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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1632

I repeated myself, "It wasn't good."

Hope seemed to leave Camelia's gaze almost instantaneously. Her entire demeanor darkened, which suggested that this outcome had not been within her expectations.

And why wouldn't she be disappointed? She had made such a huge sacrifice by bringing the woman Marcus loved to his deathbed, yet he showed no sign of improvement.

All she wants is for her beloved husband to live. It's not too much to ask, yet no one can give her the answer she seeks or dissuade her from her mission.

Taking in Camelia's pale countenance, it was not difficult to tell that she had not been eating properly for a while now. After some coaxing, we managed to usher Camelia and her son to a nearby Chanaean restaurant.

Ashton ordered eight dishes, and the food arrived in quick succession.

Camelia remained in poor spirits. She turned to her child and said simply, "Let's eat."

With that, she picked up her fork and immediately got lost in her thoughts. She was so still that she resembled those living statues on the streets.

I sighed before filling the bowl in front of me with some soup. "You need to take care of yourself. If you fall sick too, who's going to take care of Marcus?"

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Then, I stood up and placed the bowl in front of her child while coaxing, "Be a good boy and eat. You need to eat well so you can take care of your mommy." I started ladling some soup for Camelia in the meantime.

Thankfully, the boy had not inherited Marcus' or Camelia's trademark obstinance. He glanced at his mother before quietly picking up his spoon to eat.

When I returned to my seat, Ashton had placed a bowl of soup in front of my plate.

I smiled at Ashton gratefully. My gaze darted to Marcus' son several times as he ate, and I asked, "What's your name?"

"Tobias White." He lifted his head to meet my gaze, and I noticed Marcus' eyes on him. The only difference was the youthful innocence in his gaze.

"Tobias White," I muttered to myself as my lips curved upward in a smile. "It's a great name, fitting for a brave boy. You need to take care of your mommy and help her to stay strong, okay?"

"Okay!" Tobias nodded determinedly like a soldier accepting his battle summons. He seemed rather comical with his cheeks puffed from the food he had stuffed into his mouth earlier.

Camelia had done a great job of raising her child. Grudges between the adults did not stop Tobias from accepting the kindness of others.

I smiled in relief and tore my gaze from Tobias, just in time to see Camelia sighing deeply.

"Marcus' situation will become utterly hopeless if you give up."

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I could not help but frown after saying those words. After the storm had passed, Marcus' most reliable companions were now ironically Camelia and me.

This realization served as a timely reminder for me not to give up hope till the very end.

As time passed and more of our loved ones passed on, it suddenly became imperative to hold on to those still around us tighter than ever, regardless of past grudges or grievances.

Ashton seemed as calm as ever, though he placed a warm hand over mine, silently lending me some strength and encouragement.

Camelia smiled ruefully and uttered, "I wouldn't have waited till now if I was going to give up. I just don't get it. Marcus loves you so much that he was willing to put himself through hell for you. Why would he give up so easily over an illness? Where did his fighting spirit go? I thought someone as ruthless as him would be fearless as well, but I guess he's nothing but a coward."

I replied hastily, "Don't say that in front of your kid." Though I was disappointed about Marcus' situation, I refused to show my feelings to her child. Dejection was nothing short of a plague—contagious and deadly. What they needed now was hope instead of stewing in despair.

"Why can't I say that?" Camelia grew agitated all of a sudden. "He was the one who messed with me. He stole my heart and then cast it aside. I gave up everything because I loved him! When he was so sick he could barely care for himself, I stayed with him and nursed him. I've seen him in his best and his worst, and I'm his longest companion! I have every right to criticize him!"

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