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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1639

I watched as the negotiator rush away through the emergency exit with his subordinates. It took me quite a while before I could snap out of my daze and head to the attending physician's office to meet Ashton.

Every step I took, the phone in my pocket would vibrate. It was a call.

Baffled, I fished my phone out, only to see that it was Camelia's number.

I thought she'd forgotten all about modern devices.

With that thought in mind, I accepted the call and lifted the phone to my ears, about to ask her where she was. "Hello, Camelia..."

"May I know if you're the family member of the owner of this phone?"

I swallowed at the words that had been on the tip of my tongue when I heard the unfamiliar male voice from the other end of the line. He sounded emotionless, but somehow, it made pangs of worry shoot down my body.

"Are you talking about Camelia?" I asked, bewildered. "What's the matter with her?"

"Yes, it's best that you come to Kingston Hospital. She's at the top of the roof, about to jump at any time!"

My mind went blank for a good two minutes. When I came back to my senses, I darted toward the stairwell that the negotiator had headed toward earlier. "I'll be there right away! Stop her!"

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Fortunately, the rooftop was only two floors away. In less than two minutes, after I bypassed the police officers, I spotted Camelia as I stood behind the line.

She was at the edge of the rooftop, and her skirt was billowing in the morning wind. A pretty figure she was, nimble and seemingly light on her toes. If not for the dire situation, the sight of her would have been a beautiful picture.

It was how Marcus' mother left.

Is she going to leave him this way too?

"Camelia!" My heart was thumping loudly against my ribcage. I did not know what to say to her. All I could think of was to force her to focus on the safer grounds.

When she heard my voice, she turned around and calmly said, "You're here."

After a pause, a brittle smile appeared on her face, and she lowered her head. "You're here so quick. There are so many things I haven't thought of properly yet."

Just as I was pondering what she was talking about, an officer behind me whispered, "Try to buy time with her. The firefighters are on their way. There isn't anything downstairs to catch her yet."

What? This is a joke, isn't it?

The best hospital in the city, but the firefighters can't even come in time. Do human lives not matter to them?

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Nevertheless, it was not the right time for me to dwell on it. Even if the alarm bells were ringing in my head, I had to remain calm. Even letting down my guard for a split second might spell the end of someone's life.

I had once seen with my own eyes someone who sought death. I knew how ruthless and determined they had to be to take that one step off the building. Regardless of everything, I did not want to witness the same scene ever again.

"If you haven't thought about it properly, then take your time. There's no rush. Marcus was just talking about you earlier too." Nervously, I swallowed. My muscles were all tensed up, but still, I tried to keep my head clear.

To her, the name Marcus was always special. As if she was reminded by something, Camelia's smile froze and her face. She slowly turned around before looking at me with cold eyes. "Scarlett, do you believe in fate?"

"What?" Her words threw me off, but I nodded nonetheless. "Yes, yes, I do. What is it? Why don't you come over, and let's have a long talk? Just don't act rashly."

I had a plan of my own. As I spoke to divert Camelia's attention, I was inching forward, almost unnoticeably, hoping to shorten the distance between us.

However, I had forgotten the fact that she was a smart woman other than the time she was around Marcus. In an instant, she had seen through my action. "Don't come any closer."

I thought I was hallucinating her words, but she opened her mouth to speak again, this time in an even firmer tone. She took a quick, small step back, letting her heels meet the air. Everything would be over for her if she were to lose her balance. "If you don't want me to jump right away, then stop."

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I was furious but helpless. My feet made the decision before my mind could catch up with them as I halted in my tracks. Subconsciously, I raised my hand in a stop gesture. "All right, I won't move anymore, so you shouldn't move either."

Threatening another with her own life to get what she wanted was frankly unhelpful toward others. Yet, it was effective, for what she was using to threaten me into submission was just emotional harm.

But can I assume that she never cared about our relationship if she threatens me with her death?

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