

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 967

He seemed to be smiling approvingly when he replied, "I thought you were going to reject me again. Great, I'll send you the address after this. Don't be late, or I'll be sad."

After hanging up the call, I tried Ashton's number again. Finally, he answered the phone and

there were some traffic noises from his end.

"Ashton, is everything okay over there?"

"I'm stuck in traffic." Ashton sounded a little flustered. "But don't you worry; I've managed to make contact with Mr. Moore. He promised that he won't be making the trip to A City for now."

I heaved a sigh of relief. "That's great. Can you please take him to the hospital later? I'll call

Mom right now to let her know."

I gave Cameron a quick update on the phone before receiving a text message with the

address where I was supposed to meet Armond.

The address was not far from where I was so I decided to take a cab there.

I arrived at the address to find a cafe bistro that actually resembled more of a private residence. I almost missed the entrance until a waiter greeted me and led me inside.

Armond was already waiting for me in a private room. Dressed in a casual blue sweater, his jacket was draped over a chair next to him as the heater was turned on in the room. Upon

my arrival, his lips curled up in a faint smile as he spoke, "Have a seat.

Try some of the Earl

Grey tea here."

Biting my lips, I took a seat across from him as he slowly poured hot water into his tea pot.

After which, he slid a tea cup in front of me and said gracefully, "Smell the aroma from the tea leaves."

I took the cup and placed it under my nose to take a whiff. It did smell fresh and earthy. I put down the cup and said, "It's aromatic."

He kept smiling. "Very tasteful."

His relaxed manner in tea making was in direct contrast to the anxiousness I was feeling all

day. Sensing he was in no hurry at all to disclose his real intention, I finally broke the silence,

"Armond, I don't have all the time in the world to enjoy tea with you."

His brows frowned slightly, as though I was the biggest buzzkill to his mood. He scorned me

and said, "I live life in pursuit of enjoying the quality of the finer things. If you think that I'm

wasting your time, the exit is that way," the man said while pointing his slender finger at the door.

He knew clearly that I would not leave just yet, not before I got what I came for.

Pursing my lips, I once again picked up the tea cup and downed the drink in one big gulp.

His condescending voice rang in front of me as I did so, "You ought to savour good tea in

small sips, not downing it like some cheap wine!"

I put down the cup and stared at him. "It still ends up in the same place.

I don't understand

what's all the fuss about."

Furrowing his brows, the man poured another cup of tea from his pot and grunted, "Drink

and taste it slowly!"

I was increasingly irritated. I wasn't even a tea person to begin with; not to mention

differentiating the taste of the tea between big gulps and small sips.

However, to get him off

my back, I had no choice but to taste the tea his way.

Armond was finally satisfied with the show I put on. "Not bad."

I heaved a sigh of relief and fixed my gaze at him. Unfazed by my glare, the man drank the last of his tea elegantly before he commented, "This is indeed exceptional tea." Finally, his vision fell on me while his lips curled up in a smirk. "Am I to understand that you're willing to be with me?" My brows furrowed into a knot as I tried to contain the mounting rage in my chest. "You already know that I'm a married woman. I can offer you money if that's what you're after. In addition, if you manage to save Summer, I'll make sure you get to keep my grandma's sandalwood box." The man let out an unsettling chortle as he replied, "This bargaining chip is quite attractive indeed. However, that box is not the most urgent matter to my family. Right now, you're what I want the most." I stood up, thinking that I had come all the way here for nothing. "Don't be in such a hurry. I'm not done explaining myself. How are we going to be together when you're so impatient?" The content of his words could pass for something a boyfriend would say to his girlfriend. But the fact that they came from Armond just made me feel chilly all over. I pursed my lips and remained silent. This time he finally got straight to the point. "Okay, fine. There's no point going down that road again. Now, why don't you do me a favor, and I'll let you know how to replace your daughter's faulty organ with one that's functioning?" "What's your condition?" If one decides to broker a deal with the devil, one has to be prepared to go to hell. For a few moments, he just stared at me until I was losing patience before he suddenly blurted, "Stay here to have dinner with us and be on your best behavior."

“You have company?” I asked while lifting my eyebrow.

At that moment, I heard a quick knock on our door and turned around to find a middle-aged woman walking toward us. Her otherwise elegant and beautiful features were shrouded by an overall shadow of long-term sickness, not unlike the pasty look on Hailey’s face.

“Armond, I was told by the counter staff that you brought a friend here. Is this she?” the woman asked merrily.

The usual gloom and sinister looks on the man’s face instantly replaced with that of warmth and tenderness. He stood up and spoke in the most respectful manner I had ever heard,

“News travels fast, Mom. She just got here minutes ago.”

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The woman let out a friendly chuckle and turned to Armond. “You should have informed me earlier that we’re expecting a guest so I can be more prepared. After all, this is the first time you brought a female friend over here.”

The woman then walked toward me and asked kindly, “You must be hungry now. What would you like for dinner?”

I hesitated for a brief moment and shot Armond a quick glance. He was now looking at me

with his darkened expression, causing me to respond accordingly,

“Thanks, Mrs. Murphy. I’m easy.”

The woman continued to exchange more pleasantries with me before she headed out to get dinner ready.

The second the woman left our sights, a glint of malevolent reappeared in Armond’s eyes.

“Cooperate with me, and I’ll tell you what you need to know.”

I pursed my lips and asked, “She’s your mother?”

“Hmm.” He nodded. “For years, she has been hoping that I’ll get married and settle down with a family. When she comes back, just go with whatever she says and don’t you try to get at her.”

I replied flatly, “Don’t worry. It’s you that I despise. Unlike you, I won’t lay a finger on a sick person. I’m not a monster.”

“How did you know she’s not well?” he asked with his brow lifted.

“I’m not blind. Her complexion is too pale for a normal, healthy person.”

“Well then, make sure you’re on your best behavior,” he snarked.

I looked at the certifiably treacherous man before me and lost in thoughts for a brief moment. I remember having read somewhere that stipulates that the more wickedly evil the person is, the easier it is to search for his soft spot. No one can be categorically judged as

good or bad, as they are merely driven by their respective motives.

People can be motivated

by money, their loved ones, or even the people of their country.

Whatever actions that follow

are only means to an end.

“So how am I supposed to address her?”

The man raised an eyebrow and curled his lips while watching me. “Well, you can call

her...Mom, just like I do.”

Furrowing my brows, I decided to ignore him.

Not long after, Armond’s mother came knocking on our door again. With an apron still

wrapped around her waist, she happily announced, “Dinner is ready!”

Armond smiled and nodded. “We’ll be there in just a second.”

After his mother left, he once again turned to me and narrowed his eyes slightly as he

reminded, “Again, know your place, and keep your lips tight on things that shouldn’t be said.”

Rolling my eyes, I stood up and left the room.

Walking into the main dining area of the bistro, I was amazed by the sophisticated and

tasteful internal design. Even though this was not the most spacious cafe bistro in town, every little corner of this place gave off the sense of more money being spent on the furnishings here than in a bigger restaurant.

I saw a bouquet of sunflowers on our table from afar and thought it to be a plastic flower bouquet. But as I came closer to it I was surprised to see that they were real flowers.

Sunflowers are definitely not in season right now. How on earth is he able to secure some fresh sunflowers around this time of the year?

Armond's mother continued beaming at me while she sat down beside me. "Armond should have told me earlier that you're visiting today. Please forgive me for the simple dishes tonight. I'll prepare something more to your liking next time you come over."

I shook my head and smiled in return. "You're too kind, Mrs. Murphy. The dishes all look delicious."

The man was rather quiet throughout dinner, save for when his mother asked him some questions, to which he provided very short answers. As such, his mother had kept busy by talking to me.

I wanted to stop her from stacking more food on my plate, but refrained from doing so, thinking that she only meant well. Since I was pregnant, I figured I should probably increase my intake of food anyway.

Nevertheless, my stomach seemed to disagree with me when it started to churn uncomfortably just after a few bites. I darted into the washroom feeling extremely nauseated but didn't retch up anything.

Armond's mother came into the washroom to check up on me. "Is everything okay? Are you feeling sick? Should I get Armond to send you to the hospital?"

Realizing this was my first morning sickness since the pregnancy, I shook my head and smiled faintly, "I'm alright, just feeling a little nauseated that's all. I'll be okay."

Being a mother herself, the woman was suddenly delighted as a broad grin flashed across her face. "Are you expecting? How far are you along? Have you done a check-up at the hospital?"

I was momentarily stunned by the questions she just rattled off and finally decided to tell her the truth, "It's been two months now. I haven't experienced much morning sickness, but otherwise I'm doing okay.

"Oh, that's great!" Her eyes almost narrowed into two thin lines from smiling. She led me out of the washroom and helped me to the table while rambling, "These dishes are not suitable for someone who's pregnant. You wait here and I'll whip up something else for you."

The woman was about to head back to the kitchen when I tried to grab firmly onto her arm.

"Mrs. Murphy, there really is no need to trouble you. I'm completely fine with these dishes."

She gently pried open my hand while still smiling merrily. "It's ok, darling. I'm just so happy I want to cook something else for you and baby. You just wait here."