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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1638

No one could know for sure when one would take action upon their murderous intentions, and I did not want to risk agitating him with such ruthless words. Nevertheless, every creature in the world had something to subdue it with. Since the soft approach did not work on Marcus, I could only resort to tougher ones.

We were in a stalemate for a few seconds before Marcus finally reacted—he slowly turned his head toward me.

I then reached out again, and he opened his mouth to take in the chicken soup.

The moment it went down his throat, he furrowed his brows.

“What’s the matter?” I asked. “Do you not like chicken soup?”

Marcus raised his head, and I noticed that his dry lips seemed to be sticking together because of the chicken soup, making it tougher for him to speak. “How much salt did you put in there?”

“It’s too salty? Hold on. I’ll make a new one for you.”

The soup was made according to my family recipe, but perhaps patients preferred blander food. I had to admit that was something that I neglected. It was rare for Marcus to agree to eat, so I felt that a little bit more effort into his meal was more than worth it.

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Just as I was about to put the chicken soup back, Marcus stopped me. "I can drink it if you add a little water into it. I'm not patient enough to wait until you're back from remaking one."

I froze, but soon, a smile crept upon my face. "Sure."

With that said, I then poured some hot water into the soup before feeding him slowly. To my surprise, he actually finished it all.

There were a few more snack-bite foods in the lunchbox. I was about to grab it, but he impatiently shook his head and rejected it.

After putting the lunchbox away, I thought of peeling an apple for him. Hence, I pulled a chair closer to sit by the bedside.

Marcus kept looking at me. When the apple was half-peeled, he finally said, "If you're here, can I assume that you've agreed to my terms?"

I froze for a moment. Then, I muttered, "No."

He took in a deep breath before laughing self-deprecatingly. "You're earlier. Much earlier than that foolish woman. Make a guess, then. When you come into this room tomorrow at this time, will you see me alive, or will you see a dead body?"

His words frightened me, and I gritted my teeth. "In that case, I won't shed any tears for you."

Then, I lifted my head and shoved the peeled apple to his lips. "A coward who doesn't care about his family and friends and only thinks of death isn't worth my tears."

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Instinctively, Marcus caught the apple, and I let go of it. With a furrow in my brows, I stood up and stormed toward the doorway.

“Where are you going?” He clearly did not want me to leave, but he refused to relent verbally. “You can’t even stand just this bit of torment? It doesn’t seem like you’re interested in making me live any longer.”

“I’m going to ask the doctor about your diagnosis. If there’s really no cure for you, then I’ll let you have the euthanasia you wanted. Are you happy with that?” I questioned coldly.

Unable to get a rise out of me, he averted his gaze and gloomily mumbled under his breath, “I don’t disagree with that plan.”

The way he was leaving his life up to fate infuriated me. “Honestly, if you weren’t a patient, I’d have beaten you up right now.”

Once those words were out of my mouth, I took off in my heels speedily before slamming the door shut behind me.

The moment I turned around, strength fled from my body, and my head felt like it had been stuffed with cotton.

There was not a shred of survival instincts left in Marcus. I could not tell when he would suddenly end his life just like he angrily said he would.

The very thought of the scene sent chills down my spine.

When I went past the counter by the floor, a group of people abruptly swarmed in from the stairwell and crowded around the nurse. With similar looks of anxiousness on their faces, they asked the nurse, “How can we go to the rooftop?”

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“The rooftop isn’t a place where patients and their families can go,” said the plump nurse in an almost-frustrated tone. It seemed like working overnight had done nothing to improve her pallor or attitude.

“I’m not a family member of a patient; I’m a negotiator! A negotiator, do you hear me? Someone’s about to jump off the building, and are you going to tell me that you can bear the responsibility if you end up delaying my time?” blurted out the man who stood in front of the others.

It was then the nurse realized how grave the situation was, and she hurriedly found someone to bring her the key to hand it to the man.

The cycle of life and death was commonplace here. It was not at all strange to find someone unable to accept reality and end their pain earlier. However, I could not be unfazed by that, for I was now a friend of a patient in the hospital. If I could, I would like to give a word of advice to that person to keep an open mind. Things are not at their worst, was what I would like to tell him.

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