

# 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.

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.