

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 481 Shameful and Annoyed Boyce explained clearly and then gave his subordinate a wink.

The boy shivered in fear and tried to plead for mercy, but he could not utter any words for a long time. His body went limp as if his bones and blood were separated.

“I really said all the truth.” The boy exclaimed and cried out in fear, weeping miserably.

Armand sighed and said seriously, “If you’re born as a human, then you have to do what a human should do. All the best for you.”

After finished speaking, he hooked Boyce’s neck with his hand and walked out. He asked softly, “Won’t you...”

He gestured a posture of stroking his neck.

Boyce gave him a stern glimpse, “What are you thinking? Just teach him a lesson and throw him back to his hometown. He is not allowed to appear in City B. Such a pipsqueak is considered useless.”

Furthermore, he looked uneducated and was young. He made mistakes because he did not follow the right people.

Although he was hateful, the person who led all this was really hateful.

Armand laughed, "I thought he was really violent and didn't mind getting his hands dirty..."

Boyce poked him with his elbow.

He held his ribs that were painful and glared at Boyce, "You have such a strong power, do you want to kill me or what?"

Boyce ignored him and walked to the car. He opened the car door and got into the car. While glancing behind, he asked, "What should we do now?"

Matthew replied without answering his question directly, "I heard that the nightclub on Central Road belongs to him?"

Boyce praised, "The most awesome existence in the community."

Those who could enjoy inside that place were all somewhat famous. It was said that there were all kinds of girls inside there and many rich kids had spent over twenty days out of a month there.

Imagine there was how much fun inside.

At this moment, Armand opened the car door and glanced at Boyce who was sitting in the passenger seat. He frowned as he was still holding the grudge for being poked by Boyce just now, "You got in my car, what about your own car?"

Boyce was unconcerned and spread out his hands, "Somebody else is driving for me."

His subordinates were all here and it was not him who drove when he came.

Armand snorted and sneered, "Just like you, somebody who doesn't know how to love a woman. No wonder you can't find a woman."

Boyce was speechless.

It was rare for him to look at Armand with an extremely serious expression. He then said, "Don't you ever mention this to me again."

Should he be teased for not having a girlfriend?

Damn it for being teased every day.

What a joke.

Did Armand really think that he had no temper?

"What, are you shameful and annoyed?" Armand stepped on the accelerator and drove the car out. He looked askance at Boyce sternly, "Are you going to tell me that you have lost your virginity?"

Boyce was speechless.

Boyce was so angry that he wanted to vomit blood.

What even irritated him was that he could not refute it.

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He held his forehead and felt that he would be infuriated to death if Armand continued speaking.

“Where are we going?” Armand asked.

Boyce did not even lift his eyelids and said calmly, “The nightclub on Central Road.”

“Haha, are we going there to lose our virginity?” Armand laughed. This nightclub was the most awesome in City B with its strong background. Those who could play and enjoy inside were not ordinary people. The nightclub offered all sorts of services. I heard that the girls inside were extremely seductive and could make people indulge for the whole night.

When Boyce said that, the first thing that came to his mind was impossible as if the monk was going to have a meat feast.

Boyce was speechless.

Boyce wanted to curse him with a rude sentence. However, he smiled smugly as if he had no weakness in a flash, “Huh.” He turned his head around and looked behind, “Is Theresa still not well? It has been so long.”

Matthew was serious and calm with his legs crossed in the back seat. After hearing Boyce’s voice, he slowly lifted his eyelids. It was Dolores who begged him to help. He arranged doctors and hospitals for Theresa by himself. So, he certainly knew that Theresa had recovered and left.

If she had not returned to City B and Country A, she must have gone to find Dolores according to her relationship with Dolores.

He rubbed his eyebrow, "Can you two stop making fun for a moment?"

The noise was causing him to get a headache.

"Boyce is not a human, he poked at my injury." Armand was annoyed this time.

Boyce sneered, "It sounds like only you are a human being."

Armand was speechless.

"I don't want to argue with you." Armand simply ignored. He looked at Matthew from the rear-view mirror seriously and asked carefully, "Is Theresa alright?"

Matthew did not raise his head. He looked gloomy and responded "yes" with a soft voice.

He did not wait for Armand to ask further about where she had gone, he replied, "I don't know."

Armand was depressed and he did not look as relaxed as he had been just now. She must have avoided him deliberately by not returning.

She had a good relationship with Dolores. But now Dolores was also gone, she could leave without any worries.

He seemed to be abandoned anyway.

Armand glanced at Boyce and asked pitifully, "If I'm upset, are you comfortable?"

Boyce frowned and replied unkindly, "Uncomfortable. Just when you're angry, then I will be comfortable."

Armand was speechless.

Armand gave him a serious look, "Really not something."

"Are you something?"

"I want to break up with you," Armand said fiercely.

Boyce noticed Matthew in the back seat was on the verge of fury. He swallowed the words that he originally was about to say.

He just gave Armand a wink and gestured him to look behind. Armand took a glance back from the rear-view mirror. The gloomy aura was overwhelming the entire car and was about to burst.

Both of them did not dare to argue anymore. There was only a soft breathing sound throughout the entire car.

The car soon stopped at that nightclub in the hub. ___ Chapter 482 Almost Drooling

The intersecting transport facilities that had formed the city structure propelled the whole city towards becoming a metropolis. Central Road which was the main street in the city hub was even a place full of hustle and bustle with an endless stream of traffic.

The beautiful lights illuminated differently, displaying an impressive city view. The neon lights above the buildings sparkled in all sorts of ways like countless colourful trains moving in motion. The shop windows and buildings were decorated with different coloured lights, some like flowers while others like coloured balls, each with its own charm.

Being in this scene, one would feel impetuous and crave to seek excitement.

Armand sighed, "It is not that men are corrupted, it is because the environment changes the mindset."

As soon as he just spoke, he was immediately rebuked by Boyce, "Shame on you. Cheating means cheating and you're still finding so many excuses, saying about what environment changes your mindset."

"Hey, Boyce, why are you so perverted? Do you insist on arguing with me today? You will rebuke me no matter what I say. You know that I can't beat you, right?" If Armand could really beat him, probably Armand had already struck him.

Matthew's mind was buzzing as he felt that both of them were like flies scolding each other whenever they met, were they boring?

The long street was lit up brightly. Matthew stood by his car with a poker face. He tidied his collar with a single hand attractively, "You two, calm down." He said and stepped into the door of the nightclub.

This place could make people indulge since there was somebody who could tempt them. He was afraid that both of them would be degraded.

Boyce and Armand glanced at each other and withdrew their casualness. Both of them were able to judge the situation clearly and knew when to joke and when to take things seriously.

Both of them followed closely behind and passed through the lavishly decorated hall as well as a glass door. The air was filled with the smell of cigarettes and alcohol while the music was deafening. All the people were twisting their waists and hips frantically on the dancing region. The sexy girls were enjoying among the group of men and teasing those men who could not control themselves. The girls were cuddling charmingly in the arms of the men, fondling and kissing in the public.

The scene was out of control for a while.

However, those who were obsessed with the scene were not surprised.

The three men walked through the “seductive” scene without looking around. Upon arrival at the back hall, the real fun took place at this spot while the front hall was just like side dishes.

These three strangers, no, to be precise it was strange for them to come here. The manager asked the Madam to treat them nicely and then made a phone call.

They were also known as the old Madam.

The Madam was not like the old lady on the television. The Madam here was young and had a sexy body. She greeted them gleefully, “Hey, rare guests. What will you like to play?”

She stared at the three men up and down while speaking. She was almost drooling, not because they were too handsome, but to be exact because they looked too serious.

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The more ascetic a man was, the greater the desire yearned by the man.

Those who usually came here, you would know what they wanted just by looking at their faces.

“We have lots of options here. As long as you can describe it, there is nothing that we can’t do.” The Madam leaned on Matthew’s body while speaking. Just when her white hand with delicate nails touched his collar, she was kicked away by him all of a sudden without even seeing what was happening.

Matthew was gloomy and warned her angrily to stay away from him!

The Madam was surprised and fell to the ground without saying anything. She was under Declan and everybody here knew her identity. Everybody enjoyed playing with her but did not dare to hit her. She was wearing a black braces skirt. She showed her slender fine legs awkwardly once she fell onto the ground.

The manager came over to help the Madam up and tell her to leave first. The Madam was reluctant for being pushed away innocently. She was embarrassed as she looked ugly and pale. Her originally graceful look became grim, but she did not dare to be angry. So, she could only boast about her background, “I’m under Mr. Bailey. Aren’t you too over to treat me like this? You should see his master when beating somebody, right?”

Matthew tidied his sleeves and said steadily in a deep voice, “Coincidentally, I’m looking for Mr. Bailey.”

The Madam heaved a heavy sigh and was unable to suppress her anger. However, she did not dare to get angry on the spot. She had to endure it, "So, am I asking for trouble?"

Matthew snorted and sneered. He did not even look at her and said arrogantly, "Not all Mr. Bailey's subordinates are idiots. Some of them have self-awareness."

"You..." The Madam really had never seen anyone who dared to be so arrogant here. This was obviously a slap in the face.

The manager pulled her back and warned her in a low voice, "Don't bring any trouble."

It was obvious that he was creating trouble purposely. Not knowing who will suffer if they really argue with each other.

However, the Madam could not swallow it.

"I have already called the boss."

The manager gave the Madam a wink, telling her not to be impulsive. If she really caused trouble, it would put her boss at a disadvantage and she would be the one to suffer. Just a girl who was slightly pretty, what else she had?

The Madam was clear, but she had been here for a long time and everybody respected her upon Declan. Now, she was suddenly humiliated back to her original position and this made her slightly difficult to accept the fact.

"Rare guest, rare guest." Declan came from the back door and strode across the corridor.

Chapter 483 Four Stunning Women

They were from the upper class in the society. They knew each other even though they were not engaged in business with each other.

They had an exchange of greetings when they met each other.

Declan looked at the madam's glum expression. He smiled while asking, "What's going on? Didn't you serve Mr. Nelson well?"

The madam couldn't wait to complain before Matthew could say anything. She felt wronged, but this denigrate Declan, "For the guests who came to the nightclub, who didn't I serve carefully? Both of these guys roughed me up without any word. Furthermore, even if I had somewhere that I didn't serve well, they couldn't hit me inside for the sake of Mr. Bailey's face. They obviously wanted to disgrace Mr. Bailey."

Declan's expression changed rapidly and varied from minute to minute before returning to calm. He raised his hand and slapped the Madam on the cheek.

The Madam was astounded by the slap, and her hand held her numb face. She stared inconceivably at Declan, and her eyes welled up with aggrieved tears. However, she didn't dare to let the tears fall.

"I had given you face, hadn't I? Who is he? Do you even dare to stir up trouble when you didn't serve him well? Mr. Nelson is doing me the honor of coming, and he is giving me face. But who are you? Do you deserve to talk about your face here?" He was enraged by the Madam's words. It was all about Matthew not giving him face throughout her words. What? Was she really hoping for a feud between him and Matthew just because of her?

Did she think that he was stupid and could be used by her?

Declan tipped the manager a wink, "Take her away and dump her in the worst brothel.

The worst brothel was equivalent to those special 'hair salons' in the small alley. The customer could have carnal knowledge of the woman as long as he paid the money. She had to receive many whoremasters in a single day.

If anyone was dumped to this kind of place, she was done.

The Madam's face turned pale, and she couldn't believe that Declan would be so heartless to her. She had also served Declan for quite some time. At the very least, she deserved credit for her efforts, right? He really meant it. He wanted her to die by dumping her in such a place.

The madam broke off the manager's hand, walked over, and grabbed Declan's hand, "It's my fault. I beg you not to send me there for the sake of my years of service to you."

She didn't have any flirtatious expressions like before at the moment but only left the expression of discomfiture. Fearful tears welled up in her eyes.

Declan put one of his hands in his pocket. Instead of looking at her, Declan put his gaze onto Matthew, "Mr. Nelson, you say, what to do? After all, it was you who was offended by her."

The madam's gaze also looked over, filled with regret and hatred. If the total number of men she had met here was not in the thousands, it was certainly in the hundreds. Which of them did not fall in love with her at first sight and wanted to get her to the bed?

She never expected to meet someone who was so difficult to overcome. Furthermore, he had high

social standing. Even Declan wanted to cotton up with him.

She trembled and bit her lip. She hoped that he would be merciful to her, "I was too ignorant to recognize you and offended you. I'm sorry. I sincerely apologize. It's all my fault."

Matthew didn't even raise his eyelids. His voice, neither high nor low, echoed icily, "Mr. Bailey is really good at joking. What do your domestic affairs have anything to do with me?"

He didn't want to deal with this issue. It was all of Declan's business on how to deal with it.

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Declan also didn't expect Matthew to be affected by something like this. After all, neither of them had any hatred for the other. It was unworthy of him to have a feud with Matthew over a woman.

Furthermore, it would be preferable if he could be Matthew's friend or even a cooperation partner. So, he might as well honor Matthew in this case.

He stuck out his tongue and licked his lips. He waved to the manager, "Don't stay in front of me."

The madam was definitely unwilling to go. Her thin calves trembled, "I've made a mistake. I know I've made a mistake." She flopped on her knees on the ground. She cried terribly while clutching Declan's legs and not letting go, "I've made a mistake. I really know I've made a mistake. You just let me off the hook for once."

"Damn. Where are your eyes? You can't even deal with a woman, can you?!" Declan was annoyed by

being bothered by her and talked smut.

The manager tipped a wink to his subordinate and forcefully dragged the madam away. Her miserable cries faded through the glass door.

“Mr. Nelson, we’re honored to have you here today. Do you want to have fun?” When he tugged on his collar, he appeared to be ruffraff, with a glimmer of a smile on his lips.

Matthew raised his chin slightly and looked at him arrogantly, “I come to Mr. Bailey’s place, of course, is to look for some fun in this boring life. Or do you think I came here to discuss national issues?”

They both had their own plans, and they hit it off. Declan smiled lightly, and his laughter echoed in the decorated and exotic hall. He took two steps closer to Matthew and looked like everything was under his control, “I’ll definitely let Mr. Nelson have fun today. If you’re not satisfied, I’ll close this place tomorrow.”

Matthew wanted to sound out if he had deals with Jeffery and if he was simply entrusted by someone to kidnap the person or if there was more to it from him.

Declan wanted to cotton up with him. Matthew was themselves admired, and he was never willing to associate with him. And now, he had taken the initiative to come. Declan would be a fool if he didn’t seize the opportunity.

Declan looked confident, and Matthew smiled without saying a word. Declan, as the proprietor of the place, naturally arranged to entertain them.

The private room on the third floor was spacious and quiet. In the center of the room was a row of oval black leather sofas. A large and stable marble coffee table was in front of the sofa.

Declan didn’t follow them into the room, and he was whispering to the manager at the door. Although they were unable to hear what he said, they could guess some of it. When Declan turned around and

walked in, the lady who had come to send drinks carried two bottles of high-end wine and a fruit plate. She put them on the table.

Matthew sat down calmly and cast a sidelong glance. It just happened that Boyce raised his head at that time. Their gazes collided. Matthew asked, "Does your phone still have power?"

Boyce quickly understood what Matthew meant and said yes while nodding.

They had to leave a piece of evidence if there was any useful information from the conversation between Matthew and Declan when Matthew talked with him later.

Declan walked in and waved to the waiter to ask her to leave. He opened a bottle of wine by himself and poured it into the glass in front of him. When he poured the wine into the glass in front of Matthew, he said proudly, "What a coincidence today. They're still college students. They're so pure. In fact, I keep them for my own enjoyment. I'll give them to you today."

As soon as his words fell, the door of the private room was pushed open. The manager walked in with four stunning women. _____

Chapter 484 This Old Man Wanted to Go to Heaven

The four didn't appear to be experienced. Their appearances, looks, and expressions were not sophisticated, but they seemed to be a bit uncomfortable and uneasy. There were also two of them who were eager to give it a try as if they had good feelings for the few men inside here.

Declan waved his hand, "You all come here. This batch is new, and they are immaculate."

Jasmine Burke was the one with whom he was most satisfied among them. She had a fair, small, and delicate oval face. She tied her black hair in an agile ponytail. She wasn't tall and was the type of girl who was small and delicate. She had brown eyes and appeared intelligent and pure.

Declan used to see women wearing a lot of make-up and flaunting themselves. He had a different feeling when a young girl unexpectedly appeared in front of him.

He was very moved even when he just imagined having this young girl beneath him.

If he didn't want to cotton up with Matthew, he didn't want to give her to others.

He pointed at Jasmine, and hooked his finger, "You come here."

Jasmine grasped the hem of her clothes with both of her hands. Her palms were all cold and sweating. Her gaze was drawn to Boyce, who sat on the edge, looking at his phone.

After getting what Matthew meant, Boyce kept pretending to play with his phone. He was not interested in the women here, so he didn't even raise his head when someone walked in.

Jasmine stood still. Declan's face became gloomy, and his voice was not as gentle as it had just been. He said with a heavy tone, "Sit here."

He patted the seat next to Matthew's.

Jasmine still didn't move, and her classmate standing next to her gently pushed her and said softly, "You go. He is the most handsome man in the room. If you hit his fancy, you'll be rich. Those who come inside here are all wealthy people."

“What do you mean? Didn’t you say we were here to work as waitresses?” Jasmine’s heart trembled. Someone replaced her part-time job as a waitress in a restaurant. They hired a waiter, who could work for the long term, so they fired her.

The job of handing out leaflets was not available every day. In this way, she had no source of income. Her classmate told her that this place was looking for a waiter. So, she followed her here. She didn’t realize it was this type of place until she arrived.

She was filled with remorse. She was even more disappointed when she saw Boyce. Initially, she admired Boyce very much. She still remembered Boyce going to her school to look for her and handing over the money her mother had given her. She thought that he was a decent and trustworthy person.

But, looking at him now, he would come to this kind of place as well. He couldn’t be considered a good man. Perhaps his integrity was pretended by him for others to see.

Matthew leaned back. A white shirt and a black suit were the most classic combination. Two buttons on the shirt were unbuttoned at this moment. His neck was slender, and the arc of his convex Adam’s apple was particularly sexy. The light that filled the room was dim. He narrowed his eyes until they were long and narrow, “What does Mr. Bailey mean?”

Declan quickly put up a smiling face, “See, she only came here today and is not familiar with the rules here. Allow me three minutes.”

He stood up after finished speaking. He grabbed Jasmine’s wrist with a ferocious expression on his face. He threatened her in a low voice, “Don’t pretend if you have already come here. Don’t try to play a hard-to-get game here. It’s far from enough to watch your trick here. I asked you to come here because I favor you. If you serve him well, you can quote a price on how much you want to receive. But if you dare to be presumptuous here, I’ll make you be in living death!”

It seemed that this farce had aroused Boyce's interest. He shifted his gaze away from the screen of his phone and looked over here calmly. He was stunned for a moment when he saw the girl, who was shaking in fear by the door. He didn't expect her to be here.

Jasmine was dragged forcefully by Declan over here. He looked at Matthew and smiled, "Sorry for making ourselves a joke. But it was her youthfulness that can seduce people." He smiled explicitly, "You say, we're not married at our age, for what? Isn't it just that we can have fun and no one will restrain us?"

The marriage between Matthew and Dolores was a secret marriage at the time. This was not widely known. When Matthew returned, there were rumors in the outside world that he had a woman by his side. After all, they didn't hold a wedding ceremony, and Matthew didn't bring Dolores to major events. It was normal for a man of this status to have a woman by his side. Everyone would not take it seriously as long as he did not announce it with great fanfare. They would all assume Matthew was just having fun.

The only one that everybody knew was Maria. But they were only engaged, and the engagement was canceled later. Eddie's desire to allow his daughter to marry Matthew was just a plan in private. They never got married. How dare they spread it to the public? Nowadays, Eddie no longer held a position and had only one daughter. He seemed to have come down now. How could they still threaten Matthew?

The sweet dream that allowed his daughter to marry Matthew had also gone to wreck.

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It Must Have Been A Kind Of Hell For A Little Chrissy Metz

He couldn't even protect himself now. Landon was aware that he was used by Eddie, that Eddie had lied to him and caused him to kill his own children. This hatred was absolutely irreconcilable. How could Landon allow Eddie to live out his golden years in peace?

Eddie was only dismissed from his position. How could this alleviate the Herbert family's rage over the loss of two lives?

The Herbert family was not as good as they used to be. Eddie's dismissal had also left the Chambers family with no one to rely on. Who would have the last laugh was determined by their own abilities.

Declan pressed Jasmine to sit next to Matthew. At this time, Boyce stood up and looked at Matthew, "She hit my favor. Could you give her to me?"

Armand almost dropped his jaw in surprise, widened his eyes, and stared at Boyce unbelievably. Oh, my goodness! Did this old man want to go to heaven? Did he finally feel a strong attraction to a woman?

However, both the time and the location did not appear to be appropriate. It wasn't that he didn't meet beautiful women usually. But why was he suddenly so rash until he asked Matthew for a woman?

Was there anything in this room that could confuse one's mind?

He looked around but didn't notice anything. He reached out his hand and touched Boyce's forehead, "You..."

Boyce slapped his hand away, "Go away."

Jasmine sat still and didn't move. She felt that Boyce was also not a good person.

Matthew faced Boyce with only half of his side figure visible. He had the same thought as Armand in his heart. It was not that he hadn't seen women before, but why did he only favor her today?"

He was worried that Declan was playing a ruse behind their backs and duped Boyce.

“We’ve met before, so...” Boyce explained himself stiffly.

“I indeed have a good taste. Even Boyce had taken the fancy. But there is only one beauty. How about Boyce chooses again from the other three? These three are also nice. They’re all virgins with a nice appearance.” Declan smiled on the outside but was disdainful on the inside. So much for the person who was by Matthew’s side. It was just a woman.

“It’s rare to have someone that Boyce likes.” Matthew’s words implied that he agreed to give Jasmineto him.

Declan moved his lips slightly but said nothing. After all, it was their business. Anyway, he had already accomplished half of his goal. They would not be perfect if they were interested in women. They must have some flaws. He had to make use of every opportunity.

Boyce pulled Jasmine over. Jasmine wanted to break free from his hand, but Boyce’s grip on her became even tighter. Boyce berated her in a low voice, “Behave yourself!”

Declan smiled, “If Boyce is in a hurry, there is a room upstairs.”

Boyce also smiled, “I happen to have a question for Mr. Bailey. Is this girl Mr. Bailey’s employee?”

“No.” Before Declan could say anything, Jasmine had already denied it.

Declan cast a glance at Jasmine and smiled icily, “You come here to look for a job, and I offer you one. Isn’t it true that we have an employer-employee relationship? I’m your boss. How can you claim that you have nothing to do with me?”

“We didn’t sign the contract, and you didn’t pay me. This employer-employee relationship doesn’t

hold." Jasmine was not an illiterate fool. She would not be duped if she was not eager to find work. When the classmate told her at that time, she didn't even ask where the place was and just followed her to come. It was not up to her to leave once she arrived. That was why she would show up here.

"It seems like she is not Mr. Bailey's employee. So, Mr. Bailey won't mind if I bring her away later, right?"

Chapter 485 Who is a Hooker

Declan slowly turned his gaze towards Jasmine, and smirked, "Are you serious, Boyce Shawn? A college student that appeared is either here for money, or finding a rich husband. Are you going to be the rich husband, Boyce? Or are you going to throw money on the chick? Playing is just fine, but getting serious isn't fun anymore."

When he spoke, he glanced at Matthew, "Your relationship with Mr. Matthew Nelson is uncommon, and you yourself have your own status. How can you find a hooker as your wife? The embarrassed one wouldn't be only you."

"Who is a hooker?" Jasmine couldn't sit still. If it wasn't because she needed money and didn't ask her classmates clearly to follow them here, she wouldn't even show up at this place.

Saying that she was a hooker was an insult to her!

Boyce held her shoulder, and glanced at her which seemed to tell her not to be impetuous.

If she didn't meet them today, Jasmine absolutely couldn't run from Declan's clutches.

Jasmine also knew that she was too impulsive; to say that she was a hooker made her feel

uncomfortable. She studied hard, and got accepted to her desired university. She only relied on herself to survive. Even in the most difficult times, she had never thought of selling her own body in exchange for money.

She clasped both her hands tightly, and stared at Declan's ill intentions.

"Mr. Bailey." This time, Matthew spoke up. He opened his mouth, and the light passed through his glabella. He talked in a cold tone, "Let's just be honest about this. You want anything good, just say it. As long as I can give it, I wouldn't refute you. It's rare for my friend here to look up to a woman. I have to be serious about it."

This expression was evidently unhappy. Declan thought about it; this woman for sure was not his. Just like what Jasmine said, he didn't pay her salary, and she hadn't done work yet. Furthermore, there weren't any connection at all.

How about gaining Matthew's respect. Gaining others' respect could be helpful in the future, and it would be easier to ask favors.

After thinking about the benefits and disadvantages, Declan smilingly said, "Since Mr. Nelson had already spoken, then I wouldn't mind about it anymore, as it would make me a stingy person just for a woman."

He pointed at the three standing by the door, "There are some more chicks, how about I call them to play with us?"

These three young girls had just been on this situation for the first time where they met men with good looks and high statuses. They hadn't experienced any setbacks, and didn't know the cruelty of

love, but they were eager to try.

Especially Elisa, the one who pushed Jasmine, was in a mood to come over, and her target was Matthew.

She crazily wanted that man to be interested in her, and then fall in love with her. Finally, she would become a rich wife; she didn't need to study hard, and be bothered about finding a job after graduation.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

9 Times Meghan Markle Dressed Just Like Princess Diana

They Were Larger Than Life In The 70s, Here's How They Look Today

Finding a guy like him, she would not only be looking good, but also not be worrying about food and clothing.

Matthew was otherwise not interested. When Declan let Jasmine to sit beside him a while ago, he didn't think of an excuse to refuse, but now it was different. He uninterestedly looked at Declan, "I am not interested."

Rather, Declan didn't notice anything unusual. It was just that since the matter with Jasmine had already gone by, he had other things to play with. If not playing with women, then there were still others, "How about let's play something more exciting?"

"I had heard of something. Can Mr. Bailey help me with it?" Suddenly, Matthew changed the topic.

Initially, Declan had the intention to build connect with him, but he wasn't much solicitous. He asked with a faint expression, "Oh, what is it. Let's hear it."

Matthew talked about Victoria Forbis' car accident, and asked, "Jeffery Harris came to see you. Was there such a thing?"

Declan didn't know the complicated grudges between Matthew and Jeffery since there wasn't any big announcements. No one knew of its complexity, and they just related them as an uncle and nephew relationship.

Everyone knew that Matthew and Victoria were at odds; it was not really a secret.

So, he didn't think much about it. He lifted the wine glass, and hit it with the wine glass on Matthew's table, "Let's have a drink?"

Matthew was cool with it; he picked up the glass of wine and drank it. Declan was shocked, and picked up the bottle of wine to continue pouring, "You aren't really an outsider, and there really isn't anything to hide from you. If we are being real, our relationship is quite good. The relationship between your grandfather and my father was more than just common at that time."

Old Mr. Bailey was younger than Terrell Harris, but they were in the same generation. The reason why Declan was so young was because that he was Old Mr. Bailey's late son.

It was said that there were six sisters, but due to their identities, they weren't raised at home. Instead, they were raised by relatives, and only one sister remained at home. On paper, he was the second child, but he was actually the seventh. This was no secret, and they knew about it.

"He asked for my help with that kind of relationship, so how can I decline it? Right?"

Matthew leaned his body back, and was entirely covered in the dark. His expression couldn't be seen, and then there was a voice in cold tone, "I did like to hear on what it is all about."

Chapter 486 Rob the Cradle

"Jeffery and your stepmother are incompatible, and you know that better than I do. He hates that woman so much that he comes to me because he is aware that I know many people. He wanted me to do him a favor and put that woman away. However, the person who did this was not effective and something went wrong. But it wasn't a big deal. You and Jeffery don't like that woman anyway. It's better now that she's gone, so she won't bother you."

Declan didn't notice Matthew's face. He just felt that the atmosphere in the box was inexplicably cold. He was a little annoyed.

The three women standing by the door looked unneeded. So, he shouted in a deep voice at the door to the manager, "Get them out of my face."

The manager dragged these women out with a few of his men.

Matthew slightly raised his eyelids with a look that was hard to tell his emotions, "Mr. Bailey is really unusual. Now the banners of the fight against pornography and crime are everywhere. Your club is still open as usual. And you even dare to kidnap people."

"I did it as a favor to Jeffery! He was unable to do this kind of thing personally due to his status, so he asked me to do it."

Declan leaned against the couch and turned his head, "Mr. Nelson, are you really here today to have fun, or ..."

He knew Jeffery's relationship with Matthew. Otherwise, he wouldn't be so honest. This was no small

matter. He put a lot of thought into it before he spoke.

If he hid something and Matthew heard it from Jeffery, then he would be in a difficult position.

"What does Mr. Bailey think I'm here for?"

Declan looked into Matthew's eyes, froze for a moment, and said with a smile, "People who come to my place are of course here for pleasure."

"Mr. Bailey, you've let me down today." Matthew's tongue licked across his incisors, which made him look even more arrogant than Declan. He sounded fierce but had a calm look, "It's not what it used to be. Mr. Bailey, you have to be more cautious. Don't be played for a fool by someone and not even know it."

Declan's face changed, "What do you mean?"

He meant something other than what he said?

Matthew got up. Armand and Boyce also stood up.

His gaze was cold, "Mr. Bailey, he asked you to do such a simple small thing as catching a woman because it was inconvenient for him, or because he didn't dare to do it himself?"

Declan's eyes narrowed. What did he mean?

Jeffery was using him?

"Mr. Nelson, are you kidding me? He is your uncle. Instead of taking his side, you take mine. Do you think I will believe that?"

Jeffery was his uncle. Did he come to test him by uncovering Jeffery?

At this time, Declan didn't dare to believe Matthew's words. After all, he and Jeffery were on the same side.

"It's up to Mr. Bailey to believe it or not. I just can't bear to see anyone being used without knowing it again," he didn't say more, "Mr. Bailey, I'd like to thank you for your hospitality today."

"Please don't say that. Mr. Nelson, I didn't let you enjoy yourself today. Be sure to let me know in advance next time you come. I will definitely let Mr. Nelson have a good time."

Declan was a little distracted. If Matthew meant something in his words, then this was an obvious reminder.

And, he used the word again. What did he mean? Did someone else get used by Jeffery and didn't know it before him?

"Mr. Nelson, can you explain it to me?" he stood up and walked over, "Mr. Nelson, do you know something?"

Matthew said meaningfully, "Has Mr. Bailey heard about Eddie?"

"Although it was covered, everyone in the circle knew about it. He suddenly lost everything at his age. It was so bad ..." However, he soon realized something and felt that something was wrong. What did Matthew mean by suddenly mentioning Eddie?

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9 Times Meghan Markle Dressed Just Like Princess Diana

"So you're saying that Jeffery had something to do with what happened to Eddie?"

Matthew flicked his collar, which had no dust, and his expression and tone were both meaningful, "Did I say that? Mr. Bailey, don't give me any trouble."

Declan soon understood. Matthew had concerns. Jeffery was his uncle after all. How could he openly dig up dirt on him?

At this point, Armand butted in just in time, "Jeffery is old and nosy. He also wants to be in charge of other people's marriage, regardless of whether they like it or not. It's annoying for those old people to impose their ideas on others."

After hearing for so long, Armand finally understood. Matthew tried to turn Declan and Jeffery against each other and became suspicious of each other. He played both ends against the middle.

Just now Matthew had thrown out Eddie as bait. So now he had to give Declan a reason why Matthew told him about it so that he wouldn't be suspicious.

Jeffery forced Matthew to get married, so Matthew was unhappy with Jeffery. Then, he dug up dirt on Jeffery in front of Declan.

Matthew pretended to be unhappy and glanced at Armand, "No one would treat you like a mute if you didn't speak."

Armand lowered his head, "I'm telling the truth."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Bailey."

Declan gave a smile, "It's normal for you to be urged to get married at this age. Jeffery is your uncle. He cares about your marriage for your own good. It's unworthy for you to have a grudge over this."

He said this, but what he thought was not this. If, as Armand said, Jeffery had forced Matthew's marriage, it was possible for Matthew to be upset with him.

Matthew said in front of him that Eddie ended up like this because of Jeffery. Although it was a little mean to do so, it was possible. After all, Matthew was known in the circle like this. He had always been decisive and ruthless. If he suffered a loss, he would get it back in double.

Jeffery must have gone too far to annoy him.

After Matthew left, Declan called the manager in.

He was not a child and would not believe them just based on their words. He had to investigate it clearly before he could rest assured.

"You go and find out if Jeffery ever forced Matthew to marry any woman. Also, inquire if Eddie's affair has anything to do with Jeffery."

The manager said, "I'll do it as soon as I can."

Declan waved his hand impatiently, "Just go."

He hoped it wasn't true. If it was true ...

He repeatedly mumbled Jeffery's name. Jeffery used him? Did he think he was a pushover?

Walking out of the nightclub, Matthew glanced at Boyce, "I'll meet you at the office."

After that, he got into the car. Armand was gossipy and bumped Boyce's shoulder with his.

Then, he slightly raised his chin and looked at Jasmine who stood next to Boyce, "When did you guys know each other? Why didn't you tell us? You're afraid we'll steal her, huh?"

"Don't be ridiculous. I did it at someone's request." Boyce glared at Armand, "Why are you still here?"

Armand smiled and walked to the car. As he walked, he sized Jasmine up. Then he smacked his lips. This girl was too young. Boyce actually wanted to rob the cradle.

"Boyce is older but innocent. You should be good to him." Armand winked at Jasmine.

Chapter 487 This World is Wonderful

"What are you talking about?" Boyce pushed Armand away.

Armand waved his hand at Jasmine, "I'm leaving. You can let Boyce take you to play with us if you are free."

After that, before Boyce got angry, he quickly got into the car, and then quickly drove the car away.

Boyce stroked his forehead and explained, "Sorry, he just likes to talk nonsense."

Jasmine stood under the street light and turned her head to look at Boyce with a cold face, "I didn't take it personally. I appreciate what you just did. If it wasn't for you just now, I'm afraid ... Well, thank you very much, but I don't want to see you again in the future."

She shrugged and said, "Goodbye."

After saying that, she turned around and walked along the street. Originally, she had a good feeling about this mature and righteous man, but she didn't have a crush on him. It was his charm that made her feel comfortable.

But today they met for the second time on such an occasion. The good feeling she had for him when she first met him was gone after this meeting. He turned out to be a hypocrite, too.

Boyce frowned. What had he done wrong?

It wasn't that he couldn't accept this attitude of Jasmine. He just wanted to find out why she treated him with such antipathy. So, he caught up with her, "You don't have to thank me. Without your mother's request, I wouldn't have bothered with your business. There are so many people on the wrong path every day. How many of them can I stop? Everyone's life is their own choice."

Jasmine stopped and turned to look at him, "My mother asked you to do this?"

Her mother was the person she was most attached to and closest to in the world. Every time her mother was mentioned, it was always hard for her to hide the pain in her heart.

Although she acted calmly, she was still young after all. Even though she suffered a lot and became

mature early, she was too young in front of Boyce.

She thought she was calm enough. But in fact, her eyes had already betrayed her.

Boyce said indifferently, "Yes, she said it's hard for you to support yourself alone in this city, so she asked me to take care of you. Do you think I care about everything?"

After saying that, he raised his head, his dark eyes bright. His straight body looked imposing under the colorful light, "You are a girl, so be careful all the time. You won't have such good luck every time." After saying that, he paused for a moment, "I don't like people talking to me in a weird way."

Jasmine pursed her lips, trying to say sorry, but she couldn't say it. She could only stand in place with her hands clasped helplessly.

"Why did you come here?" Boyce asked.

He didn't mean anything. He just asked out of his sense of responsibility. He knew it wasn't easy for her to support herself as a college student who hadn't graduated yet. He promised her mother that he would help her out when she was in trouble, so he asked.

Jasmine bowed her head and said, "It's nothing."

Although she didn't have a job yet or a steady source of income and had to earn money by doing part-time jobs, she had her pride. She didn't want to show her distress in front of others.

Boyce didn't force her. Everyone had pride.

He reached out, "Do you have a cell phone?"

"What do you want?" Jasmine was defensive instinctively. She stared at him with wide, wary eyes.

Boyce let out a laugh, "If you were always this vigilant, you wouldn't have put yourself in such a predicament just now. I asked for your phone because I wanted you to save my number. You can call me when you're in trouble. Don't think too much about it. I don't mean anything. I just promised your mother and I don't want to break my promise to her."

Jasmine hesitated and didn't want to take out her phone. Boyce frowned, "You don't trust me?"

He hated to force people, "All right, be careful when you go back alone. I'm leaving."

After that, he strode across the street, ready to hail a taxi to the office. Matthew was waiting for him. He must have something to tell him.

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He didn't have time for this.

"Well, wait," Jasmine called out to him suddenly. Boyce turned around. The girl under the street light was thin, not very tall, and her skin was quite fair, but her eyes under her eyebrows made her as lively as a fairy.

"You can tell me your phone number. I can remember it."

Boyce then realized that she didn't mean to keep her phone out, but she probably didn't have one. After pondering for a while, he still gave her his phone number and said, "This world is wonderful and there are many temptations. It's up to you to choose what kind of path you want to take, but you must think clearly before you make your choice."

He didn't know this girl well. What he could do to help her was ultimately limited. Her future was up to her, so he could only give her advice.

At that moment, here came a taxi. He reached out to stop the taxi. After opening the door, he looked up at her, "Be careful."

After saying that, he bent down and sat in the car.

Jasmine stood at the roadside, watching the taxi drive away, and shouted, "I will remember that."

She didn't know if Boyce could hear her. She just wanted to tell him that out of courtesy.

Boyce heard her. But instead of lowering the window to give a response, he told the driver that he was going to WY Tower.

At this time, the financial business district became very quiet and not as tense and pressing as it was during the day. People on this street walked faster than usual during the day. But such a bustling place was also left with colorful neon lights flashing alone at night.

Boyce paid and got out of the car, stepped into the elevator, and went straight to the top floor.

Only the lights of Matthew's office were still on. He pushed the door and walked in.

Matthew stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window. The light from across the river threw a hazy glow over him. Armand sat on the couch, legs crossed, half-squinting his eyes to rest.

"Declan will definitely have someone investigate what I just said. You find someone to follow the people he sends out, and by the way, give him some clues from time to time."

Boyce knew what could and could not be found out by Declan. They just needed to convince Declan that Jeffery approached him to kidnap Victoria because he didn't want to get into trouble again.

And how to make him believe it lay in letting him know that Jeffery had something to do with Eddie ending up in this situation.

Almost everyone knew about Jeffery and Eddie's relationship. They were very close. If Eddie's downfall was related to Jeffery, Declan might be convinced that Jeffery was using him.

By then, the dog-eat-dog show would be great.

"Leave it to me." Boyce had already thought about it. It wasn't hard to give some fake news to Declan's men.

Matthew's voice was flat, "Well, be careful. Don't let him find out."

"Understood," Boyce said.

He sat on the couch and looked at Matthew's back, wanting to say something but ultimately saying nothing. He was about to ask Matthew if they should show Jeffery any mercy. After all, it had something to do with Dolores.

However, once he thought about Dolores' departure, he seemed to understand why she left. She probably just didn't want Matthew to feel embarrassed about her relationship with Jeffery.

Since they had all made their decisions, he shouldn't say anything more.

"You guys just go back," Matthew standing in front of the floor-to-ceiling window said indifferently.

Chapter 488 I Miss You

Armand Bernie and Boyce Shawn looked at each other, saying again almost at the same time, "You can't fall asleep even if you go back now, the sleepiness has gone already, why not let's have a drink together?"

Getting drunk made someone sleep easier.

Their thought was too obvious, Matthew Nelson knew what they were thinking of when they just started to talk. It seemed that Matthew wanted to get drunk also, so he agreed.

Coming out from the company, they went to find a quieter bar together in one car.

They had ordered two bottles of imported spirits and a fruit plate.

The yellow light brightened the whole private room, the air-conditioner under the roof was blowing the cold air slowly.

Armand poured the liquor, he looked up and glanced at Boyce, "We're friends, but you're so mean."

Boyce glanced at Armand coldly, for this person, Boyce knew what he was thinking in his mind.

Without waiting him to speak, Boyce had explained, "Don't think too much, that girl is too young, I'm not interested. I will be punished for finding a girl who is so young."

Boyce looked at Matthew when he talked, he then purposely asked, "Right?"

Matthew narrowed his eyes, he felt a bit annoyed listening to this sentence, he drank and his tone was a bit cold, "I'm in a bad mood."

It seemed like he was giving Boyce a warning that he didn't have the mood to joke and not to mention about Dolores Flores in front of him.

When he listened of this name now, he felt the chest tightness which made him almost can't breathe. He missed her so much, he didn't even dare to go back to the bungalow. When he stayed alone, he couldn't fall asleep, so he could only numb himself by doing endless work to make himself have no time to think about her.

Boyce sighed, "Both of you seem to be so upset, even I, am afraid of being in a relationship now. Why can't you guys set a good example for me?"

They had given him a psychic trauma.

"Don't envy him." Armand sat beside him and flung the arm around his neck with a serious face, "To be honest, that girl looks very pretty, don't be insatiable."

“Really don’t think too much.” Boyce was going to suffer from heart attack under Armand’s torture, was it that he would think about that aspect every time when there was a woman beside him?

He was just entrusted by someone, he didn’t have other thought.

“She is just at her first year in university, if I were to... Is it crazy?” Boyce took away Armand’s arm which was around his neck, “I will find someone who is about the same age with me, if I were to coax a wimpy kid every day, does it mean that I marry a woman or raise a daughter?”

Armand lied lazily on the couch, looking at Boyce’s eyes which seemed like going to tear him apart and swallow him, so that he wouldn’t be here and irritate Boyce.

“About the same age with you? Your subordinates are eligible. All the people around you are males, rarely you can meet a female, but you’re still being so fake. Being fake is okay, but does finding a young girl irritate you?”

Although Armand wasn’t older than Matthew, but Theresa Gordon wasn’t older than Dolores as well. To calculate it, Armand and Matthew were both having an age difference of about seven to eight years old with their wives.

They were adult already and they knew what a relationship was, when they could kiss with someone, their wives were still in primary school.

Now they were almost thirty years old, but their wives were just twenty something, still young and youthful.

Did he mean that they were having May-December relationships?

“Armand, I realize that you’re talking without having to think?” Boyce frowned, he thought that Boyce was such a jerk.

Boyce really wished that Theresa would come back and deal with this bastard, if not he would be out of control.

“Boyce, let’s make a bet. If you find a young one, you will wear a bra on the wedding night and stand on the table dancing for me, are you dare?”

Boyce didn’t want to talk to him, he was too bored to make a meaningless bet with Armand.

“You don’t dare?” Armand poured the liquor.

“I’m just don’t want to talk to you.”

“You don’t dare.”

“You’re so annoying.”

“You’re just afraid if you really like that first-year student, so you don’t dare to make a bet with me!”

“No!”

“Then why don’t you bet with me?”

Boyce looked at Armand, he was in a bad mood, “I don’t want to bet with you because I think this is meaningless.”

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Armand moved near him, "What do you think is meaningful?"

He looked at Boyce's lower part, Boyce didn't have a girlfriend before. He understood well that a man would have sexual desire since puberty, he must already have the sexual desire at this age.

Armand was curious, how did Boyce settle it normally.

"I don't believe that you didn't have the desire before."

Boyce laughed coldly, "You think that everyone is the same as you? You're shameless."

"I'm behaving normal, but you're abnormal."

"Nonsense, you're not behaving normal, you just want to mate."

"How can you talk in this way?" Armand took the liquor and forced it into his mouth, "Let's wash your mouth, so that you can talk properly next time."

"Begone... Uh, damn you, Armand——" Armand was really forcing the liquor into his mouth, the liquor which was not swallowed was flowing down his neck, making the smell all over his body.

Boyce pushed Armand away and pulled his collar, he wiped his neck and his eyes looked fiercely at Armand, "Let me tell you, you're just lacking self-control, it's not normal okay? Is being promiscuous considered normal? Armand, have some respect to yourself, if you're still behaving like this and don't want to change, Theresa will definitely abandon you."

Armand's face had changed once Boyce mentioned about Theresa, Boyce was really aiming on his wound and stabbing it.

"Can you don't rub salt into my wound?"

He was just being promiscuous before he was in a relationship with Theresa. He was doing wrong about the matter related to Phoebe Lewis, he was not being honest enough with Theresa, hence causing a misunderstanding which had hurt her.

During these few months when Theresa had left, he was living in sorrow and trouble, the scene that Theresa disappeared in the fire appeared in his mind during every night when he couldn't sleep.

He had woken up with a start from his dream for many times.

The atmosphere in the room became silent because of Boyce mentioning about Theresa. Without the noises from Armand and Boyce, even the air was freezing with boredom.

For the two bottles of liquor ordered just now, Matthew had drunk one bottle while another bottle was empty already. He felt that he hadn't drunk enough, but the liquor had finished already, so he asked the waiter to send another two.

Boyce didn't stop him, just drinking. There was no one talking, they just kept on drinking without eating anything.

These two bottles were soon finished, Boyce didn't drink too much, so he was still conscious. However, Armand and Matthew had drunk too much, they were half-lying on the couch, the room was

full of liquor smell.

Although he was not drunk, but he drank a lot too, so for sure he couldn't drive. He could only give Abbott Baron a call to let him come and fetch them.

They brought two of the men who were drunk into the car one by one, then sent them home.

They had sent Matthew first. The bodyguards outside the bungalow were withdrawn after Dolores left, so there was only Coral staying alone in the bungalow.

Seeing that Matthew was drunk, Coral immediately made a cup of honey water for him after Boyce and Abbott left.

The light was not switched on in the dim room, the window was not tightly closed, the wind was blowing the curtain sometimes.

Coral served the honey water beside the bed and asked, "Drink some water..."

"Get out." Coral was interrupted when she hadn't even finished talking.

The man that Boyce thought that he was drunk and unconscious, was talking in a clear voice now.

Coral put the honey water on the table and sighed, she turned and walked outside, then closed the door.

There was a tall person lying on the stomach in the large bed, one side of his face sank in the pillow. With his head facing on one side, he looked at the empty place beside him, it was the place where Dolores slept before.

He stretched his arm, seemed like he wanted to feel her warmth when she was here, but the place that he could reach with his fingers was cold.

His heart had also become cold, the fingers on the blanket curled up tightly and slowly, the blanket was folded and became messy soon in his hand.

He buried his face in the pillow, his hoarse voice was full of sadness, "I miss you."

Initially he thought that he wouldn't think of her anymore by getting drunk, but the more he was getting drunk, his mind became clearer. His mind was full of Dolores's looks, how was she now?

How were their children?

Meanwhile at City C. _____

Chapter 489 A Whole New Person

Meanwhile at City C.

Dolores had poured a cup of water when she woke up during the night due to thirst, but she couldn't fall asleep anymore after drinking the water and got back to the bed, so she directly woke up and took a book to read while sitting at the bedside.

She was sleeping alone in the room, the two children were sleeping in another rooms, so she didn't have to worry that she might disturb them. The place she lived was not a detached house, it was a residential area with great environment and facilities, and it was quiet. There was one unit at each floor, the area was neither too big nor small, it was one hundred and sixty square meters with four bedrooms, two bathrooms, a kitchen and a living room.

When Theresa was back, she would also stay here. Dolores was the one who had asked Theresa to stay here because Theresa was hurt before, there were more people staying here and could avoid her from staying alone and thinking too much, the four bedrooms were just enough for them to stay.

There was a bookshelf being placed at the right side of the window in her bedroom, it was full of books. The books were not related to fashion design, they were China's cultural history books. As a powerful country with history of five thousand years, the ancestors had left uncountable intangible cultural heritages which were profound.

Some of these books were related to embroideries.

There were many types of embroideries, like hands embroidery, seeding embroidery, gold thread embroidery, double-sided embroidery and so on. She had noticed in the past, but she didn't research deep into these, now she realized that these things were so beautiful after she calmed down.

Especially the traditional culture of the country, in which the red color gave a good symbol and meaning.

She had read a paragraph of article talking about the ancient marriage in a book, she was so attracted to the wedding dress inside.

The wedding dress, 'gown' which was popular nowadays, was the first choice of most young couples.

It was white and clean, representing the purity of love.

In fact, this wasn't the implied meaning at the beginning, it was the explanation given by the people at later time. The origin of gown could be traced back to the Roman times, because during that time,

white color symbolized joy, it was that simple and just similar to our country in which red color was the color of joy.

Visually, Dolores felt that red color could represent more joyful and lively atmosphere.

Red color was full of enthusiasm, as bright as the fire, deep but hot. She felt that this could reflect more of the feeling than gown when someone got married, it was positive and enthusiastic, some more it brought the curiosity of the future.

From her thought, this was the feeling when getting married, looking forward and being curious of the future, with enthusiasm as well.

This time, she had created a series of wedding dress with a total of twelve pieces. All of the designs were made referring to the ancient wedding dress, combining with some modern elements, every dress have different patterns, the embroidery was different as well, but the main fabric was the same.

The combination of Tea silk with different embroideries as well as the combination of ancient wedding dress with modern elements, giving a whole new design and symbol, she had named this series as Modern Chinese.

She found out that the modern Chinese interior design was popular recently in the country, so it meant that the people were still having deep affections to the things that were left by the ancestors.

She not only wanted to let Tea silk come back into people's sights again, but she also wanted to expand this culture to other places as well. She had the connections, it wasn't difficult for her to have a fashion show at international level. What she wanted to do now, was to make this series perfect and she must make it shine in the international arena.

She had faced a lot of problems during the process of making, she was researching about these

recently. Although she was a bit tired, but her life was enriched. Sometimes when she was free, she would miss that person as well, but she had spent more time in researching and solving the problems. She would keep on repeating the experiment, the designs would also be changed as the patterns changed, so the time had passed quickly.

This night was still the same, she had fallen asleep in the bed when reading the book, the book was still in her hand.

She hadn't woken up even at daybreak.

The two children had become more independent now, they could wear their clothes, wash their faces and brush their teeth by themselves without the help from others.

Theresa had taken a look at Dolores in the morning, she knew that Dolores had stayed up late reading the books again, so she didn't wake her up. Theresa was wearing a slip long dress which was loose, she didn't comb her hair intentionally, so the thick hair was a bit messy, but she looked pretty with the indolence. She went to the kitchen and prepared the breakfast, they had ordered the milk for breakfast which would be delivered on time at seven o'clock, the milk was fresh without adding any additives and was healthier. It was better to have the milk without any flavor processing.

She was frying the eggs while putting the toasts into the toaster, the two kids who had woken up came inside and said that they wanted to help her.

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Theresa frowned, "What you guys can do?"

“Help you to prepare the breakfast?” Amanda stretched her arms and wanted to help Theresa to fry the eggs. Theresa didn’t wish to disappoint them seeing that they were so enthusiastic, but she couldn’t let them do the dangerous things, so she had let them do the tasks that they could, “Amanda, help me to take the milk from the door, Andrew helps to make the toasts.”

Amanda was very active, she ran outside with her short legs, while Andrew stood in front of the toaster, looking at the back of Theresa who was cutting the fruits and he asked, “Theresa, I feel like seeing a different person every time when I see you.”

Theresa’s looks had changed, although her name was also Theresa, but she looked different from the past and her voice was not the same as before.

Her voice cords were injured during the explosion, her looks and voice had changed, so Andrew felt that he couldn’t adapt to this Theresa.

Theresa didn’t turn, she put the cut fruits in a plate and asked, “Do I look prettier now or before?”

Andrew rested his chin on the hand while thinking with the serious face, “If just looking at your face, now it looks more delicate, but I still prefer your looks in the past, you looked more cordial.”

Theresa had become colder now, she was not as lively as before, calling her Theresa made him feel like calling another person.

Theresa put the fried eggs onto the plate, she turned and glanced at Andrew, “Are you praising me, or talking bad about me?”

“Of course I’m praising you, looking nice or bad was just the appearance, you’re beautiful only if you’re kind-hearted. In the past, Theresa looked beautiful, and the heart was more beautiful.”

“Little boy, you’ve become more and more honey-tongued, don’t boast.”

Andrew giggled, "I'm telling the truth." He had soon changed the topic, "Theresa, can I give you a suggestion?"

"Hmm?"

Theresa turned off the heat, the sunny eggs were done. She turned and leaned against the stove, then she looked at Andrew and asked, "What suggestion?"

"I feel that the current Theresa is not Theresa."

Theresa frowned, "Little boy, what do you mean?"

"No, don't worry, let me finish my words first." Andrew explained anxiously, his voice sounded eager.

This time Theresa had calmed down, she crossed her arms and waited for him to continue talking patiently, she wanted to see what this little boy could tell.

"I think that Theresa may be considered as renaissance, not only changing the looks and voice, I think that the name can be changed as well, so this will make a whole new 'person'."

Then he and his sister wouldn't feel awkward calling her again.

Every time when calling Theresa, he would hesitate for a while.

Theresa was lost in thought, what this little boy said was a bit true. Now there was only her name which was related to the past, but her looks were totally different from the past.

She was a whole new person, she should really consider changing her name.

“I’m counting on you to get this done, help me to think of a nice and charming name.” Theresa lifted her chin up toward Andrew.

Chapter 490 He Was Blessed by the Heavens

“What task to give a name to whom?” Amanda brought out milk and put it on the table in the room.

She vaguely heard what Theresa said and blinked her large round eyes as she asked, “What are you guys whispering about when I’m not here?”

Theresa reached out her hand and pinched her face, “You cheeky little girl, why are you such a busybody?”

“Ouch, it hurts...” the little girl flashed her white and bright little teeth while she frowned. It didn’t actually hurt as Theresa was just messing with her and wasn’t really using any force, but the little girl was good at acting.

Theresa laughed, “You will be a good drama actress in the future.”

“I will be famous in no time, judging on how I look,” said Amanda, she looked a bit troubled, “What if too many people like me?”

Theresa was speechless.

She looked up and stared at the ceiling silently. Who was the one who taught this child to be so narcissistic?

“Yeah yeah, you have to eat now as you still have classes later.” Theresa brought the breakfast to the table and placed it in front of them. She opened the lid for the milk which was on the table and put it

next to the food tray. She urged, "Eat faster. I'll send you guys over later."

Andrew shook his head, "It's close by, we can go on our own. You don't have to send us. Also, did our mom go to bed late last night again?"

His kindergarten was around the area, he didn't need to go far. It had been a month since kindergarten started and he was familiar with the route already.

Theresa nodded, "Yeah, your mother wants to be a superwoman."

"After I get back from school, I need to tell her to not work herself so hard and not rest. She can not care about herself, but she has to care for the baby. I cannot let my brother or sister being unable to come to the world safely."

Amanda talked as she ate and her speech was unclear as she had food in her mouth, but Theresa understood what she was saying. She felt melancholic, she knew what happened to Dolores as they had a long talk when she first came back.

She was surprised by her new identity and lamented the god of destiny that made fools of the people. She envied the relationship between Dolores and Matthew. They went through a lot to get together, and now...

She lowered her eyes, trying not to show her emotions in front of the children.

"How about I call you Renee?" said Andrew all of a sudden.

Theresa and Amanda were taken aback, they looked at him in puzzlement.

Andrew sighed and shook his head, he thought that adults nowadays were not reliable. He said helplessly, "Theresa, you said you want me to give you a new name. Do you not remember?"

Amanda's eyes were wide open, "Theresa, you want my brother to give you a new name? Are you serious? He only knows how to eat."

Theresa chuckled at what they said, she slapped her head lightly, "Let's not shoot your brother down so soon. Let's see his reasoning behind the name. If he cannot give me a good reason, then I'm not going to use it."

"Okay." Amanda nodded. She was a bit jealous, her brother was more popular with the teachers in the kindergarten, and now Theresa asked him to give her a new name. She felt a bit left out.

"In my heart, you are like a reborn Phoenix. Strong, beautiful and yet tender. The name 'Renée' is the French form of the late Roman name 'Renatus' and the meaning is reborn or born again, so the name 'Renee' is very suitable for you, Theresa."

He knew that Theresa got hurt very badly before. Her face looked different now because of that incident and yet she still lived on strongly. She was always lively and happy in front of him and his sister, but he knew that she had to be hurt inside. Nobody wouldn't not care about their looks.

Not to mention a woman. She was still pretty, but she didn't look as spiritual and kind as before. This was something that she couldn't regain.

Amanda lowered her head and ate quietly after hearing what her brother said. She didn't say anything else.

Her brother was indeed lovable.

She shouldn't be jealous. She decided to follow in her brother footsteps instead in the future. Her brother was very knowledgeable.

Theresa was surprised, she wasn't expecting Andrew to give her a good reason and even have a message behind the new name. This child was a genius. And why were they teaching them poems in kindergarten already?

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

No Wonder She's Always In The Top 10 Of These Lists

A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

"An...Andrew, did your teacher teach you that?"

Andrew shook his head, "My teacher would never. They would only teach us stuff like 1 plus 1 equal to 2. They think we are stupid. I wouldn't go to kindergarten if it wasn't for mom, it's a waste of time."

Theresa was even more confused. He learnt something the teacher didn't teach in class, meaning that he learnt it on his own.

Amazing.

"Renee. So we will call you Aunt Renee from now on, is that okay?" Andrew's bright eyes were wide open, his refined yet childish face looked serious as he waited for an answer from Theresa.

Theresa accepted his suggestion. She thought that the child was thoughtful. She was still curious how did he come up with the idea.

“Can you tell me where did you read this poem?”

“In mom’s room. She has a lot of books and I accidentally come across this one. Mom doesn’t even know what it means. She looked it up and didn’t close the tab, and so I accidentally saw it on her tablet. That’s why I know the meaning behind it.”

Theresa felt relieved. He had talents with numbers at such a tender age, he would be abnormal if he had talent with ancient poems as well.

He was blessed by the heavens to have such a good brain.

The children finished their breakfast and Theresa sent them to kindergarten. Dolores woke up when Theresa came home. Theresa had a rash guard on when she went out just now, she took it off when she got back. “You must be hungry, I’ll go make you something.”

“No need, I can make something myself.” Dolores took out some rice while Theresa cleaned up the table, “Dolores, I changed my name.”

Dolores looked at her oddly, changed her name?

“Why did you suddenly change your name?”

“Your son said that I reincarnated. My face and my voice changed, and I should change my name too...”

“What nonsense is that child spouting...”

“Dolores, listen.” Theresa interrupted her. Her face and her tone of voice were serious as if she was

trying to tell Dolores that she wasn't joking, "I think Andrew is right. I'm a new me right now, and I really like the name he suggested."

Dolores grimaced. He was still a child, he wouldn't know how to name someone.

It would be awful if he suggested a bad name, "Theresa..."

"Does Renee sound good?" Theresa interrupted Dolores again. She knew what Dolores was going to say. Dolores had to think that Andrew was still a child and wouldn't know how to give someone a name.

"It's nice, isn't it? Are you surprised as well that your son can give me such a nice name?" Theresa observed the change in Dolores' expression. Dolores was surprised, but she regained her normal expression quickly.

"I already promised your son. He would call me Renee from now on." It was not often that Theresa smiled so brightly. Dolores hugged her and was happy that she was happy.

It was just a name, no big deal.

Dolores finished her breakfast. They then changed and was about to go to the workshop. Oscar gave her an Alphard, a top-grade MPV. The outside and the interior of the car were high quality. Dolores didn't want to accept the gift initially, she wanted to buy herself a car. An MPV would be convenient to bring her children around. It was spacious and comfortable, the children would have a lot of room behind too.

But Oscar threatened her to take it, otherwise, he wouldn't help her anymore in the future.

Dolores had to accept his offer as she still needed his help. She wasn't familiar with the area and hence she still needed Oscar to help her, especially when it came to buying stuff.

The embroidery masters she needed were also all scouted by Oscar. If she had to do it herself, who knew how long it would take.

Theresa was the driver and Dolores sat in the backseat. She sat by the window. The sun wasn't too strong and the car window had sunscreen films. It wasn't too bright and she could look outside. They passed by this road many times and Dolores was familiar with the scenery now. She leaned back and caressed the small bump on her abdomen with her hand. The traffic light turned red and she stared at the pedestrians walking by on the street. She subconsciously glanced at one of the high rise buildings and the news on the large screen caught her attention. More accurately, the word "WY Group" on the large screen caught her attention. _____

Chapter 491 Have Peace in My Heart

The news was talking about how a big company in C city was acquired by WY Group from City B overnight. There was a stir.

The scrolling pictures suddenly showed Matthew getting out of a car in front of the WY Group building. It was only his side profile, but she could see the clear outline of his face. It was three-dimensional and even through the screen, she could feel the wintriness extruding from his.

"This is the first appearance of the president of WY Group after acquiring NL Group. He is currently not accepting any interviews and hence we wouldn't be able to find out more about this acquisition."

The pictures were all taken in secret. Matthew rejected all interviews and hence there were no pictures of him from the front.

Dolores lowered the car window and tried to listen more carefully to the news and see it more clearly on the screen. Her hands were on the car door and she looked attentively at the screen. The pictures changed very quickly and now the person in charge of NL Group appeared on the screen. He looked

dispirited and had stubbles all over his chin. He looked crestfallen.

Theresa was focusing on the traffic light in front of her and didn't notice that Dolores was looking at something. The red light turned green and she started the car.

The screen was quickly covered up by the other large buildings, and Dolores couldn't see it anymore.

She pulled her hand back and rolled up her body into a small ball. She bit her lips and her sharp teeth poked through her lips. It was going to bleed but it seemed like she couldn't feel any pain. She just wanted to suppress her longing which was roaring inside of her, but she wasn't able to control her emotions well.

The feeling of loneliness. She wanted to cry but he wasn't by her side to comfort her. She could only swallow her emotions.

She opened her eyes and tried to hold back the tears that were going to fall.

After a while, the car stopped in front of the building. The workshop was on the third floor.

Oscar's car was parked on the side. Theresa peeked at it when she got out of the car. She reached out her hand and opened the door to the backseat. She said, "He sure is diligent, coming here every day."

Dolores managed to calm herself down, but the stormy emotions in her hadn't completely disappeared yet. She felt more complicated hearing about his news right now than when she left one month ago.

Who said that time would heal everything?

Why was she missing him more than before?

Time wasn't able to heal all wounds.

"Dolores?" Theresa called out to her seeing that she wasn't getting out of the car.

Dolores snapped out of it and looked up, she smiled awkwardly, "I'm getting old, it's easy to lose myself in my thoughts nowadays."

Theresa smiled and didn't say anything. She knew why Dolores was spacing out.

Dolores got out of the car and they walked into the building together. They got into the lift and arrived on the third floor. Everyone was at work already. 11 embroidery masters, they all lived in this building. The building had 4 floors, the third floor was a workshop, the second was for weaving and the fourth floor was for accommodation. The first floor was left empty.

Oscar was the one who got her the place. The environment was nice and the rent wasn't too high, it was still affordable for her.

Oscar seemed to have a growing interest in embroidery. When they walked in, he was sitting in front of one of the masters, watching him as he used a golden thread to embroider a phoenix and a peony.

This master was one of the special ones amongst the 11 of them. Talented embroiders were usually older women, but he was a twenty-something years old young man. His face was fair and his facial features were refined. His hands were as delicate as women's, they were slender and nimble. His embroideries always looked alive, his needles were always accurate and he could produce an exquisite work of art.

Oscar stared at his fingers as he worked, he clicked his tongue, "It's unfortunate."

He didn't realize that those two were behind him.

Therese glanced at him, "What's so unfortunate?"

Indeed, what was so unfortunate?"

Oscar was lost in his thoughts and jumped in surprised upon hearing Theresa. He looked up and was frantic, "You, when did you get here? Why did you walk so quietly?"

Theresa clicked her tongue, "It's not that I walked quietly, you were just deaf. Also, what's so unfortunate?"

She immediately thought that something was embroidered incorrectly, and hence she lowered her head to look at the embroidery. The blooming peony was embroidered with golden threads, the man was making a breast wrap and if something went wrong he had to redo everything.

Time and money would be wasted.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Kylie Jenner's Most Expensive Outfits: How Much She Spent?

The Transformation Of Denise Richards Over The Past 50 Years

Oscar sighed, "It's unfortunate that he's a man."

Such elegance, he would've been a graceful woman.

Theresa was speechless.

"Say that again and I won't work for you again no matter how much you'll pay me," said Ashton Howard coldly. He didn't even look up.

Because of his looks and his profession, people tended to talk bad about him. People often called him a sissy. He hated people like that and wasn't good at building a relationship with other people. He didn't have many friends and was often alone.

"Sorry, there's no next time," Oscar quickly apologized. Dolores liked this master a lot. The twelve pieces in the grand finale were embroidered by him, he couldn't afford to say something that would make him leave.

Theresa looked at Oscar all amused. He was older than her, but he would always act like a child. He was always smiling and liked to dress fashionably as well.

"Where's Dolores?" Oscar glanced at the car. He asked Theresa as Dolores wasn't around.

She would come every day without fail.

Theresa walked to the table and tidied up the papers, she said, "She might be on the second floor."

She didn't see where Dolores went.

But if she wasn't on the third floor, she would be on the second floor.

Oscar put on his glasses, "I'll go look for her."

Theresa looked at him and teased him, "What, do you think you're cool for putting on sunglasses indoors?"

Oscar pushed his glasses and asked, "Am I handsome?"

"Sure," Theresa said out of courtesy.

Dolores was indeed on the second floor. Most of the workers worked in cloth weaving factories before, but they never handled this type of fabric before, that was why she was supervising. All the hard work from before would be voided if mistakes were made here.

Though there were improvements in the past few days, the items were less flawed.

Dolores was wearing a loose yellow dress and a pair of white flats. She was lean and slender, the loose dress hid her abdomen and one couldn't tell that she was 3 months pregnant.

She stood in front of the weaving machine and bent over to check if the fabric was good enough. Oscar walked over and said, "Leave the work here to me. Don't micromanage everything, aren't you tired?"

"No," answered Dolores. She didn't even look up. She took out a roll of fabric and put it against the light. It appeared to be fine and even. She then glanced at Oscar briefly, "You don't know about this, how can I leave it to you?"

Oscar thought that it was reasonable. He didn't know anything about this. But he didn't understand why Dolores wanted to take on such a hard job, "You should remember that the entire JK belongs to you. Just say something, and everything can be taken over. You don't have to do much at all, just hire others to do it. You don't have to work so hard."

She had more than enough money. Why wouldn't she relax and spend more time with her children?

Why did she want to work herself to the bones?

And she was pregnant. Why was she torturing herself?

Dolores looked at Oscar seriously, "Those are not my money, so I won't use..."

"But your parents left you the money..."

"I have never even met them." Dolores interrupted Oscar. If she could choose her fate, she would rather be born into a normal family. They didn't need to be too wealthy, as long as her parents were healthy and alive. She wanted to grow up in a warm and complete family.

She looked at Oscar and said in a serious tone, "I'm not doing this for money nor fame. I just want to have peace in my heart." _____ Chapter 492 Didn't Her Husband Feel Sorry

Victoria had passed away and she couldn't change this fact.

The only thing she could do was to carry forward the Forbis family's Gambiered Canton Gauze and return it to its original glory.

It shouldn't have had to disappear from this world because of that one person.

Perhaps, only by doing this her heart could feel better.

Oscar frowned. He didn't understand what she meant and Dolores also didn't want to explain it to him.

The matter was too complicated and wasn't going to be explained in a few words, so she said to him playfully, "Uncle, don't frown. It will get stuck like that."

Oscar liked others to praise him for being handsome and young. Dolores's words successfully amused him, "Let's ask everyone to go out for a meal tonight. I will make the arrangements, how about that?"

As if afraid that Dolores might refuse, he hurriedly added, "This XF textile mill is also on the right track. Although it is small in scale, it is developing steadily. This should be celebrated. What do you think?"

Dolores didn't want to dampen Oscar's hospitality, so she said, "Okay, you arrange it."

"That's more like it. These workers should not only be paid appropriately, but should be shown these kinds of things so they will work even harder." Oscar said in a low voice in Dolores's ear.

Although he looked like a sloppy fool all day, he actually was still somewhat capable. It was just that his personality was like this.

Everyone got off work at five o'clock in the evening. There were as few as eleven people on the third floor and around twenty on the second floor, making a total of thirty. Oscar had arranged three tables in a top-class restaurant and everyone was very happy.

The two children were also brought over and now they were sitting next to her and Theresa. Dolores had handed over all matters of socializing to Oscar, she couldn't socialize when it came to such occasions.

On her table, most of the people were from the third floor. Most of the women present did not drink. Theresa placed the opened white wine in front of Ashton, "If you want to drink then help yourself, no formalities. There are all women here and no one can accompany you. You can have a couple of drinks by yourself, but don't get drunk. No one will care about you if you are drunk."

Ashton spoke little and didn't like to drink. He raised his head to look at Theresa and then put the wine back, "I don't want to delay tomorrow's work."

Theresa raised her eyebrows but didn't say anything.

The other two tables were not quiet anymore. Oscar had made the atmosphere very lively and men over there naturally wanted to drink.

Andrew offered some dishes to Dolores, "Mommy, eat more."

She had already been pregnant for three months and had not gained any weight.

He was losing his head with worry.

Dolores smiled and patted her son's head feeling like the child had not been raised in vain. No matter how much hardship she went through, it was all worth it. God had given her such a great present.

Amanda was not to be outdone and served the food on Dolores's dinner plate, "Mommy, eat more. It will make the baby grow quickly."

She was not jealous of her brother. She was going to have to follow her elder brother around to be

able to learn a lot in the future.

“If I eat a lot and become fat and ugly. Won’t you despise me when I take you to school?”

She had read a parenting article in a magazine. She couldn’t remember the specific name of the magazine, but a specific example told in it was still fresh in her memory. It was a story about a working mother. Her work was not extremely hard, she just needed to go to the workshop and usually her mother-in-law picked up her child from school. Once the mother-in-law had something to do and couldn’t go to pick up the child. So, she had no choice but to take one hour off from her work to pick up the child. Because she was in a hurry, she wore the factory uniform that must be worn in the workshop. The factory produced machinery and used motor oil, which was hard to avoid from getting on to the uniform when working there.

She just appeared like that at the kindergarten to pick up her son.

While sitting in the car, the son said to his mother, “Can you wear cleaner clothes when you come to pick me up in the future?”

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

Angelina Jolie Health Struggles - Talk About A Dramatic Change

Some people would say that this child was being a snob, but some of the experts actually said that the more the children cared about someone the more they would ask from them.

The child talked about cleanliness, not that she had to wear luxurious clothes but just clean clothes. The figure of a mother was the symbol of home in the eyes of a few-year-old child. If one didn’t even care about one’s appearance, then how tidy the house could be?

A woman who loved to be clean and knew how to dress herself, not only she would be self-confident in herself but her children would also be confident and have the courage to behave that way.

“Mommy is beautiful. Mommy won’t look ugly even if she is fat.” In the eyes of Andrew and Amanda, there mommy was the most beautiful.

They had grown so much but had never seen her fat.

Dolores smiled and patted their heads.

“Did your husband not come?” An embroidery master asked suddenly.

Dolores usually showed up at XF textile mill and the two children also visited on Sundays, but they had never seen her husband.

She was curious about her husband and asked. A woman who was working and trying to make a living, with two children and also pregnant, didn’t her husband feel sorry?

Although, Dolores didn’t really look obviously pregnant, but the older experienced women could see it at a glance.

Everyone seemed to be interested in this question and turned their eyes towards Dolores.

Dolores was stunned for a while, her mind in chaos. She didn’t know how to answer that question.

Theresa hurriedly smiled and smoothed things over, “Her husband is not in the city. He is very busy with work so he couldn’t come back in time.”

“Daddy doesn’t even know we are here, right?” Amanda missed her father and didn’t even want to eat.

As soon as Theresa finished explaining, Amanda said this and the atmosphere at the table suddenly became awkward.

It was clear that someone had lied, but the people believed the child more.

“If we are having a dinner then just eat. Why do you have to ask so much?” Ashton said coldly, “They say women love to gossip, it is not false. Even a meal is not peaceful.”

There was something in his words that insinuated an attack on the person who started this topic. His words were not implicit, so she naturally understood and was not forgiving, “What do you mean? I was just asking out of concern. She is pregnant and has two children. I never saw her husband appear, so I just asked casually. Why does that make me a gossip woman?”

“You want to pry into her private matters.” Ashton’s gaze was cold as he stared directly at the woman who was talking. “Aren’t you just curious if she is divorced or whether someone else has interfered in the marriage? Aren’t you curious about the gossip?”

Indeed, she did think so. In a normal family, no matter how strong the woman was, the husband was bound to be seen with her sometimes.

Dolores stood up, fearing that it might become noisy and unpleasant. After all, everyone worked together and conflicts were bound to affect the work, which she didn’t want to see.

She smiled generously at everyone, “Everyone here is a colleague. There is no need to get worked up with anger to avoid being embarrassed. The thing about my husband is that we don’t really live together now. It is not a relationship problem; it is a household problem. So, we have decided to take time and calm down. Thank you so much for your concern about me. Thank you very much for putting your trust in me and for supporting me. I can’t drink so I will use juice instead. I toast to all of you.”

Charles, who had come there to discuss business, came down from the private room upstairs. When he was passing the lounge, he heard Dolores's voice. At first, he thought he had misheard and it was just his own imagination. But as his gaze turned towards the source, it was indeed her.

She was so conspicuous, standing there in the crowd.

Charles frowned. If she wasn't in City B, then why was she standing here? _____

Chapter 493 I Coveted Someone's Wife

After seeing Charles White looking at Dolores Flora, Chester Powell who was discussing business with him lowered his head and asked, "Do you know her?"

Charles shook his head and said, "No."

It wasn't like Charles wanted to deny their relationship on purpose, he just didn't want to let Chester know about the relationship between him and Dolores. They were discussing business. He didn't want to expose his private life to others.

He calmly ordered Tom, "Let's go."

Tom had a look at Dolores and lowered his head to look at Charles. He sighed in his heart. He followed him every day. How could he still not know what Charles was thinking?

The colder his face, the hotter his heart.

Dolores was focused on relieving the awkward atmosphere. She didn't notice Charles's appearance.

She put down the cup of juice that she had finished and looked at everyone, "We all come from different places but now we are meeting at this place. I think it is all about fate. I hope we can get along with each other."

"Of course. Just now I was the one who offended you. I asked what I shouldn't ask." The woman who started the question immediately replied.

She was just curious at first and she didn't want to make enemies with anyone. Dolores was right, everyone was going to work together. If they really argued badly, they were going to be awkward as they were going to meet frequently.

"Come, let's us drink a toast by tea. We are not going to talk about the past. Sometimes, we would even bite our own tongue. We would definitely have some conflict. However, after drinking this cup of tea, this matter is over. We are still good colleagues." Theresa Gordon raised her cup of tea first. She raised her cup and clinked the cup with the others. Dolores and Theresa had said all these words. No one would still talk about this matter.

After finish eating, Oscar helped Dolores to say some words to everyone. He wanted to thank everyone and also hope that everyone could stay unite and get along with each other.

Compared to the other bosses, they were considered very approachable. They only came to work for only a short period of time but they had a gathering dinner together. Everyone was very satisfied. They were also willing to work with responsibility. Their salary was not too little and no one wouldn't dislike money.

After the gathering dinner was done, everyone was sent back by Oscar. Dolores and Theresa brought the kids and left through the door at the back.

It seemed like this gathering dinner didn't take much time. It was completely dark outside. When they came here, it was still bright. Dolores opened the door of the car that was parked on the roadside to let the two kids get into the car.

"Can I talk with you?"

At that moment, a sound was heard behind her. It was familiar but she didn't dare to confirm. Dolores slowly turned her body and she saw Charles in a wheelchair on the roadside. She was a little stunned. 'Why was Charles here?'

"Do you have time?" After seeing Dolores not replying, Charles asked again.

Dolores came back to her senses and she nodded to say yes. She looked at Theresa, "You bring the two kids back first."

Andrew pulled the corner of her clothes, "Mommy, come back earlier. Sister and I will wait for you."

It was not like he didn't like Charles. However, he was afraid that Charles would make a move to steal his Mommy when his Dad was not around.

If he really had to choose, he would definitely choose his biological father. Furthermore, his Mommy and Dad didn't separate because of a bad relationship. Charles had suddenly appeared and he had to be aware of him.

He had to protect his Mommy for his Dad. He couldn't let anyone snatch her away.

Dolores didn't realize that her son had thought so much in his mind. She only thought that he was concerned about her. She reached out her hand and touched his head. She smiled as she said, "I know. I will go back soon."

Theresa had a look on the roadside. She quickly looked away from there and started the car to leave.

After seeing the car move far, Dolores only turned to look at Charles. She asked the doubt in her mind, "Why are you here?"

"I am here to discuss business. My company has a lot of problems. I have to come out to expand my business. I couldn't let the White family's business bankrupt in my hand. Otherwise, I would let my foster father down." He said with a peaceful and calm tone. However, he was really tired and busy these days. Although his company didn't bankrupt, it had suffered big losses and it had withdrawn from the real estate industry.

In the past, Dolores didn't know all these. However, after she set up an embroidery workshop and a weaving factory, she knew that it was not easy to manage a business.

Although she didn't have many people in her factory, she still encountered a lot of matters.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

It Must Have Been A Kind Of Hell For A Little Chrissy Metz

Make Your Own Product For Your Scalp

Someone almost argued when they were having the gathering dinner today. It was true that there would be a fight if there were people.

"Let us have a walk?" Charles suggested.

Dolores said yes. They didn't specially pick a place to go. They only walked straight along the roadside without a destination.

"I am afraid that I have to go back on my words. I said I wouldn't see you again but now I meet you again." He lowered his eyes.

He was really determined when he said that he wouldn't come back to City B again. He had already used all his courage and persistence to tell himself that it was time to let go.

God let them meet again. What did that mean?

Was it because he wasn't inferior enough? Or God wanted to make fun of him again? He knew that they were not going to have a good ending but why was he still daydreaming?

Dolores didn't say anything. She just took light steps while walking beside him.

"Why are you here?" In fact, he wanted to ask whether if there was a relationship problem between her and Matthew Nelson. However, he didn't hastily ask this. It was not some good words.

She didn't appear here alone. Her two kids were following her. Therefore, he had thought more about this.

"I had something to do. Therefore, I am here." Dolores didn't know how to talk about her matter. She also thought that her identity was too absurd.

Charles knew that Dolores wasn't telling the truth after he heard her words. The words were too half-hearted.

However, he didn't expose her. He asked implicitly, "Is it related to him?"

They both understood that the word "him" referred to Matthew.

Dolores said calmly, "We are fine. Don't think too much."

Charles laughed, "I was really gloating for a little bit just now. I really hoped that you are here because he loved the other person and you were heartbroken so you came here to heal your relationship's wound. Then, God let us meet again to let me take care of you."

"You could be a screenwriter."

"I hope I could let go of the mess in my hands to live freely. However, as a human, I couldn't be heartless. I couldn't just walk away." He felt lost as he looked at the front. Charles who used to cover his happiness and sadness with a smile couldn't pretend to smile at this time.

Dolores felt that he had encountered some matters after hearing his words. She asked with concern, "Is your company having some problems?"

Her concern didn't infuse any feelings of a person in a relationship. She only wanted to show her feelings towards the problems he had.

Charles made a soft sound as he agreed.

"Is the competition from the same industry too fierce?" Dolores asked.

"No. Someone should be expressing his personal anger." Charles clearly knew that this wasn't only fierce competition from the same industry. The three major businesses of the White Group were having problems at the same time. It clearly showed that someone had planned well to deal with him.

Dolores frowned. Doing business was like a war without gunpowder. They could do anything to benefit themselves.

However, Dolores understood that his words meant the matter was a personal grudge, "How did you offend someone and let him hate you so much?"

Charles stopped his wheelchair. Dolores also stopped her steps. He raised his head and looked at her. He didn't speak. He only quietly stared at her under the faint light.

Dolores reached out her hand and touched her face, "Is there something on my face? Why are you looking at me like this?"

He shook his head. His eyes flickered something uncertain, "I coveted someone's wife and he did all these to me. Am I deserved these?" _

Chapter494 Missing Her Secretly

Dolores froze for a moment before she realized who he was talking about.

Did he mean that Matthew was the one who caused this mess?

How could Matthew be so immature?

"Don't you even want to say something?" Charles actually looked at her with some expectation. Even if he suffered, it didn't matter to him. If she could show her concern for him, it would be worthwhile for him to suffer.

At the same time, he laughed bitterly in his heart. How could he be so absurd?

Could he be crazy? Or could it be that he was a masochist? Did he do this so that she could show her concern for him?

"Did you get it wrong?" Dolores didn't admit what he said at once.

Charles was speechless.

Was she playing dumb? Or was she reluctant to admit that her husband was narrow-minded?

"That's impossible. I haven't offended anyone but him. None of my rivals in the business world would dare to attack me recklessly. If they had such intentions, they would have taken action against me already. And they won't wait until now to do it to me. It seemed that they had scheduled to take action at the same time. If there is no one to back them up and make plans, then I definitely don't believe it." Charles didn't investigate the matter, for he was caught off guard by the blow, so he simply did not have time to check it out. But he could be sure that the mastermind behind it was Matthew.

"Do you know that if those people who followed me were not so loyal, then they would have been poached long ago with high prices? And if that were the case, then I'm afraid the White Group would have gone bankrupt long ago."

"I personally care a lot about you." After hearing Charles' words, Dolores felt speechless, because she really didn't expect Matthew to do that to Charles.

If there was a conflict between the two of them, there didn't seem to be too much conflict of interest between them.

Besides, Charles went back to White City early and rarely showed up in City B easily. And Dolores couldn't quite figure out why Matthew was so cruel to Charles.

In all conscience, Matthew had gone a little too far this time.

"Hmm?" Charles arched his eyebrows. What did she mean by that?

Dolores didn't look at him. Instead, she just casually looked at the shadows of the trees on the roadside that were cast onto the ground by the streetlights, "As the saying goes, a woman shares the fate of the man she married. Since I married him, no matter what he has done, I must support him because it is my duty as his wife."

As she disapproved of what Matthew did, she felt very sorry for Charles. However, she couldn't criticize Matthew for what he had done. Firstly, it was because he was her husband. Secondly, this was the most important reason, which was that she knew very well how Charles felt about her. So all she had to do was defend her husband and dismiss Charles's thoughts. If she showed her sympathy and apology for him, then she would be misleading him.

Charles moved his lips and then let out a laugh, "You do sound like you support your husband no matter what he did. Although this phrase sounds very cheesy, it sounds exceptionally moving. If he hears this, then I am afraid that even if he is asleep, then he will wake up from his dream laughing."

After laughing, he lowered his voice, "You really are a couple. Even if you hurt me, you will brutally attack me. And you're just as ruthless as he is."

Dolores pretended not to understand, "It's getting late. I should go back home. My kids told me to wait for me to get back, so I can't stay for long."

"I'll give you a ride home." Charles was afraid Dolores would refuse his offer, so he said, "Because it's so late, I am worried about you going home alone. After all, I'm the one who asked you to stay. If something were to happen to you because of me, it would be my fault."

Since he had told her so, Dolores couldn't refuse him. Then Charles called Tom and asked him to come over. And Tom was in the neighborhood, so he quickly drove there. Because Charles's car had been specially modified with a ramp near the car door, Tom alone could also easily push him into the car.

There was an empty spot in the car for the wheelchair with a seat beside it.

As they sat in the car, Charles asked, "Where do you live?"

Dolores told him the name of the neighborhood where she lived, and Tom started driving. The two of them didn't talk the whole way, so the car became very quiet. And Charles didn't talk because he was upset. Even though he was tough enough, he was upset by what Dolores had just said.

He was mad at him. He got angry at his weakness. And he couldn't control his emotions when he faced up his feelings for her.

This must be a problem that had been around people since ancient times. Otherwise, the ancient poets could not write those moving and long lines.

He remembered that he had seen an untitled poem that particularly expressed his feelings at this moment, 'My love is oceans and mountains away, a distance impossible to shorten. My thoughts of my beloved are as far apart as heaven and earth, but I am only mortal.'

After about thirty minutes, the car stopped in front of the neighborhood.

Charles sighed and collected his thoughts. Then he looked at her and said gently, "It's very late. Just go home and get some rest."

Dolores didn't get out of the car right away, but she told Tom, " Can you please give us some space? I'd like to speak to Mr. White alone."

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Tom looked back at Charles. And when he saw Charles nod at him, he parked the car, pushed the door open, and got out.

Both of them were soon left alone in the car.

Dolores thought for a moment. She looked at him with a very calm look, "I'm having some problems with him. And those are serious problems too..."

"Is that why you showed up here?" Charles was surprised that she would be so candid to him, for he had always felt that Dolores was so calm that she didn't seem to be a woman.

However, she was willing to open up to him at the moment, which made him ecstatic.

"Yes."

He couldn't wait to ask her what he had in mind, "So do I have a chance?"

"No." Dolores said almost cruelly, "I'm telling you this was because when I decided to leave him for a while, I realized how much I love him. Therefore, I won't fall in love with anyone else but him."

How happy Charles was a moment ago, and then how defeated and embarrassed he was at that moment.

Dolores pushed open the car door and got out. She stood in front of the car door and looked at Charles, "You're no longer young, so you'd better find a partner as soon as possible. Don't wait until you're so old that no woman wants you, and you'll end up alone. You have wasted a lot of time before. And I'm looking forward to receiving your wedding invitation."

Charles laughed bitterly, "You are really heartless to me. Aren't you afraid I'll die from your harsh words?"

"No, you won't. Because you have not yet avenged your adoptive father, how can you die easily? You will live well." Dolores waved her hand at him. Then she finally told him to be safe on the road and closed the car door. She stepped into the light reflecting on the ground and walked toward the neighborhood.

Charles squinted as he looked at her back through the window. He couldn't help but curl his lips and smile bitterly.

Didn't he love her for being frank and straightforward?

She was decisive and knew exactly what she was thinking. Moreover, she never did things sloppily. And she had a clearer mind than most men.

He wanted to hate her, but he couldn't.

He rolled down the window and shouted at her, "I'll get married."

Her attitude today let him know that he really had no chance or hope, so all he could do was to bury

her secretly in his heart.

Therefore, he could only miss her secretly.

If he couldn't be with her, then it didn't matter who he would be with.

Dolores heard his words, but she didn't turn around. She just raised her hand and waved it to tell him she heard what he just said.

Charles summoned Tom. He didn't want to go back to his place and said to Tom, "Let's go to City B."

Tom was a little confused. He wondered why Charles had suddenly decided to go to City B. What had Dolores said to him? Was he still irritated by something?

"Now?"

Charles said softly, "Mmm."

"But our cooperation with Mr. Powell has not been settled yet. If we leave here now..."

"So you are not listening to my order now?" Charles interrupted Tom with great displeasure.

He was in a bad mood now, so he didn't want to listen to nonsense at this time. And he wanted to stay quiet for a while.

Tom shut up and quietly started to drive. Then he followed Charles' orders.

It was morning when they arrived at City B.

It was not meant to be an ordinary day. And Charles did not expect to hear such big news when he arrived at City B

Chapter 495 If They Turned Against Each Other, it Would Be A Dramatic Scene

The news was all over the place. The news was everywhere that Jeffery had selfishly kidnapped someone and caused a car accident that killed three people and injured one.

Everyone knew Jeffery and Victoria hated each other. And Jeffery had always thought that Victoria killed his own sister, so that was why his sister died at such a young age.

Now that this news had broken, people were willing to believe it. After all, Victoria did die not long ago because of a car accident. And there were four people in the car, and three of them died. And people were wondering why Victoria was in the van, so that was why it had become a hot topic now.

The Nelson family was an influential family. Even when the family's nanny went out, she wouldn't ride in the van. It should be said that there wasn't any cheap van in their house. However, Victoria died in the van. Wasn't that suspicious? And how could there be no inside story!

The official statement given by the police before was a car accident caused by a rear-end. Even though there were many people who suspected this statement, people did not dare to make wild guesses, for they would get sued for spreading rumors. And now that the news had suddenly broken out, people were feeling saddened. And at the same time, people started discussing the feud between people involved in this traffic accident.

People were always interested in the drama that happened in influential families, which was the most popular gossip that people loved to read. And people were interested in seeing those rich and powerful people fighting with each other.

If they were really ordinary people fighting with each other, then no one would pay attention.

Therefore, only the famous and powerful families fighting with each other would attract people's keen attention.

Charles was shocked. After all, Jeffery was an influential man. However, he was now being exposed to such news. Therefore, this traffic accident was definitely not a trivial matter.

Could it be Jayden? Did he fall out with Jeffery over Victoria's death? Charles thought silently in his heart.

Otherwise, he really could not think of other reasons. Wait a minute!

Suddenly, his eyes widened. Could it be that Matthew got back at Jeffery because he knew who he was?

If that was the case, then was Victoria really killed by Jeffery?

His latter assumption made sense to him. After all, if Jayden was going to fall out with Jeffery, he wouldn't have waited until now to do so. And Jeffery had given a hard time to Victoria over the years,

so only the latter one made sense to Charles.

Matthew found out Victoria's identity, so he took revenge on Jeffery, for he needed an answer.

Jeffery really had suffered a lot this time. And Charles felt he deserved it for making his adoptive father suffer back then.

"Now where do we go?" Tom asked. He had been driving all night, so he looked a little tired.

Charles gave him a look and said, "WY Group."

Tom sighed. He didn't think Charles was stupid, but how could he be so stubborn when it came to Dolores? And Charles knew she had kids and a husband, but he still loved her. And he didn't know what Dolores said to Charles, which made him go to City B at night. And he thought Charles was very irrational to do so!

Although he did not understand Charles, he could not tell Charles about his doubts. Thus, he had to drive to WY Group as Charles ordered.

At this moment, in the WY Group president's office, the big screen which had been used during the meeting or used to observe the stock market trend had become a TV for watching the news instead.

Armand and Boyce were lazily leaning back on the sofa while watching the news.

Matthew's backstabbing scheme had worked. And the man Declan sent to investigate and had picked up the clue deliberately arranged by Boyce and led his man to find out that Jeffery was involved in Eddie's downfall.

When Eddie was in trouble, Declan was suspicious that Jeffery would help him according to the relationship between Jeffery and Eddie. However, Jeffery did not help Eddie, but he did nothing.

Therefore, he was disappointed with Jeffery at that time. He found people were so snobbish and indifferent.

So he believed in his subordinates' investigation report. In addition, his subordinates also found out that Jeffery had really forced Matthew to marry, so he was convinced of this report.

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Declan's subordinates told him that the reason for Matthew and Jeffery being at odds was because of a woman. At that time, there was a woman around Matthew, and he liked her. However, Jeffery didn't like the woman who was with Matthew, so he did everything he could to break them up, which annoyed Matthew.

Boyce certainly wouldn't let Declan's subordinates find out that the woman Jeffery forced Matthew to marry was Eddie's daughter.

He only let Declan's subordinates find out that Jeffery had indeed forced Matthew to marry someone. As to which rich family the woman came from, they did not know.

If Declan knew that the woman Jeffery forced Matthew to marry was Eddie's daughter, then it would not make sense for them to frame Jeffery for hurting Eddie.

The findings of both investigations were mainly to convince Declan that Eddie's downfall was due to Jeffery. And he wanted to let Declan know how heartless and cold Jeffery was. And Matthew deliberately revealed everything to Declan about Eddie because Matthew and Jeffery had a conflict.

In this way, everything was explained. And only by doing so could he completely deceive Declan and

let him come forward to take action against Jeffery first.

If the two of them turn against each other, it would be a dramatic scene that would make people clap their hands.

"Next, we just need to reveal the identity of the other two deceased, then Jeffery can not deny it no matter how.

Once the identities of the other two deceased as thugs were revealed, it would prove that Victoria died in a car accident because he was kidnapped.

He believed that Declan had evidence that Jeffery had asked him to help him kidnap Victoria. Otherwise, Declan would not have taken action when he knew Jeffery's identity.

Since Declan took action against him, he must have prepared.

However, Matthew did not intend to let Declan get away from it. He wanted to make all the masterminds involved in Victoria's kidnapping pay the price.

All they had to do next was to wait and see what would happen. They waited for Declan to play all his cards right before they made their move. They found the one that the boy said was looking for his cousin in the last few days. The person who was looking for his cousin was the one sent by the manager of Declan.

They would secretly arrange for this person to contact the manager. And then they would take photos secretly once both of them met to prove Declan's involvement in this matter.

They believed that it would be very entertaining if they could use the trending topic of Jeffery's involvement in the car accident to bring out another important person.

"It's almost dawn. Shall we go get something to eat?" Boyce looked over at Matthew, who was about to be buried in papers behind his desk. Two stacks of paper lay on his wide desk, which looked tall and thick. And those documents were piled up like a mountain.

The shirt Matthew was wearing looked wrinkled while his tie was hanging askew in front of his chest. He had acquired two large companies without a plan, so he had to make plans. If he didn't want the large sums of money he had invested to go down the drain, then he had to come up with a strategic plan and use the acquired companies to get the maximum benefits possible.

Boyce gave Armand a look, "Why don't we bring him something to eat?"

He couldn't watch Matthew torture himself to death, could he? And Matthew had little time to rest because he had to manage the company's business and investigate Jeffery at the same time.

Armand was in bad shape, who looked lethargic as well. He wouldn't have gotten up if Boyce hadn't pulled him up.

When he opened the office door, he saw Abbott coming in and was followed by others.

Boyce was surprised. And he couldn't help but wonder why Charles was here.

Did Charles come to interfere after he had heard about what had happened to Jeffery?

Chapter 496 I Cheated With Your Wife

The listless Armand Bernie came to his spirits when he met this uninvited guest, he had a bad feeling about Charles White who coveted with someone else's wife, "Yo, how rare of you to show up, what are you plotting to do this time?"

Charles had no intention of carrying a conversation with him, instead he turned to Abbott Baron,

“Please help me circulate this notice.”

“Quit pretending to be serious, here you are acting like a gentleman when you’re obviously filthy at heart. How can you be so shameless?”

“Me? Shameless?” he scoffed, it wasn’t his initial plan to entertain Armand’s comments, but he had a temper just like every human being, “Have I cheated with your wife? Is that why you’re so full of hatred towards me?”

“You...”

Boyce Shawn held Armand back, he didn’t want both to end up in a fight, “The two of you are prominent figures in society, have you no shame in spouting such ill words to each other?”

Charles looked up at the two, “Boyce, he provoked me first. I may be lame, but it doesn’t mean I have a bad temper, OK?”

Boyce glanced over his lap and snorted, then dragged Armand along with him to leave. Armand couldn’t let this pass and attempted to free himself from Boyce’s grasp.

“Don’t cause any more trouble, are you really going to pick a fight with him right now?” Boyce dissuaded and tugged him, “Let’s go eat.”

Armand held his breath, “I have no mood for a meal.”

“Even so, you still have to eat. Do you think you can be alive without food?” Boyce was disappointed that he couldn’t get his act together, why were they torturing themselves like that?

“If it wasn’t for the lack of manpower to lure Declan into our trap, I’d have drawn some of men out to investigate on Dolores and Theresa’s whereabouts. I’ll allocate some people on the job once this is all over.”

In truth, it wasn’t because of insufficient manpower, but he already had people out for investigation.

“I’m just displeased with Charles’ tone of voice earlier.”

“I know, but we don’t need to rush in teaching him a lesson at this very minute. He’ll fall into our hands sooner or later.” Boyce patted his shoulders and consoled him.

After Armand gave in, he and Boyce walked across the road to a breakfast place in the opposite building.

The eatery was located on the third floor, being seated anywhere around the window wall would bring a great view of the outside. The two sat themselves down at a random table and Boyce began to order. He ordered 3 servings of the lean meat century egg congee, known to be a renown dish of the place, along with some other delicious meals. When Boyce handed the order sheet over to the waiter, he remarked, “One to take away please.”

“Very well, please wait a moment, we’ll serve you very soon.” the waiter politely left their table.

Boyce drank the free glass of water that was provided and had put it down on the table, he looked at

Armand and asked, "I noticed that you seem a bit off, what's wrong?"

Armand sighed, "Don't you think the three of us are weird?"

"How so?" Boyce frowned and thought "where is this coming from again?"

"Having to reach an age such as ours, what is left for us besides our careers?"

This was the first time Boyce had seen Armand being so negative since Armand was the most cheerful out of the three of them. Even though he talked a lot at times, but it wouldn't feel right if he were to stay silent.

He would rather Armand tease him on the fact that he had never slept with a woman, so that he could see him revert to his old free and easy self again.

With Armand this way, Boyce couldn't help but lost his appetite. His mouth watered while he waited for the food to arrive, but now it felt as if he was chewing on something tasteless.

The sound of broken glass rang through the air, a new waiter had accidentally bumped into a customer who came from breakfast. The glass of water on the waiter's tray had spilt onto the customer, with the cup now shattered on the ground.

"I'm very sorry, so sorry." the new waiter quickly apologized.

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It Must Have Been A Kind Of Hell For A Little Chrissy Metz

This voice seemed familiar to Boyce, he turned his body and he saw Jasmine who wore the waiter's uniform with a white-stitched lace apron tied around her waist. She bowed and apologized to the customer.

It was the male customer who had not seen her when he got up from his seat and collided into her. The manager advised her when she started work, "Customers who dine in here are mostly working in the big companies around here, they all have respectable positions. No matter what happens, we ought to apologize first as service providers. The customer is always before us."

This was a request from their manager, hence Jasmine acted accordingly.

However, the middle-aged man in suit and leather shoes showed no mercy, "What are your pair of eyes for? I still have an important meeting with a client later, how am I going to meet my client in this mess you've created?"

Jasmine apologized profusely, "I'm really sorry about this."

"What's the use of saying sorry?" this middle-aged man wore spectacles, he seemed the type that was casual and easy going. Who would've known he was so difficult to talk to.

At this moment, the manager approached them, "I'm really sorry for the poor service that has been provided. This is her first day working here, she's not too familiar with the surroundings yet, please bear with us."

The man puffed coldly, "Do you have any idea how expensive this suit is? It's now full of water marks, how am I supposed to meet my client in this state?"

The manager continued being apologetic, "I'm really sorry, I'll definitely train her better, please forgive us."

“Is saying sorry and asking for forgiveness the right attitude for the matter?”

The middle-aged man was reluctant to forgive them.

“How do you plan to settle it then?” Boyce walked towards them. This was the financial and commercial district of City B, men who dined in here were practically all in suit and tie. Women wore very formal clothes as well, it was the norm in this industry. Boyce wasn’t someone from the circle, he only had casual clothes on, not even a uniform as he didn’t work in an office. However, for someone who was 1.8 metres tall to come along just like that, he completely overshadowed the middle-aged man. On top of that, he had a handsome face that was cold and expressionless, and it gave off a strong aura to others.

With a status like his, it would be common for criminals to raise their guns and knives at him, an average person would not be able to compare with such a fierce physique.

The middle-aged man peered upwards at Boyce, “Who are you?”

It was not the first time Boyce had eaten here, he often came for meals with Matthew Nelson in the past. The manager was also familiar with Boyce, after all, WY Tower was just at the opposite. She smiled, “Boyce.”

Boyce responded, but looked towards Jasmine and asked, “What’s going on?”

This man had wanted money by being unreasonable. If it really was Jasmine’s fault, then he should be paid an amount. On the other hand, he would not be entitled to a single cent if he was in the wrong.

The middle-aged man froze for a moment. This was a business area, captain, what captain? How did he not know anything about it?

He glared at the manager fiercely, “Don’t try and scare me.”

Jasmine took a glimpse at the domineering middle-aged man, and told what exactly happened, "I was carrying a tray of water to be served at that table for the new customer, and he seated here."

Jasmine pointed at the place where the man sat, "He got up from his seat looking at his phone while walking towards this direction..."

"What nonsense are you spouting?" the middle-aged man was now anxious.

Boyce swept his eye across the man's right hand that held the phone. Armand couldn't stand such a shameless bully, he leaned against his chair lazily, "Where do you work at?"

The middle-aged man looked at Armand, then turned to Boyce, the two seemed like they were not to mess with. He snorted, "Guess I'm unlucky."

He then left immediately.

Armand always loved being sarcastic with his words, "Don't go yet, why are you leaving so soon? We haven't even paid for your suit yet. Do you know the way to WY Group opposite from here? We'll always be waiting for you."

Chapter 497 Help You Chase Your Girlfriend

It would be just fine if Armand hadn't said that. But the mid-aged man walked even faster and wiped his forehead from time to time after he heard what Armand said. He seemed to be scared by Armand.

"Do you know her, Boyce?" The manager of the restaurant asked Boyce because he saw Boyce have a chat with Jasmine just now, they obviously knew each other.

But how Boyce would know a poor college student with his background?

Boyce hummed. He knew the manager knew who he was and the relationship between him and Matthew. If he said something for the student, the manager would definitely treat her well.

“Please do take care of her, you know she just started working and has no much idea about how the society is like .”

The manager smiled, “Of course, as you already said that. I know what to do.”

After a small chat with the manager, Boyce went back to the seat. Armand laughed at Boyce with a teasing expression. How lovely a heroic rescue story was! It was really rare to see. But how come he was careless to the young lady?

Armand felt anxious about Boyce. By what time would he know how to win a woman’s heart? When would he be able to get married? He even came back to have dinner instead of comforting that beauty!

This was such a fantastic chance to ‘hook’ her. It was easy for a student who just started working to get touched if he knew how to show off in front of her.

This dummy just came back without doing anything!

Jasmine staring at Boyce’s back and then slowly lowered her sight. She didn’t expect to meet him here, not to mention that he could save her again.

The manager patting Jasmine's shoulder to encourage her, "Do your best. I thought you had a poor background, but I didn't expect you knew him. Do you know what does he do?"

Jasmine nodded without hiding anything. When they met last time, it was him who sent her the money which her money gave her. She remembered him was an Criminal Police Captain from his introduction, which made her admire him.

She knew she probably misunderstood him last time as he was indifferent to her today.

The manger pointed a mansion across the street, "He is quite close to the CEO of WY Group, and you met him before?"

Jasmine thought maybe she did. There were three men in the private room that day, now there were only two of them here. But the manager asked if she knew Mr. Nelson. Maybe the one who was not here was the CEO of WY Group.

"I may have met him before." Jasmine answered honestly.

The manager took a glance at Jasmine meaningfully, she was young and pretty, "From what I know, they are all singles."

What the manager said seemed like implying that no matter who she could hook with, it would a wining situation for her. They were all rich, powerful and handsome.

It was not easy finding people like that, she would have chose them if she wasn't married.

It was too late for a person like her age and appearance.

Jasmine was still innocent and didn't interpret her deep meaning, she could only considered it as gossiping.

"Go clean the floor. Be extra careful and smart next time." The manager reminded Jasmine after taking a peak of where Armand and Boyce sat at.

Jasmine nodded her head, "Yes will do, it won't happen again, I promise."

Then she took the mop and duster cloth to wipe off all the glasses and damp.

"Don't you have any sympathy?" Armand looked at Jasmine's thin figure squatting there cleaning and asked Boyce.

"Psycho." Boyce didn't even look at that side. He truly had no idea about her even though he was really trying to find a wife. But he knew it wouldn't be her because she was too young, and he was over 12 years old than her. He would feel guilty if he did so.

He thought it was immoral to find a girlfriend at her age.

What if people misunderstood she was his daughter? Wasn't it too embarrassed?

Armand was quite annoyed at him. He finally decided to do something to rescue his best friend from life of a bachelor. So he stood up from his seat and took a glance at Boyce, "You are so lucky to have such a good friend like me, otherwise you will be a single forever."

“What are you doing?” Boyce thought he was going to do something bad.

He was so upset.

Armand smirked, “Look at you! Of course I am helping you to get a wife.”

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“Ar...”

Boyce wanted to stop him, but Armand, instead, was determined and walked towards Jasmine. He lowered down to help pick up all the glass on the floor while saying, “Do you remember me? We met each other in the private room.”

Jasmine looked at him quickly, said, “Yes.”

“It was my best friend who solved your problem just now. May I know how you know each other?”

Jasmine didn’t want to hide anything from him but tell everything about how they met at the first place.

“Oh alright.” Armand smiled, “You know sometimes you have to go easy on him, if he did something wrong, please no not blame him. You do know his job right?”

“Yes.” Jasmine admitted. She admired policeman a lot. Her mom suffered a lot because her dad. She

knew everything about it. So she trusted police officers unconditionally and felt like they were all righteous.

Armand got closer to her and lowered his voice, "Tell you a secret. He is just a dummy who knows nothing about love. Do you believe he has never been into any relationship?"

Jasmine shook her head and thought he must be really someone who didn't know what love was.

"He is a weirdo, isn't he?"

"Yeah, a bit." Jasmine answered honestly.

"But please look down upon him. He is just so innocent and pure, it's rare to see someone like him now."

Jasmine wanted to giggle. 'Innocent'? It was funny to use the word on a man in his thirties.

Seeing those two people were having a nice chat made Boyce feel headache. He even wanted to kick Armand's ass when Jasmine giggled by something Armand said. Armand suffered a lot because of Theresa a while ago, but now he was hooking with a young lady?

And she was so young!

Did he feel sorry?

"I know you are still studying. You probably know many girls, if you don't mind, try to introduce some girl to my friend over there. You know, keep it a secret please, otherwise he would be embarrassed."

The delight expression slowly disappeared on Jasmine's face. She felt weird when she heard Armand wanted her to find a girlfriend for Boyce. "A college student? That's too young for him."

"I mean they are about to graduate. Then the age gap would be 7-9 years, that's acceptable! You know there are no women in his social circle, I used to doubt that he is a gay." Armand patted on Jasmine's shoulder, "Please do me this favor. I couldn't see my friend being single for his whole life."

Jasmine lowered her head and said ok.

"That's enough." Boyce paid the bill and carried the take away breakfast. He scolded Armand coldly. This guy was so shameless and he was so eager to hook girls whenever there was a chance. He was going to tell Theresa to dump him for sure

Armand cleared his throat and stood up. He stared at Boyce who looked gloomy, "Why you are upset? Are you jealous because we had a good conversation?"

Jasmine stopped mopping the floor unconsciously and she was even expecting the answer from Boyce.

Boyce said nothing but turned around and walked away. Armand chased him and held his neck, "Are you mad at me?"

Boyce said nothing.

"You don't like her but I do. I think I have the right to chase her."

Boyce got rid of him, "Please don't be that shameless."

Armand still kept smiling and went back to the company with him.

They met Abbott when they just got off the elevator, Boyce asked him, "Charles left yet?"

Abbott answered, "Not yet, he's in Mr. Nelson's office."

Charles was in the president's office a long time ago but Matthew didn't mean to talk to him.

Charles sighed, seemed like he felt pitiful, "I don't understand why Dolores fell in love with you who is so petty?"

Chapter 498 I Have Sacrificed Everything that I Most Wanted

The man who was studying the document finally lifted his head.

Charles had gotten ahold of this man's weak point and he was poking that man's heart with a blade. Charles was sure that if he mentioned Dolores, Matthew wouldn't be as indifferent and composed while working anymore and ignoring him.

"If my guesses are correct, I would say that most of those troubles that I faced recently was your handiwork, no?" Charles continued, "Mr. Nelson, are you just a miser, or do you not trust your woman?"

Matthew appeared to be unconcerned as he tossed a pen onto a desk, which made a metallic sound. That sound was especially sharp in that dead silent atmosphere, as if signaling some restlessness. He was probably feeling stuffy as a film of sweat covered his sculpted arms. He tore away his tie and replied, "Mr. White, you seem to be in high spirits recently. You seem to have too much time on your hands since you are poking your nose into others' business."

Charles had actually put aside his fatigue. He didn't have it easy lately as it wasn't an easy task to get

that mess over with. He didn't come here all the way to blow some steam with Matthew.

Initially, he wanted to do it for Dolores. He wanted to know what major thing had happened to Matthew that forced him to leave his pregnant wife alone and take their child away.

When he learned about Jeffery's matter, it was only natural that he wanted to learn the entirety of this matter.

"Lola has tried every means at her disposal to hide the truth away from you, but in the end you still learn the truth. That matter with Jeffery must be your doing, right?"

Charles purposely tested him.

He was in the dark as to the details of this ordeal, so he could only throw guesses based on the clues he had.

When he offered his conjecture, another idea popped into his mind. Could it be that Matthew had resented Dolores for keeping that a secret from him back then? Was that the reason Dolores choose to leave?

Other than that, he couldn't come up with anything.

His tone grew more sarcastic, "Once a girl is married to a man, so she must be faithful to him no matter the circumstances? I really feel sorry for her."

Matthew's expression began to solidify as it finally began to show some underlying emotion. He said nothing as his face grew dark.

Charles held himself back as he didn't want to force the issue to an insurmountable situation. He took the lead and broke this gridlock, "I am here to thank you, Mr. Nelson. I hope that Jeffery can meet his end this time, and that would certainly give my stepfather who is in heaven now some solace."

Matthew was on the verge of exploding as he said with a frosty voice, "Thank me? Why did I sense provocation in your voice?"

Charles followed up with his flattery, "Mr. Nelson, don't be enraged. As a token of apology, I will disclose to you a fact. Lola has long known Victoria's identity. She was thinking on behalf of you for hiding that, fearing that you couldn't take it, fearing that you couldn't accept that you were all along hating your biological mother. For that, I am certain that with your intelligence, you must have sensed something. As for the reason this was kept in the dark, I think that only you know why."

In fact, he had come to Matthew because he wanted to resolve the conflict between Dolores and Matthew. He didn't want to see Dolores suffer while bringing up her child alone.

However, little did he know, the matter he had brought up didn't create the conflict that existed between Matthew and Dolores.

Matthew stood up from his chair and patted his creased shirt. He didn't lose any of his aura as he said domineeringly, "Mr. White, you know a lot. It's just that your smartass face looks very unlikable."

Charles laughed, "Is that so?"

"Mr. White, your subordinate is indeed loyal. I wonder whether they would budge if I had offered better benefits and higher salary. In fact, I am very interested in the talent in your hands." He was able to dig a hole for Charles and inflict severe damage to the White Group, but the only regret was that he didn't scout away Charles' underlings.

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However, he believed that there was no man in the world who was foolproof to enticement. As long as he wished for it, he could even carve a hole in a huge mountain.

The two of the continued to lock gazes for some time and the air itself had frozen. Matthew was the first to laugh as he fidgeted with the pen on his desk, "I was just joking, why did you look so upset?"

Charles' face was menacing as he said nothing in response.

Only after some time did he finally look more relaxed, "I have already sacrificed the thing that I most wanted, what else is there not to give up? It's just the White Group, if you fancy it, I can wholeheartedly give the whole company to you. The thing is, I can't respect you at all. If I were you, no matter what kind of devastating matter, I will never let my woman leave me. In my eyes, you are weaker than me."

After saying that, Charles maneuvered his wheelchair in the direction of the door of the office. When he reached the door, he stopped, "If I was not handicapped, and if she didn't already have someone she is fond of, I would definitely fight this war with you to the end."

Charles was leaving the WY Group anyway, but his initial plan was to leave the company after meeting Matthew, but after learning of that ordeal concerning Jeffery, he didn't leave just yet. Instead, he went looking for Jayden, and only after his trip did he know that Jayden was not in City B. He had gone to White City with Kevin.

Thinking that Matthew had learnt of the truth, he wouldn't go easy on Jeffery, so Charles didn't want to waste any time here since he didn't have anyone backing him up in City B, which rendered him unable to further worsen the situation for Jeffery and deal him a devastating blow. He just needed to wait patiently for the end of Jeffery's reign.

He didn't personally go to City C to negotiate the cooperation with Chester. Instead, he had dispatched his manager to deal for him.

Tom couldn't figure Charles out at all. Charles had rushed to City B but he had returned without anything done, and now that Charles didn't even want to go to City C, which befuddled Tom.

Didn't Charles have feelings for Dolores? Wasn't this a hard-to-come-by opportunity?

"Isn't Ms. Flores in City C? Why are we returning to White City?" Tom realized that he couldn't figure this man out anymore.

What was this man thinking deep down?

In the past, he used to be of the opinion that one shouldn't go after a married woman. However, Charles seemed to be strangely persistent all the while. Now that an opportunity had presented itself, contrary to expectation, he didn't go after her anymore.

Tom felt that Charles' mind was even deeper than the ocean. He was even harder to be understood than a woman.

Charles was gazing out of the window at the moment. In actuality, he was no longer lingering on anything. He was too late. Fate didn't bring him together with Dolores, and it was his mistake since the beginning to set his eyes on the wrong person. He understood very well that even though Dolores didn't harbor much feelings for Matthew, they still shared three children between them. It was a bond that was hard to sever.

In the end, for the sake of their children, those two would end up entwined with each other.

The only thing he could do was to let go. As long as she could be happy, there was no need for him to

wish for her presence by his side. After all...

He lowered his gaze and saw his crippled body which would never allow him to walk like a normal person again, and sorrow crept into his eyes.

How was he going to give her happiness with his body?

He imagined himself as an executioner in his past life who had too much sin on his hands. Therefore, God wanted to punish him in his current life by taking away his legs, and by taking away his love. _____

Chapter 499 Know the Entire Truth

Charles who had returned to White City rested for a little bit before going to see Jayden. He was in a hurry to know what had transpired in the time period he was busy with the company's matters. He need to know how Matthew was able to learn of the truth about Victoria's death, and whether Dolores leaving Matthew was because of her hiding the truth from Matthew.

No matter how much he tried to guess, it was all just a conjecture.

He didn't let Tom come along with him as he dismissed him. His driver and Amelia was by his side.

It was easy for him to learn of these news as he was able to know where Jayden was staying in White City after just making a few calls.

He was staying in the Forbis old mansion, and there were only three men living in this huge mansion. Kevin and Thomas who was there to take care of Jayden were the other two. The three men living there were all men in their twilight years.

One could vaguely feel that this was a rather bizarre combination, and yet at the same time they looked a little dreary.

When Charles rolled through the door, he immediately saw Jayden lying in a rocking chair in the courtyard, and there was a thin blanket covering his body. It was only a few days, but he felt like a completely different person. There was no sign of his past energetic self now.

After getting off the steps, Charles motioned for Amelia to wait for him outside. He moved his wheelchair forward by himself.

It was summer now, and there were lush foliage in the courtyard with green leaves stuffing the trees. They provided a shade against the sun, creating a cool area. Jayden's rocking chair was just underneath the trees.

Thomas saw that Charles had entered the courtyard without any greeting. Fearing that he might disturb Jayden's rest, he walked over and asked, "May I know who are you looking for?"

Charles jerked up his chin to gesture towards Jayden.

"I'm sorry. My master will not see any guests. Please return." Thomas gestured politely in the direction of the door.

"My legs are crippled and it is not easy for me to travel to this place. I won't disturb his rest. I just want to have a few words with him."

Thomas wanted to refuse again, but Jayden who was on the rocking chair opened his eyes slowly at this moment and said to Thomas, "I have free time now. You can attend to your matters now, let me

have a word with him.”

Thomas reminded him, “Keep the conversation short. It’s not good for your health.”

Victoria’s death was a devastating blow to him. His spirits were deteriorating from day to day.

Jayden jerked up the corners of his mouth, “I won’t die that easily.”

Thomas turned around with a sigh and made his way into the mansion. Charles said apologetically, “I’m sorry for intruding.”

Jayden knew who Charles was, and he could guess the reason he had made this visit, so he was blunt, “You can ask anything you want.”

Charles showed his condolences to Victoria’s death, “I can’t believe that my meeting with her in City B last time was the last time I would see her. If I had known, I wouldn’t part with her in such an unpleasant way.”

Jayden didn’t show any emotion after listening to that. It seemed that he had hid away all of his sorrows and longings.

Charles immediately broached the subject after paying his respects to the dead. After all, Jayden wanted this to go straight to the point, so he was in no position to beat around the bush and further disturb the old man’s resting session.

Regarding everything that happened lately in City B, those that surrounded Matthew, Jeffery and Dolores, Charles wanted to know the entirety of their conflicts. As someone who had come a long way, Jayden must know the details very well. Therefore, Charles asked everything in one go.

Jayden looked at him indifferently with his head tilted and he revealed everything that he knew without hiding. It was same as what Charles had predicted. Matthew had learnt of Victoria's identity, and Jeffery's matter was related to Matthew too.

Nobody knew a person as well as his own father. After Matthew had learnt the truth, he would proceed to investigate thoroughly about Victoria's car accident. Whether it was purely accident or the doing of some people, the answer would be revealed soon.

Charles nodded to signify that those answers had fitted his prediction. He asked again, "So, Dolores left because Matthew resented her for hiding the truth from him?"

"What?" Jayden looked at him with a startled expression. Dolores had left him? After Victoria's funeral was over, he immediately came to White City. Kevin said that it was easy to linger on the past if Jayden had stayed, since that place was where he used to live with Victoria. Every scene was familiar to him, so if someone was missing forever from the scene, it would deal a massive blow to the person left behind.

"You don't know that?" It was Charles' turn to feel startled. Could it be that this was not the reason Dolores had left?

Jayden let out a sigh. Perhaps, Dolores had learnt of his origin. That must be the reason she left.

"There is no secret that can remain unknown forever in this world." No matter the passage of time, truth would always come out in the light. Nobody could keep a secret forever.

"She is Jolene's daughter. She must have left because she learnt of her origin. The day I used to fear most has arrived anyway."

At that time, when Matthew divorced with Dolores, he used to think that it was a good thing for both of them. After all, if their real identities were revealed only after living as husband and wife, it would form a knot in their hearts. The reason he had promised Jolene back then was because he didn't have the heart to refuse her. Later on, he wanted to arrange for Maria of the Herbert family to marry with Matthew precisely because he wanted to sever the bond in between the original couple.

Truth to be told, the arranged marriage was nothing of his concern. He just wanted for Matthew to remarry as soon as possible.

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Who knew that after a huge roundabout in life, a hand dealt by fate itself, the two of them reunited once again, and that incident with Victoria happened to be part of their fate.

He didn't say anything because he didn't want a crack to damage them once they knew the truth. In the end, he didn't stop them.

Alas, Jayden let out a sigh, "I am too old now. I can't meddle in these things anymore."

He would just let them be.

Charles was extremely shocked by this answer. If Dolores was Jolene's daughter, wouldn't that make Jeffery her biological uncle?

But her real uncle happened to murder Matthew's biological mother?

Was that the reason that forced her to leave?

“How could things turn out like that?” Charles found this hard to believe. Wouldn’t there be any hard feelings if the two of them remained as a couple?

He felt as if thunder had struck her. Everything was too impossible.

While he was reeling away from the shock, he felt sorry for Dolores, “She is pranked by fate itself.”

It turned out that she had left because of such a reason. She must suffered greatly mentally and emotionally. She didn’t do anything wrong, let her life was dragged into the mud by the people from her previous generation.

At this moment, Kevin came in from outside. Although he was in White City, he paid close attention to events in City B. He hated Jeffery a lot, from the time Jeffery used to keep Victoria in captive and this kidnapping car accident. Everything was planned by Jeffery single-handedly.

Kevin supported Matthew in his undertaking. If he didn’t go into action after knowing the truth, then he would be an embarrassment of a human being.

After all, Victoria was his biological mother.

A vengeance for one’s mother. It was something everyone would see it to the end no matter what.

“Did he think that by coming out and admitting everything he could evade punishment?” Kevin said coldly as he walked towards them.

He received the latest news on City B. Jeffery had personally admitted to the public that he was the culprit behind the kidnapping which led to the car accident.

After learning this, Charles couldn't feel as happy anymore. His heart was in a torrent as he finally knew that the one he wanted to get revenge on was a close relative of Dolores. Everything was so ironic.

Would he really be happy if Jeffery's life was destroyed?

He knew he wouldn't be. Instead, he would be tortured by it.

He would consider his bonds and Dolores' feelings. He would be worrying about Dolores' ability to accept such things and courage to face the truth.

He wished that he didn't know any of these in the first place. He regretted for coming to see Jayden; He regretted for learning of such truths.

If he never knew any of these, he could happily accept the news about Jeffery's downfall, and he would have no problem going to Nathan's grave and spoke to him personally that finally, Jeffery had received judgment.

But now...

Charles closed his eyes as he felt himself being blown away by the truth.

The whole City B was in a frenzy after Jeffery had come out and admitted everything. This already explosive news was sent to a greater height of madness after that.

They had spent a lot of time together, so Jeffery knew Matthew somehow. Matthew would play his move now. It would be inconceivable if Matthew were to stay silent.

Not only did Jeffery admit that he had kidnapped Victoria, he had exposed Declan too. At least, this could be seen as a sincere gesture on his part towards admitting fault to Matthew.

He couldn't avoid his responsibilities anymore. His only wish now was to see Dolores again and seek her pardon.

The one unexpected factor in all this was Declan. He initially wanted to expose Jeffery, but he didn't expect Jeffery to suddenly come clean and expose him instead. It felt like he was smashing his own feet with a stone he wanted to smash on others.

After Jeffery hosted a press conference, he went to the WY Group.

Chapter 500 He Was Afraid That He Would Hurt Her

As Armand Bernie heard Abbott Baron's report that Jeffery Harris had come, he sneered, "Do he think he will be forgiven in this way?"

Matthew Nelson sat at his desk in silence, seemingly not expecting that Jeffery would take the initiative to admit it. Such a move was obviously showing a goodwill towards him.

Jeffery was old-fashioned and he valued his reputation. The move to retreat was brilliant and put him in a difficult position, yet ruthlessness made him to be more humane.

Boyce Shawn caught a glimpse at Armand as he didn't agree with Armand's statement which the reason Jeffery took the initiative to admit that was to reconcile. He looked at Matthew, "It's better to meet him, after all he is Dolores Flores's ..."

Even if you didn't think for others, you've to think for Dolores.

“She left because she didn’t want you to be embarrassed, so you should also think for her.”

Even if he was unwilling to admit it, this relationship wouldn’t be erased as Jeffery was Dolores’s uncle.

Surely Matthew could think of it since Boyce was also clear about the reasoning. He just couldn’t overcome the setbacks.

How could he just let go of the enmity of killing his mother? Because of Jeffery, he had regretted for the rest of his life.

This was a dead end, there will be a trace there and it would never disappear even after a long time.

Jeffery was dressed in plain clothes and Marina Lee helped him in. It wasn’t a long time after, but it seemed to be a lifetime ago when they met again as there were too many changes and everything has been so different.

Marina helped him to sit on the sofa and whispered, “Call me when you leave, I’ll be waiting for you outside.”

Jeffery said, “Well.”

Marina lowered her head and went out of the office. There was nothing she could say to Matthew due to this current situation, so she didn’t greet him.

After the office door was closed, the space became quiet. Then Jeffery was the one who broke the

deadlock first, “Noah Harris has quit the entertainment industry and took part in the army. He must not have come to see you.”

Sean Lee who knew the ins and outs was shameless in coming out to see anyone.

“I’m here not to justify anything and not to plead with you. What I did deserves retribution and punishment, I won’t shirk it.”

It wasn’t a coincidence as Sean went to the army and he admitted everything. This was the plan that he made for himself. His relationship with Sean was always bad, thus outsiders weren’t clear about Sean’s identity. There are a few of his confidant since he had been in power for so many years, so it wasn’t difficult to get Sean in. Moreover, Sean didn’t involve in the army as his son. Even if he made a big mistake after that, it wouldn’t affect Sean.

He did this because he didn’t want the Harris family to fall because of him.

Sean went there willingly as he was clear that Jeffery must be punished accordingly in order to put this matter to rest. Hence, he joined the army to carve out a niche for the Harris family so that Jeffery had no worries, stood up and admitted everything.

Jeffery knew he couldn’t blame or hate anyone. Although he was unaware of it, he had made mistake after all. Even if he just intended to arrest Victoria Forbis and didn’t want to kill her, she had died in the end because of him.

He had an unshirkable responsibility!

“Whether it’s imprisonment or disgracement, I’ve no complaints, I just want to see her once.” When he spoke, he didn’t raise his head. Until the last word, he just lifted his head to look at Matthew.

He hated Victoria, but he had never intended to kill her. If he wanted to kill her, he would have done so when he imprisoned her twenty years ago. He wouldn't have waited until now.

The only thing he regretted was that he had stopped Jolene Harris from being stayed with the man she loved. He didn't know Jolene would be so stubborn and was still being unwilling after marrying Jayden Nelson. He had no idea that Jayden would indulge her in such an absurd way, let her to find a woman and conceal everyone to give birth to an illegitimate son with Stanley Lennon. He never thought that the person he had hated for almost half of his life was all caused by his sister.

Word like 'sorry' wasn't enough to make up for anything, so he wouldn't say it.

Jolene not only harmed other's lives, she had done it to him too. But what could he say? What could he say in his defence?

By chance the person was Jolene whom he had adored since he was a kid. He deserved it and he couldn't blame anyone else.

Matthew faced towards the floor-to-ceiling window with one arm casually resting on the desk, leaving only half of his outline. No one could pry into his expression, his thoughts and his heart. Even his tone was emotionless, "I don't know where she is either, she had left more than a month ago."

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Jeffery opened her mouth in disbelief, "You just let her go? Don't you like her a lot?"

He cared about Dolores so much before. He was willing to make an enemy of him and was even

fearless to the trap that he and Eddie Chambers had set up together.

Matthew slowly turned his head, the chill seeping out made people to be afraid even without showing any expression, "What else? Let her watch two of us to kill each other?"

Wasn't that another kind of cruelty?

Jeffery was suddenly speechless.

He couldn't say a word. Whether she admitted it or not, he was still her uncle and Matthew was her husband. Whose side would she be on?

Who was the one she expected to die?

He held the arm of the sofa and slowly stood up. He looked at Matthew and said word by word in a pleading tone, "It's all my fault. Please let her come back."

At the end he said, "I'll admit it myself for what I did. There is no need for anyone to involve in it."

If he turned himself in, they wouldn't cut each other's throats and Dolores wouldn't have to feel guilty in front of Matthew. He would fix the mistake he made himself.

"I know you definitely don't want to see me. This is the last time I appear in front of you." After he finished saying, he walked slowly towards the door. He was sent to the hospital in time, so there is no sequela. It was just that his health was much worse than before and his legs weren't as nimble as before.

As he opened the door, Marina heard the sound and came over to help him hurriedly, "Why don't you call me?"

“I’m not paralyzed, I can still walk myself.” Jeffery had been proud in his life, but he had lost everything when he was old.

Marina sighed as she knew that he was annoyed with himself. She hated Jolene as her selfishness had harmed so many people.

If it wasn’t Jolene, Jeffery wouldn’t have become like this.

In Marina’s opinion, everything was Jolene’s fault, but she didn’t dare to tell in front of her husband. Even so, Jolene was still his sister and he still cared about her, just as he cared that Dolores was Jolene’s child.

If he was indifferent, why would he have to suffer?

Jeffery who had left seemed to be trying to prove to Matthew that he was telling the truth as he turned himself in, bringing along with Declan. He was clear about Matthew’s character as he wouldn’t let go of anyone who involved in kidnapping.

Thus he did it for Matthew, not to show goodwill in purpose, but to make Dolores to face him without guilt.

Even though he had turned himself in, the police wouldn’t give the verdict so quickly as they still have to get evidence and carry out investigation.

Matthew wasn’t soft-hearted because of his words and he didn’t feel the pleasure of revenge even if Jeffery might lose his reputation as he turned himself in. His feelings now were complicated and even contradictory.

He wondered in his mind whether they would be able to embrace each other without any distractions

when he did see Dolores.

He was afraid that he would hurt her.

He was also afraid that she would have issues with him because of Jeffery's surrender.

It was a gap. No matter how it was resolved, there would be a scar between them and no one would dare to mention it or touch it, so they would become cautious all the times.

During the period when Jeffery was under investigation, he was thoroughly paying attention to his work. He asked Abbott to return villa and bring a few sets of clean clothes to the office. When he was tired, he rested in the office without going back.

This kind of life was fulfilling. Although it was somewhat self-abusive, it was a way to forget the things that bothered him and the person who made his heart ache for a while.

He kept calm until he overlooked an invitation card that made him to be agitated. It wasn't because of the card or something he was interested in, but was because of the person on it.

Next chapter