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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1629

Ashton agreed to my request immediately. "Of course." He left the couch and went upstairs. "I'll make the arrangements."

For both our sake, we kept our conversation to a minimum.

Ashton was only human, after all. It was unreasonable and cruel of me to have him accompany the woman he loved while she grieved over another man.

Hiding my true feelings in front of Ashton took a considerable amount of effort because I had always felt comfortable in my own skin around him. In contrast, my interactions with Marcus were always ambiguous. Eventually, I developed an appreciation for the freedom I had in expressing my emotions around Ashton.

Ashton changed into a set of casual wear I had chosen for him in the past before we left for the hospital. The attire dimmed his usual imposing demeanor, and he looked a lot more relaxed and approachable.

I could not help but tease his appearance. "Are you sure you want to dress like a harmless man to face your love rival?"

"Am I?" Barely batting an eyelid at my joke, Ashton walked toward me and slung an arm around my shoulder, leading us out of the house. He added cheekily, "Haven't you noticed that we're wearing a matching couple's outfit?"

I lowered my gaze and realized the truth in his words. The laugh that was about to burst out of me suddenly caught in my throat.

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Jealousy was natural during a meeting between love rivals, yet I worried if the sight of a couple's outfit might trigger Marcus and worsen his condition instead.

Absorbed in my thoughts, I felt a hand squeezing my shoulder. Ashton said casually, "I'm not so petty that I would rub my victory in a patient's face. Marcus would never wish to see me. I wouldn't be surprised if hearing my name shortens his lifespan by a few days. So, you're visiting him alone."

I pursed my lips, unsure of what to say.

Ashton had more to say. "But, I'm not that generous either, so I need other ways to manage my feelings. Putting on this couple's outfit reassures me of our feelings for one another."

His nonchalant tone made it seem like he was talking about someone else, yet I knew better than anyone else how outrageous Ashton behaved when he was jealous.

He was holding in his instinctive actions for my sake.

Love often meant doing things one sometimes despised for the happiness of one's partner.

A phrase in the Bible suddenly came to mind—love is patient. Ashton's behavior right now was the living embodiment of that sentence.

I barely had time to feel touched by his actions when he shoved me into the car.

We made our way through the hospital and came to the corridor outside Marcus' ward. Camelia and her child sat on a bench outside the ward. They

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looked so lost it seemed like their souls had left their bodies, leaving behind two empty shells.

I did not think it was possible, but they seemed even more haggard than before.

It was no exaggeration to say that one's illness could cripple the foundation of an entire family.

Camelia seemed astonished to see us, and a smile soon blossomed on her pale face. She stood up with her child to convey their gratitude at our visit.

We exchanged glances silently before I entered the soul-sucking ward alone.

Surprisingly, Marcus was awake. I knew he heard my footsteps, yet he did not turn around and eked out weakly, "Not again. If you really love me and want me to live a few more days, take the kid with you and marry someone else. Don't appear in my life again."

He sounded sickly and exhausted. The mean words Marcus had uttered lost their edge as they came out in spurts between his efforts to huff and catch his breath.

My gut told me that this was not the first time he had said such nasty things in a bid to push away Camelia and their son so he would not burden them with his illness.

Or perhaps his pride would not permit him to become the subject of pity.

I bit down on my lip as tears streamed down my face. Despite my best efforts to stop myself from crying out loud, some sniffles escaped me.

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The ward descended into silence after Marcus' words, and he gradually turned his head to face me as he noticed that something was amiss.

Our gazes met, and I could tell that my appearance was torture to him.

I spoke as softly as I could while ensuring that Marcus could hear my every word. "If you don't want to see me under such circumstances, I can leave."

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