

When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1233-1237

Chapter 1233

The maid brought me a plate of breakfast with the same contents as Marcus'.

I kept my gaze on Marcus.

After talking to Ashton on the phone last night, I kept wondering if Marcus had indeed changed.

"Letty, if you keep staring, I shall be under the impression that you're going to change your mind."

Marcus wasn't even looking at me when he made that startling announcement.

I hurriedly calmed down and returned. "I don't understand. What is it about?"

Marcus stopped and met my gaze, seemingly amused. "Choosing to be with me, of course."

Just as I had expected, he was a changed man. Yet, his obsession with me remained unchanged.

Now, he was no longer my protector. He was the culprit behind my son's kidnapping.

I sneered. "I never knew you are so full of yourself."

I wanted to provoke him as he might reveal something important, but Marcus remained unfazed. Alas, it felt like I was punching at cotton. Nothing I said or did manage to elicit a response out of him.

He flashed a grin and asked, "Why are you so obsessed with Ashton?"

What is Marcus up to?

It's clear, isn't it? Why is he trying to stir up trouble?

I returned the question to him. "What do you think?"

Hearing my question, Marcus frowned as he fell into deep thought. After a while, he answered, "I don't think he captivated you. You're a soft-hearted woman, so you must've stayed with him as you sympathized with him. Also, you already have kids with him."

Clearly, Marcus was too stubborn to change his mind. He was twisting the facts to his own liking.

I schooled my expression carefully before glaring at him. "You've never loved anyone. How do you know we don't love each other?"

"Perhaps you should learn to care for yourself. It's time to stop, Letty. You and Ashton won't have a future together."

We locked gazes, staring each other down.

As Marcus spoke, he leaned nearer to me, causing me to recoil in disgust.

Last night, I arrived at the castle and saw him greeting the others calmly. I couldn't help but feel revolted every time I see him again.

"Marcus, do you really think you can control someone else's life? You said Ashton and I won't be together for long. Why would I trust you? We've been in love for ten years, and will continue to love each other for years to come. Even if we are separated, divorced, or don't get to see each other forever, our hearts are still connected. You won't be able to get that."

My eyes were flashing with obvious disdain.

Marcus leaned back nonchalantly. "Letty, I'm doing this for your sake."

I held my breath when he called my nickname endearingly.

It was this man who had pulled me out of hell with his charming voice.

Alas, he was no longer the same person he used to be.

Seeing my reaction, Marcus raised his brows smugly as though he had successfully pulled a prank on me. He then took his mug and sipped on his coffee calmly.

He must be proud of himself for eliciting a response from me.

"Marcus, what do you want?" I frowned and demanded as my hands resting on my knees balled into fists.

My instincts told me Marcus was no longer the young man who placed me above all others.

Marcus averted his gaze and cut into his fried egg. "Don't look at me that way. We did a good job together, right? I believe Ashton will be here soon."

Chapter 1234

My heart sank at his words.

The phone was a trap so I would lure Ashton to this castle!

"Marcus White!" I slammed the table in fury. Last night, he pretended to ignore me so I would end up calling Ashton.

What a scheming man.

I had a falling out with Ashton just because I was worried about him.

Marcus ate his breakfast coolly. However, his words made my skin crawl. "You and your son are here, while both his daughters are at home. Who will he pick?"

My mind went blank at once.

No matter who he picked, we would lose a loved one. Ashton could come up with a perfect plan, but we were in M Country, a foreign country out of his reach. If he were to come, he would fall right into their trap.

“Marcus, is it fun to destroy my family and torture me? Are you not going to stop until I become as unhappy as you?” I clenched my fists so firmly that the nails dug deep into my palm, but I couldn’t feel any pain.

If any of my family—including my children and Ashton—was harmed, I would live the rest of my life in guilt.

Immediately, Marcus’ expression fell. He didn’t refute my words and waited to see what I would say next.

As it concerned my loved one, I didn’t hold back. I stood up and uttered icily, “You can kill me. I won’t say anything as I owed you one!”

“When Camelia and Toby went missing, I defended you though Ashton remained cautious. You called me and said some vague stuff, but I risked my life to be a hostage to come to you. We have been through many obstacles together, so I’ve never doubted you.”

“I refused to believe my son’s kidnapping was related to you until just now!”

“The woman who loved you dearly is missing, but what did you do? You’re partnering up with a bunch of strangers instead! Why are you wasting time to take revenge on Ashton and pursuing me? I will never love you!”

I pointed at him, my eyes flashing with hatred. "You're humiliating yourself! You've misused my trust and those who love you! You don't deserve to be loved!"

"That's my son. How could you..." I trailed off and took a deep breath. "I would rather die in that abandoned factory if I knew this was to happen! I'll never accept you!"

No doubt, I had said everything out of anger.

I didn't want to die, but Marcus' actions had disappointed me greatly.

All of my kindness and goodwill had been trampled upon mercilessly.

Ashton wasn't a saint, but at least he was an honest man.

After our misunderstanding was resolved, he showered me with his love and protected our little family with all his might.

He might be evil, but at least he was loyal and responsible.

Marcus could never replace him in my life.

"You want to know why am I so obsessed with Ashton, right? I'll tell you why," I declared. "I'm not obsessed. I'm in love with Ashton. He once suspected my grandma was the culprit who murdered his parents, but he had never tried to harm my loved ones!"

I've never exactly told Ashton that, but saying that out loud gave me peace of mind.

My confidence must've upset Marcus for his calm expression had now contorted into an ugly scowl. "Really? He won't harm your loved ones? What about you and your son?" Fury and hatred flashed across his eyes.

Chapter 1235

"He knows your son is important to you and that you will risk your life for him. The bodyguard successfully held you hostage and brought you here because it was all part of Ashton's plan! He doesn't care about you as long as he gets to take revenge!"

"Shut up!" I trembled in rage.

"The truth is cruel, huh?" He flashed an evil grin. "Ashton pretended to adore you, but he exposed you to risks again and again. His love is nothing but talk. He's selfish, just like me!"

I furrowed my brows and retorted, "You're wrong about Ashton!"

"It doesn't matter. Women are great at deceiving themselves," concluded Marcus.

He glared at me and left the dining room.

I slumped into the chair and heaved a sigh. My energy was drained after that argument with Marcus.

After his footsteps faded away, I whipped out the phone to give Ashton a call. It wasn't until then that I realized the phone had turned into a fake phone.

Clearly, those people changed the phone to this fake one when I was asleep so I couldn't warn Ashton.

I was a light sleeper, so someone must've done it deftly when I was asleep. I wondered who that could be.

Now that I think of it, perhaps Camelia's disappearance was part of Marcus' plan.

Suddenly, a shadow appeared next to my feet.

I turned and spotted a lady walking toward me.

She was clad in a turtleneck wool sweater, jeans, and boots. Her hair fell on her shoulders, creating a casual look.

I couldn't remember seeing her in the castle.

"Looks like you had an unpleasant discussion."

Once she spoke, I immediately recognized who she was.

It was the woman who came to pick the bodyguard up yesterday. She had a different outfit on, so I almost couldn't recognize her.

She had stealthily made her way from the stairs to the dining room. I immediately deduced that it was her who changed my phone last night.

“Don’t stare at me. I like to wear casual clothes when I’m not out on a mission. My name’s Helga,” she uttered. After asking the maid to bring her a glass of milk and cereal, she sat down opposite me.

“Boss kept telling me how special you are, Scarlett. But after spending some time with you, I still can’t figure out how special you are. I hope Boss didn’t make the wrong judgment this time.” The disdain in Helga’s voice was evident.

Ever since I entered the car, she kept talking about her so-called “Boss.” I was curious who her boss was as he had Helga and the bodyguard working for him. He even managed to convince Marcus to partner up with him.

“Ms. Helga, what do you mean by special?” My expression grew stern. “I fell for the trap and was forced to separate from my son only after seeing him once. Should I still remain grateful and happy? Is that what you mean?”

“Ha!” Helga snorted. “You sure have a sharp tongue. I shall see how long you can hold on.”

Shortly after, she left.

The bodyguard didn’t come down for breakfast as he was injured. I was the only person downstairs the entire morning.

At 2 p.m., both Marcus and Helga appeared on the stairs.

Spotting Helga in her black outfit, I stood up immediately.

She had returned to her icy self and strode past me without batting an eyelid before walking out of the door.

Marcus stopped to glance at me briefly before he left without looking back, too.

Chapter 1236

Helga told me she would only put on this outfit when she had a mission, so they must've left on orders.

Could their target be Ashton?

They were gone for three days without any news whatsoever.

For the past three days, I couldn't sleep well. I'd only fall asleep watching Baby on the laptop screen.

It was midnight by the time I fell asleep. Suddenly, I heard the door downstairs creaking open in a daze. I promptly jolted awake and put on a cardigan before rushing downstairs.

When I arrived at the hall, Helga had returned to her room through the other flight of stairs. The bodyguard was also nowhere to be seen. Marcus was the only one in the living room. Clad in a black cloak, he looked worn out as he stared at the religious painting on the wall. I remembered he also did the same thing when I arrived the other day.

Hearing my footsteps, he asked, "It's late. You aren't asleep yet? Were you waiting for me?"

There was a hint of delight in his voice.

I refused to answer him and instead said, "Looks like you weren't successful."

“Is that what you wish for, Letty?” Marcus returned as he made his way over to me. “Luck won’t always be on Ashton’s side.”

He came to a stop in front of me and leaned forward to scan my figure. There was a menacing air about him.

“It might not be on your side too, right?” I swallowed lightly and remained deadpanned.

Marcus wanted to see me being scared, so I wouldn’t allow him to see that side of me.

In response, Marcus raised a brow and straightened his body. “No one knows,” came his amused reply.

He was very confident of himself, huh?

I was about to pry more information from him when he turned, seemingly disinterested in me.

“You said you’ve only seen your son once. You must miss him dearly, right?”

The change in topic was too abrupt, but I went along with him. “Yes. I can’t stop thinking when I can see him again.”

With his back to me, Marcus turned at his shoulder and told me, “Soon.”

I harrumphed as he couldn’t be trusted. “How long is considered soon? One day? One month? One year? Do you know how torturing this is? You said you love me and wanted me to choose you, but you separated me from my son. Is this love?”

Sensing my bubbling anger, I took a deep breath to calm down before I continued, "You're going to lock us up, anyway. Why don't you lock me up with my son? Please, I beg of you. I don't want to wait for a video that might be fake every day. I want to see my son."

Marcus stood there, unmoving, as though reminding me my efforts were futile.

After a long silence, he finally uttered, "Letty, you're too greedy. Don't push your luck."

Without waiting for my reply, he strode up the stairs.

Marcus's mood swings were almost impossible to predict. I couldn't get through him.

Feeling dejected, I remained rooted to the spot for some time before returning to my room.

I flopped into bed as sleep deserted me.

Marcus seemed relaxed, so they must've gained something from their trip. Ashton could be in danger right now.

Nevertheless, I deduced they didn't gain the upper hands based on what Marcus said earlier. Ashton must've retaliated, so there was no telling who would end up the winner.

I was lost in thoughts when a sound jolted me out of my reverie. Thump! I immediately glanced at the creaky window where the sound came from.

The castle was well-preserved, but it was ancient. At night, when the wind started blowing, the windows would need to be closed manually. I've only been here for four days but had already encountered this several times.

Chapter 1237

Sighing, I rose to my feet to close the windows.

I had barely taken a few steps when a rustling sound was heard outside the window.

Is it the wind? Or is someone out there?

Curious, I carefully made my way toward the window. When I was half a step away from the window, I came to a stop and stood on tiptoes to peek outside.

Right then, a hand appeared out of nowhere and grabbed the eaves. The person stretched out another hand and proceeded to climb in.

As the person had his back to me, I could only figure out he was a man based on his muscular built. My sixth sense told me he meant no harm as he had risked his life to scale the walls. Hence, I watched as he made his way in, prepared to cover up for him if needed.

Soon, the man jumped in and turned to face me. The moment I saw his face, my eyes lit up as I dashed forward to give him a tight hug.

"Ashton, I'm glad to know you're alright."

I was afraid to hear of his news through Marcus.

The man relaxed and exhaled sharply. He wrapped his arms around me. "You'll be the death of me."

I teared up at his words and looked up. I parted my lips to say something when something occurred to me. Struggling out of his arms, I told him, "Wait for me," before I ran to the living room.

Ashton tiptoed to the door and made sure no one realized his arrival before returning to me.

"Come here, Ashton." I held the laptop and sat by the bed. He sat beside me obediently.

I clicked on the video and placed the laptop in his lap. "This is our son. Look, he has your nose."

I've been wanting this to happen for a while. Even though I originally wanted Ashton to see his son face to face, this would suffice.

Ashton glanced at the screen, his gaze darkening. A few seconds later, he flung his arm around me and assured me, "Don't worry. Baby is a gift from God. I won't let him be out there, away from us for long."

I was relieved upon hearing his assurance. Yet, at the thought of Marcus' attitude, my heart clenched up again. "Did anything happen to you recently? Is our family alright?"

Ashton's expression fell without warning. He shoved me away and spoke icily. "You're worried now? When you allowed yourself to be held hostage, didn't you know they will use you and ruin us?"

He had never spoken this harshly to me before, even when he was jealous of Marcus. I immediately panicked and racked my brains to formulate a response. In the end, I put my pride aside and backed

down. “I was too emotional back then. I wanted to help, but as a woman, the only way I could think of was—”

“Oh?” Ashton interjected. “I thought you think of yourself as a man.”

I was reckless, impulsive, and couldn’t be bothered about the consequences of my action. Ashton was right. I was displaying all the common mistakes a man would make.

Completely speechless, I lowered my gaze and fiddled with my fingers.

Seeing my reaction, Ashton pressed on, “Do you know what a good woman should learn?”

I shook my head.

It was difficult enough to be a good person, so I didn’t have time to learn more beyond that.

Feeling exasperated, Ashton let out a sigh and placed the laptop aside. He held my shoulders as we sat across from each other. “A good woman and a good wife should learn how to rely on her husband.”