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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 969

Armond wasn't dumb. He heard his mother's grumbling, so he waited till she went into the kitchen then turned to stare at me.

I lowered my head to look at my phone, ignoring his cold stare. Ashton was asking about my whereabouts. Worried that he would overanalyze, I merely replied that I was outside.

Armond snatched my phone right after I replied, then stared at me with a scowl. "Play your role well while you're here. Are you pregnant?"

My mouth was set in a hard line, and I glared at him as if he was a maniac. "Don't you have a girlfriend? Why didn't you bring Nora? Right! I almost forgot people like you don't deserve her. Good thing you didn't bring her here and give her some useless hope."

He was unperturbed by my sarcasm. "Does Ashton know you're pregnant?"

I truly thought this man was mad. If it weren't for his mother, I would've torn him up into pieces. "Of course, the baby is his. If he doesn't, who else should?"

He smiled creepily and was giving me a spine-chilling stare. I couldn't sit there any further, just as I was about to stand up and leave.

His mother came in with a lovely smile carrying a bowl of soup. "Scarlett, please have more of this soup. It's good for you. I loved it so much when I was pregnant with Armond. Try it!"

I stared at the bowl of soup placed in front of me. The fight I had with Armond had made me lost my appetite, but I could feel her attentive gaze boring into me. I couldn't think of an excuse to reject her, so I took a small sip.

After a few more sips, I thanked her, "Thank you so much, Mrs. Murphy! It's delicious."

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She smiled. "It's no big deal. I can make it for you every day and ask Armond to send it to you. Please come and visit me often. Armond was busy all year round, so I didn't have anyone to talk to. When you have your baby, my place would be all the merrier.

"Oh! Have you started planning for your wedding? Don't forget about it."

She then said to Armond solemnly, "You need to pay more attention to the wedding. Every parent raises their girls preciously, so you have to treat them right. Ask her directly if you're unsure about any of the details. We have to treat her as best as we could."

Armond nodded with a smile. "Mom, I'm not a child anymore. You don't have to exhort me on every little thing. I'm an adult and I know these things."

"Armond!"

Their exchange was heartwarming. Armond's usual dark character was nowhere to be seen. It could be their chat was taking too long, so Mrs. Murphy started to feel tired. Noticing her fatigue, Armond dragged me and said a few words to her before we left.

Not long after we got in the car, I said, "Stop here. I can get my own taxi back."

The car showed no intention to stop. His dark eyes were focused on the road ahead, and so I repeated, "Mr. Murphy, please stop the car. I can get back myself!"

He narrowed his cold eyes at me. "It looked like you forgot the reason you're here today."

Anger poured through me. "Armond, do you know how disgusting you're acting right now? You called me here and threatened me to follow your instruction if I wanted to know the way to save my daughter. I did exactly as you asked, and now you're not stopping the car when I'm asking you nicely. You don't know how every moment I spent with you was torture to me. If you didn't intend to tell me about the information from the start, just say so! You don't have to act in such a roundabout way."

He just stared at me. I knew my words were cruel and hurtful, but I really couldn't deal with him for a day longer.

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Silence lingered in the air. The cool air had turned chilly. I thought he would get angry and chased me out of his car or punch me in the face.

However, I didn't think that he would just look at me calmly and said, "The person who could save your daughter is in A City. Take this and go find the person according to the address on it."

On his outstretched palm laid a business card. I took the card without much thought. "Stop the car. I want to get off here!"

He stopped the car by the roadside. I tried to open the door but realized he didn't unlock it. He said when I glared at him, "Initially, I wanted you to have a miscarriage because the baby came at such a bad time, but it seemed that my mother really loves the baby. She had started knitting clothes for the baby, so now you can have the baby. My mother would take good care of it."

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"You are crazy!" I shouted. I didn't want to listen to anything he said because he was too loathsome. Every word out of his mouth was like a thorn pricking me. "I want to get off right now, and this baby has nothing to do with you!"

He smiled faintly with warmth in his gaze. "Tell Ashton that I will take care of both you and the baby for him."

"You are a psycho!" This man was really out of his mind.

He finally unlocked the door. I swiftly got off the car, not wanting to stay there for even a second longer.

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I walked in the opposite direction and called Ashton. Ashton had picked up the call immediately after it was connected. "Ashton!"

He said, "I'm behind you."

I reflexively turned my head and saw a black Bentley following me. I then realized that it was Ashton's car.

He continued coldly, "It's cold outside. Let's talk after you get in."

Based on my years of experience with Ashton, I knew he was in a bad mood. I hung up the phone and got in the car. The interior of the car was warm, but the atmosphere was chilly.

After I buckled in, I let out a breath and said to Ashton, "When did you get here?"

He glanced at me with rage burning in his eyes. "Why didn't you tell me?"

I was taken aback by his question. "What?" I didn't understand what he meant. As soon as the word was out of my mouth, his anger spiked.

He interrogated with a dark look, "Are you going to keep pretending? Don't you know the kind of person Armond is? How could you not know the reason he's looking for you? Scarlett, I thought we are completely honest with each other. Why didn't you tell me about Armond?"

It seemed that he saw me get off Armond's car, but wasn't it too coincidental for him to appear right as I was getting off Armond's car in a city so big? Unless...

I frowned. "When did you get here?"

His eyes glinted with disappointment as he stared at me. "And all you're concerned about is when I got here?"

I shook my head. "No. Ashton, I know we're husband and wife, and there shouldn't be any secrets between us, but we're also individuals. In short, I have my plans and thought that may be different from yours. Even though I know Armond is not a good person and is

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unreliable, this doesn't mean anything now. I have my reason for meeting him, so please believe me."

His brows knitted into a frown at my explanation.

Shortly after, he kept his frustration in check and replied, "Alright, I respect you. Tell me when you're ready."

He started the car and focused on driving. He didn't glance at me even once. He was acting like a child.

His expression remained dark even after we arrived at the company. He entered the company in silence and didn't spare a glance in my direction.

I followed him, slightly embarrassed. There were many people around, and they looked surprised when they saw me walking behind Ashton.

Arriving at the VIP elevator, the door closed right after he went in. It wasn't that I didn't want to enter, but I couldn't catch up to him.

I was bewildered as the elevator doors closed right in front of me. I was thoroughly embarrassed as I felt the stares and heard the whispers from those around me.

"Did Mr. Fuller fought with Mrs. Fuller? He just left her there. I have second-hand embarrassment from watching her."

"I thought Mr. Fuller was only cold towards the employees, but he was even cold towards his wife. It looks like it wasn't easy being a rich man's wife."

"What did you expect then? Those rich men could pick any girls they want. If they wanted to marry, wouldn't they want to marry a beautiful maid willing to coax, flatter, and take care of them? There's no love among the rich. All they want is a comfortable life and someone to please them."

"You're right. It was just like those series that occurred in the Georgian era in which the queen didn't have any say in front of the king. We have finally reached an era of gender equality, but it doesn't mean anything in the eyes of the rich."

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I stood there waiting for them to finish. We shouldn't underestimate gossip between women. They could even refer to soap operas that took place in the Georgian era. Even I felt miserable for myself, listening to their comparison. It looked like I was merely Ashton's trophy wife in their eyes.

The VIP elevator was operated by facial recognition technology, without Ashton, I could only take the normal elevator. As the women reached my side, they finally stopped gossiping.

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