In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1653

"If you don't try, you'll never know," I said as I walked behind her and subtly pushed her forward, encouraging her to wheel the wheelchair into the room.

Marcus had already heard all the commotion outside, and when we entered, he was staring at us disgruntledly. Still, I could tell that he wasn't lashing out because Camelia was there as well.

I winked slyly at Camelia. See? I told you he wouldn't say no.

Of course, Camelia was overjoyed. She hadn't been anywhere near Marcus for a long time and even seemed to be nervously blushing as we got closer.

Just as I had thought, Camelia was still the girl who would risk anything for true love. She was always somehow both passionate and reserved in front of the person she loved, just like how I had remembered her to be.

Seeing as she was completely stunned by her nerves, I had to approach Marcus and help him get up.

"What do you want?" Marcus protested weakly.

"We're going out for some fresh air!"

"I'm not going."

I acted as if I couldn't hear his protests and turned around, asking Camelia for help. "Camelia, help me out here. I can't support both of his arms at once."

Camelia stood still for a minute as she absorbed my words before nodding and walking forward.

She had barely touched Marcus when he shoved her away. "Don't touch me!

Camelia stood there in shock at the words he had just said. Frozen, she looked as if someone had just drenched her in cold water.

A gust of anger suddenly welled up inside me, and I pushed Marcus firmly. He was still recovering, so he couldn't help but stumble backward onto the hospital bed. If he hadn't been supporting himself with both arms, he would already have fallen over. Then, he glared at me as he slowly sat back up.

"Don't look at me like that," I said angrily. "None of us here owe you anything, especially Camelia! You left her alone and mistreated her. How dare you shout at her like that after everything you've done?"

"Scarlett, please don't. I'm fine."

Camelia reached out to stop me as she defended Marcus weakly, but I pushed her hand away gently. "Not now, Camelia."

I turned around to look at Marcus, who was still sitting there looking frail and sorry for himself. I felt myself get even more annoyed just looking at him.

Was every sick person like this? Would they all feel the need to project all of their pain and remorse onto the people around them before they felt at ease?

Since resigning myself to his poor attitude clearly wasn't making the situation better, I decided to stop caring so much.

I looked at both of them and reached out again. This time, I forcefully pulled Marcus onto the wheelchair.

I didn't know where my sudden burst of strength came from. Perhaps Marcus had truly lost more weight than it seemed because he got dragged onto the wheelchair with ease. Camelia jumped in surprise before hurrying over to support him so that he could actually sit upright.

"Let's go," I said sternly. My tone left no room for any arguments, and I opened the door after throwing that command behind me.

Marcus was panting heavily, but he couldn't do anything about it. His dark brown eyes stared at me from within their deeply-set sockets as if trying to bore a hole through my face.

I looked away and reminded Camelia, "Don't just stand there. Get a blanket to cover his legs with, and let's go. The doctor said that some sun could help replenish his calcium, remember?"

Camelia finally came back to her senses and quickly laid a blanket over Marcus' legs before pushing the wheelchair out.

The garden seemed to belong in a different universe than the hospital ward. Outside, the birds were chirping brightly while the sun shone down upon us. It was just the right temperature; not too hot, not too cold. Every breath was filled with fresh air.

Clearly, Camelia hadn't had such a relaxing time in a long while.

Even though Marcus still looked disgruntled, he didn't lash out again. It turned out that I had to do things the hard way with him.

It was pretty rare that the three of us were so peaceful. We only walked back leisurely after the nurse called Marcus in for another check-up.

His attending doctor called for Camelia and me to his office in the afternoon.

We felt pretty at ease when he called us in, but when we saw the stressed-out look on his face after we opened his office door, our high spirits dropped immediately.

Camela was already used to all the bad news after staying by Marcus' side for so long. She immediately sat down and asked, "Doctor, is something wrong with my husband's condition?"