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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1634

Coincidentally, it was mealtime for Marcus. Camelia used to serve him, but today, she passed the tray of food to me.

Staying alive was a lengthy process and didn't require any fancy reasons, just as long as both parties understood each other.

Camelia and I were on the same page when it came to saving Marcus.

Pushing the door open, I was greeted with Marcus' back as he sat on the edge of the bed. Camelia mentioned that he was very feeble, so this might be a good sign.

"Oh, you're awake. Here, you should eat something. The housekeeper has specially prepared some of your favorite food."

I walked to the foot of the bed and raised the overbed table, laying out all the food. Although they were pre-packed in insulated lunchboxes, they didn't lack in fragrance and flavor.

Yet Marcus didn't move a muscle, appearing uninterested.

I reckoned it was too arduous for him to get out of bed or turn around. Hence, I rounded the bed and voluntarily went to help him up.

As soon as my hand made contact with him, he shook it off irritably, his pale face looking sullen. He was evidently still irate at what happened.

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I let out a sigh and straightened, drawing out in a patient tone, “You can’t be so childish to be using your health as a bargaining chip, right?”

Marcus snorted derisively. “Your memory must be lacking not to remember that I’m a person who would do whatever it takes to get what I want.”

I was dumbstruck and switched tactics to divert his attention. “Fine, let’s agree to disagree that you will fight to the bitter end, but your health is important if you want to revolt. If you have something to eat, wouldn’t your battle last longer?”

Enraged, he looked up and shot daggers at me. “You’re just trying to deceive me now.”

His furrowed brows told me his chest must have been hurting during our conversation. But in a blink of an eye, he had managed to smooth out the pinched expression, and once again, he looked normal.

That didn’t escape my attention, of course.

Marcus clenched his fist as if he had something to prove and stated, “If my eating is the only compromise, I’ll continue my hunger strike until I waste away from thirst or hunger, whichever comes first. The door’s that way if you can’t stomach it. No one’s stopping you.”

I was officially out of moves.

He was right, though. It was either out of sight, out of mind, or giving in.

It was common for patients to threaten others like this.

Since we were at an impasse, I chose to back down today and left him alone.

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“It’s all right if you don’t want to have a bite. I’ll come again tomorrow. If you want anything, inform me on WhatsApp, or you could rest if you don’t have much of an appetite.”

Then, I left the ward without another word.

Camelia insisted on staying to take care of Marcus. Thus, we volunteered to look after Tobias since it was not the wisest choice for a kid to stay in a hospital for a prolonged time.

Ashton instructed the doctor to administer nutritional supplements for Marcus intravenously before taking us home.

When we reached home, the kids were already asleep. Only Summer and Jared were in the living room, surrounded by a mountain of documents, furiously calculating something.

“Mom, Dad, you’re back.” Summer heard our footsteps, immediately putting down the tablet in her hands, and stood up.

“Yeah,” I answered with a smile and introduced them to each other. “This is Tobias White, Camelia’s son. He’ll be staying with us temporarily. Tobias, this is Summer.”

“Nice to meet you,” he greeted sincerely.

“You, too.” Summer continued courteously, “If you need anything, just come to me, okay?”

“Got it. Thank you.”

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I changed into a pair of indoor slippers and dragged my weary body to the couch, pounding my fist on my shoulders and thumbing through a document on the table quickly.

Cost accounting of the club project...

“You’re doing cost-benefit now? Have you finished with the location and favors?” The Wenville project, which Summer and Jared had worked hard on, ended less than a week ago. They should be taking a break, not rushing headlong into the next project.

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