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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1640

It felt like a thorn had lodged itself in my throat, and it refused to go up nor go down. Nevertheless, it kept reminding me of its presence, denying me of any moment of peace.

Fortunately, Camelia did not make any other moves, so the heart in my throat lowered slightly.

After recomposing myself, I said in a much calmer tone than before, "Tell me, Camelia. What do you want to agree to come back?"

However, Camelia ignored me and asked, "Did you visit him?"

Marcus?

It was a few seconds before I nodded. "I just came out of his ward. He's much better than yesterday and he's finally eating."

"Ha," came the soft laugh that escaped from behind Camelia's lips. The morning sun cast a warm, golden veil on her face, but somehow, she still looked miserable. "Then, do you know that they had just resuscitated him?"

"What?" I knew nothing about what she was saying.

"Last night, he selfishly took himself off the oxygen mask. If it was not for my worrying, I wouldn't have entered his ward to check on him another time. If not for that, what you would have seen in his ward today would have been his dead body."

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His dead body.

It was the second time of the day that I had heard those three words. Every time I heard it, it brought me more dread than before.

It was only when I thought about the smug look Marcus had, then did I realize where he had gotten the confidence to do that. At that moment, it felt as if someone had scooped a hole in my heart and let the terror rush in to fill its gap.

The fear of killing oneself would only happen on the first suicide attempt. After that, one would be numb. Countless images of my imagination and reality overlapped and reflected on the same ending for Marcus. With once came twice, and with twice came countless times. It would truly be a life where one only lived for the sake of living and nothing else.

Unsure of what Camelia was trying to tell me, I tentatively said, "Marcus wants to die, and you're planning to follow in his footsteps? Don't you care about your parents anymore? Don't you want your child anymore?"

I could vaguely hear the officers whispering to each other behind me.

"Have you contacted any of her family members?"

"What? The other person on the line said that he doesn't have a daughter. Apparently, they've cut ties a long time ago, so he refused to even come here to see her."

"Are there such cruel parents?"

"This isn't the time to chat about this. Hurry up and ask where the firefighters are at now."

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Indeed, Camelia had cut ties with her family when she had chosen Marcus; she had broken her parents' hearts.

Marcus was the only home she had now.

Belatedly, I realized I had said something foolish. I could only hope that Camelia did not want her child to be alone.

A smile curled on Camelia's lips, but I did not know whether she was laughing at herself or at someone else. As if she had made up her mind about something, the look in her eyes abruptly turned sharp. "I'll ask you just one question. Will you marry Marcus and fulfill his wish?"

"So you knew..." My hands slowly went down, and I did not know what else to say.

At the end of the day, that term of his would hurt her most.

"I don't want to hear that! I just want to know if you'll do it or not!" Camelia's voice rose higher with each word, and by the end of her sentence, her voice cracked.

At that, I quietly said, "That's impossible. I'm already Ashton's wife. I'd have committed bigamy if I were to marry him."

After a pause, I added, "Even without the legal repercussions, I don't love Marcus. I won't make the wrong decision. You know best what will happen if you force two people who have no love for each other together. Have you not suffered enough all these years?"

The nervousness I felt earlier was slowly forming into a different kind of aggression. The more I spoke, the angrier I got, the less control I had over my

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emotions. “Could you stop putting yourself down like this, Camelia?” I shrieked.

It seemed like Camelia never expected me to have an outburst, for she froze after hearing my shout.

The negotiator by my side even chided me, “Speaking like this to her will easily agitate her. We should be prioritizing saving her. You’ll be killing her indirectly by doing this!”

I could hear that he was angry but afraid that Camelia would notice our conversation. Hence, he had said that in a hissing whisper, and I could almost hear him gritting his teeth.

“Sorry,” I said when I realized I must have made more trouble for them.

Nevertheless, it was not the right time to dwell on mistakes like those. After a moment of silence, Camelia broke down.

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