscious. Like Camelia, it did not matter to him if I could ever love him back or even talk to him. All he wanted was to be with me, and that was enough to make him feel like the luckiest man alive.

Still, I could not help but pity the two when I realized how their love would never be requited. No matter how hard they tried, they just could not get the other party to reciprocate.

Having experienced firsthand the dread of unrequited love in the years before I married Ashton, I knew exactly how horrible it could be and how it could utterly destroy its harbored. Since I had no right to tell Marcus who to fall in love with, all I could do was let the man make his own choice.

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