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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1631

incurable. You owe me that, Scarlett."

I let his comment slide. It would be petty of me to argue with a patient.

The illness seemed to dull Marcus' intuition. He had not realized that I was no longer the meek and spineless woman who was all ready to forgive and forget.

The ward fell into a suffocating silence as he eventually registered my rejection. Marcus slowly lay down on the bed and stared blankly at the ceiling.

"I guess you won't even spare a glance for me even if I sacrificed myself for you. My efforts were meaningless, so meaningless. I should just die right now."

Marcus stopped speaking after that, his eyes glazed over with tears.

Some people resorted to telling white lies to appease a dying patient. In their eyes, it was a way of encouraging the patient to fight for their life.

Marcus was too smart to fall for that; plus, he knew me far too well. He would only scoff at my white lie or even see it as my pity, and that would only worsen his condition. Honesty was the best policy in this situation.

I simply could not agree to his demands and give him false hope.

Marcus was not the only person who loved me. I owed it to the people I loved to live well and not harm others in the process.

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I sat in the ward for a moment longer. Unsure if the non-response was due to Marcus falling asleep, I decided to take my leave.

“Get some rest. I’ll visit you again tomorrow.” After I got up, I check his vitals one last time and grabbed my purse. I turned around and walked to the door.

Marcus’ hoarse voice rang out the moment my hand touched the door handle.

“Scarlett, don’t ever visit me again unless you change your mind and agree to marry me.”

I whirled around only to find him lying on the bed like before as if he had never woken up.

It was now clear that he had not fallen asleep. Instead of mumbling groggily, Marcus’ words represented the emotional baggage that he had stubbornly carried around with him for over ten years.

I said sorry to him over and over again in my heart, yet I could not bring myself to utter an apology to his face. Like a coward, I pretended I had not heard a thing and left the ward.

Camelia practically jumped out of her seat when she saw me. Anxiously, she asked, “How did it go?”

She clenched her fists tightly as if the action would give her the strength to face any news I gave.

I dared not discuss my conversation with Marcus in detail. Instead, I merely shook my head and said, “It wasn’t good.” I felt wetness pricking the corners of my eyes.

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