

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 837

After what seemed like forever, the little boy finally stopped crying. He looked at me with big teary eyes, clueless about his surroundings.

Layla finally came back to the ward after having excused herself when Marcus and Camelia started arguing.

“Mrs. White is probably downstairs. Could you bring her baby and these things down to her? I don’t think she’s had anything to eat. Please tell her that no matter what, she has to care for herself. If not for her, then do it for her baby,” I said to Layla as I handed the baby over to her.

Layla was stunned momentarily but eventually did as instructed.

I was left alone with Marcus in the ward. I was never good at preaching to others, but at that moment, I knew I had to get some things off my chest. If I didn’t, both Marcus and I would regret it in the future.

“I met Camelia on the plane six years ago. Six years is a long time, but I still remember our first interaction very vividly. I had accidentally bumped into her, and when I apologized to her, I was blown away by how beautiful she looked. She was initially very angry but forgave me after my apology.” After a pause, I continued, “As fate would have it, we sat right next to each other on the plane. The flight was over ten hours, and we chatted up a storm during that time. It was my first time in M Country, and she was worried I might get lost, so she left me her number as an emergency contact.”

Marcus looked at me quizzically, wondering what my point was in bringing up the past.

“That day, I was on my way to meet Ashton. Bumping into Camelia was an accident, but her beauty and grace wowed me so much I still can’t forget it after so long.”

I stared at Marcus and sighed. “Do you know how I felt when I met Camelia again today? In just a span of six years, she had gone from being a dazzling beauty to an unconfident, disheveled woman. I can’t imagine the amount of pain her parents would be in if they saw her today. Why have you reduced their precious daughter to this state?”

He frowned and replied curtly, "I can only give her what I can, and I have."

"And by that, do you mean your wealth? You think giving her money would suffice?"

His naivety was so appalling it made me laugh. "Marcus, can you tell how different I've become in six years?"

"You've become more composed."

I nodded. "The five years I spent in R Province away from Ashton was the best time of my life. I had Summer, and I had hope. Even though I didn't have a lot of money, life was still comfortable. After Ashton brought me back to K City, everything was good. Unlike you, he tried his best to give me everything he can, and even what he can't." I looked up at Marcus to make sure I still had his attention. "I left K City not because I didn't love him or that he didn't give enough, but because I couldn't get over the past. That doesn't mean we still can't have a future. I thought life had played a cruel joke on me, but after meeting Camelia, I realized how fortunate I had been. Ashton and I have had many misunderstandings, but you and Camelia are different. You intentionally put her through all this pain and suffering and turn a blind eye to it." I stared him down as I continued, "Marcus, you've married her and even had a kid with her. No matter how selfish you are, you still have to find some space in your heart for your wife and child. You know it better than anyone else that we are only friends, and that will never change. But Camelia is your wife and the mother of your child. If you don't love and treasure her, this would all come and bite you back in the future."

He pursed his lips, not saying a word, though I could tell he was in deep contemplation. I had said all that I wanted to say, and I only hoped it would help knock some sense into him.

I made my way downstairs and finally found Layla and Camelia in the waiting area. Camelia still looked as unkempt and haggard as before as she wolfed down the food I had bought for her.

She felt someone staring at her and looked up in surprise, only to lock eyes with me. After wiping her mouth with her sleeve, she greeted me with an embarrassed smile.

I smiled back at her with a nod, trying to fight the overwhelming array of emotions I felt toward her.

I stood beside her and waited for her to finish eating her food. The baby in Layla's arms was still blissfully unaware of the storm that had just passed as he looked at us with his big doe eyes.