

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1228-1232

## Chapter 1228

"Ms. Stovall, we might be fearless, but we won't harm a baby less than a month old," replied the bodyguard as a menacing smile flitted across his lips.

I couldn't well believe someone as vicious as him, but with Marcus' earlier assurance, I heaved a sigh of relief.

I had to trust that they wouldn't harm my son.

Even so, Baby was too young to be traveling around the world with a bunch of strangers.

At that thought, my heart clenched in agony.

I took a deep breath to calm down before picking up the knife from the earlier fight. I handed it to the bodyguard and asked, "You know what to do, right?"

The bodyguard met my gaze with a frown as he considered the feasibility of this plan.

Soon, he made up his mind.

He struggled to sit up and put on his bloody jacket before grabbing the knife from me. Pressing the edge of the knife against my neck, he led me out.

John was still waiting outside the room. When he saw the bodyguard holding me hostage, his expression darkened.

Meanwhile, his subordinates surrounded the only exit of the basement.

Someone had informed Ashton, as he appeared by another door with Joseph behind him.

I met Ashton's gaze, but he didn't seem surprised or anxious. Guiltily, I averted my gaze so he wouldn't see through me.

Ashton was smart enough to realize the bodyguard couldn't have held me hostage without my help.

"Scarlett Stovall." His voice was stern whenever he got mad.

I hesitated for a moment before meeting his gaze again.

We stared at each other for a long while.

We were stuck in a deadlock for some time. Suddenly, the conflict in Ashton's gaze disappeared as he became calm again.

"Aren't you nervous? You didn't yell for help though he held you at knifepoint," he uttered icily.

My heart sank as I clenched my fists tightly.

Ashton had said that on purpose.

He knew what was going on. Clearly, he was upset because I became the hostage willingly. Now, he was waiting for me to make a choice.

The bodyguard was holding a knife at my neck, but Ashton could save me easily if he wanted to.

By now, even John knew what was going on. He gritted his teeth and declared, "Scarlett, I did just warn you not to do this!"

The bodyguard glanced at them before turning to me and scorned, "Looks like you didn't discuss with your family beforehand, huh? They seemed terribly upset. Do you think we can make it out of here?"

Boom!

Realization dawned on me.

Does Ashton think I agreed to be his hostage for my son?

I gazed at Ashton, his sad lonesome figure, who remained rooted to the spot. His trench coat was ruffling in the breeze.

I couldn't help but hesitate.

Nevertheless, at the thought of my son, everything else paled in comparison.

John had used all means, but we still couldn't find out what our enemy wanted. Baby was in their hands. No matter what we did, we couldn't find anything about them.

The fastest way to find out who took Baby away was through this bodyguard.

I was the only one who heard what he said. He was bleeding and holding me roughly. If I moved slightly, the knife would cut into my skin. Hence, it seemed like I was indeed in danger.

## **Chapter 1229**

Ashton gazed at me and scowled unhappily.

I parted my lips, but I didn't know where to start.

It would be a bad idea to talk right now.

I wasn't about to change my mind. Seeing my reaction, Ashton gave a self-deprecating laugh. "Ha!"

Shortly after, he schooled his expression carefully and commanded, "Move out of their way! Let her get what she wants!"

"Ashton, do you know what you're doing?" John refused to take the risk. Without his approval, his subordinates didn't budge at all.

"Joseph!" Ashton raised his hand. Upon receiving his order, Joseph left and soon returned with his men.

The men came in and scattered around John's men. As Ashton's men outnumbered John's men, they soon parted to give us a way out.

It was nighttime by now. The night breeze sent a chill down my spine. When I looked up and met Ashton's gaze, I promptly froze.

The bodyguard was smart enough to lead me through the crowd. John wanted to come after us, but Ashton stopped him in time.

After we walked out of the garden, I turned back to see Ashton struggling to stop John from coming after us.

The bodyguard soon brought me out of Stovall residence.

Right then, a black vehicle sped toward us and came to an abrupt stop in front of us.

The bodyguard removed the knife and ordered, "Get in the car, Ms. Stovall."

Without much thought, I stepped forward and pulled the door open.

I thought we would be the only ones in the car, but there was someone else in there.

The person was dressed in a leather jacket and leather boots. Her entire outfit was black. If there wasn't a ponytail hanging behind her head, I would've thought she was a man.

Sensing my gaze, she turned and flashed a strange smile. "Ms. Stovall, finally we meet."

I was certain that I had never met her in the past thirty years. However, she seemed to know who I was.

The bodyguard gave me a slight shove as he was afraid John's men would come after us. After I entered the car, he climbed in behind me.

The driver stepped on the accelerator and sped away.

As we took off, an inexplicable feeling rose in my heart. I felt terribly insecure.

Soon, the Stovall residence disappeared from sight. It took us some time before we boarded the last plane to M Country.

The bodyguard and the lady were obviously working together, but strangely, they didn't even converse throughout our entire journey.

I turned to the woman and inquired, "Did GW send you here?"

The woman wasn't as unpleasant as her looks suggested. She smiled at me. "Ms. Stovall, you're a smart woman. You'll know when we arrive at our destination."

She didn't reveal anything to me, so I couldn't help but stare at her.

Immediately, she realized what I was thinking about. "There's nothing strange about this. My boss knows you more than you do. He knows you'll do anything for your child's sake."

I couldn't even force out a smile by now. "Who is your boss?"

Her words gave me goosebumps. Who in the world would know me better than I know myself?

She merely grinned and turned over to rest, leaving me to ponder this matter the entire night.

We finally arrived at M Country in the morning. The black vehicle we were on weaved through the streets effortlessly.

I looked out of the window at the changing sights which showed no hints of where we were.

We were in the city center a minute ago, but now we were in the countryside.

This went on for around one hour before I realized they were going in circles.

Do they seriously think I had a photographic memory?

## **Chapter 1230**

I asked the woman. "Where are we going?"

She smirked, but her reply remain vague. "To see your son, of course."

"But we've been going around in circles."

"Ms. Stovall. No, Mrs. Fuller. You know how difficult it is to shake off your husband. We need to be extra careful," she revealed confidently.

"Your target isn't me?" I frowned as strong sense of foreboding rose in my heart.

The woman shook her index finger. "No, of course not. You're not worth our efforts."

She didn't finish her sentence, but I knew what she meant.

Ashton had offended many people so Fuller Corporation could reach new heights, so this must be related to him.

The woman paused and proceeded to scrutinize my face.

Does she think I'll be afraid?

I had spent a lot of time with Ashton, so I learned how to read minds from him.

I met her gaze and sneered. "Oh, so Ashton is a great threat to you. I didn't know that. What about Marcus, then? Why did you target him?"



I wanted to know how Marcus got himself involved in this matter.

The woman's boss must be up to something. I didn't know what it was, but it must be the reason Marcus was lured to M Country.

If so, I dared not imagine how elaborated their plan was.

However, I needed to talk to Marcus to confirm my speculations. I didn't want to believe that I had brought bad luck to him again.

At the mention of Marcus' name, the woman arched a brow. "Him? He's no one important. Why? Did you risk your life because of him?"

They must've investigated me and knew about Marcus and me. Clearly, she was trying to provoke me.

"I just want to know where he is now."

Suddenly, the woman's face darkened. "You can't even save yourself now. I'm not here to answer your questions."

With that, she looked away and ignored me.

After we went past the last crossroad, the woman ordered, "Enough. Let's go home."

The driver nodded and sped up. We soon left the city and went past a few farms before arriving at a desolate area without streetlamps.

It was pitch dark as the dark clouds had covered the moon. The night sky felt like it was about to swallow everything in its path.

I grew increasingly uneasy. These people wouldn't reveal their reason for capturing me and my son easily.

Finally, we left the desolate area. The car slowed down.

We were about to arrive at our destination.

Shortly after, the car came to a stop in front of an ancient castle.

After I got off the car, besides the car's headlights, the only light source was from the entrance of the castle. The surrounding darkness seemed to suck everything into its void. As the wind howled in my ears, I stared at the flickering candlelight lighting up the creaky castle.

Through the crack of the door, I saw a familiar figure clad in a black cloak. He was staring at a religious painting on the wall, deep in thought.

Upon hearing the commotion, he turned to face us. I was flabbergasted when our gazes met.

"Marcus?" Did he lure me here on purpose?

One year later, he seemed like an entirely different man with his unshaved jaw and masculine figure.

"Finally, we meet again," he rasped out while gazing at me. It was as though he was seeing another person in me.

## Chapter 1231

Bewildered, I asked, "Are you being held captive here, too?"

"Ha! How naive," the woman mocked before telling the bodyguard. "Head in. The doctor is waiting for you."

"We'll leave her with you." With that, the woman followed the bodyguard upstairs.

Once they left, we were left alone in the hall. The maid had already shut the door. It was much quiet without the howling wind.

"Come with me," said Marcus. He walked up another flight of stairs.

Curious, I went after him obediently.

There were many rooms on the second floor. Marcus led me down the hallway and came to a stop when we reached the end. He opened the door on the right and stepped aside. "This is your room. Have a good rest tonight."

I stepped in and studied the surroundings. There were candles lighting up the huge room. I immediately spotted a laptop beside the bed which seemed out of place in this castle.

Hearing the footsteps behind me, I turned and called out, "Wait a minute!"

Marcus was taller and bigger than me. Even his shadow swallowed mine whole, so my action seemed ridiculous.

“Don’t you have anything to say?” I looked up and queried.

He towered above me icily. “What do you want me to say?”

His cool reaction pissed me off. He knew what I meant, but pretended to be clueless. I didn’t know why he was acting this way. Right now, I needed to find out where my son was.

I sighed and tried to stay calm. “Why are you so familiar with the others? Where is my son, Toby and Camelia? You don’t seem anxious at all.”

Marcus furrowed his brows and gestured at the laptop in my room. “You can see your son’s current condition there. If you stay here obediently, you’ll get to see him every day.”

I looked at him before turning to glance at the laptop. It was clear that Marcus knew everything about my son.

A hint of frustration crept into my heart.

Indeed, I risked my life for my son’s sake, but I also did it because I was worried for Marcus.

I bit my lip and muttered, “Why did you do this?”

A heavy silence hung in the air, save for the crackling sounds of the candles.

After a long while, Marcus spoke. “You’re exhausted. Go to bed.”

“Marcus!” I uttered frantically, but I couldn’t make him stay.

He stalked away and soon reached the other end of the hallway. Without looking back, he entered the first room on the left and shut the door.

It was as though he was trying to draw a line between us. I felt annoyed at that thought.

However, my son’s safety was of utmost importance. I dashed back into my room and switched on the laptop.

There was only one file on the desktop. I clicked on the icon, and a baby’s face immediately appeared on the screen.

Immediately, tears welled up in my eyes. I covered my lips as my heart leaped in joy.

It was my son. The tiny brows, nose, and eyes belonged to my son.

Feeling elated, I heaved a sigh of relief. They took good care of my baby. He was skinny, but his eyes were blinking energetically.

At least Marcus wasn’t lying when he said they didn’t harm my son.

Finally, I could relax after finding out my son was alright. I shut the laptop and tried to figure out a solution.

I couldn’t escape as Baby was still with them. I would never leave him alone.

There wasn't anyone guarding my room or any surveillance cameras around. It was because they knew what my weak spot was.

Still, I didn't know when I would get to see Baby.

Feeling dejected, I fell into bed and sighed. Suddenly, I caught hold of something cool.

## **Chapter 1232**

It was an unlocked phone!

Immediately, I dialled Ashton's number and waited anxiously.

Soon, after a soft beep, Ashton's deep voice sounded over the line. "Scarlett Stovall."

"How did you know it was me?" This was a foreign number that wasn't saved on his phone, so I didn't think he would answer the call.

"Did you see Marcus?" asked Ashton.

Huh? That sounds strange. My excitement faded away as I replied in a low voice, "Yes, I did. I followed them here for Baby's sake."

"Should I praise you for being a great mother?" Ashton mocked. "I must've been too lenient with you. Look, you're threatening me with what I loved most."

My heart skipped a beat at his words.

Ashton had spent his life in hatred. He didn't expect to fall in love with me, so I was special to him. Even our son was second in importance after me. Yet, I risked myself just to save my son.

If my bet paid off, it would be a happy ending. If it didn't, Ashton would hate me for the rest of his life.

"Ashton," I uttered, not knowing what else to say.

He fell silent for a long time before stating firmly, "This is the first and last time. I will not forgive you if you do it again."

He had let me off the hook, so I hurriedly caved in. "As long as our son is safe, I promise I won't do it again."

I heard him sighing through the phone. "You should now know why I didn't want you to stay in touch with Marcus."

Ashton's change of topic caught me by surprise. "You knew something was wrong with Marcus' disappearance?"

"Remember when I told you a few culprits are still at loose?"

"You mean the White family are involved?" I was shell-shocked. "Joseph found a document with Marcus' grandfather's signature on it, but we still can't be sure," he replied.

Ashton was a careful person, so he wouldn't have told me if he wasn't sure about it.

No wonder Marcus kept reminding me to be careful of Ashton. He must've found out about the truth and tried to confuse me before Ashton could discover the truth.

I didn't like judging others negatively, especially Marcus. Unfortunately, contrary to my wishes, he became the biggest variable here.

Right then, Joseph's voice rang out.

"Mr. Fuller, we're ready."

Ashton grunted in response and told me, "I'll call you tomorrow." He then hung up.

I glanced at the phone's screen, which showed only one call in the call history. My feelings were in turmoil.

Ashton wasn't worried about me at all.

It wasn't actually his fault. After all, this was my choice.

I couldn't fall asleep after that, so I switched on the laptop and studied the video of Baby, trying to get a hint of his whereabouts.

Gradually, I fell asleep.

When I woke up again, it was already 10 a.m. Wintertime in M Country was a gloomy affair.



I washed up and headed downstairs to look around.

The ancient castle was as silent as last night, save for a few foreign maids scurrying around.

They did everything they could to bring me here but didn't try to stop me from escaping. I didn't know whether it was because they had my son captive or it was something else.

"Good morning, Letty." Marcus was seated at the dining table in an elegant white suit. His lips were curved up slightly, reminding me of a gentleman.

I knew I was at the losing end here, so there was no use being afraid. I went over and sat down across from him.