

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1190

“Hey!”

I only noticed someone else in the room when I heard another man’s voice. I turned around and noticed Armond on the couch. He had his back facing me.

I yelled hysterically, “Where’s Jackson? What did you do to Emma? They have nothing to do with this!”

“Don’t you think you should mind your own business?” Armond rebutted with an arrogant look. He approached me and narrowed his eyes, remarking sarcastically, “I’m suffering behind bars, yet you’re having the best time of your life with Ashton. You’re giving birth to twins soon, aren’t you?”

My heart skipped a beat when I heard his question. “What the hell do you want?”

The man took a deep breath and tucked his hands into his pockets. Holding his chest high, he announced, “Haven’t I said you belong to me? Do you really think I’ll allow you to give birth to Ashton’s children?”

I held my belly with my hands in an attempt to protect my innocent children, yet I was overwhelmed by a sense of helplessness.

I knew Armond meant every single word he had enunciated—he would never consider my innocent children. Since John was aware we had been abducted, it was only a matter of time before he could reach us. Thus, I needed stall for time until his arrival.

I gulped and forced myself to stay calm. When I tried my best to recall the things I had gone through over the past few days, I thought of something.

Looking at him dead in the eyes, I sneered and queried, “Since we’re both Ashton’s foes, why won’t you stop picking on me?”

I'm sure Armond has heard of Ashton's plan to get his revenge. However, he must be clueless about the sort of feelings Ashton has for me. If I can convince him that Ashton holds a grudge against me, I may get to keep my children safe.

That was the only viable countermeasure at my disposal at that point in time.

Unfortunately, Armond responded with his brows arched in confusion because he seemed to be having a hard time telling the truth behind my double innuendos.

I knew he was about to fall for my words. Thus, I went on and added, "I have just gathered my thoughts over the past few weeks. Ashton had long figured out the Murphys were the ones behind his parents' demise. As he held a grudge against my grandmother and me, he never once treated me as his wife over the two years we were married. When Cameron wanted to search for her daughter, he sent Rebecca, whom I hated the most, to take over my position when I was her daughter. Do you want to take a guess of the reason behind my miscarriage two years ago? It's him! Do you think I still have a thing for him just because you have been abroad for such a long time?"

I was about to let loose of my emotions at the end of my speech, but I resisted the prickling sensation I felt behind my eyes and pulled through my act, hopefully with enough conviction.

Those were the things that wouldn't stop showing up in my brain over the days I was away from Ashton. It had morphed into nightmares that would keep me awake in the middle of the night. I was afraid the affection he had for me was nothing more than a part of his plan. I was well aware that the vicious man in front of me would show me no mercy. Hence, I had to stop sulking and try everything I could to keep my unborn children safe.

"I might have conceived his children, but things were long over for us! In fact, I have conceived through in vitro fertilization. Since you can sneak your way back, why don't you send someone to the hospital and see if I'm lying? Ashton hates me! He will never allow me to have his children! We fought over the same issue countless times, and I was grounded against my will because of it! It took me a lot of effort to get in touch with John to bring me away from the Fullers." Sighing, I looked at him in the eyes and stated, "Armond,

I'm no longer a young woman. Why can't I have my own children? Since we're both victims of Ashton's actions, can we stop picking on one another?"

Silence fell upon the two of us for a few seconds after I finished my orated speech. It took Armond a few seconds to snap out of confusion. Staring at me with his abysmal pair of eyes, he said, "You care a lot about your twins, don't you? I must admit, I was almost influenced by that emotional speech of yours."

Heaving a sigh of relief, I asked, "Does this mean you're going to spare me?"

"Hmph!" Armond scowled at me before turning around to leave.

Has he given in to my request or not?

After his departure, the room fell into silence once more. I finally regained my composure because the saga seemed to have ended.

As an escaped prisoner, Armond would have definitely sent his men to take my twins away from me as soon as he could. Since he hasn't done anything, I guess he's been convinced by my words...