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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1642

As I had finally come up with a way to deal with the situation, I saw no harm in playing along. Pouting, I then made him guess. "Well, since you're a smart man, why don't you take a guess?"

"Fake marriage?" Ashton guessed.

"Hmm... You're half-right. Try again!" I said with a chuckle.

All of a sudden, Ashton loosened his grip on me and raised his arm to tidy up the stray strands on my forehead instead. In a patient and loving tone, he said, "No matter what it is, you have to remember that you're my wife. No one can change this."

In the face of his gentleness, my childishness and amusement escaped me.

"It won't change. It'll never change," I reassured him, a reply to his trust.

At that, Ashton's brows raised. He then led me back. As we walked, he informed me about what the doctors had said.

Illness caused by radiation was irreversible. Not even the best medical specialists in the world could do anything about it. All they could do was recommend various kinds of very costly medication. Nevertheless, they could at most extend his life for another month. Moreover, during that time, the patient would be in so much pain and would not be able to rest or eat properly.

To summarize, Marcus was going to live in a world of physical pain and mental torment until he met the grim reaper.

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Those words, without a doubt, were a blow to both him and us. If I had known that agony was what awaited him, I wondered if I would have seen death as salvation for him instead.

Perhaps Camelia knew that earlier than us, and that was why she was willing to use her life in exchange for the fulfillment of Marcus' wish, hoping that he would be able to leave this world with a smile.

Although I could understand them now, I could not forgive them. I did not head to Camelia's ward. Instead, I chose to message her: The wedding will be happening soon. However, you'll have to stay alive to witness it.

She would know whose marriage it would be, so I did not include the details.

At the start, I thought that Marcus' condition would improve now that he was willing to eat. Unfortunately, that was not what happened. Hours later, his condition deteriorated, and he was almost declared to be in a critical condition. Luckily, the doctors managed to treat him in time and pulled him out of danger. Still, he became unconscious.

The flame of hope that had just begun burning earlier was blown out again. The last shred of hope I could cling to was for the wedding to be held as soon as possible to lighten his mood.

At nine at night, I left the hospital. As Marcus was suicidal, I had to arrange for a group of people to watch over him in shifts. Only after that, then did I feel at ease about going home with Ashton.

The car slowly drove into the manor. From afar, I could already spot two unfamiliar sports cars parked right outside the house. One was red, and one was black; the clashing colors seemed to radiate aggression. A distance away from those two cars was a van, but it was not the Fullers'.

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John was the only one at home who liked cars, but he knew his limits; he would not bring his friends who also dabbled in cars back home. Therefore, our guests must be someone unexpected.

“Hahaha! You’re such an interesting character! Since we click, why don’t you join in and make big bucks with us?”

“Great idea! Let’s do that together!”

“What do you think, John? Come on!”

Even before entering, I could hear the voices of the foreigners inside, speaking loudly in Ustranasion.

The moment I stepped into the house, I nearly jumped out of my skin.

A group of towering black men was standing beside the couch in the living room. It was a grand sight to behold.

Upstairs, Audrey was sprawled by the side of the staircase railing, peeking at the scene downstairs through the gaps of the baluster. When her eyes met mine, she even cheekily stuck out her tongue at me.

Immediately, I shot her a warning look, telling her to return to her room. However, I caught the attention of the black men instead.

“Yo, Stovall, you’re back.”

Somehow, I sensed that he was calling me, so I turned around to look at a smiling dark face.

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The man had a flowery shirt on with a tie, and there was an eye-catching gold chain around his neck. He was half a head taller than Ashton; he looked intimidating, and I took a step back in alarm subconsciously.

Right before he could hug me, I reached out my hand to press against his chest so that he would not come any closer.

In the next second, Ashton took a step forward to separate me and the black man.

A scowl was on his face, and he looked positively murderous. He said nothing, but the look on his face told the others everything that was on his mind.

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