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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1637

“No! I’m not done with them...” Audrey raised her spoon defiantly at John’s impudent grin before realizing that he was teasing her. She pouted. “Bad Uncle John! Leave me alone!”

John made a slight grimace and pretended to dab his tears with a napkin. “Goodness, she’s going to grow up to be a heartbreaker and snub me, her dear uncle. I’m so sad. I don’t want to be here anymore. I’ll move away tomorrow.”

The kids stared at him in horror, sharing the same sentiment that breakfast had taken an abrupt detour, while the adults watched as John put on an engaging performance.

When Audrey seemed unimpressed, he pumped out more tears and sniffled noisily, almost sobbing at that point.

Only then did Audrey soften a little. A moment later, she hesitated for a while before taking her candy-shaped Lego and offering it to him. “I’m sorry, Uncle John. Please don’t cry. I still love you the most. Good kids are brave and shouldn’t cry.”

Her little hand reached out to pat his head, just like how we would comfort a crying child.

John lowered his head a little to accommodate her, and Audrey cradled his head with both hands, kneading his ears. “Okay, I’ll give you a hug. Stop crying.”

Her expression was solemn, unaware that John had flashed a cheeky smile at us.

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Ashton, who had remained silent the entire time, couldn't watch it anymore and cleared his throat, hinting that John should quit while he was ahead.

That was Ashton's way of protest because his daughter had never coaxed him this way before.

However, John continued, enjoying her babying.

Then, a roar resounded, "John Stovall! Who are you putting a show for? I've said it before, and I'll say it again. I'm not giving you a daughter!"

Everyone flinched at the loud voice, and John immediately straightened in his chair, his expression tinged with panic. "Uh oh, this isn't good."

Emma stood beside the handrail with a glare and stomped up the stairs, disappearing in a flash.

"Is Emma in a bad mood nowadays?" I asked.

"She may be overworked and tired. It's nothing. Back to our meal. She will settle down after a while." John brushed Emma's outburst aside and shooed Audrey back to her seat.

Audrey had never seen Emma lose her temper and didn't realize that she had been tricked by John.

John started fidgeting after Emma left. He wiped his hands with a napkin, then his mouth before finally taking his leave from the dining table. "I'm full. Please enjoy the rest of your meal."

His quickened footsteps betrayed his worry for Emma and made Summer snicker.

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Problems were not a big deal in marriage as long as one got married to the right person. After all, tolerance and love were essential in maintaining a marriage.

At the hospital, the doctor was doing a consultation for Marcus. Ashton sat with me as we waited in the corridor outside.

I thought Camelia was with Marcus, but only the doctor and nurse walked out.

Ashton followed up with the doctor while I headed in to serve breakfast to Marcus.

He must have been jarred awake as he was sitting against the headboard, staring out the window expressionlessly and motionlessly like a statue.

“Good morning,” I greeted softly and shut the door, uncovering the lunchboxes.

I had only prepared one portion of chicken soup. Wafts of steam billowed out of the lunchbox as I stirred the soup and let it cool a little. Then, I brought a spoonful near his mouth.

However, he had anticipated it and averted his head, protesting silently.

I held on to my patience and asked wryly, “Aren’t you going to try the soup I made for you?”

Without turning his head, he countered, “Did you think I would fall for petty favors?”

“You don’t have to be wary of me.” I put the lunchbox down with a clang and snapped, “Skipping this meal wouldn’t determine your survival or death, but it

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would quash what little fondness I have of you. You do not fear death, but aren't you afraid that I'd hate you?"

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