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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1654

Chapter 1654 Bad News

The doctor was an old professor who was around sixty years old. He took off his glasses after hearing Camelia's question and sighed before he looked at us gravely. "His condition is worsening rapidly. We are going to need to intensify the frequency of his treatment and up the dosage of his medication, too. This won't be comfortable for the patient. He would have a better time if he was checked out and brought home to rest. I called you both here to ask if you would like to continue with his treatment here or..." He trailed off.

"How could this be?" I said in disbelief. "He managed to eat some food yesterday, and we brought him out to get some sun earlier today. He seemed to be in better shape than before. Could there be a mistake?"

Camelia was quiet, but she had her phone in a vice grip below the table. She was clearly holding back her emotions and trying to stay calm as she squeezed out a pained smile. "If we up his medication dosage, would he still be able to live for a few more months as predicted before?" she asked in an almost pleading tone.

It was the doctor's turn to fall silent. He frowned and shook his head as he sighed, leaving no hope to be found.

The scariest thing that could happen wasn't falling into despair. It was the feeling of getting kicked back into the dark abyss of hopelessness after seeing the faintest glimmer of hope.

"Impossible," I murmured to myself, trying to stay calm.

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“Where are the professionals from overseas that Ashton reached out to? Why aren’t you consulting them, too? Marcus is getting better! You’re the doctor here, so how could you ask us to let him go and stop treatment? That’s so irresponsible!”

Camelia finally exploded and began hitting the table over and over again in frustration. All I could do was hug her tightly, trying to contain the situation before it got worse.

“Please calm down!” the doctor said hurriedly as he got up and tried to help Camelia’s situation. He finally gave us an explanation we couldn’t deny. “We have already explained the situation to you during our last few consultations. Chemotherapy is extremely harmful to the patient. The reason he suddenly changed and seemed better is clearly due to terminal lucidity! His energy is close to being used up. If we drag things out any longer, all that’s left of him will be an empty shell.”

“You’re lying! You’re lying. Marcus won’t die so easily! He won’t!” Camelia cried out.

She was clearly already losing control of her emotions, so I had to get the doctor to leave first so that we could have the room to ourselves while I calmed her down.

After a long while, she finally calmed down and slumped down in her chair with an empty gaze. It was as if all her life had been sucked out of her.

I finally sighed in relief when she suddenly sat upright and gripped my hand tightly. “You promised me that you would marry Marcus. You’re still following that promise, right?”

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I frowned. Deep down inside, I was feeling uncomfortable about this whole thing, but I forced myself to nod anyway. "Of course."

"Then we'll do it tomorrow," she said. "We're running out of time."

The next day, I put on my wedding dress again. Putting it on after my actual wedding had only just passed felt strange and almost surreal.

Ashton showed up next to me in a black suit, and his gaze met mine through the reflection of the mirror. "Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied before asking, "Everything is settled with the hospital and the church, right?"

Ashton pulled me into a hug. Despite the wedding dress adding an extra bulky layer around my midriff, he was still determined to hold it tightly with both hands as if defying reality. "Of course. No one wants this under wraps more than I do."

I completely understood where Ashton was coming from. Our wedding had only just passed, and Wenville's Hanfu craze was still ongoing. The names Scarlett and Ashton had practically become a replacement for Romeo and Juliet. If word got out that I was putting on a wedding dress to get married to another man, it would be instantly frowned upon. In order to avoid getting backlash, the whole wedding had to be kept secret.

After hugging him for a while longer, Ashton helped me down the stairs. I had changed the other wedding dress for a slightly simpler, thinner version, but I was still wearing heels that made it extremely hard for me to walk properly.

We didn't add any overly modern details because I wanted Marcus to see my sincerity.

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The van was parked by the back door of the hospital, and there were bodyguards stationed throughout the pathway from the back door to the stairs. All the visitors and family members of the patients on Marcus' floor had been dispersed, and in their place were nurses under the Fuller Corporation.

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