

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 838

Layla was a chatterbox to begin with. Seeing as no one was willing to speak, she took the liberty of starting a conversation. "Women nowadays are so skinny that they don't produce enough milk unlike women from back then. In fact, we women from the previous generation produce so much that I often woke up to drenched clothes and a damp bed. It really couldn't be helped. I had to milk myself at night just to get some relief. Unfortunately, we didn't have refrigerators at that time so I had nowhere to store them. They would go bad after a few days and I always thought to myself, all of my hard-earned milk, gone just like that. What a waste!"

Camelia ate the last bite of her food and smiled bitterly as she glanced at her baby. "Yeah. Hard-earned milk, it is."

After eating, she cleaned up the table and took out the trash before taking over her son from Layla's arms to breastfeed him. Perhaps the baby boy was really starving because he immediately latched onto her breast and kept sucking.

Camelia had only just finished her meal. Hence, she didn't have much breast milk to offer him. When her son didn't get his fill, he bit down harder, causing Camelia's features to contort with pain. Still, she endured it.

Layla went upstairs to check on Marcus while I sat across from Camelia. I knew she had something to say to me and vice versa.

But it seemed like no one wanted to go first.

Suddenly, her lips curved into a wry smile and she muttered, "You must be surprised to see me like this, huh?"

I pursed my lips and fumbled for words. In the end, I decided to avoid answering her question. "The White family is quite well-off. You don't have to force yourself to be like this. You could consider hiring a caregiver to take care of the baby. That way, you can still live your own life."

Indeed, Marcus had the funds to support a woman and a child.

In fact, their lives would be at least a hundred times more dignified than ordinary families. The lowborn led miserable lives mostly because they barely scraped by, let alone had the luxury to care about their dignities. However, Camelia was different. Marcus' assets allowed her to lead a more dignified and glamorous life than ordinary women.

She met my gaze with a calm expression. "I understand what you're getting at, but if I do that, he might never fall in love with me and instead, pursue you with a clear conscience for the rest of his life."

Huffing out a bitter laugh, she continued, "I haven't touched a single cent of the money he gave me over the years. I didn't even ask my parents for money. I'm just like a daughter from an ordinary family, working my a*s off for myself and my child. I keep thinking that the longer I keep this up, the more likely I'll be able to earn his love."

I knew where she was coming from. A man with a successful career and good looks had no shortage of women flocking to him, regardless of whether they were after his money or his love.

Camelia understood this better than I. She was fully aware that Marcus' heart did not belong to her. But unlike other women, she didn't reap the benefits of his wealth. Instead, she took a gamble; except for his love, she didn't want anything else from him.

This way, even if Marcus wanted to use money to compensate her, the fact that he couldn't bring himself to love her would render that effort invalid. As the defaulter in their marriage, he wouldn't be able to use money to make up for the lack of love toward her as well as the child.

I nodded in understanding, but my heart clenched in my chest when I witnessed the tough life she chose.

After a momentary silence, I steered the topic away. "I booked a flight back to K City tonight. I might have to stay there for some time. If you need anything, you can look for my friend. I've sent her contact information to your phone. And if you find it inconvenient staying at the hospital with your son, you can go live in my house. Rest assured, no one will disturb you there."

She studied me for a while before expressing her gratitude. "Thank you." After a brief hesitation, she said, "We could've been really good friends."

Her statement was like a heavy blow to my chest and I didn't know how to react for a while. At last, I flashed her a small smile and said, "This isn't too bad either."

Life was full of ups and downs. No one could determine or predict what would happen next.

We chatted for a bit and when I returned to the ward, Marcus was already asleep with Layla watching over him. She greeted me curtly upon seeing me. Apart from giving her some instructions, we didn't talk about anything else.

After packing my stuff, I told Layla to pass the things I brought over to Camelia. With that done, I dragged my suitcase and hailed a taxi by the hospital entrance, leaving straight for the airport.

I was already in the taxi when Nora called, and she sounded peeved. "Didn't I tell you that everyone is to gather for a meal on the eve of Harvest Festival? How could you leave without even saying goodbye?"

Feeling apologetic, I replied, "I booked the flight last minute and didn't have time to tell you. We'll do it next time, okay? It's not like I won't be coming to A City anymore. Let's get together again during Independence Day!"

From the silence over the phone, I surmised that she must have been rendered speechless by me. After a while, she sighed in defeat and exclaimed, "You guys are really something, you know? It's just a simple meal. It's not like it'd take ages to end! What's the frickin rush?"

I froze as my mind registered her words. "What do you mean by 'you guys'?"

I could already imagine her rolling her eyes before clarifying, "I'm talking about you and Tessa, of course. You guys said you'd be there, but then ended up leaving so abruptly."