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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1657 - 1658

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After he apologized, his gaze became gentle and tender once again. He looked at Camelia calmly with a clear, determined stare, as if he could see through her.

I stiffened in my seat. Did he find out?

A moment later, Marcus exhaled and smiled.

“Enough,” Marcus said as he looked down, almost like he was speaking to himself. “This is enough. At least now I know that loving you was worth it.”

He paused before looking up again. When he did, his eyes were filled with tears. The whites of his eyes had become slightly red as blood vessels began to appear in his teary eyes.

“I have always known that Ashton was the man you loved. I knew you had never loved me. Still, I never understood why you loved him and not me. I never ever wanted to hurt you. I just didn’t understand why you never even looked at me in that way. Now, though, I think I understand.

“If it was up to me, no matter if Ashton were still here, I could never give you up so willingly. He’s willing to do anything for you, but all I can hope for is that only death will do us part. Yes, I’ve lost to him, but I won’t admit it. Just because I didn’t love you the way you wanted to be loved doesn’t mean I never loved you.”

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He must have been hurting, whether physically or emotionally. His tears slid down the curve of his cheek, but he made no move to wipe them away.

I didn't know whether it was due to the connection of the stream, but from my angle, I saw Marcus' expression change back to his frail, weak self.

"You were stubborn because you didn't want to give me a chance, and I was stubborn because I kept pestering you. Neither of us was willing to step back, and we ended up butting heads for the rest of our lives. Or at least, the rest of mine."

Perhaps due to the silence of the church, every little noise was recorded by the camera's microphone. Apart from Marcus' labored breathing, I could also hear the quiet weeping of the woman in front of him.

Camelia was standing right in front of him as he talked about how much he loved somebody else.

She had been a stubborn pursuer just like him too. However, at least he got a chance to get closure from the person he loved before he died while all she could do was live off of stolen time as a replacement for his true love.

"Since you've stopped butting heads with me, what's the point of me even trying anymore?" Marcus sniffled and laughed at himself mockingly. "Actually, you're right. Pity, sympathy, or anything that's simply given to me- my pride won't allow it. You've let go of me, so I'll let go of you now. Let's stop here. We don't need to say any more vows."

After that, he turned around to talk to Joseph. "Go back and pass a message to Ashton from me. I may have lost this round to God, but I won't lose again in my next life. You may leave now. Thank you for all you did today."

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Joseph hesitated for a mere second before nodding in acknowledgment and walking away.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

The sound of his shoes tapped lightly against the floor and faded the further he walked away.

I turned and saw Joseph walking out of the church, and the tapping noises stopped.

After he left, only Marcus and Camelia were left in the church. Both Ashton and I frowned from our perch in the car.

We had planned to keep her pretending to be me until the vows were over. Then, they would separate for a moment while I put on the veil once again. However, now that just the two of them were left in the church, Marcus could very well lift the veil all of a sudden. If something happened to him then, things would be going out of control.

If it weren't for the rush, I would have wired Camelia so that it was easier to tell her what to do.

I was thinking about how to settle the situation when Marcus suddenly stumbled and held onto the podium next to him, which was where Joseph had been.

Before he could properly get up, he stumbled yet again and fell to the ground, causing his head to knock against the podium.

Camelia quickly bent down and helped him get up. She pulled him against her, so he was lying in her embrace.

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“Don’t worry, help is coming soon,” she murmured softly, trying her best to disguise her voice.

After that, she turned toward the cameras in an attempt to call for help when Marcus suddenly reached out and grabbed her.

My entire body tensed up in worry, and Ashton was already making a call next to me. “Keep the equipment on and drive over, now. Be ready to start the defibrillators at any second.”

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He hung up and patted me on the shoulder gently. “Don’t worry. The doctors are near and will be here soon.”

I leaned against Ashton as I watched the footage of everything happening in the church, terrified that I would accidentally miss something.

Marcus’ eyes were fluttering open and closed weakly. It was as if he was about to fall asleep soon.

“You’re actually crying for me for once. Even your voice sounds different from how much you’re crying. What if I can’t remember what you sound like?”

Camelia turned around and looked at him through the veil. “No, no. Just hold on for a while longer. Someone will be coming, soon, so please...”

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“Scar...” Marcus whispered weakly. His gaze was already beginning to go out of focus, and he reached out feebly, trying to take off her veil. “C-Can I take your veil off? After that, w-we’ll be married. Then, you’ll be my wife officially. It’s okay, even if no one knows it happened. I-I just want to take another look at you. Is that okay?”

“Y-Yes! Okay! As long as you stay awake, anything is fine!”

Her tears slipped through the gap between the veil and fell on the corner of his eye. The heat of her tear dissolved against the pallor of his skin.

“Y-You’re the best...”

His hand abruptly fell to the ground and collapsed against the vibrant edge of Camelia’s dress.

Marcus closed his eyes for the last time.

That one tear was the closest he had ever gotten to the person he loved.

Camelia went crazy with grief. Her entire body racked with sobs as she held him closer, and no matter how much we talked to her, she didn’t let go.

“Marcus is gone. Please let us bring him back.”

“H-He’s not dead! He’s just sleeping. He’s waiting to open my veil. He hasn’t even said he I-loves me, so he can’t die. Not yet.”

We failed to save Marcus, even with all the medical equipment on hand.

The funeral was scheduled to be three days later and was settled by both of us. Camelia just locked herself at home and didn’t show up.

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After the funeral ended, I personally sent Tobias home.

The door wasn't locked, and I opened the door to bring Tobias in only to see a completely empty house.

Now that its owner was gone, it was basically deserted.

A steady layer of dust had already gathered on the floor. Clear footsteps were left behind as we walked in. It seemed like the maids had been laid off for quite a while.

I finally found Camelia in the master bedroom. She was still dressed in the wedding dress from three days ago and was sitting in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows as she hugged Marcus' favorite suit tightly.

"Mommy?" Tobias said quietly as he frowned, his little face full of concern and worry.

I let go of him, and he scurried over to stand in front of Camelia. His small hands nudged her arm cautiously. "Mommy, what's wrong?"

Camelia didn't respond. It was as if she was already lost in her own world.

Tobias looked at me for help.

I walked in and said a little bit louder, "Camelia? Can you hear me? I've brought your son back home."

Just the same as before, she remained as still as a statue, to the point where it looked like she had become one with the floor.

"Who's there?"

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I suddenly heard a voice behind me and thought I was hallucinating, so it took me a second before I actually turned around.

A woman in a tight-fitting dress was standing by the door. She looked to be quite a lot older than me and was looking at us in confusion. Judging from her demeanor, she seemed to be quite benevolent and easygoing.

“I’m a friend of the owner of this house. Who, might I ask, may you be?”

She was decked out in rather expensive accessories, so she couldn’t have been just a normal citizen. Maybe she’s one of Marcus’ relatives.

Camelia might have been the mother of Marcus’ child, but they never got officially married, nor did they ever get their marriage certificate. Without a name to their relationship, it was only normal that the related departments would contact Marcus’ relatives instead.

“Ah, one of Marcus’ friends? I’ve never heard Camelia bring you up.” The woman’s gaze was clear, and she was obviously a determined, no-nonsense person. Without waiting for my response, she introduced herself. “I’m Camelia’s mother.”

As she spoke, she walked toward Camelia and lifted her arm up in an attempt to help her stand. However, due to her age, it was quite hard for her to do so.

I quickly walked toward Camelia and reached out to help her mother lift her up. Together, we finally managed to move Camelia from the floor to the bed.

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