In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1655

The bright red shade of the wedding dress reflected subtly against the white hospital walls, coloring them with a faint blush that formed and disappeared like ocean waves as I walked past.

No one else was there to watch, which was why the journey was completely unobstructed.

Joseph placed the neatly folded groom's outfit in my hands and opened the door respectfully before stepping aside.

When I walked in, I saw Marcus taking a shallow nap on his bed. He only opened his eyes a few seconds after hearing my footsteps.

It probably appeared to be a dream to him until he saw the dress I was wearing. The moment he saw me, his eyes widened, and his gaze became completely alert.

"Y-You–" Marcus stammered, unable to form a full sentence in his excitement.

I picked up the layers of my skirt with my fingers and smiled. "Doesn't it look nice? Remember how I told you that I would definitely wear a dress like this when I get married?"

"I-It looks good," Marcus said in a raspy voice. His eyes gleamed with happiness before dulling down again. "What does all this have to do with me, though?"

I smiled and lifted up the groom's suit in hand. After I walked over, I placed it on his bed and said, "You wanted to get married, right? I've finally thought it over. Go get changed! We'll get married right now."

The longer I looked at the groom's suit, the more I started to think about Ashton instead. I couldn't help but smile and couldn't help myself from straightening out the creases with my palm. "No

matter how much I look at it, this is such a nice style of formal dressing."

After I spoke, I finally came to my senses and looked at him with narrowed eyes. "You're not regretting things, are you?"

Marcus didn't answer and changed the subject. "Why did you suddenly change your mind?"

I maintained my smile as I shrugged and said casually, "You were the one who said it, remember? No matter what, I can't say no. If I said it was because I owed it to you or because I felt bad for you, would you suddenly turn me down? If that's the case, I'm happy to go home."

"No," Marcus quickly said as he swung off the blanket and sat up with difficulty. "It sounds like you want me to say no. Don't worry, I won't. I will officially become your husband."

"Whatever you say. Either way, there's no way you're getting out of this one," I said faux-nonchalantly. After that, I turned around and walked out as I said, "Joseph will help you change. Let's meet at the church."

"Wait!" Marcus called out, the force of his voice causing him to cough once loudly. Even after he coughed, though, he didn't finish his sentence.

Despite that, I knew what he wanted to say. He was just worried that I'd suddenly go back on my word.

"You know me. Since I agreed, I will keep my promise."

After that, I walked out of the room without waiting for Marcus' response.

I closed the door and took the bag that Camelia had left in front of the door before walking to a safer spot. As per the plan, I then made a call to Camelia.

"You finally decided to call!" The hospital had been closed off since last night, so Camelia was clearly highly-strung after not being able to see Marcus for so long. "Ashton's guards didn't let me go upstairs, and you weren't picking up your phone. What are

the two of you up to? Even if you got cold feet, you shouldn't be stopping me from seeing him! He never did anything to either of you!"

"Just calm down first," I said with a sigh. "I'm going downstairs. Go wait for me at the back entrance."

"You're leaving?" Camelia's logic was already taken over by her panic. "Scarlett, was I wrong to trust you?"

"No, that's not it." I knew that if I tried to explain now, things would only get messier, so I said abruptly, "Anyway, I'll see you at the back entrance. Of course, whether you come or not is up to you."

As I expected, Camelia was already waiting for me when I reached the back entrance.

She looked at me with resentment and blame in her eyes. I knew she probably had a lot of things to tell me, but I didn't let her explode on the spot. Instead, I passed her the bag the moment I walked in front of her.

"Wear this."

Camelia took the bag from me and looked at the clothes inside of it. She clearly still hadn't realized what was going on. "What's this?"

"Again, whether you change into this or not is up to you. This is as far as I can compromise."

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After that, I walked out and sat in the car waiting for her.

Fifteen minutes passed before the person I was waiting for finally showed up.

We parked by the road next to the church, and I noticed the bright green grass around it.

Marcus was clearly visible from the window, and I could see him with his hair combed back. He was all dressed up and was holding on to the corsage, waiting for his bride's appearance.

Before I stepped out of the car, I rolled down the window so that Marcus could get a proper look at my face before closing the window again. I picked up the red veil next to me and turned back.

"Are you ready?" I asked.

The entire way here, Camelia was so nervous she had resorted to playing with her fingers relentlessly. Only when I called her name did she realize that we had arrived. She looked out of the window at Marcus, and she started almost hyperventilating.

"What if we get noticed? He could die at any second with this illness of his," Camelia murmured to herself. She began to pinch and pluck at the fabric over her legs, nearly digging her nails into her thighs.

I took a deep breath. I was feeling as doubtful as she was, but at this point, it had to be done. "Just like you said, he could leave at any moment. Are you really willing for that to happen without an official marriage?"

Would she be willing?

After so many years of her feelings getting stepped on and all the physical and emotional torment she went through, how could she be willing for that to all go to waste?

I knew that Camelia had known her answer since the very second she put on the dress.

She only hesitated for another second before looking up at me determinedly. Then, she changed seats with me and put on the red veil. After opening the door, she naturally reached a hand out to Marcus and stood calmly with his support.

Marcus gently held her hand as if she were a fragile fairy. The corners of his eyes were angled upward in a bright smile, and the light that had once disappeared from his gaze finally shone brightly again.

They walked down the aisle hand in hand. The pebbled path before them resembled their own lives that had come together.

He was finally getting married to the person he loved, and so was she.

The moment Marcus and Camelia stepped into the church, my job was finally done. I heaved a sigh of relief before turning on the tablet in the car.

We had stationed cameras throughout the church so that we could stream the wedding live.

The car door suddenly opened, and Ashton appeared on the side of the road. After he got into the car, he naturally slung an arm over my shoulders and pulled me into a hug as we watched the stream together.

Marcus was holding onto the corsage and walking extremely slowly, but the smile on his face outshone everything else. His expression and energy matched that of a completely well person.

Camelia still had her veil on and was matching Marcus' pace. One could see her longing in the way she walked and the liveliness in her demeanor. Clearly, she was overflowing with happiness.

The church had been modified and decorated to match the theme of their clothes, and their vows were written out in calligraphy on one of the banners.

"The bride and groom have entered."

Joseph was dressed in a jade-colored suit matching the theme of their wedding and was both the witness and the emcee for the day.

"Are you two ready?"

The smile on Marcus' face suddenly dimmed slightly. Instead of replying, he turned toward Camelia with an expectant look on his face.

After a moment of silence, a low female voice murmured from inside the veil, "Yes."

It was short and simple enough to keep from raising any suspicion.

Marcus immediately smiled again. His eyes were practically shining with joy, and he said loudly, "I've been waiting for almost ten years. Let's get on with it."

Joseph nodded and became serious as he spoke. "Have you come to offer yourselves to each other, freely and without reservation?"

Both Marcus and Camelia murmured yes.

"Will you love and honor each other for life?"

Once again, they said yes, and Marcus turned around to face his bride before Joseph could speak again.

"You may-"

"Wait."

Joseph hadn't finished his sentence when Marcus cut him off and said apologetically, "I'm sorry, but please wait."

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After he apologized, his gaze became gentle and tender once again. He looked at Camelia calmly with a clear, determined stare, as if he could see through her.

I stiffened in my seat. Did he find out?

A moment later, Marcus exhaled and smiled.

"Enough," Marcus said as he looked down, almost like he was speaking to himself. "This is enough. At least now I know that loving you was worth it."

He paused before looking up again. When he did, his eyes were filled with tears. The whites of his eyes had become slightly red as blood vessels began to appear in his teary eyes.

"I have always known that Ashton was the man you loved. I knew you had never loved me. Still, I never understood why you loved him and not me. I never ever wanted to hurt you. I just didn't understand why you never even looked at me in that way. Now, though, I think I understand.

"If it was up to me, no matter if Ashton were still here, I could never give you up so willingly. He's willing to do anything for you, but all I can hope for is that only death will do us part. Yes, I've lost to him, but I won't admit it. Just because I didn't love you the way you wanted to be loved doesn't mean I never loved you."

He must have been hurting, whether physically or emotionally. His tears slid down the curve of his cheek, but he made no move to wipe them away.

I didn't know whether it was due to the connection of the stream, but from my angle, I saw Marcus' expression change back to his frail, weak self.

"You were stubborn because you didn't want to give me a chance, and I was stubborn because I kept pestering you. Neither of us was willing to step back, and we ended up butting heads for the rest of our lives. Or at least, the rest of mine."

Perhaps due to the silence of the church, every little noise was recorded by the camera's microphone. Apart from Marcus' labored breathing, I could also hear the quiet weeping of the woman in front of him.

Camelia was standing right in front of him as he talked about how much he loved somebody else.

She had been a stubborn pursuer just like him too. However, at least he got a chance to get closure from the person he loved before he died while all she could do was live off of stolen time as a replacement for his true love.

"Since you've stopped butting heads with me, what's the point of me even trying anymore?" Marcus sniffled and laughed at himself mockingly. "Actually, you're right. Pity, sympathy, or anything that's simply given to me- my pride won't allow it. You've let go of me, so I'll let go of you now. Let's stop here. We don't need to say any more vows."

After that, he turned around to talk to Joseph. "Go back and pass a message to Ashton from me. I may have lost this round to God, but I won't lose again in my next life. You may leave now. Thank you for all you did today."

Joseph hesitated for a mere second before nodding in acknowledgment and walking away.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

The sound of his shoes tapped lightly against the floor and faded the further he walked away.

I turned and saw Joseph walking out of the church, and the tapping noises stopped.

After he left, only Marcus and Camelia were left in the church. Both Ashton and I frowned from our perch in the car.

We had planned to keep her pretending to be me until the vows were over. Then, they would separate for a moment while I put on the veil once again. However, now that just the two of them were left in the church, Marcus could very well lift the veil all of a sudden. If something happened to him then, things would be going out of control.

If it weren't for the rush, I would have wired Camelia so that it was easier to tell her what to do.

I was thinking about how to settle the situation when Marcus suddenly stumbled and held onto the podium next to him, which was where Joseph had been.

Before he could properly get up, he stumbled yet again and fell to the ground, causing his head to knock against the podium.

Camelia quickly bent down and helped him get up. She pulled him against her, so he was lying in her embrace.

"Don't worry, help is coming soon," she murmured softly, trying her best to disguise her voice.

After that, she turned toward the cameras in an attempt to call for help when Marcus suddenly reached out and grabbed her.

My entire body tensed up in worry, and Ashton was already making a call next to me. "Keep the equipment on and drive over, now. Be ready to start the defibrillators at any second."

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He hung up and patted me on the shoulder gently. "Don't worry. The doctors are near and will be here soon."

I leaned against Ashton as I watched the footage of everything happening in the church, terrified that I would accidentally miss something.

Marcus' eyes were fluttering open and closed weakly. It was as if he was about to fall asleep soon.

"You're actually crying for me for once. Even your voice sounds different from how much you're crying. What if I can't remember what you sound like?"

Camelia turned around and looked at him through the veil. "No, no. Just hold on for a while longer. Someone will be coming, soon, so please…"

"Scar…" Marcus whispered weakly. His gaze was already beginning to go out of focus, and he reached out feebly, trying to take off her veil. "C-Can I take your veil off? After that, w-we'll be married. Then, you'll be my wife officially. It's okay, even if no one knows it happened. I-I just want to take another look at you. Is that okay?"

"Y-Yes! Okay! As long as you stay awake, anything is fine!"

Her tears slipped through the gap between the veil and fell on the corner of his eye. The heat of her tear dissolved against the pallor of his skin.

"Y-You're the best…"

His hand abruptly fell to the ground and collapsed against the vibrant edge of Camelia's dress.

Marcus closed his eyes for the last time.

That one tear was the closest he had ever gotten to the person he loved.

Camelia went crazy with grief. Her entire body racked with sobs as she held him closer, and no matter how much we talked to her, she didn't let go.

"Marcus is gone. Please let us bring him back."

"H-He's not dead! He's just sleeping. He's waiting to open my veil. He hasn't even said he l-loves me, so he can't die. Not yet."

We failed to save Marcus, even with all the medical equipment on hand.

The funeral was scheduled to be three days later and was settled by both of us. Camelia just locked herself at home and didn't show up.

After the funeral ended, I personally sent Tobias home.

The door wasn't locked, and I opened the door to bring Tobias in only to see a completely empty house.

Now that its owner was gone, it was basically deserted.

A steady layer of dust had already gathered on the floor. Clear footsteps were left behind as we walked in. It seemed like the maids had been laid off for quite a while.

I finally found Camelia in the master bedroom. She was still dressed in the wedding dress from three days ago and was sitting in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows as she hugged Marcus' favorite suit tightly.

"Mommy?" Tobias said quietly as he frowned, his little face full of concern and worry.

I let go of him, and he scurried over to stand in front of Camelia. His small hands nudged her arm cautiously. "Mommy, what's wrong?"

Camelia didn't respond. It was as if she was already lost in her own world.

Tobias looked at me for help.

I walked in and said a little bit louder, "Camelia? Can you hear me? I've brought your son back home."

Just the same as before, she remained as still as a statue, to the point where it looked like she had become one with the floor.

"Who's there?"

I suddenly heard a voice behind me and thought I was hallucinating, so it took me a second before I actually turned around.

A woman in a tight-fitting dress was standing by the door. She looked to be quite a lot older than me and was looking at us in confusion. Judging from her demeanor, she seemed to be quite benevolent and easygoing.

"I'm a friend of the owner of this house. Who, might I ask, may you be?"

She was decked out in rather expensive accessories, so she couldn't have been just a normal citizen. Maybe she's one of Marcus' relatives.

Camelia might have been the mother of Marcus' child, but they never got officially married, nor did they ever get their marriage certificate. Without a name to their relationship, it was only normal that the related departments would contact Marcus' relatives instead.

"Ah, one of Marcus' friends? I've never heard Camelia bring you up." The woman's gaze was clear, and she was obviously a determined, no-nonsense person. Without waiting for my response, she introduced herself. "I'm Camelia's mother."

As she spoke, she walked toward Camelia and lifted her arm up in an attempt to help her stand. However, due to her age, it was quite hard for her to do so.

I quickly walked toward Camelia and reached out to help her mother lift her up. Together, we finally managed to move Camelia from the floor to the bed.