

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love

Trap

Chapter 1050 I Like The Original Taste

Joan kept his head down and chuckled helplessly.

When the coffee was served, Amanda asked Joan, "Do you want some milk with it?"

"I like to enjoy the bitter and aromatic taste." Joan gently swirled the coffee and asked, "Do you take it with sugar and milk?"

Amanda did not touch the coffee, looked at him, and answered, "In the past, I would add sugar as I felt that it was too bitter. Then gradually I prefer to take it black."

Perhaps it was the year when she was recuperating overseas after her brush with death. A lot of her regular habits changed during that time.

She took a sip of the coffee and commented, "The coffee tastes even finer in its original form."

"I don't like it to be too thick and intense." Joan was a pleasant and accommodating person. He was looking for a marriage that could give him a simple life and not one which was full of excitement and surprises.

Amanda grinned, "You don't like an intense taste?"

"No," Joan replied.

"I'll treat you to a meal tomorrow." She took another sip and then grinned when she placed the cup down.

Joan picked up on this and said, "I think you're up to no good."

"Really?" She asked as she continued to smile cheekily. She thought, 'He must have realized it.'

"Yes." Joan was a smart man. She knew that he would not allow her to pay for it or perhaps she would take him to eat something strange. Then he said, "Okay, you must give me a treat and not back out of it."

"Your language seems to be improving," Amanda remarked in surprise.

Joan smiled, "Thanks, I've been learning."

Stanford walked into the café and the lady seated beside them quickly stood up and called out, "Mr. James."

Stanford looked over and frowned as he seemed to realize something. His cellphone rang at the same moment and it was Atwood who called him.

"Mr. James, this lady is the daughter of the owner of Lucien Group. She graduated from a renowned university and had been fond of you for a long..."

"So you lied to me?" Stanford interrupted him coldly before Atwood could finish.

After work, Atwood told him that he had something to discuss with him

and asked to meet him at this café. Stanford thought that Atwood was going to come clean about what he was hiding from Stanford but little did he expect Atwood to set him up with this lady.

He became upset with Atwood.

“Mr. James, I’m doing this for your own good. You’re not getting any younger and should consider starting a family.”

“Mind your own business. You can have her if you think that she’s so good.” Stanford turned to leave but he caught a glimpse at Amanda and hesitated.

Twins Who Turned Child Stardom Into Two Luxury Fashion Lines

Both of them exchanged looks momentarily and Amanda immediately looked away.

She appeared to disregard it and continued to speak to Joan,

“Perhaps we chose the wrong place today.”

Joan also saw Stanford and wanted to stand up to greet him but

Amanda grabbed his hand, “No. Do not say anything.”

Before Joan asked, she quickly added, “He had lost his memories, and perhaps now he doesn’t even recognize me. So if you greet him, it’ll only trigger his memories or bring forth unexpected consequences.”

“How did this happen?” Joan remembered that Stanford was fine the last time they met.

“Joshua did it,” Amanda said solemnly. But it was obvious that she did not want to go into details.

“Mr. James.” The lady dressed up especially for this occasion and was very beautiful.

Stanford was prepared to leave but when he saw Amanda had a man with her, he decided to sit down with that lady.

“Mr. James, I’m Hilary Lucien, I’m glad to make your acquaintance.”

She suppressed her excitement and offered her hand. Stanford obliged and shook her hand.

“What would you like. I’ll order.” Hilary said as she flipped the menu.

“Anything will do.” Stanford looked towards Amanda to figure the relationship between her and Joan.

“Let’s go.” Amanda stood up as Joan glanced at Stanford and agreed,

“Okay.”

They walked out of the café.

“What did the doctor say? Is it temporary or permanent?” Joan asked.

“I have nothing to do with his affairs. I’m not sure. Didn’t you see that he has his own life now?” She intentionally said. Stanford understood.

Stanford sat in place. He thought of going after them but he would not know what to say.

Suddenly he also stood up and walked out.

Hilary was startled and ran after him while calling out, “Mr. James...”

Stanford did not answer her, left the café, and got into the car.

“Mr. James...” Hilary ran out but was a moment too late. He had already departed in the car.

Amanda and Joan did not walk far and as Stanford’s car passed by them, Stanford took another look at them, and then the car sped away.

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love

Trap

Chapter 1051 Do As I Say

The car sped off leaving a trail of pungent exhaust fumes.

Joan looked at Amanda’s expression. She was very calm and did not seem to be bothered to see Stanford with another woman.

“Are you looking to see if I would cry?” She joked and continued, “All the tears had been previously shed.”

Joan pursed his lips and did not attempt to console her. He felt that the best that he could do was to walk quietly with her. Both of them walked casually without speaking a word.

A gust of wind blew Amanda’s hair around and she tucked some strains of hair behind her ear and said, “Let’s go shopping.”

“Okay.” Joan agreed to whatever Amanda wanted to do.

Amanda was very familiar with this city. She brought Joan to a shopping centre and went directly to the men’s section.

“My mother was a fashion designer but gave up her career after marrying my father,” Amanda said as they walked into a men’s store.

Joan nodded.

“Do you know my family background?” She raised her eyebrows.

“Not in detail. Just superficially.” Joan said and continued, “Your mother must have been very attractive when she was young.”

Amanda confirmed, “Yes.”

In the period she knew Joan, she noticed that the style and colour of the clothes he wore revealed that he was more conservative and reserved. Dark colours seemed to suit him.

“Do you have any official business to attend to over here?” She asked.

“No.” Joan did not have any business dealings in that city.

“Shall we buy something casual?” Most of the time, Joan would wear business suits, uniforms, or traditional Thai garments. She could not remember seeing him wearing something casual.

Joan nodded.

In that case, this store was unsuitable. She decided to bring Joan to another shop.

Perhaps she inherited some of her mother’s fashion sense and coupled with Joan’s build, she quickly picked out two outfits that were suitable for Joan.

“You can have the hotel staff dry clean what you are wearing now,”

Amanda said.

Joan looked at her and asked, "Are you taking care of me now?"

Amanda kept her head down and replied, "If you think so."

They paid for the clothes and went back to the hotel.

Angelina Jolie's Shocking Health Struggles Over The Years

On the other end, Hilary called Atwood and asked, "What's going on?"

He came and left without saying a word to me."

"That's Mr. James. If you really like him, then you need to be patient. I will also help you." Atwood assured her.

Hilary indeed liked Stanford and asked, "What should I do?"

"Let's meet." Atwood had been with Stanford for a long time and understood his character. They fixed a place to meet up.

"You should know that I have many suitors but I really like Stanford.

That's why I'm so persistent and I hope that you can give me some

suggestions and help me." Hilary had a privileged upbringing and

naturally had her pride and dignity. But she also genuinely liked

Stanford.

That was also why Atwood was helping her.

The reason why Atwood chose her for Stanford was her family background was decent and rather like Amanda's. Although her family could not be compared to Amanda's in terms of wealth, it was respectable enough. She was also very attractive and resembled Amanda slightly.

He felt that Stanford would like her after spending some time with her.

Then Amanda would become a distant memory. Even if one day he were to recall Amanda, he would not be so sad. Atwood hoped that with a new love, he would be rid of all the past.

"Here you go." Atwood gave Hilary a piece of paper. These were all the things that Amanda liked. Restaurants, colours, food, etc...

"What're these?" Hilary asked.

"Just do as instructed on this list and Mr. James would begin to see you differently. Now both our companies have some cooperation and you can use this excuse to socialize with him." Atwood assured and continued, "Mr. James will fall for you if you are willing to do as stated."

"Really?" Hilary asked doubtfully.

"Definitely." Atwood handed her a box and said, "There are some clothes inside. Pick one to wear during the contract signing day after tomorrow."

Hilary did not take over the box immediately as she was in disbelief.

She then looked at Atwood doubtfully and asked, "Do you have a girlfriend?"

"What do you mean?" Atwood asked.

"You understand Stanford so well and even picked out the clothes for

me. Why do I have the impression that your understanding of Stanford exceeded that of an assistant or a friend?"

She suspected that Atwood was homosexual, otherwise, how would he know Stanford so well?

Atwood was speechless.

"I'm straight and I like women, alright?" Atwood emphasized again, "Do as I say."

Hilary agreed as she wanted to win the love of the man whom she liked.

She brought the box home with her and opened it. The clothes were the style that Amanda wore when she was with Stanford. Atwood intended to look for a lady who looked like Amanda to take her place beside Stanford.

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love

Trap

Chapter 1052 You've Gone Overboard

Atwood felt that he was doing the right thing for Stanford.

Stanford went from the café to a hospital and did not tell Atwood about it. As his personal assistant, Atwood was normally well aware of his schedule. However, this time he did not tell anyone his movement and even turned off his cell phone.

The doctor examined him and shared his diagnosis, "You have amnesia. From my medical examination, you had a blunt force trauma to the head." The doctor said as he looked at the test results.

"Can it be treated?" Stanford asked.

"You can but you would need surgery." The doctor added, "But the risk is rather high." Any brain surgery was risky.

"Do it." He simply said. He did not need to remember everything but he wanted to remember who that woman was! He had to remember!

"Okay, I'll arrange for the hospital's brain surgeon who had trained overseas but he would only be back in the country next week. We'll set an appointment for next week and only then will he be able to come up with a surgery plan and schedule. Is this acceptable?"

It was too long for Stanford but he had no other choice but to wait.

"Okay, but do it as soon as possible." Stanford wanted to quickly have the surgery.

Stanford left the hospital.

He returned to his house which was arranged by Atwood after he returned to C city. Now it was a new area. He previously lived on the northern side of the city and now he was towards the south. It was intentionally trying to give him a totally new environment.

There was a lady in the house when Stanford went home. She was wearing a red dress and wore her hair in a ponytail. She was cooking in the kitchen. Amanda had done this when she waited for Stanford to come home from the office.

He was dazed momentarily and the scene of a lady in red seemed so familiar but he could not recall.

"You are..."

She turned around and he started to frown.

"How did you get in and why are you here?" He asked coldly.

Hilary did not answer directly. Atwood arranged for her to be there.

She smiled, "You're back." She walked over to him.

Stanford took out his cellphone and called for the residential compound security.

Hilary quickly explained, "Atwood asked me to come."

Stanford's expression turned dark.

She was not bothered and continued to prepare the dishes as Atwood listed out for her. According to Atwood, those dishes were his favourite.

"Go ahead and taste the dishes prepared by me." She served the dishes.

Stanford did not appreciate her efforts and said coldly, "Please leave."

Hilary stood by the table and looked at him, "Please give me a chance, furthermore..."

Knock, knock... Someone knocked on the door.

Stanford opened the door and there were two security guards. He asked the guards to make Hilary leave. Now, Hilary was unsettled and thought, 'Didn't Atwood say that Stanford would like her if she did these?'

"Stanford, I did these because I like you. You've gone overboard if you do this..."

Stanford remained nonchalant and calm.

Under the instructions of Stanford, the security guards removed Hilary from the premises. She had never been disrespected in such a manner. She was furious.

Stanford sat on the sofa, called Atwood, and said coldly, "Come over immediately."

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love

Trap

Chapter 1053 Deception

Atwood froze for a few seconds, "I'll be right over."

As he drove, he wondered if Hilary had pissed Stanford off by not doing what he said.

Why else would he have sounded so upset?

Soon he pulled up to the neighbourhood where Stanford lived, then found Hilary standing at the door. He parked the car and quickly walked over, asking, "What's going on?"

"I should be the one asking you that, right?" When had Hilary ever

been kicked out? This was simply an insult to her. If word got out, how could she ever face anyone?

It would be a disgrace!

"Did you not do what I told you to do?" Atwood felt that if she did what he said, it would make Stanford look at her differently.

"I did exactly what you said, but he didn't accept me and blew me out.

Do you know how ashamed I am?" Hilary was simply furious.

"Why don't you wait for me in the car? I will go in first and see what's going on?" Atwood tried to reassure her.

"Am I an idiot? Waiting for you here?" Hilary stopped the car, "You have to give me an explanation on this matter."

With that, she got into the taxi and left.

Atwood sighed and walked towards the neighbourhood.

When he arrived at Stanford's place, he rang the doorbell.

Stanford came to the door.

After sitting down, he came straight to the point and said, "Did you get that woman in?"

Only Atwood could come into his place.

Atwood didn't deny it, "Yes."

Stanford lifted his slightly cold eyes, "You're very straightforward. Do you have anything else to confess to me?"

Atwood pursed his lips.

He didn't know that Stanford knew about him talking to Amanda.

He had thought he didn't remember anything, as he had before.

After a long moment, he opened his mouth, "I'm not hiding anything from you."

"Really?" Stanford had never been so cold to Atwood, "In that case, I don't think you'll have to follow me in the future."

"Why?" Atwood stood up in shock.

Stanford stood up and walked to the window, turning his back on him,

"You know what you've done. There is no need for me to say it."

"I don't know." Atwood came over, "I haven't been following you for a day or two. I've treated you ..."

"It's because you've followed me for so long that you have no boundaries in what you do and you even interfere in my personal affairs." Stanford turned while his eyes were as cold as they had ever been, "Atwood, do you think you can arrange my life?"

"I'm not. I'm not ..."

Atwood tried to explain, but found he couldn't.

In the end, he could only say, "Everything I do is for your own good."

"Are you my parents?" Stanford's tone grew colder, "Do you know what kind of life I want? And you dare say you're doing it for my own good?"

"I ..."

Atwood was speechless.

"I hate it when people interfere with my private life under the guise of doing it for my own good. If you keep doing that, don't blame me for being ungrateful."

Atwood froze in place.

"Have you heard something?" Atwood felt that Stanford was strange today and very different from before like he knew something.

"What do you think?" Stanford gestured to the kitchen and the table, "Clean them up before you go out. In the future, don't bring anyone in, including you, without my permission."

Atwood said, "I know."

He walked to the kitchen and dumped all those things Hilary had made into the trash, and stuffed all the vegetables she had bought into the trash as well.

Stanford turned his back on him and looked out the window, "Atwood, you've heard of Amanda, right?"

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love

Trap

Chapter 1054 The Style He Likes

Atwood's heart stuttered. Why had he suddenly brought up Amanda? Did he think of something, or did he regain his memory?

Stanford turned his head and took in Atwood's shocked expression.

Even if the information had not yet come from the people he had sent to investigate, it was clear from Atwood's behaviour that the woman who had called Amanda at the airport that day had something to do with him.

Atwood was still trying to hide him, "I, I don't know the person you're talking about. Who is she?"

Stanford glared at him, "It's time for you to rest. I'll find someone to take your place."

Atwood was completely flustered.

"I ..."

"Don't explain." Stanford was clearly unwilling to listen and was already upset about the fact that he had lied to him.

He hated it when people arranged his life the way they wanted to.

No one could arrange his life!

Atwood didn't know how to explain it either, because he had nothing to say. He was indeed deceiving him.

He took the rubbish and walked out.

Stanford was obviously in a bad mood today and he didn't want to bother him, so he better waited for him to calm down before explaining.

He dropped the rubbish and drove away.

But the more he thought about it, the more he realized that something was wrong. Stanford had been fine before, but since Amanda had come back, Stanford had suddenly been out of sorts.

It must be because of Amanda.

Had she gone to see Stanford, thus arousing his suspicions?

There was a lot of confusion in his mind and he wanted to go to Amanda and ask her about it. But it was getting late, so he dismissed the idea of going to see Amanda and was going to see her tomorrow. After breakfast in the morning, Amanda took Jessica out, and Joan went out with them wearing the clothes she had picked out for him. For convenience, Amanda planned to rent a car, but Atwood blocked their way.

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black
Twins Who Turned Child Stardom Into Two Luxury Fashion Lines

It was easy for him to find someone in City B.

Amanda's gaze was less than friendly, "What are you doing showing up again?"

She had only come to fulfil Jessica's wish and did not want to be disturbed again and again.

"Let's talk," Atwood said.

Amanda thought he was being ridiculous, "What do we have to talk about?"

"Did you go to see Mr. James?" Atwood asked frankly, "He's always been calm, but suddenly, he changed and even mentioned your name."

"You're sick, aren't you?" Amanda warned, "I haven't seen him. Oh, not really. I met him once in a while, but we didn't talk. Atwood, I'm warning you, don't ever bother me about him again!"

With that, she helped Jessica to leave.

Atwood tried to say something else but was stopped by Joan.

"Who are you? What are you doing?" He tilted his head and was displeased to be stopped in his tracks.

"It doesn't matter who I am. You should have heard what Miss Nelson said. Leave her alone, and don't show up in front of her again." Joan looked indifferent and his tone was cold, "Or don't blame me for treating you badly."

"Heh." Atwood thought he was hilarious, "Who do you think you are? This isn't Thailand ..."

Before he could finish his sentence, Joan simply ignored him, followed Amanda to the car, and left.

Atwood was speechless.

Hilary came to see a friend who had just returned from abroad and happened to overhear all their conversations. She came over and questioned, "Atwood, I thought you said there were no women around

Mr. James. Who was that woman just now?"

Atwood was taken aback when he saw her, "What are you doing here?"

"Never you mind why I'm here. I'm asking you, who was that woman just now, and what is her relationship to Stanford? What did you deceive me about?" Hilary questioned. She suddenly remembered that when she and Stanford met in the coffee shop that day, he seemed to have been looking at that woman.

Then the woman left, and Stanford left immediately too.

"Atwood, you cheated on me?" She sounded angry.

"No," Atwood explained, "She, she, she's just Mr. James' ex ... girlfriend."

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 1055 Probably Allergic

He didn't even dare to say who Amanda really was. Because he could see that Hilary was an extremely possessive and jealous person.

He didn't want Hilary to think otherwise.

"Since she's just Stanford's ex-girlfriend, there's nothing to be afraid of." She looked at Atwood, "My friend helped me out with an idea."

"What idea?" Atwood looked at Hilary's face and had a bad feeling in his heart.

Hilary pulled him aside and asked him in a whisper, "Is Mr. James a good man?"

Atwood was speechless.

What kind of bullshit question was that?!

"Is he a responsible man?" Hilary asked more bluntly.

Atwood then understood, "Of course. How can a man without integrity and responsibility get to where he is today? There are a lot of women who like Mr. James. If you're going to give up, I won't force you."

He first explained, then made concessions to gain advantages.

"When did I say I was giving up? There's never been anything I've wanted that I haven't been able to get." She leaned closer to Atwood and voiced her friend's idea, "Since Mr. James is responsible if I had sex with him, would he marry me?"

Atwood froze for a moment.

Well ...

"What's wrong?" Hilary raised an eyebrow, "Didn't you say that you would help me unconditionally? Why aren't you talking?"

Atwood swallowed, "Well ... well, it's not going to be easy to succeed, is it? Now Mr. James doesn't seem to have a good feeling about you ..."

Hilary grabbed Atwood's collar and closed the distance between them, "Even if he's an iceberg, I can still warm him up with my gentle body. Provided you help me."

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black Twins Who Turned Child Stardom Into Two Luxury Fashion Lines

Atwood flinched. He could help Hilary to approach Stanford but, this was a matter of principle.

If Stanford found out, he'd be pissed. It might be a small matter if he was angry, but if he sacked him outright, it would be more than worth it.

"You're scared?" Hilary let go of him and took a step back, then wrapped her arms around her chest and looked at him with contempt, "What did you tell me then? You said you would help me unconditionally and set me up with him. I've only asked you to do a small job for me, and you're not willing?"

"No." Atwood frowned, "I can help you unconditionally. With my knowledge of Mr. James, I can tell you what he likes and dislikes and you can take your time to approach him, but ..."

"Men are all the same. There isn't a man who isn't horny. He is yet to discover how good I am."

Atwood looked at Hilary in amazement. She was a wealthy girl. How come she spoke like a whore?

"Don't look at me with such eyes! Don't you dare say that Stanford has never had a woman?" Hilary didn't feel anything.

Atwood was speechless.

How had he not found before that Hilary was such an open woman?

"Why aren't you talking?" Hilary let out a laugh, "You're feeling guilty?" Atwood cleared his throat and said, "I think it's more reliable for you to cultivate your relationship with Mr. James slowly. It's not going to last long with just your appearance and body, is it? I think it's better to do it my way."

"So tell me, what is the success rate with your way, and how much time would I need to waste?" She raised her voice, "Just give me a time and the success rate."

Atwood was speechless, for he was also unsure.

"You can't say anything? Because you don't know yourself, do you?"

Hilary read Atwood's mind and said, "Now I'll give you two ways. One is to agree to my idea and help me, or two, we'll end our cooperation completely, and then I'll go and tell Stanford that you arranged all my visits to his house, and I'll also take those clothes you sent me to show him, and ask if they're the style he likes."

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love

Trap

Chapter 1056 The Plan Didn't Work

"I think Stanford would be very upset if he knew you were revealing

his private affairs and personal preferences, wouldn't he?"

"You're threatening me?" Atwood looked like crap. He was indeed afraid that Hilary would go to Stanford and tell him this. He wasn't afraid of her telling Stanford the things he had said, but he was afraid that Stanford would think more about it.

"Have you thought about it yet?" Hilary raised an eyebrow, looking like she had gotten the better of him.

Atwood said, "I know what to do."

With that, he turned around and left.

Hilary looked at his back and smiled.

Atwood went straight to the office after leaving. However, Stanford did not come to the office today and no one knew where he had gone.

He panicked for a while and looked around for him.

Thinking about him asking himself about Amanda, he tried looking for him at the place where he used to live after he and Amanda got married.

When he went there, he did find Stanford and learned that he was investigating Amanda's affairs.

The man beside him was briefing him on what he had found out, "This is where you used to live after you were married."

Stanford stood in front of the villa, and his eyes deepened. He looked calm, but his heart was already in turmoil.

"What else did you find out?" He asked in a low voice.

"I haven't found out much so far." The man replied.

Stanford was disappointed, "Keep looking."

"Yes." The man left.

Atwood watched as Stanford walked into the villa and didn't come out for a long time.

He suddenly realized that perhaps he might be wrong.

What he thought was good might not be good for Stanford.

His life should be his choice, and he had no right to interfere.

"Maybe I should help you find your happiness again." Atwood pulled out his phone and called Hilary, "Just wait for my message."

Hilary was in a very good mood and replied, "Okay."

In the evening, Amanda took Jessica back to the hotel. Joan was flushed and had his jacket slung over his arm as if he was allergic.

"Would you like an ice cream?" Amanda looked back at him.

The hot pot they had this evening was very spicy.

Joan sort of experienced the horror of her treats.

"To cool yourself down." She said with a smile again.

"No need." He was very calm even though he was obviously being screwed by Amanda, "I don't like sweets."

"Then let's go get some ice water?" Amanda pulled him along, "You'd

better go. Hurry up and cool yourself down."

She actually wanted some water too.

This time Joan didn't refuse and nodded.

Jessica slapped Amanda, "You're not allowed to bully him anymore."

Amanda had been bullying Joan when they were out today.

She could barely stand to watch.

"Grandma, I'm your granddaughter." She pouted in front of Jessica.

Joan looked at her and smiled unconsciously.

She was sometimes mischievous as a child.

They asked for two glasses of iced water and one glass of warm water.

Amanda and Joan both drank the iced one while Jessica drank the warm one.

They sat in the restaurant in hotel for a while before going back to their room.

Amanda and Jessica were in room 1809 on the eighteenth floor.

Joan was in room 2106 on the twenty-first floor.

Above the eighteenth floor were luxury suites.

Joan was afraid that Amanda would be uncomfortable if he lived too close to her, so he chose a room on the 21st floor.

He returned to his room, dropped his jacket, and prepared to take a shower, then found that his body was even hotter than when he had eaten the hotpot. He took off his shirt to reveal his strong and healthy body. There were slight red spots on his body, probably due to the chillies he had eaten.

He didn't care but went straight into the bathroom to take a shower. Soon the sound of clattering water came. After the shower, his body was getting hotter and hotter instead.

He walked out in his bathrobe, thinking he might be allergic. He picked up the phone and was about to dial when the doorbell rang.

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love

Trap

Chapter 1057 Denial

Joan was going to call the receptionist and bring him some allergy medicine. Then he put the phone down and went to open the door. He had just touched the door handle when all the lights on this floor suddenly went out. It was pitch black and nothing could be seen.

Before he could recover from his surprise at the sudden blackout, a woman smelling of perfume flung herself into his arms.

Joan's pupils contracted. What was going on? How could the hotel have lost power?

The next second, he pushed the woman away almost without thinking, "Who are you?!"

There was a bang and a scream along with the sound of the fall. Hilary covered her head and crumpled to the ground, screaming in pain.

Instead of going forward to ask her, Joan turned around and went back to his room to look for his phone.

Soon, he felt the phone on the table. He tapped it on, thus getting a glimmer of light, then he turned on the phone's light and shone it out. At this point, someone from another room also came out because of the power outage.

The crowd was upset about the sudden power outage and yelling, "What kind of fucking five-star hotel is this? The power is out? I was taking a shower and I almost died in there."

The hallway was filled with disgruntled shouts.

Joan ignored the noises rattling around in his ears and pointed his phone out into the hallway. He saw a pair of thin white legs, then a dress ...

The lights suddenly came on.

There was another cacophony of noise in the hallway.

"The power's back on."

It was only then that Joan saw that the woman cowering on the floor, clutching her head and screaming in pain, was a sexy woman in a dress. She was holding her head, so he couldn't see her face.

"Crap, someone fell?" Someone in the hallway saw a woman lying on the floor over here. Some wanted to see the fun and those who wanted to see what was going on, and they all came over.

"Who are you?" Joan asked.

The voice sounded a little strange, not like Stanford's. Hilary lifted her face from her messy curls.

Seeing the man standing in the doorway, she didn't remember that she had seen him in the coffee shop either.

She was even more shocked than Joan, "What are you doing in this room?"

"This was supposed to be my room." Joan's voice was slightly cold.

Obviously, he was displeased that such a ridiculous thing had happened to him.

"Your room?" Hilary tried to get up, and only then did she realize what she now looked like.

Someone even stared at her body and said, "Wow."

Who Is Mark Zuckerberg's Wife? 16 Facts About Priscilla Chan

She covered her chest and stood up hastily. However, she was wearing high heels, so she didn't step firmly and fell once again. Ouch!!!

Her face was contorted with pain.

The onlookers laughed out loud, and some men teased, "Your ass

has fallen into four pieces, hasn't it?"

Hilary had never been so humiliated before, and this was the first time.

She covered her face while her cheeks burned with shame.

At this time, Atwood brought Amanda up.

Originally, he had wanted her to see what had happened between Joan and Hilary, so that she would be disappointed in Joan, and then he would be helping Stanford.

But when they got off the lift, all they saw was Hilary sitting woefully on the floor being laughed at.

What, what was going on here?

Amanda glanced at the woman on the floor and walked straight towards Joan, noticing that his face was even redder than it had been at the hotpot restaurant.

"Joan, are you okay?" She asked with concern.

Joan shook his head, "I'm fine. I'm just hot."

Amanda raised an eyebrow. Hot?

He'd looked much better when they'd had drinks in the restaurant downstairs. And how could he be hot like this when the hotel was air-conditioned?

Joan said with certainty, "I, I'm probably allergic."

Otherwise, he wouldn't be so uncomfortable.

"You get dressed. I'll take you to the hospital." Amanda said

apologetically, "I'm sorry. I was just trying to joke with you and didn't expect ..."

"It's nothing to do with you." Joan said, "I'll probably be fine with some medicine."

"You'd better go to the hospital." She was uneasy.

"Atwood, explain to me exactly what is going on. How can it be a foreign man who appears in this house? Where is Stanford?!!!" Hilary had been annoyed after making such a big fool of herself. Now she was taking her chances.

Atwood, of course, would not admit that all this was deliberately arranged by him to give Joan no chance to compete with Stanford.

Who would have known that the ... plan didn't seem to work.

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love

Trap

Chapter 1058 I Want to Kiss You

"I... How would I know?" Atwood was dead set against admitting it.

Hilary said coldly, "You would not know?"

She got up from the ground and yelled at those watching the fun, "Get out of here!"

"Nuts." Someone snorted disdainfully and went back to the room.

Everyone found it pointless and went to their own rooms.

Hilary grabbed Atwood's collar, "I'm telling you, if you don't make this clear, I will never spare you!"

"You won't spare me? What can you do to me?" He looked like he was

a victim too, "I really don't know what's going on here. I obviously asked Mr. James to stay at this ..." As he spoke, he met Amanda's eyes, and then he hurriedly shut up.

But it still made Amanda suspicious. She said coldly, "Atwood, you've been pestering me to come upstairs, so you're deliberately putting on this show for me to misunderstand Joan?"

"I ..." Atwood was awkward and tried to explain, "I really don't know what's going on."

At this point, he had no choice but to deny it.

"You're lying. How could you not know?" Hilary seemed to understand something too.

"It's not actually Stanford in this room in the first place, but this foreigner. You wanted to set Stanford up with his ex-girlfriend, so first, you had to sabotage Stanford's ex-girlfriend's affection for this man who seemed to like her so that Stanford could pursue his ex-girlfriend again, right?"

Atwood was still denying, "I... I don't know. What the hell are you talking about? I don't understand."

"You don't understand? I've never been so embarrassed. You are the one who made me lose face in front of so many people. Atwood, I'm not done with you. And it's okay if you don't admit it. I'll get to the bottom of it. If I find out that you lied to me and played me, I will not let you off the hook. I'm telling you, I'm not easy to mess with either!"

After saying that, Hilary turned around and left. Probably because she was walking too fast, she didn't step on her heels and broke her foot, "Ah!"

A stinging pain came from her ankle and she fell again as her knees went weak and her body tilted to the side. As she fell, she heard a stabbing sound. Her skirt was splitting.

Atwood laughed out loud.

Hilary turned her head to glare at him. Atwood immediately stopped smiling, took his jacket off, and handed it to her, "Wrap it around your waist."

"No need!" Lee gritted her teeth.

Atwood didn't force her, "If you're not afraid of losing face, then you don't need it."

Her skirt was already short, and now it was splitting. Her underwear was showing, so there was no way she could walk.

She took Atwood's jacket as soon as she could and covered her legs, "Help me up."

Angelina Jolie's Shocking Health Struggles Over The Years

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People

Atwood helped her up, "I'll take you back."

He lifted her and pressed the lift. Soon the doors opened and he

helped Hilary, who had broken her foot, into the lift.

And he was still explaining what had just happened.

"I really don't know what's going on today."

Hilary looked at him, "You think I'll believe that?"

"To be honest with you, Mr. James' ex-girlfriend actually still likes Mr. James. It was probably her who changed the person in the room to be that foreigner." Atwood was trying to pass the buck.

"You're saying that woman just now still has a crush on Stanford?"

Hilary asked.

Atwood nodded, "I think so, though I have no proof."

"Is that so?" Hilary narrowed her eyes, and the corners of her lips curled into a cold smile, "So that means I made a fool of myself today because of her?"

"Well... well ... may ... be." Atwood stammered weakly.

In the room, Amanda told Joan to get dressed, "I'll take you to the hospital."

"No, I'm really fine. I'll just take some medicine and I'll be fine." Joan didn't think it was a big deal. He was just allergic, and he didn't need to go to the hospital at all.

"No, you might not be allergic." Amanda opened the cupboard to get his clothes and found the cupboard empty. She turned her head and asked him, "Where are your clothes?"

Joan pointed to the bag sitting on the couch. He hadn't hung up the clothes he had bought at the mall last time.

Amanda walked over, not noticing the water under her feet, "Ah!" She slipped on the water and fell over.

"Look out!" Joan quickly swooped over and caught her the moment she was about to fall to the ground. Ugh...

He fell backwards into the gap between the coffee table and the sofa, and Amanda fell on top of him.

Amanda was still suffering from the shock as she turned back.

"Are you all right?" Joan looked at her.

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love

Trap

Chapter 1059 It's Me Who Is Losing Out, Right?

"Huh?" Amanda froze for a few seconds before she responded. She hurriedly got up, "Are you okay?"

Joan said, "No."

Touching the collar of his bathrobe, she noticed that the skin exposed was red. She hurriedly turned around, and said, with her back to him, "Hurry up and get dressed. I'll take you to the hospital."

With that, she walked quickly out of the room, while saying as she closed the door, "I'll meet you at the door."

The door to the room closed with a click. Joan sat down on the floor and did not get up immediately. He was a little unconscious and just

felt hot. It was clear that the air conditioning was sending out a cool breeze. He tugged at his collar and stood up holding down the sofa, then picked up the phone on the table and called Amanda.

The call was soon answered.

"Amanda, you go back and rest. I'm fine." Joan said.

He walked over to the mirror, feeling that he was really woefully out of shape in this state.

He didn't quite want Amanda to see him in such an abnormal state.

Joan didn't know what was going on with him, but Amanda could see it. How could Atwood just coax Hilary over and not do anything else?

"I'm at ..."

Amanda was just about to say that she was waiting for him at the door when the phone was hung up.

Inside the room, Joan threw his phone onto the bed and went to the bathroom. He felt the heat on his body almost consume him and he just couldn't take it anymore. So he went into the bathroom and turned on the shower.

The cold water kept falling from the shower and soon he was wet.

Amanda was worried and called him back. But when the call came through, there was no answer.

The sound of the rushing water drowned out the ringing of the phone.

Worried that something had happened to Joan, Amanda went downstairs to find the receptionist.

Once the hotel door was closed, it could only be opened from the inside.

So she had to ask for help from the hotel staff.

But the receptionist did not agree to open the door and gave the reason, "We have rules in the hotel that we are not allowed to give out guest information. We can't open the door for you."

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black

"His life could be in danger." Amanda spoke coldly, "If he dies, are you responsible?"

The receptionist was instantly speechless. It was a responsibility she couldn't afford, and it was no small responsibility for the hotel.

"I'll ask the manager, okay?" The receptionist asked.

"Please hurry up." She was anxious.

"Okay." The receptionist called and asked for the manager's opinion.

With permission, she showed Amanda to the door.

The door to the room opened and she pushed it in.

The whole room was silent. She took a few steps, "Joan?"

But there was no response.

She gently pushed open the bedroom door and looked around the room, but did not see him.

She walked in and whispered his name, "Joan?"

The bathroom door was closed and there seemed to be someone inside. She pulled open the bathroom door and finally saw Joan. His robe was soaking wet, his hair was dripping, and the floor was wet.

He was sitting on the floor against the wall.

Even though his mind had been cleared by the cold water for a long time, the unknown fire inside him had not been completely doused.

He raised his eyes from his wet hair. Seeing it was her, his eyes narrowed slightly, "How could you get in here?"

She stood in the doorway, "I was afraid something would happen to you." She walked in and held his arm, "You'll get sick like that. It would be better for you to go to the hospital."

Joan looked at her, "Are you concerned about me?"

"Of course. You're like this because of me. I'm responsible for your personal safety ..."

He suddenly reached out and wrapped his arms around her while his deep eyes glowed with light. He slowly moved up to her ear and said, "I want to kiss you."