

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 1060 Confession

Amanda thought she was hallucinating. She asked incredulously, "What did you ... just say?"

Joan couldn't quell the desire inside him, and his heart thudded. He couldn't even speak as clearly and calmly as he usually did.

His heart was as unsettled as a stirring lake, "I ... I ..."

He didn't know where he had just gotten the courage to say what he longed for. However, when he came to his senses and faced Amanda soberly, he was afraid to say it again.

Amanda laughed, "I knew for sure that I had misheard. How could you possibly say you wanted to kiss me ..."

After all, Joan wasn't a flirtatious person.

Joan's heart beat faster and he was at a loss. His mind was in chaos, not knowing what he was doing or what he was about to do, "You didn't hear me wrong."

Amanda froze.

"You ... um-"

Her unspoken words were drowned out inside a kiss full of affection. Her lips were taken in by two warm lips. And the moment he kissed her lips, Joan's heart fluttered uncontrollably. She was so shocked that her pupils vibrated and she even forgot to react.

They were so close that Joan could even see the delicate fuzz on her face and smell the faint scent of her body. His breath became hotter while he wrapped his arms around her waist, then kissed her tenderly and deeply.

Amanda came back to her senses and immediately pushed him away. Flustered, overwhelmed, and incredulous, she took two steps back to distance herself from Joan.

Joan blushed slightly, "I ..."

"I know you didn't mean it!" Amanda had no idea what Joan was going to say. Anyway, whatever he was going to say, she would not listen to it, lest she was embarrassed.

"I understand." She wasn't reassuring herself, but she knew that Joan probably acted this way because of his body. Under normal circumstances, he wouldn't have acted like that.

She tucked the clothes on the sofa into his arms, "Change your clothes. I'll take you to the hospital."

She turned her back and did not go out, fearing that he would try to calm himself with cold water in the room alone again.

"I'm not looking. You hurry up and get dressed."

Joan dumped the clothes out on the bed. As he undressed, he said, "I'm not afraid of you looking."

Amanda was speechless.

Why did he sound like he was drunk?

"I'm not looking at you." It wasn't like she was a nymphomaniac who wanted to see his body whenever she saw a man. She could feel he had a nice body even through his clothes though.

"Then who do you want to look at? Stanford?"

"What are you babbling about?!" Joan's comment seemed to have irritated Amanda. She turned around and pushed him down on the bed, then stared at him condescendingly, "I'm done with him. Don't ever mention him in front of me again or I won't spare you!"

Joan lay still and looked at her face, which was red with anger. Amanda then realized that his soaking wet robe had been removed and his strong chest was exposed to her eyes, which was still covered in crystalline droplets of water. He was half lying down and there wasn't an ounce of fat on his stomach, while further down was the underwear he had just put on ...

Her face flushed suddenly and she turned away.

Then she said in shame, "Joan, I didn't expect you to be a rogue!"

Joan blinked and asked, "Weren't you the one who looked at my body? I'm the one who's at a disadvantage, right?"

Amanda was speechless.

It was not as if he had been given an aphrodisiac, but rather as if his personality had changed.

"I see you're all right now." With that, she strode towards the door.

Joan got up and hugged her from behind, "Don't go."

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Chapter 1061 I Want to See You

Seeing it was Amanda, Stanford subconsciously stood up straight.

Atwood, on the other hand, was shocked. How did she get over here?!

"You go down." Stanford had not yet remembered his past with Amanda, but he now knew about her relationship with him.

Seeing her at the moment, his heart palpitated.

The secretary expected to be scolded, but was not, so she hurriedly withdrew.

"You came to see me?" Stanford suppressed his uncontrollable excitement and looked at her.

Amanda's face was cold and even her tone was the same, "Sort of."

She walked up to Atwood and gave him a cold glance before setting her eyes on Stanford, "Stanford, no matter how long it takes, you're still insidious and like to set people up behind their

backs!"

Stanford suddenly clenched his hands and stared at her, "What do you mean?"

"Don't you know what I mean?" Her eyes were very sharp, "Didn't you ask Atwood to set up Joan? You looked down on that woman, so you used dirty tricks to get her into Joan's bed. retribution

"This has nothing to do with Mr. James. I took matters into my own hands." Atwood hurriedly explained, "I wanted you to misunderstand Joan so that you would give Mr. James a chance. If you want to vent your anger, just come at me."

"Oh ..." She sneered and looked at Atwood sarcastically, "It is true that what kind of master comes with what kind of servant. You've been with Stanford for so long, and you've learned nothing else, but for these dirty tricks, you've got the real deal."

She rolled her eyes and stepped forward. She was considerably shorter than Atwood but no less imposing. She grabbed Atwood by the collar and Atwood had to bend over.

"Atwood, you have interfered in my affairs more than once. I hope this is the last time. If you ever hurt anyone around me again, don't blame me for treating you badly!" With that, she pushed Atwood away and turned to leave.

And she didn't even look at Stanford.

He sat frozen in place and watched her slender back as she left, and could not react for a long time.

He no longer remembered that he had anything to do with her. But at this moment, watching her treat him so coldly and heartlessly, his heart ached.

What kind of past did they have between them?

"Mr. James, I'm just trying to help you. If you want to get back together with Miss Nelson, that man, Joan, she's with is definitely an obstacle. I just didn't expect that she would misunderstand and think it was your idea. I'm sorry ..."

Stanford raised his hand to indicate him not to explain, "When someone has a prejudice against you in their heart, anything you do is wrong."

Now he was not only the one involved but also a bystander, so he was more awake than before and saw things clearly.

Amanda took the lift to the floor. There was a ding and the lift doors opened. Hilary had come to the office to see Atwood and was trying to get on the lift. When she saw Amanda get off the lift, she froze, quickly retraced her steps, and asked, "What are you doing here?"

Could it be that what Atwood had said was true, that she still had feelings for Stanford?

Amanda looked her up and down and didn't pay her any attention,

but simply left.

She hadn't met her a few times, let alone known her.

Whether Atwood had lied to her, or whatever the reason was, it was disgusting enough that she jumped right on top of a man.

She had no good feelings for her in her heart.

Being ignored like that made Hilary very upset.

She had already broken up with Stanford but was still pestering him. Obviously, she was up to no good.

Ex-girlfriends were the most annoying of all.

Then she dialled Atwood's number, "I want to see you!"

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Chapter 1063 Reaching a Partnership

Atwood had just come out of Stanford's office when his mobile phone rang. He picked it up, and it was Hilary's angry voice coming over from the other side.

He looked towards the door as if he was trying to see Stanford's upset look through the thick wooden door.

Even if he didn't remember Amanda, he still had mood swings because of her.

Perhaps he was wrong to let him remember Amanda.

He must help Stanford get Amanda back.

"I'll be right there." He walked out quickly.

Soon the lift stopped, and he arrived downstairs. Hilary was standing in the lobby when she heard the lift open and turned her head to look over.

"Ms. Lucien," Atwood strode over.

She was in such a hurry to call him. Perhaps she had seen Amanda.

"Is that woman here to make up with Stanford?" Hilary wrapped her arms around her chest, looking disdainful.

Atwood nodded.

She was used to being flattered and had never looked down upon. She had never failed to get what she liked.

Amanda had apparently looked down upon her just now.

This made her feel discomforted inside.

"Shameless!" Hilary said with hatred.

Atwood looked at her and thought to himself, 'How can a young lady like her speak like a shrew, with no modesty.'

"I have an idea..." Atwood looked at Hilary, "But you have to come forward. You know I'm with Stanford and he will fire me if he finds out."

"What idea?" Hilary was half-hearted. After all, she had made a big fool of herself at the hotel last time.

Although it was her idea last time, the blunder was caused by Atwood not doing a good job on his part, which made her

embarrassed in front of the crowd.

"But you have to think it over." Atwood was thinking about the feasibility of this plan of his.

The more he thought about it, the more feasible he felt it was. And when it was implemented, Amanda would definitely be moved and therefore make up with Stanford.

By then, he would have helped Stanford.

"What do I have to be afraid of? I've never lost growing up." Hilary tilted her head, fearing nothing.

"Okay." Atwood said, "This is not the place to talk. Let's find a place to discuss. We have to do everything right this time."

Seeing that he was so confident, Hilary was feeling smug inside. Even Stanford's men were now looking out for her, so what was that ex-girlfriend of Stanford's?

They found a quiet place to discuss the plan in detail.

When they agreed on the plan, they reached a partnership.

The two split up.

When Hilary got up to leave, she was proud and said, "If this plan is successful and I can succeed in getting rid of Amanda, I'll treat you well."

Atwood only raised the corner of his lips and said nothing.

However, at this time, Amanda had already gone out with Jessica. She planned to leave tomorrow. Jessica had not been in good spirits for the past two days and wanted to take her back to recover well.

She had taken her to see all that she wanted to see, and there was nothing to regret.

"Are you coming with us, or are you booking a flight straight back to Thailand?" She asked.

Joan said that he was going straight back as there was something there for him to take care of.

"I'll book your flight tonight."

"No need..."

"I'll book it for you." Amanda said sincerely, "You've helped me a lot. Just consider it my thanks to you."

Joan didn't refuse.

Jessica suddenly said she wanted to eat red bean pudding.

Amanda looked around and found a dessert shop across the street, which should be able to buy that. She looked at Joan, "You keep an eye on Grandma for me, I'll go to buy it."

"It's better if I go," Joan said that the dessert shop was across the road, and there were a lot of vehicles at this hour.

"Alright then." Amanda helped Jessica to sit on the edge of the pond, "Thank you."

Joan said you're welcome then walked towards the opposite side

of the road.

Just as Joan reached the opposite side of the road, a silver van suddenly stopped.

A few men got out of it and came up to seize them without saying anything.

"What are you doing?" Amanda shielded Jessica behind her and frowned at them.

"Are you Amanda Nelson?" The man in the lead asked.

Amanda didn't say a word and didn't admit it.

The man took out his phone and looked at the photo, saying, "We know it's you even if you don't say anything."

After saying that, he ordered his men to arrest her. If it was only Amanda here, she could probably run away, but Jessica was old and no way she could escape with her at the moment.

In desperation, she could only call for help towards Joan, "Joan! Joan... um..."

Joan was coming out from buying red bean pudding when he saw Amanda being covered and shoved into the van. He immediately ran over.

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Chapter 1064 I Never Lied

However, a car passed in front of him at that moment and almost hit him. Luckily, he was athletic and crossed over the car with one hand on the bonnet.

The silver van on the other side had already gone off into traffic, and it was impossible to catch up by his legs.

Looking around, he saw a taxi and rushed over to stop it. He got in and pointed at the van, "Catch up with that silver van."

The taxi driver turned his head to look at him. He was less willing to help, seeing that he was a foreigner, "Tell me, where are you going..."

Joan gave him all the cash he had, "Help me catch up that van, and I'll give you as much as you want."

Seeing that he had more than two hundred dollars in cash in his hand, the taxi driver was impressed. After all, he had only earned sixty dollars for working a whole day.

"You said it." The driver grabbed the money, hit the gas and followed the van. He asked, "Why are you chasing that car?"

"... My friend is on it," Joan said.

The driver said, "Oh."

Joan just kept his eyes on the van, urging now and then, "Keep up."

"Don't worry, I won't lose it." The taxi driver said with great confidence. He had been driving a taxi for twenty years and was very skilled at driving.

He had developed a notable skill in overtaking for often being urged on by customers in a hurry.

Driving through the rowdy downtown area, they reached the outer ring.

Not knowing when this was going to end, the taxi driver looked at the anxious Joan and said, "If I catch up with that van, you'll have to pay me two thousand dollars."

Joan agreed without even thinking, "Okay."

"You won't break your word, right?" The taxi driver was afraid that he wouldn't keep his word even if he caught up with the van.

Joan looked at him, took off the watch on his wrist and placed it on the compartment, "As long as you don't lose it, this one hundred thousand dollars watch is yours."

"One hundred... thousand?" The taxi driver glanced at it, "You wouldn't lie to me, would you?"

"I never lied." Joan looked solemn as he said. The driver gritted his teeth, "Okay."

He would do it for the money.

The car was getting closer to the van, but they were also getting far from the city and heading out into the countryside.

The van stopped in front of an abandoned, dilapidated building.

The people inside pulled Amanda and Jessica out and dragged them into the building.

One of them was making a call, telling Hilary, "We have caught her."

"Well, just do as we agreed." Hilary stood at the window while Atwood was there too, coming over to her and asking, "It's done, right?"

"Yes." Hilary nodded.

Atwood excused himself and said, "I'm off to use the toilet."

"Go ahead." Hilary turned around and sat on the sofa, waiting for the good news.

The idea Atwood had given her was to get rid of Amanda to have no one to compete with her for Stanford.

But that was only a part of Atwood's plan.

When he reached the bathroom, he called Stanford's number instead of using the toilet, which was the key to his plan.

Hilary had harmed Amanda while Stanford came to the rescue, and Amanda would then change her mind about Stanford.

However, he couldn't get through no matter how he called.

At this moment, Stanford didn't tell Atwood that he had gone to the hospital for an operation, and his mobile phone was switched off too. So naturally, he couldn't receive his call when he was in the operating theatre.

Atwood was anxious and continued to call, but Stanford's phone

was switched off and could not be connected.

If Stanford couldn't get there, it meant that Amanda would really be in danger. After all, he hadn't told Hilary about this part of the plan, and she wouldn't be merciful.

He used Hilary as a trap, just to make this look real.

Oh no!

He left and drove his car, rushing to the location.

At that moment, Amanda was tied to a concrete pillar. They just targeted Amanda, and so they didn't do anything to Jessica. Plus, she was old and had difficulty moving. They just threw her to the ground and left her alone.

Jessica's head hit the brick, and she passed out.

They got some flammable materials, wood and cement bags, threw them on the ground and poured a barrel of diesel fuel on them.

They turned on the lighter and threw it on the ground before leaving. The fire flared up in a flash with the flammability of the diesel fuel.

"Grandma!" Amanda shouted in anxiety, "Grandma, wake up."

She was tied up and couldn't move, nor she could go to save Jessica. She could only try to wake her up, as Jessica was not tied up and could leave.

At the moment, her mind was in turmoil, sweating, feeling desperate and terrified. It didn't matter if she was on her own, but now she had dragged her grandmother into it...

"It's my fault for not protecting you..."

Her vision turned blurry, and the fire was getting hotter.

The smell of the smoke running up her nose was so strong that it choked her and made her cough!

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Chapter 1065 Facing a Life-and-death Problem

"Amanda..."

Amanda saw a figure barge in amidst the thick fog.

Ahem...

She coughed again violently.

Joan glanced at Jessica, who had fallen to the ground. He bent down to pick her up and run outside, which was long empty. The taxi driver had driven off for fear of causing trouble.

He placed Jessica on the relatively safer grass. He called 911 and then ran back inside, where the fire grew even more intense, and the strong smell of burning filled the air.

The fire surrounded Amanda, and she had long since been scorched to the point of coma, with a sliver of consciousness left. She had seen her grandmother being saved, but she just didn't see who did it.

She braced herself for the last of her consciousness, hoping to see who had helped her save her grandmother.

"Amanda..." said Joan, rushing in from outside the flames despite the danger.

The fire had choked Amanda's voice, and her face was toasted red. She weakly lifted her eyelids and looked clearly at the person in front of her. She smiled slightly and spat out hoarsely, "It's... you."

Joan discovered that what tying her was not those ordinary rope that he could have burnt with fire, but was iron chains.

This was very tricky.

He gently patted Amanda's face, "Don't be afraid, I will get you out."

Amanda's lips were dry, and she said hoarsely, "Leave me alone... Go away."

"I won't leave you behind." He rushed out of the fire to find something that could break the chains.

However, no tool could break the chain. Just when he was at a loss as to what to do, he saw a rusty steel bar, about a metre long, lying in the grass. He picked it up and ran inside.

The only consciousness left held Amanda from passing out. She knew well that she might not survive, "Don't risk your life for me..."

She didn't want to drag Joan along with her.

Joan ignored her and instead tried to pry the chains off with the steel, but it wasn't easy.

"Get out of here!" Her voice was extremely hoarse.

Joan's movements paused. His dirty hand cupped Amanda's face, looking deeply at her, "I always felt that respecting your choice was being good to you, but now I think that I may have been wrong. It's often being in the middle of it that makes you unable to see the truth of what is good for you."

He gulped and continued, "I like you, and I mean it. Will you accept me?"

Amanda raised her eyes to look at him. She could see her reflections and the blazing fire behind her in his pupils, so clear and so ardent.

She was moved inside, but she was aware of the situation she was in at this moment.

Joan held her, not that he wanted to take advantage of her at the moment. Instead, when he couldn't save her, a thought flashed through his mind that would he have regrets if she had died.

The answer was yes.

It was regretful for him to give up before he had fought for it.

He didn't want to spend the rest of his life with regret every time

he thought about it.

So he wanted to strive for it once.

He attached himself to her ear, "If we can still get out alive, I hope you can travel around and see the world with me, okay?"

Perhaps Amanda's mind was touched by Joan at this moment, or perhaps it was that in a time of danger, he could still hold her and say these words, enough to appear he was sincere.

"...Okay."

She managed to say out a word.

She was facing life and death, but death became less frightening with a strong embrace around her.

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