

Chapter 604 Let Each Other Go

Anger had surged through Max as Henry's words sank in. She had poured her heart out for him, broken her own family's principles to share things that were supposed to stay hidden, yet he'd turned around and tossed her feelings aside, calling her love cheap. If her love meant so little, why had she ever chosen him above everyone else? With her skills, she could have dragged him back home without so much as a struggle.

That thought had only made Max angrier, and the urge to use force had started to burn inside her. Fixing Henry with a cold stare, she'd sneered, "Since our love is so cheap, let's not talk about love anymore. Maybe it's time to see who's really in control. If I wanted you back, I could take you any time."

Henry had been perfectly aware that Max could overpower him if she wanted, and no amount of fight would change the outcome. Even so, he refused to bend. His pride wouldn't allow it.

Standing his ground, Henry had met her eyes and spoke in a hard voice. "You can try and drag me back, but if you force me, don't expect me to ever have children with you. I'll make sure you never get what you want from me."

To make his point, Henry had jabbed a finger between his legs, a silent promise that he'd rather ruin himself than give in.

His words had stunned Max, leaving her feeling as if he had driven a knife straight through her chest.

Overwhelmed by rage, she'd fired a shot at him. The bullet had torn through his leg, not his head.

Henry had collapsed with a cry, pain flooding his face as blood pooled around him.

Max had stared down, her voice cold and measured. "For the sake of our

past love, I won't take your life. You can fight to survive if you want. Die here, and it's on you. Make it out, and that's your own strength. But listen—if you ever tell anyone what you know about my family, I will wipe out everyone you care about and then claim your life."

Without another glance, Max had turned and walked away.

Henry had struggled on the wet ground, pain radiating from his wound and weakness settling in. He'd never held it against Max, though. If anything, the self-reproach had run deeper because he couldn't give her the love she craved.

Still, resolute as ever, he had been resolved to find his way home—his parents were waiting, and he couldn't let them down.

After Max had disappeared into the night, rain had poured from the sky without warning.

He'd tried to limp away, dragging his injured leg through the mud until he collapsed beneath a towering tree. Lying there, drained of strength and soaked to the bone, he figured this was the end.

Before darkness had taken him, he'd sent silent apologies to his parents and to Max, regret heavy on his heart.

Hours had blurred by, maybe a whole day or night, before he finally opened his eyes and realized he was no longer outside. He found himself stretched out on a soft, expensive bed, surrounded by ornate décor and the faint scent of medicine. Someone had come to his rescue; he was still alive.

He had tried to remember how he'd gotten there, but the answer came as soon as the door creaked open.

Max had stepped inside, carrying a tray of food. Her face was pale and drawn, guilt clear in her eyes, and her voice came out soft. "You're finally awake. Are you hungry?"

It turned out Max had been the one to save Henry, refusing to rest while she nursed him through the worst of it.

Henry had never blamed her, and seeing her now so worn and vulnerable, his heart ached. He reached for her and pulled her into an embrace.

They had held each other, shared a shaky kiss, and whispered apologies—both admitting the things they'd said before were never meant to wound. For the first time in a long while, they had understood each other, and forgiveness brought them back together.

Days had slipped by as they lost themselves in each other, passion erasing every trace of their past arguments. It almost felt like nothing had ever come between them. But old conflicts always had a way of resurfacing, and their peace was short-lived.

Henry's recovery had brought the tension back, sharper than ever.

After three years away, Max had faced growing pressure from her family to come home and take her place as heir. She couldn't put it off any longer. Yet, no matter how gentle she was or how much time they shared, she knew Henry wouldn't budge. He still refused to return with her to face her family.

At last, Max had set her pride aside and tried a different approach. "Let's have a child together. I know you don't want to leave with me, and I won't force you anymore. But please—give me a daughter. If I have a daughter, I'll take her back home, and you'll be free."

Only by having a daughter could Max inherit her family's legacy. She could have searched elsewhere for some other men to father her child, but she wanted only Henry to be the father—no one else.

Max had believed this was the biggest compromise she could ever make for love, and thought he'd finally say yes. However, Henry had shaken his head after a long silence. "No. I can't agree to that."

The result had caught Max completely off guard. Overcome with frustration and disbelief, she had glared at him and asked, "Why? Why is it so hard for you to agree to such a simple request?"

A heavy sigh had escaped Henry as he tried to make her understand. "I can't bring a child into the world just to send her off somewhere I'll never see her. I'd have no way to know if she's safe or happy. I can't live with that."

Having grown up under peculiar family rules, Max had failed to understand his words.

Henry had met her eyes and explained gently, "If I ever have a child, I need to be there for them. Whether it's a boy or a girl, they deserve a father who's present. I can't accept the way your family does things."

In the end, he had said quietly, "Max, maybe it's time we let each other go."



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