

# When There Is Nothing Left But Love Chapter 1238-1242

## Chapter 1238

His gaze was firm and adoring. I almost lost myself in his eyes.

"Initially, I held back my feelings because I had to take revenge. Gradually, when I got to know the truth, I panicked and dared not reveal the truth to you. We've wasted many years before getting back together. Do you want history to repeat itself?"

"I've been waiting until you wake up," he revealed. "But you keep insisting on living in the past. Do you want your irrational feelings to control you forever?"

"Letty, I am the one who's going to stay by your side forever. Whenever you are in trouble, you must think of me and discuss it with me. Is my request that hard?"

Ashton was trying hard to tamp down his grievance, but in the end, he couldn't help but grow increasingly frustrated. I thought he was acting like a kid who could finally vent out after suffering in silence.

No, that wasn't it.

Ashton was a vengeful person and would take revenge on anyone who offended him, so he wasn't suffering in silence.

Besides, Ashton was partially at fault for my presumptuous actions, too. If he had told me about his plan, I wouldn't need to find a way out myself.

We were both wrong, so neither of us could blame each other.

Still, I had learned my lesson during the past three days. Instead of refuting his words, I nodded obediently. "No more next time."

After spending some time alone, I came up with several possibilities.

One, they would use me to threaten Ashton and take his life.

Two, they would use me to get their hands on my newborn baby girl or Summer.

Ashton would agree to either possibility if I wasn't there.

After all, my safety is of utmost importance to him.

The realization came too late to me, but luckily, Ashton was safe.

Ashton was clearly surprised by how swiftly I caved in. He swallowed his words and frowned at me helplessly.

I squirmed guiltily under his gaze before reaching out to smoothen his frown. "Alright, your troublesome wife had brought trouble to you again. But you were the one who wanted to marry her, so just bear with her."

I couldn't remember the last time I acted coy in front of him. Have I ever done so?

We would forget a lot of things as time went by. To me, if something was easily forgettable, it wasn't important enough. I was truly in love with Ashton as I could act coy in front of him under the circumstances.

When I touched Ashton, he froze at once. Soon, his eyes crinkled up as he laughed, but it immediately faded away. He held my hand in a serious manner. "Can you promise me that this is the last time?"

I wanted to give him my word, but anxiety took over me as I retorted, "Don't you know a woman's promise is worthless?"

"Mm?" Ashton cocked his brow, seemingly pondering the credibility of my words. He nodded thoughtfully. "Yes. The prettier a woman is, the craftier she is. That was what you told me."

As he had relented, I plucked up my courage and flung my arms around Ashton to show my sincerity. "Don't worry. I will try my best not to act behind your back for our children's sake."

A person could act freely when he was independent, but as soon as he got attached, he could no longer act freely. By then, he had to protect his loved one so she wouldn't be in danger.

When Ashton had to make a choice, I dreamt about making different choices at night, too. Every time, I'd jolt awake, bathed with cold sweat.

Right now, I could only try my best to make sure my dreams wouldn't come true.

Ashton snorted. "Try your best?"

He was obviously angry. I met his gaze and realized he was about to take action. Instinctively, I tried to escape. Before I could leave, Ashton pulled me against him tightly.

When I returned to my senses, I found myself drowning in Ashton's passionate kiss. Feeling breathless, I patted his hand a few times so he could release me, but the man ignored my silent pleas.

Left with no choice, I made some protesting sounds before Ashton got enough of me and let me go.

"This is your punishment for not trying your best, get it?"

My breathing was uneven as I glared at him furiously.

Ashton gazed at me in amusement. It didn't seem like he had just scaled the walls just to sneak in earlier.

Suddenly, a shadow appeared in the crack underneath the door. Someone was here. I immediately placed a hand on Ashton's thigh, signaling him to be quiet.

Yet, the shadow sensed something was wrong and came to a stop outside my door. As it remained unmoving, it might be eavesdropping on us.

That wasn't a good sign.

Besides the bed and a coffee table, there wasn't any other furniture in the room. There was nowhere for Ashton to hide in the toilet, too. If that person outside barged in, Ashton would be discovered at once.

The only choice left was for Ashton to leave now.

We exchanged looks. Ashton's expression darkened as he made his way to the window. I tiptoed to the door in case the person came in. That way, I would be able to stall him or her.

The door was the only obstacle between us. My heart leaped to my throat as I glanced at the shadow through the crack while keeping an eye on Ashton.

When Ashton was about to climb out of the window, Marcus' hoarse voice rang out. "Letty, let's talk. I know you're still awake."

Marcus?

Didn't he refuse to talk to me earlier? Why did he suddenly change his mind?

I stepped back and lowered my voice. "I'm asleep. Let's talk tomorrow."

After I answered him, he fell silent for a long while. If I wasn't staring at his shadow underneath the door, I would've thought he had left by now.

As we waited, Ashton changed his mind and walked toward me carefully. I only realized it when he came to a stop next to me. At once, I leaned into his embrace.

We were only separated by a door, but it seemed like a bridge we could never cross.

It took some time before Marcus replied, "Have a good rest. Your wish will come true tomorrow."

With that, the shadow under the door moved toward the direction of Marcus' room and disappeared from sight.

I waited until the sound of his footsteps faded away before I heaved a sigh of relief. "My wish will come true tomorrow?" I muttered. "Is Marcus bringing me to see Baby tomorrow?"

Ashton's deep voice rang out above me. "Do you still think he's your Santa Claus?"

His voice seemed odd.

"Did you realize something was wrong with Marcus ages ago?" I inquired.

Ashton didn't reply to my question. Instead, he stalked to the window and lit up a cigarette. He puffed away, seemingly reluctant to share it with me.

"I won't ask questions if you don't feel like saying it." I went to him and closed the windows. Turning at my shoulder, I reminded him. "Smoking is already bad for your health. Why are you taking in the second-hand smoke, too?"

Ashton was taken aback by my outburst. He put out his cigarette and threw the almost intact cigarette out.

"You won't smoke anymore?" I was surprised. "You don't have to worry about being caught. I'll open the window and ventilate my room."

“No,” came Ashton’s reply. He changed the topic abruptly by asking, “If you were to choose between me and our son, who will you pick?” He seemed intrigued.

That was the worst-case scenario, so I didn’t expect Ashton to ask me about it. Initially, I was stunned into silence. However, after seeing how serious he was, I burst into laughter. “Ashton, do you know you look like a jealous man in a relationship? You’re worse because you’re even jealous of your own son.”

## **Chapter 1240**

After getting rebuffed, Ashton looked away and smiled wryly. “I know the answer. It is no surprise to me.”

I smirked. “Who do you think I will pick?”

“I know you won’t pick me.” Ashton shrugged as disappointment flashed across his face. “But Scarlett, you’ll be my only choice no matter what.”

It seemed like he was joking, so I didn’t know how to react.

Without waiting for my response, he climbed out of the window deftly. “See you tomorrow.”

He then jumped and disappeared into the night.

I went to the window and looked around, but he was nowhere to be seen. I waited a while longer before closing the windows.

The next morning, I woke up early.

Eager to see my son, I dressed up for the occasion.

After breakfast, Marcus brought me out.

I thought it was going to be a long ride, but ten minutes after we entered the city, our car came to a stop.

Marcus opened the door and left, so I hurriedly followed him. We entered a shop selling watches and clocks.

The shop had an old signboard hanging above the entrance. There were twelve clocks, each showing different time zones, on display.

We walked past the counter, where an elderly gentleman was examining an old watch using professional equipment carefully. He didn't seem surprised at our arrival.

Marcus ignored the elderly man and went into the inner space. As he took long strides, I had to dash to catch up to him.

After taking a few turns in the house full of clocks, we finally arrived in a vast room. Bottles of red wine were lined up on both sides of the walls, and there was a velvet couch in the middle of the room.

Marcus went to the wine cabinet and took out one bottle of wine. After a momentary silence, the wall right in front of me move aside and revealed a door behind it.

My lips parted in surprise when I realized the red wine wasn't a decoration but the key to the hidden door.

There were two wine racks and hundreds of bottles of red wine. It would take hundreds of attempts for someone to get the right key. Besides, no one would pay attention to the red wine as there were too many bottles of them.

"Come with me." I was still in a daze when Marcus stepped into the secret space. I scurried after him at once while peeking at the wine bottle he picked up earlier.

I couldn't remember which bottle exactly that Marcus picked up as he was too fast, but I forced myself to remember the direction. If I were to come here again, at least I wouldn't be wandering around cluelessly.

I thought I would see my son as soon as I entered, but an underground factory appeared in my sight instead.

We were on the second floor, and below us was an assembly line. There were workers dressed in silver protective suits handling unknown bottles on the conveyor belt. I was too far to see what was inside the bottles.

"This way."

Marcus' voice snapped me out of my train of thoughts. I was still curious, but I followed behind him nonetheless.

Finally, after making a few turns, I heard a child wailing in the distance.

Just when I was about to get excited, something occurred to me.

I could hear children, plural, wailing.

The nearer we got, the more I was sure that there was more than one child here.

Indeed, when Marcus pushed the door open, I was greeted by the sight of over a dozen incubators.

Inside the incubators were newborn babies wailing at the top of their lungs as their mothers weren't with them. It was a chaotic but heart-wrenching sight.

I immediately rushed in to find my son. Alas, after circling the room, I realized he wasn't there.

Standing amidst the incubators, I demanded, "What is this?"

## **Chapter 1241**

"You want to see a child, right? That's why I brought you here. Why are you displeased?" Marcus replied nonchalantly.

Feeling like a fool, I exclaimed through gritted teeth. "You know that's not what I mean. I want to see my son. Tell me, is he even here?"

"Ha!" Marcus snickered before he stepped in and pretended to be kind enough to stop the kids from crying. "Every child here has been separated from their parents. Letty, I'll give you a chance. Pick a child here, and I'll release you both. How does that sound?"

“Release us?” I refused to believe he would be that kind. “On what condition?” Instead of answering my question, Marcus insisted. “Think about it. The kids are all born on the same day as your son. You can take any of them away.”

“What do you mean?” I demanded.

“You want a child, right? They are still young and won’t remember their past. Or don’t you trust yourself? Can’t you treat someone else’s child as your own?” asked Marcus.

I was stunned. Marcus was asking me to find a substitute for me and Ashton’s son here.

He had no idea Ashton sneaked into my room last night, so he shouldn’t be trying to please me right now. Most importantly, his idea was utterly ridiculous.

I shook my head and sneered. “Until now, you still think there’s a replacement for everything, huh?”

Our familial bond might be invincible, but it would never disappear. I believe Marcus wouldn’t understand that, ever.

“I’m curious as to what you will gain through this.”

He schemed and did everything he could to lure me here, but now he was asking me to escape with someone else’s child. Wasn’t that contradictory?

Marcus was stubborn, but he was no fool. He must have his own reasons for doing so.

Narrowing his gaze, Marcus considered for a moment before saying, "Why would you be with Ashton? He couldn't even protect you and your child. Letty, you are the most important person in my life. As long as you say yes, we can escape with a baby and leave everything behind. I promise I will keep you and the baby safe."

Promise?

Right now, Marcus' promise was worth nothing.

Still, luck was still on my side. Marcus was obsessed with me, but he showed no intention of harming me. I deduced that he wasn't the mastermind.

"Is Camelia and my son in their hands?" I asked.

Perhaps Marcus had no choice but to work with them because of that.

Upon hearing my question, Marcus' gaze turned menacing. He glared at me and declared, "If your son goes missing forever, and you have a chance to leave with me and a baby here, will you do so?"

I gulped unwittingly at the upcoming danger.

Yet, I refused to back down. I couldn't allow my son to fend for himself.

Parting my lips, I clenched my fists and calmed down to reply to him. Before I could do so, a figure appeared in a flash and held a knife to Marcus' neck.

After restraining Marcus, the figure slowly showed herself. It was Helga.

I thought Marcus was one of them? Why are they attacking each other now?

I was still in a daze when a sinister voice rang out. "Well, well. I did warn you not to be a smart arse, didn't I?"

Armond's figure stepped out from behind Helga.

He flashed an evil grin which made my skin creep as though he had just crawled out from the depths of hell. "Scarlett, I said we will meet soon. I was right, huh?"

## **Chapter 1242**

I inhaled sharply and fell silent.

Something told me that Armond was somehow involved in this, but I was still shaken up upon seeing him here.

An unknown enemy was terrifying, but it didn't apply to Armond.

Even though I knew everything about him, I couldn't predict how evil he could be.

"Boss, how should we punish this fella?" Helga inquired as she pressed her knife further into Marcus' neck. She seemed eager to spill some blood.

I belatedly realized Helga was working for Armond. Everything made sense now.

Armond strode over to them and proceeded to give Marcus a flying kick, knocking him to the ground.

It seemed that Armond's strength had improved when he was overseas. Marcus fell to the ground and lurched backward until he hit the wall.

"I gave you a chance, but you didn't appreciate it." Armond placed his palms on his knees and gazed at Marcus like he was studying his prey. "How dare you try to take what's mine? Hmm, how should I punish you?"

Marcus leaned against the wall furiously, but he didn't utter a word as though he was afraid of Armond.

"Boss, don't dirty your hands. I'll handle him," offered Helga.

I could sense she wanted Marcus to die.

Armond looked at Marcus before turning to look at me. He thought about it, but didn't agree with her suggestion. "Forget it. Lock him up. He's still useful."

"But Boss—" Helga protested.

Armond cut her off with an icy glare. "Are you questioning my decision?"

"No, of course not." Helga lowered her gaze and apologized. "I will carry out your order now."

She turned and left the room. When she returned, there were two armed foreigners behind her. They took Marcus and dragged him out.

Marcus gave me a strange look before he was dragged away.

By now, even the sleeping babies were awake and wailing due to the earlier commotion. It was total chaos.

“Let’s talk somewhere else.”

Armond’s voice pulled me out of my reverie. He stepped out while Helga stood guard at the entrance and glared at me. I immediately went after him.

We went deeper into the factory instead of heading out.

After making a few turns, we entered another room.

There was only a stone bed in the middle of the room with a filament lamp hanging above it.

Once Armond and I entered the room, Helga shut the door and waited outside.

He had his back to me as he walked around the stone bed slowly with one hand on it. I didn’t know what he was planning.

He spoke after a long moment of silence.

“Scarlett, you’ve disappointed many people in your life. Will you be able to pay them back in this lifetime?”

Love couldn't be forced. That was a fact.

However, to someone like Armond, it was my fault for disappointing him.

It was impossible to convince either of us to change, so there was no need to argue with him over the matter.

I pursed my lips silently and waited to see what would happen next.

Right now, I wanted to know why Armond went through all the trouble to lure me here.

If I couldn't figure it out, our little family would forever be in danger.

"Do you still remember what I've said?"

Armond tapped his fingers on the stone bed and gazed at me with his lips curved up in a smirk.

Stupefied, I gave no comment.

After all, Armond had said many things. It was impossible for me to remember everything he said.

Besides, I didn't even want to run into him again.