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In Love, Never Say Never 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.

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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.

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“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.

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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.

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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?"

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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.

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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.

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