

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 501 Unforgettable Encounter

“Does Mr. Nelson know that person on the card or are you interested in her?” The customer relations supervisor leaned forward to pick up the documents and the invitation card. The card was given to her by her friend and she unknowingly placed it with the documents that she brought with her to the meeting. In her carelessness, she dropped the documents and Matthew happened to see the card and asked out of curiosity.

She held the documents close to her chest and held the invitation card for a couple of seconds before giving it to Matthew, “I’m already married and I can’t possibly wear a bridal gown again. What if I see a beautiful bridal gown? I might be forced to look for a new husband. Perhaps I should give this invitation card to you, Mr. Nelson.”

As the supervisor of the customer relations department, she was particularly sensitive to a person’s expressions and gestures. Although Matthew did not express that he wanted the invitation card, she could sense that he was interested in the person in the picture on the card. Otherwise, he would not have hesitated.

Matthew reached out and accepted it graciously, “Thanks.”

The supervisor was a middle-aged woman in her forties with short-cropped hair and dressed professionally. She followed him into his office and curiously asked, “Mr. Nelson, do you know her?”

Could he have a new squeeze? The previous woman who he spoke about to the office staff did not resemble that lady on the card.

“Why are you so interested in my private matters?” Matthew said nonchalantly as he glanced at her.

The supervisor smiled and said mischievously, “All women are equally curious. However, Mr. Nelson had been treating me like one of the chaps.” Thereafter she returned to her seat. Matthew never differentiated his staff based on their gender. He based his tasks assignment based on the staff’s abilities. Matthew seemed to be lost in his thoughts as he looked at the lady dressed in red cheongsam featured in the invitation card.

The doctor sent him pictures of Theresa after she recovered from the cosmetic surgery. Although she no longer looked like her former self, he could still recognize her after close inspection of the photograph. He lost track of Theresa after she left the hospital but he guessed that she must have been staying with Dolores. Although there was no trace of Dolores in the invitation card, he was certain that Dolores must be somehow involved.

After instructing Abbott to take the invitation card to his office, he took his seat and started the meeting.

The top executives of the top ten ranked companies sat uneasily in their places. Each meeting with Matthew felt torturous. They were worried that they would misspeak and upset the boss. The grueling meeting could drag on for hours.

Matthew would maintain a very stern expression throughout the meeting, causing them to second guess themselves as if they had done something wrong. Even if they had performed their tasks to perfection, it could not even elicit a smile from him.

However, unlike in the past, he had started to praise them if they had done a good job. In the past, he would berate unreservedly if the person had not performed the task to his satisfaction. The top executives were also contented and prayed for the meeting to end as soon as possible. They all had the feeling that they just wanted to quickly escape from that meeting.

The current meeting lasted a couple of hours. Matthew left the conference room with Abbott following closely behind and reminded him, "You have a lunch appointment with Mr. Tyrone at the Moon Restaurant. At three this afternoon, you have a meeting with Mr. Webb to discuss the merger. You have a charity event at eight this evening. Do you want me to find someone to attend the event with you tonight?"

Events like this were attended by couples. Some would bring their secretaries while others would bring their wives. People who attend such charity events were society elites who utilize such occasions to network and would inevitably talk about business dealings.

Matthew was slim and athletic. With one hand in his pocket and the other hand undoing his collar, he said, "Attend the charity on my behalf." No one would say anything so long as the money had been donated.

Abbott nodded and stopped as they reached the entrance of the office. Matthew opened the door to his office and saw Boyce and Armand waiting for him in the office. Boyce had always been dependable and steady while Armand had an inquisitive character. He leaned over the table, picked up, and looked at the invitation card. On the card was Theresa who wore a bright red cheongsam which was exquisitely embroidered. Her jet-black wavy hair was beautifully set. Her sexy figure was accentuated by the body-hugging cheongsam with a high slit which revealed just enough of her long fair legs to tease. She looked coy with a slight smile which was picture perfect.

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

On the left side of the card was embossed with gold wordings: An Unforgettable Encounter Begins With A Perfect Dress, Who Could Ever Resist?

The message was simple and yet alluring. The design of the invitation card perfectly complemented

the theme of the event.

Armand glared at Matthew and pondered why was this invitation card on Matthew's table.

"Who is this? Why is this on your table?" He questioned if Matthew had strayed.

Matthew ignored and glared coldly back at him.

Armand pursed his lips and then looked back at the invitation card in detail and then remarked, "She is truly beautiful and alluring, but..."

"Oh Armand, have you no shame? Why are you so horny each time you see a woman?" Boyce said. He was dragged over by Armand after his meeting. Boyce looked dashing in his well fitting uniform.

Boyce looked rock steady and authoritative as he sat on the sofa in his impressive uniform. His solemn expression made him exude an air of reverence.

Armand looked up slowly towards Boyce and replied, "Who's the one without shame? I'm just commenting and you are the one who thought in that way. I'm just stating the facts but this woman lacks the warmth. She is unlike my Theresa who is friendly and passionate."

He placed the invitation card back on the table, walked over to the sofa, and then placed his hand firmly onto Boyce's shoulder, "I don't hide my feelings unlike you. You obviously have a raging heart but pretend to be reserved."

Buzz...

Boyce's cell phone started to vibrate at this moment. He looked up at Armand and wanted to retort but took out his phone which had an unknown caller.

Armand took a peek, sat on the armchair, and said, "Could it be a spam caller?"

Boyce glared at him and said, "Mind your own business."

Armand pursed his lips and thought to himself about Boyce snapping him back at him and remarked, "Brut."

Boyce ignored him and answered the call. The caller was a lady and asked with a very tender voice, "Is that Inspector Boyce Shawn?" _____

Chapter 502 Listen To Me From Now On

Boyce frowned slightly as the voice seemed familiar but at that moment he could not recognize it. The caller sensed that Boyce did not recognize her voice and said with disappointment, "I'm Jasmine."

Boyce suddenly realized and said, "Oh, what's the matter?"

"Are you free? Can you come this afternoon to see me?" She asked tenderly.

Boyce looked at the clock and replied, "Okay."

"I'll wait for you at the school's entrance." She said.

"Okay."

Jasmine frowned as she felt that Boyce was very distant as his replies were singular.

“Then I’ll see you later.” Jasmine said.

“Okay.”

Jasmine grinned as she looked at her cellphone after the call ended. She had a cellphone. She did not give her number to Boyce when he asked for it previously because she still did not trust him. She did not fear hardships and could survive even when she did not have any family. Her cellphone was very cheap and basic but it was sufficient for her needs. Her academic results were good and this semester she was awarded some scholastic monetary grants. The monetary grants together with her salary as a part-time worker were enough for her expenses. She was certain that her living conditions would improve considerably after she graduates and worked for a couple of years.

Boyce drove his black SUV and stopped in front of the HQ University and saw Jasmine standing at the entrance of the University. She wore a white top with slim straight-cut jeans. The jeans enhanced her long legs and she wore a pair of white sneakers and had a black knapsack. She wore her hair in a ponytail and looked young and energetic. She ran over to Boyce as soon as she spotted him and said, “My apologies, I can’t invite you into the University as all my friends know that I do not have any relatives. It would invite rumors if I’m seen with you.”

“Get in,” Boyce said as he unlocked the doors.

Jasmine sat in the car and directed, “Please drive straight ahead and then turn right.”

Boyce did not ask her where she was taking him but said, “What’s the matter?”

Jasmine looked at him and smiled, “Do I need a reason to see you?”

“No.” Boyce smiled awkwardly and continued, “I tend to get straight to the point. Please don’t take offense.”

“I know, no offense taken.” She replied but she pondered about what his friend said about Boyce that he did not express himself publicly.

Soon, they arrived at where Jasmine wanted to go and she waved, “Just stop here.”

As soon as Boyce parked at the side of the road, she exited the car and then said, “Come with me.”

She walked towards a shop named ‘Return for More Noodles’. Boyce looked around and this place was near to the University and had a lot of eateries. He exited the car and entered the noodles shop and saw Jasmine placing her order. He frowned as he was not sure what was happening. Did Jasmine call him over just to eat some noodles?”

“That’ll do.” Jasmine told the owner. She walked towards some empty seats and then waved at Boyce, “Let’s sit here.” Boyce walked over and sat as she directed.

“Do you mind eating here?” The shop was small but relatively clean, apart from the layer of oil on the glass partition which clearly was dated.

“Though this is a simple joint, the noodles are very tasty.” Jasmine smiled and continued, “You helped me a couple of times and now I should give you a treat in return.”

“Think nothing of it,” Boyce said nonchalantly.

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Jasmine secretly rolled her eyes as she thought to herself what a bore this guy was. He was emotionless from the moment she got into his car.

The owner served the dishes which included a bowl of thin noodles and a plate with six different garnishes and vegetables and a bowl of gravy.

Jasmine pointed to the garnishes and vegetables and said, "These are the garnishes and you may add them as you desire. However, you must pour in the gravy onto your noodles."

Boyce nodded and emptied the plate of garnishes and vegetables into his bowl. He added the gravy and then started to mix them with the chopsticks. Jasmine smiled and asked Boyce, "Hey, what type of woman do you like?"

Boyce was startled and looked puzzled at Jasmine.

"Oh, please don't take it the wrong way. The last time your friend said to me during breakfast that you had never been in a relationship and never had a girlfriend. He even asked me if I could introduce a girlfriend to you. For that to happen, I need to know what type of girl you are interested in." Jasmine said as she ate the noodles.

Boyce took a deep breath and wanted so much to give Armand a good beating. How could Armand tell her something so personal? He felt so embarrassed and awkward in front of Jasmine.

"He was talking nonsense. Don't mind him." Boyce said angrily.

"Oh." Jasmine swallowed her noodles and continued, "So you are in a relationship now and currently have a girlfriend?"

Boyce was speechless.

He sighed softly and replied, "What I meant was you don't need to recommend anyone to me. I don't like someone too young." She was a university student and any of her friends would be of her age.

What was that Armand thinking about? He really questioned if he was sane.

"So have you ever been in a relationship?" Jasmine asked.

Boyce glared at her and retorted, "Mind your own business."

Jasmine pursed her lips and replied, "So I don't need to introduce a friend to you, do I?"

Initially, Boyce took a whiff of the noodles and was eager to taste them but now he had lost his appetite with all her questions.

He placed down the chopsticks and then said sternly to Jasmine, "That friend of mine likes to talk nonsense. So don't take his words seriously."

"Okay. Then I'll listen to you from now on?" She smiled and looked at Boyce. Her smile was so beautiful and innocent which easily tugged Boyce's heartstring.

Boyce was stunned momentarily before coming to his senses and took a bite of the noodles and said, "Yes, listen to me from now on."

Jasmine propped up her chin with her arm and smiled at Boyce as she thought to herself how cute he was. Perhaps 'cute' was inappropriate to describe Boyce but at this very moment, it was.

After they finished the noodles, Boyce sent her back to the University and then drove off before realizing that she had left her bag in his car so he turned the car around.

When he reached the entrance of the University, he saw numerous people gathered at the entrance. He parked the car and walked over with Jasmine's bag.

"That's her. The last time I clearly saw her leaving with several men at the nightclub. She acts innocent in school and pretends to be broke. I don't believe that you are penniless when you've sold your body. You pretend to be poor and vulnerable to gain the guys' sympathy. How shameless are you?" This female student was Elisa. Not only did she stay at the same dormitory with Jasmine, but they were also classmates. She was upset because she was passed over and Jasmine was chosen instead of her. Ever since then she bore a grudge against Jasmine because she always felt that she was far more beautiful and attractive than Jasmine. _____

Chapter 503 He Was My Man From Outside

Elisa had been spiteful about it. Furthermore, her crush confessed to Jasmine a few days ago, and the jealousy that was pent-up in her heart instantly exploded.

When she saw Jasmine get out of Boyce's car today, she stopped her at the school entrance, trying to humiliate her, ruining her reputation in school.

Jasmine was emotionless. She had been gesticulated before because of her father's matter. Now that she had grown up, she was much stronger.

She would not admit anything that she did not do, much less let others slander her indiscriminately.

"How did you know that I was at the nightclub? Were you there too? Did you see me there with your own eyes? Then, may I ask you why were you there? You said that I slept with a man, were you

standing beside me watching me?"

Her gaze was harsh, and she directly confronted Elisa without dodging.

Her words seemed reasonable.

Everyone looked at Elisa again as if they were asking how did she know that Jasmine had been to the nightclub?

Elisa panicked for a few seconds. Then, she said, "My friend told me about it. I'm not lying. You can ask them two." She pointed at the other two students, "Jasmine got off from a man's car this afternoon, right?"

They had indeed seen Jasmine get down from a man's car when they came back, so they told everyone truthfully.

"See, I'm not lying, right?" She has been pretending to be poor in school, pretending to be pitiful to win the pity of the other male students. But in fact, she has been doing those disgraceful deeds outside of the school and still dared to come to school. If I were her, I might as well dig a hole and bury myself in it."

Jasmine bit her lip and trembled with anger. She could not explain; it was a fact that she had indeed gotten down from Boyce's car.

Elisa became even more rampant seeing that Jasmine could not refute, "You shameless bitch. How dare you reject Lucas's date! You have been seducing men with your sluttiness, am I right?"

Jasmine's face turned blue with rage. She glared at Elisa as if flames were shooting out from her eyes,

"Don't speak nonsense!"

"Ha-ha, I'm speaking nonsense? The man that you have slept with even came to school. Why? When you slept with other men, you never thought that this day will come, right? Do you know what does the word shameless means?" Elisa's words were getting more outrageous, more licentious, and more unpleasant to hear, "We have so many schoolmates looking at you now. Why don't you take off your clothes and show them how did you seduce men with your slutty body?"

Jasmine was extremely furious. She felt as if there was a fire burning in her chest.

"Look at yourself, getting angry and annoyed. Why? Do you want to hit me?" Elisa let out a burst of laughter.

Jasmine clenched her fist, closed her eyes and swallowed her breath. She said coldly, "It will only dirty my hands if I hit you."

After saying that, Jasmine walked into the campus. However, Elisa didn't want to let her go so easily and grabbed her clothes. Jasmine's summer clothes were already thin, and her fair and slim waist was revealed when Elisa pulled her clothes. Elisa saw that all the male students' eyes lit up, so she suddenly had a wicked idea. She deliberately lifted Jasmine's clothes, "No wonder you can seduce men, look at your waist, I reckon these men can have a lot of fun with it, am I right?"

Jasmine pulled her clothes down and tried to cover her waist. She glared at Elisa furiously and rebuked, "Let me go!"

"You bitch. You are not a virgin anymore, so why do you have to act innocent?" Elisa bared her teeth, and her face was a little savage. She was jealous of Jasmine's body figure. Even though her body figure was not that bad, however, after she saw Jasmine's body figure, she found out that hers was really not so great compared to Jasmine. No matter how thin she was, she was big-boned, and her hipbone was much wider. In comparison, Jasmine's waist was slim and smooth, her skin was tight and firm, and she

was fair as well. Moreover, her hipbones were at a perfect size; it was neither too wide nor too narrow.

Jasmine felt really annoyed with Elisa and felt that she had reached her limit. For that brief moment, without thinking much, she reached out her back and pushed backward. Jasmine's abrupt action pushed Elisa off guard. She stumbled a few steps back, almost falling to the ground, and her comical movements attracted the derisive laughter of the other students.

Elisa felt that Jasmine had made her looked like a fool in front of everybody. She glared at her, raised her hand, and tried to hit Jasmine. However, someone suddenly grabbed her palm as she tried to fling her hand towards Jasmine. Elisa was still in a fit of anger, so she raised her head and cursed, "Mind your own business..."

However, when she saw the face of the man who was grabbing her hand, the remaining words choked in her throat.

Everyone looked curiously at the man who had suddenly appeared. Other people would feel that Boyce was a tough person if he didn't smile. And he was in his uniform today, which made him looked even fierce.

Someone in the crowd whispered, "Whoa, even the policeman is here."

"You, you..." No matter how arrogant Elisa was, she could tell that Boyce was not an ordinary person from his attire. And for a moment, she was too nervous to even spit out a word.

Boyce was an ineloquent person. If it was Armand right now, he could probably humiliate Elisa to the point where she would be ashamed to face anyone.

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

He coldly shrugged off Elisa's hand and strode towards Jasmine.

Jasmine could only look at Boyce as he walked towards her in front of all her schoolmates, ignoring all of them. He would always appear when she was in her most embarrassing state.

And this was the third time he did that.

Boyce stopped in front of her, handed her the handbag, and asked in a low voice, "Do you need me to go and talk to the principal regarding this?"

Those words were too harsh, and they might affect her reputation at school.

Jasmine felt very hurt. She didn't take the handbag that he had handed over, but just raised her head and looked straight at him, "Did you hear what she said?"

Boyce pursed his lips and replied with an "um".

"Everyone in this world likes to watch the fun. If you try to explain, they will think that you are rebutting. That's why I don't need to explain. If they think it is, then let them be."

At first thought, Jasmine's words didn't seem reasonable. If someone were to encounter this matter, their first reaction would be to try and explain or refute it. However, on second thought, it made sense. Even if you tried to explain, the other party might not believe you. They might even think you are intentionally finding trouble to cover up your own mistakes. At that moment, Boyce didn't know what to do. Suddenly, Jasmine stood on tiptoe, reached out her slender arms, wrapped around his neck, and kissed him with her bare lips that were not rendered with lipsticks.

Boyce stood straight and stared at the tiny and delicate face in front of him surprisingly. At that

moment, he seemed to have forgotten to react, and all he could smell was the sweet and pure breath lingering in his nose.

Her soft lips pressed against his, and he could only stand there stiffly.

When he finally realized what Jasmine was doing, he tried to reach out his hand to push her away. 'How can she do this? She's still so young...' However, before he could lift his hand, Jasmine let go of him and looked towards the schoolmates who were watching the fun, "Yes, he's my man from the outside, that's all. I'm an adult now, so is there any rule that forbids me from having a relationship?"

After saying that, she took the handbag from Boyce's hand, shoved the schoolmates who were blocking the campus gate, and ran into the campus.

Boyce looked at her petite back figure, looking lonely and helpless when she was insulted and bullied by her schoolmates. He suddenly felt a sense of protective desire for her. His stunned expression changed back to his normal cold expression in just an instant.

He turned around and looked at Elisa, who was still standing on the spot. His voice wasn't very loud, but his tone was intimidating, "What's your name?"

Elisa swallowed her saliva. She was so scared that she wanted to step back and leave this man as far as possible.

A student who stood aside watching the fun told Boyce, "Her name is Elisa, and she is Jasmine's classmate. They even live together in the same dormitory."

Boyce nodded. The smile that came from the corner of his lips was extremely cold, "Next time, if I hear you say something insulting to her again, I'll get the principal and invite your parents here. I really want to see how your parents are to be able to teach such a mean child like you."

After saying that, he glanced at the surrounding students who were still watching the fun, and said

coldly, "All of you should leave now."

Everyone left one after another. A few of them walked slower, thinking that there might be something else for them to spectate.

Then, Boyce walked towards his car. Elisa bit her lips and stared at Boyce in resentment, thinking that he had humiliated her. After what happened today, how could she stay on this campus in the future?

How would she be able to face all the other students on this campus?

"You look like someone with a status, and you are not young anymore. How dare you find a freshman to be your girlfriend? She can even be your daughter if she's a few years younger. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? You think I'm easy to bully just because I'm a student?"

Boyce stopped his steps and stood still. Elisa thought that he might come over and beat her up. She was so afraid that she immediately ran away.

He looked at Elisa who was running away. He let out a sigh, lowered his head, and rubbed his aching temples. Then, he opened the door and went into his car. However, he didn't immediately start the engine, but just quietly sat there.

He seemed to be reminiscing what had just happened. Everything happened in a flash, and he didn't have enough time to savor. This was the first time he had been so close to a woman before. It left a deep impression on him, and her scent was particularly intriguing.

Chapter 504 He Was Looking Forward To It, But He Felt Conflicted

Boyce leaned on his car seat and propped his head with one arm. He should have pushed Jasmine away at the very first instance. How could his mind wander off?

He felt like he was the one bullying her. Even though she was the one who took the initiative, he was an adult. Furthermore, it was not like he was young already. How could he not realize what she was trying to do at that time?

Just as Boyce was getting upset and annoyed, the phone in his pocket rang. It was Armand who had called, asking him if he wanted to go to country Y.

Boyce was a little confused, why would they want to go there at this timing?

Armand didn't tell him why but just asked if he wanted to go or not.

Boyce thought about it for a while. He knew that he would have weird thoughts if he stayed idle, "I'll go."

"Reach the airport before 3 o'clock. If not, don't blame us for not waiting for you." Armand directly hung up the phone after saying that.

Armand sat in the car, holding the invitation card in his hand. He was examining the people on it, and the time and venue were printed on the back of the invitation card. The exhibition was not held within the country, but instead, it was an international fashion clothing exhibition. Therefore, it would be held in country Y, where the clothing industry was most powerful and most influential. However, for the exhibition this time, they would only be focusing on one special topic.

Armand smacked his lips and said, "I really don't understand why you need to go there..."

However, in an instant, Armand suddenly thought of something. Dolores was a clothing designer, so

did Matthew wanted to go there and find her?

Thinking of this, he turned his head, looked at Matthew, and asked, "You think that Dolores will show up?"

Matthew frowned his eyebrows. Obviously, he did not want to talk about this topic. He directly leaned back on his seat, closed his eyes, and tried to take a quick nap.

That was what he was thinking about. However, he didn't know if he would bump into her or not, or would she even be there in the first place. If she was willing to reveal herself, her figure would have appeared on the invitation card along with Theresa. But now, Theresa was the only person printed on the invitation card.

Matthew was not sure. Deep inside, he wasn't sure if he wanted to see her, however, he was looking forward to it too. It was a very conflicting feeling.

Fortunately, Armand was a smart person. He didn't continue to pursue this topic and just sat there quietly, waiting for Boyce to arrive.

While he was waiting, he looked at the invitation card in his hand again. He didn't know what was there to look for on the invitation card, but he just wanted to look at it.

However, after a while, he felt that it was a betrayal towards Theresa if he kept looking at the woman on the invitation card, so he threw the invitation card aside.

After waited for a while, Boyce arrived. If they fly over now, they could reach there in the morning, rest for half a day, and attend the exhibition at night.

Armand could understand why Matthew had been quiet for a night and a day. But why was Boyce so silent too?

He looked as if he had lost his soul and wasn't as spirited as before. Armand felt as though he had come out with two sick patients.

They were here for private affairs; therefore, they had stayed relatively low-profile. In the evening, they hailed a local cab and went to the exhibition center from the hotel. The exhibition center was huge, located in between several high-rise buildings. Even when the night came, the bustling metropolis would never be stripped of its glitz and glamour. The whole city was enveloped in twinkling and shining lights, making it look even livelier.

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A huge signboard was set up in front of the entrance of the exhibition hall. It had the same logo as the invitation card, and the only difference was the extra row of locally translated letters below the logo.

The invitation card was sent to different countries. Therefore, the invitation card was printed out in a lot of different languages. Mrs. William had helped Dolores this time, and a lot of invitation cards were sent out. They got a tremendous amount of response too since it was Dolores's first personal clothing exhibition after she got famous. Naturally, as Dolores's talent-spotter, Mrs. William attended the exhibition as well. She even changed her usual attire and wore a cheongsam, which was exquisitely embroidered with beautiful patterns. Pairing it with a plain shawl, the old lady looked exceptionally elegant and intelligent.

All of the lights in the exhibition hall were lit, rendering the place as bright as daytime. Media reporters from all relevant industries were busy testing their camera equipment. The visitors all came from various industries, including wedding dresses, photographic studios, etc. As long as they were related to the fashion industries, all of them were here. The exhibition was hugely advertised, and a lot of people came.

The exhibition hall was jam-packed with visitors. All the staff was dressed in specific attire so that they could be easily recognizable. A row of tables that was covered in white silk velvet was placed in front of the catwalk. And on top of the table were wines, various cakes, and desserts.

Rows of chairs were placed on two sides for the visitors so that they could sit there and watch the exhibition later.

The exhibition hall was filled with the sounds of the visitors. And with the sound of a "Clang", a ray of light shone onto the catwalk. A male host, who was wearing a black suit walked up the platform, following by another female host beside him. She wore a piece of red long cheongsam with a slanted collar with an ornamental braided button. The cheongsam's length reached to her ankles, and she wore a pair of high heels that were about ten centimeters high, making her look even more slender and extraordinarily temperamental.

The two extreme black and red colors collided with each other, creating a stunning visualization effect. The lights that were shone on the two hosts followed them as they walked forward. The male host raised his microphone. Because the exhibition was of a Z Country's styled theme, the entire show was presented in the language of Country Z. A translator stood beside the catwalk, diligently translating every sentence of the host.

"Hello, ladies and gentlemen from all over the world. Thank you all for joining us today on this starry night."

After the male host finished his sentence, the female host raised her microphone elegantly and spoke in a loud and crisp voice, "This passionate, hopeful, and fantastical season has let us all gather together here. I welcome you all once again and thank you all for joining us in this international fashion clothing exhibition."

After the introductory speech, the atmosphere was getting hyped. The male host once again said, "I would like to welcome all our respectful guests to take their respective seats. The most ground-breaking, first exhibition of 'Cloud' will unfold at 8:30 p.m.!"

The female host took over his words, "Let us stay tuned."

The two hosts stepped down, and most of the guests had already taken their seats. Armand and the others sat in a corner at the last row of the right-wing. Suddenly, the lights went dark.

It was pitch black everywhere. Then, a famous pure Guqin composition 'High mountains and Running water' rang out in the exhibition hall. The restless crowd gradually quieted down, and what remained was the lithe and graceful music that was full of artistic conception, echoing through the air melodiously. As the music came to an end, the lights on both sides of the catwalk suddenly lit up, and the soft light rays interlaced across the entire catwalk.

The opening scene was presented by two Country Z's models. Respectively, they wore a pink and a red Chinese-style wedding dress. The two models had a slender body figure, walking gracefully, taking one step at a time. With their beautiful figure, they were able to exhibit women's attractiveness and bashfulness incisively and vividly. In the end, they stood still as they reached the end of the catwalk. The host at the side commented, "For five thousand years, Country Z was blessed with a culture of a long history. And tonight, 'Cloud' will be bringing us a brand-new experience."

Originally, the traditional Chinese-style wedding dress was rather loose. Dolores referred to a more westernized cut, creating her own unique version design, which could highlight the bride's perfect figure, bringing out the gentleness and elegance of Country Z's culture. And at the same time, it was filled with a modern sense and looked more high-classed. Instead of looking old-fashioned and out of style, the unique design was full of vibrant.

The design was truly a masterpiece.

The western wedding dresses were more virtuous and solemn, and usually, people would pay more attention to the style if they were to pick these types of wedding dresses. As for the Chinese-style wedding dress, people would pay more attention to the patterns on the dress, and the moral meaning behind these patterns. Each of these patterns symbolized different moral meanings. The dragon and phoenix resembled prosperousness and auspiciousness, while the mandarin duck resembled the faithfulness and happiness of love.

The color of the hand-embroidered Chinese-style wedding dress was also more vibrant, making it

looked glossier and more stereoscopic. The exquisite gold and silver threads and the life-like patterns made the dress even more extravagant and magnificent. Even though it was time-consuming and labor-intensive, however, no matter how the years changed, or how the stars had shifted, this piece of wedding dress would still keep its unique charm, as well as having more significance in terms of heritage.

And at last, there was the grand finale.

This dress was more traditional. However, there were some changes in the details. A blossoming lotus was outlined with a gold thread on the bandeau top. With a special embroidery method, exquisite patterns were woven onto the sleeves. The cuffs were embroidered using the same method. The whole wedding dress was presented in a festive red colour while containing a gentleness of the Chinese style, displaying a woman's tender feeling. The manteau of the wedding dress dragged all over the floor and swayed with the movements of the models, bringing a great momentum behind them.

Chapter 505 I Still Liked You So Much

The last twelve models took turns to stand on the runway, they then showed 'their' beauties one by one. The models walked slowly while the light followed them, the lyrical music from Chinese Zither was played at that time, the male host narrated with deep affection and a resonant voice.

I still liked you so much, as if the continuous musical sound, which traveled for long-distance.

I still liked you so much, as if the flowing water from the top of the mountain, which was difficult to find the confidant.

I still liked you so much, as if the burned end zither's sound, which was powerful.

I still liked you so much, as if the moving chess, which killed and relied on each other.

I still liked you so much, as if the fighting on a battleground, which had caused the gunpowder smoke everywhere.

I still liked you so much, as if the strewed blacks and whites, which were all carrying their meanings.

I still liked you so much, as if the attractive smell from the book, which was kept in my heart.

I still liked you so much, as if the book in my hand, which was showing the great tenderness between lovers.

I still liked you so much, as if the absorption of knowledge, which was hard to be stopped.

I still liked you so much, as if the bouquet of liquor in the deep alley, which wafted through a long distance.

I still liked you so much, as if the aged wine, which made people drunk.

I still liked you so much, as if the bouquet of daughter's wine, which broke the heart when drinking.

The host's narration with perfect voice and deep affection, and the visual feast had pushed the exhibition to the climax. The most unexplainable love in the world, still made people yearn for it.

The host was narrating with affections, but it seemed more like a lover expressing love to the other.

It seemed like this last point had presented the whole main idea of this exhibition to everyone, in a special way.

The main theme this time was the Chinese wedding dress. A wedding meant the combination of two people, a man and a woman, who loved each other and became husband and wife, after all it was related to love.

It was matched exactly with these twelve 'I still liked you so much' in the narration.

It made people feel that they could only show their love, by wearing this kind of wedding dress for their loved ones when they got married.

The exhibition was so splendid, it had made everyone applaud.

Just when everyone wanted to interview with the organizer and those people who were interested in collaboration were waiting for the organizer, the male host's voice was heard speaking loudly again, "Let's welcome the founder of 'Cloud', Renee Gordon."

The light fell at the back, followed by a person walking slowly. Theresa Gordon was wearing the same cheongsam as in the invitation card, with the same hairstyle and make-up as well, the only difference was that the real person was way more gorgeous.

Armand Bernie who was sitting in the corner looked at Theresa's face, he felt like he had met her before, but he was completely unfamiliar with her, this was a strange feeling.

He pursed his lips and looked at Theresa who was under the spotlight, he tried to find some hints from her face that could prove that he had met her before.

However, he couldn't find any, he really didn't meet her before. He had first seen her on the invitation card, this was the first time to meet her in person, so he didn't know Theresa.

Theresa took the microphone which was passed to her by the host on the stage, she appeared calm and relaxed when facing the flickering spotlights from the audience seats, she then bowed, "Thank you all for coming today, and thanks for all the event crews, thank you!"

She stood gracefully on the stage, she held the microphone and looked at everyone, "I'm not the founder of 'Cloud', the founder is not able to attend due to some personal reasons. Should you have any queries, you can ask me, and I will answer them one by one."

"May I know why the founder names it as 'Cloud'?" A reporter asked initially.

Theresa answered fluently, "I believe that from all of the people coming today, there are a lot of fashion professionals, I think that you guys should have heard of Tea silk before, right?"

Someone exclaimed, "Is it the Tea silk which has disappeared from people's view for more than twenty years?"

Theresa smiled, "Yes." She then explained, "The twelve Chinese wedding dresses this time were all made from the combination of Tea silk and hand-made embroideries by eleven masters, who had spent two months to complete them. Although the process was time-consuming and laborious, I believe that everyone has seen the results."

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“May I know will the prices of these wedding dresses be very high?” There was someone who showed keenness to buy, no matter the designs or meanings, they were both typical.

“I’m sorry, but these will not be sold, regardless of how much money, these are just for display only. If you’re thinking of collaborating with us, later I will introduce the person in charge to everyone.” Theresa smiled, “Now I will give ten minutes’ time to let everyone have a closer look at them, but please don’t touch them, thank you for your cooperation.”

This was because it would be very difficult to restore the embroideries if they were accidentally snagged.

Everyone flocked there, left only the three men at the corner who didn’t move, Armand Bernie and Boyce Shawn looked at Matthew Nelson.

They knew the relationship between Tea silk and Victoria Forbis who had passed away, it might not be related to Matthew in the past, but now it was.

“Is it Dolores?” Boyce asked, if not who else could have done these?

Matthew was just looking quietly at those beautiful dresses on the stage, he didn’t express too much on his face. However, there were traces of deepened sites at the corners of his eyes if looking carefully, he was indeed not as calm as he showed.

After Dolores left him, she had hidden somewhere secretly to compensate for the death of Victoria Forbis, but he had never considered whether she would feel upset or not due to the loss of the loved one.

Matthew clenched his jaw, forming an indentation on the masseter muscle due to the excessive force, it could be seen that he was forbearing so hard to maintain his surface’s calmness.

There were twelve models standing beside the runway on the stage to let people view.

The workmanship and materials used had no flaw at all, there was someone exclaiming, "This exhibition is the most shocking ever for me, its luxury and the founder's special display have really made me can't calm down for a long time."

Theresa smiled when getting this kind of comment, the two months of hard works had paid off. She thought that from now on, Tea silk would come back to people's sights, so Dolores had achieved her goals, the brand 'Cloud' would then stand out.

Ten minutes later, the models had left the stage, but everyone still hadn't finished enjoying themselves.

"Thank you for your support, please negotiate with Mr. Adams if you're interested in collaboration."

Oscar Adams was rarely wearing the suit, but not the gaudy clothes, he walked in front of the stage, "If you are interested, please leave your contact details here."

He had not enough time to go into particulars as there were too many people now, he could only talk about these on another day.

Theresa left the stage after introducing Oscar Adams, she walked to the back and told the event crews, "Please be careful, don't simply place the dresses after taking off from the models, you must put them back onto the custom-made hangers that we used when the dresses were sent here."

These clothes were all for display only, they needed to be brought back again. To prevent any damages, they had customized the hangers which were suitable for these clothes when bringing here.

Mrs. William walked here, Theresa immediately greeted, "Mrs. William."

She smiled, Dolores didn't tell her before about how this exhibition was, she had seen it today and she

gave a smile of relief, "I really don't misjudge her, she has surprised me, but unfortunately she is not here to see the admiration from the eyes of everyone. When I noticed of her during that time, I knew that she will definitely succeed."

Theresa smiled back, "I would like to say thank you on behalf of Lola."

"No need, please tell her I'm glad. Although she is no longer at LEO Corporation and has started her own brand, my heart for her will never change, I hope that she will be better in the future." Mrs. William was old already, but her only child was not interested in this sector, so it was still uncertain whether LEO Corporation could continue surviving after her death.

If she wasn't a person who cherished the talents of people, she wouldn't have given a chance to Dolores, who had just graduated without experience and background during that time.

Initially she had thought of handing over LEO Corporation to Dolores after she passed away, but Dolores had already had her own business today, so she could only wish her.

She could understand that everyone had their own stories, LEO Corporation was established by her lover and her, so it should disappear after she left, thinking in this way had made her have no regrets anymore.

They then talked for a while and Theresa sent Mrs. William into the car, watching the car driving off. Theresa then went back backstage and sat on a chair in the corridor, she then took out her phone and was going to give Dolores a call to tell her the situation here. When she just wanted to swipe the green button after finding her phone number, a deep voice was heard from her back.

"Where is she?"

Theresa turned, a lonely silhouette was standing beside a door at the end of the corridor. When he turned his head, then only Theresa could see his face clearly, she turned off the screen of the phone in her hand and stood up with her hand on the wall for support, maintaining her calmness.

“I don’t understand what you’re saying.”

He pulled his collar band, the wind blew inside, but it couldn’t cool down his boiling heart. He breathed heavily, his lungs were like the broken wind boxes, which might explode at any time, “I will ask you about this question because I know your identity, don’t forget that I had helped you to go overseas for treatment during that time.”

Chapter 506 Couldn’t Recognize Her Even If She Was Just Here

Theresa wasn’t lying purposely, she was answering subconsciously to protect Dolores’s privacy, she had done this because she couldn’t simply disclose her whereabouts.

Although she knew the reason that Dolores left him, she still felt that they should get over it. After all those things were not caused by them, they shouldn’t have to bear the consequences, they should instead cherish each other and stay together happily since the two children had grown up already, some more Dolores was pregnant now.

“She is at city C.” Theresa was shocked at the moment when she saw him, she didn’t expect that he would come.

However, she could understand after thinking over it.

There were many invitation cards being sent out, some more he knew her looks very well, so he would definitely guess that this was related to Dolores once he saw the invitation card.

Matthew was stunned for a few seconds, it seemed like he didn't expect to get this answer, city C was located just next to City B, the distance between them was not far.

"Maybe she doesn't want to bring the children too far away from you." Theresa guessed and spoke.

Even though Jolene Harris had left something for her over there, but she had neither accepted it nor used it, the reason she stayed there was because the place was not far away from City B.

Matthew leaned against the door and looked at the light beside the road, he was a bit confused, it seemed like the world was leaving him slowly. The scene in front of his eyes had become lighter and paler, as the picture with a watermark on it, there was only one thought in his mind, "Go meet her... Go meet her."

"Where does she live?" His voice was very low and gentle, but there was a tremor in his voice if listening carefully, it seemed like he was suppressing a strong feeling in him.

"City C, YJ community's block A building no. 6," Theresa said.

Matthew turned, but Theresa stopped him, "Sorry, can you do me a favor..."

When she hadn't finished her words, Armand and Boyce had come, "Why are you here?"

Armand looked inside the corridor and he saw that there was a woman standing in the corridor, he then looked at Matthew, the corners of his eyes twitched. No one knew what he was thinking, but he didn't talk anymore.

Theresa swallowed the words that she wanted to say, her emotion was not affected when she saw Armand, she was showing a face like meeting a stranger.

She walked in heels toward them, her eyes didn't fall on neither Armand nor Boyce, she just smiled and talked to Matthew, "Can I have your phone number?"

Armand was following Matthew, she wasn't convenient to talk in front of him, so she could only talk with him on the phone or through texting.

Matthew glanced at her and soon he knew what she was thinking, she simply wanted him to keep a secret and don't tell Armand about her identity.

Not knowing what he was doing intentionally or unintentionally, he glanced at Armand, "Give her my phone number."

He then left after saying this.

Armand was unwilling to do so, he felt that Matthew was so strange. He had known Matthew not just for one day or two days, even though Dolores was not beside him, Matthew wouldn't simply give a woman his contact details.

'Is it that he is irritated mentally because Dolores is not here?'

Couldn't blame Armand for thinking too much, the actions done by Matthew were too strange.

Boyce looked at Theresa and he was thinking about something, he wouldn't believe that Matthew

would fall in love with others. He was mumbling the name of Renee Gordon, suddenly he noticed the key point.

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'Theresa would go overseas because she was disfigured during the explosion, even though the surgery was successful, she should have different looks from the past, right?'

'Coincidentally her surname is also Gordon, is it a coincidence?'

He didn't think that it was a coincidence, he felt that this Renee Gordon in front of him, was indeed Theresa Gordon, Matthew would come and find her was definitely inquired about Dolores.

About the change in her voice, he didn't know the reason, perhaps she was just purposely changing her voice?

After figuring it out, Boyce seemed to understand the reason that Matthew let Armand give her the phone number. He hoped that Armand would understand Matthew's intention, he stretched his arm and patted his shoulder, "I will wait for you at the roadside."

Boyce walked away after saying this, but Armand suddenly grabbed him, "Don't go."

Boyce was speechless.

'Is he an idiot? Doesn't he notice at all?'

'He doesn't want me to give him the chance of staying alone?'

Boyce thought in his mind that Armand was pathetic.

Armand didn't notice Boyce's intention at all, now he felt that he was betraying Theresa if he looked at other women. How would he think that Theresa's looks had changed and were totally different from the past?

Some more the voice was different, he wouldn't think about that aspect anymore, he glanced coldly at Theresa, "Don't hook up someone simply just because you feel that you look pretty, Matthew is a married man. If you don't want to get scolded, faster go away!"

'Hmm, Armand thinks that Theresa is a woman who is hooking up Matthew. Don't mention giving her the number, it's already good that he doesn't scold about something unpleasant.'

Boyce was looking at the sky quietly beside him.

Theresa didn't get angry, she kept smiling, "I don't understand what you're talking about, please give me the phone number."

Armand frowned, 'Isn't it that I haven't made it clear?'

"Why do you want his phone number?" Armand's voice still sounded cold.

It was even worse than just now.

Even though Theresa was pretending to be calm and cool, there was still fluctuation deep inside her heart. After all he had slept with her and was being so intimate with her before, she had even gotten

pregnant in the past, how would it be possible to say that she had no resentment at all?

She clenched her fists tightly, she didn't understand Armand's meaning because she was nervous, she felt that he was purposely looking for trouble, so her smile vanished, "It's okay, I'll go ask from him."

Theresa was going to walk toward the roadside while saying this, Armand was irritated and pulled her, "Eh, lady, why are you so shameless? Isn't it that I haven't made it clear? He has a wife, don't become a mistress..."

"Mister." Theresa interrupted him, "Not everyone has such a dirty mind like you, I ask for his number because I need to discuss work with Mr. Nelson."

Chapter 507 I Want to Ask You a Question

These words made Armand Bernie choked. Boyce Shawn really couldn't stand it, if Armand continued to say something offensive and pissed Theresa Gordon off, he would never be able to coax her in his life. He pulled Armand away, "You wait for me, I'll solve this matter."

Armand was quite aggrieved as he was scolded instead when he was thinking for Dolores Flores and was afraid that Matthew Nelson would be snatched away. He had a chip on his shoulder.

"Boyce, how come women nowadays are so eloquent ..."

"Armand, can you stop talking?" Boyce held his forehead as he was going to be exasperated by him.

Armand hummed coldly, "You settle it." After saying that, he walked away with resentment, thinking in his mind that he didn't want to care anymore.

Boyce watched him walk away before looking at Theresa, "You're Theresa, right?" he spoke again firmly without waiting for her to deny it, "The reason Armand didn't find out was that lookers-on see most of the game."

Theresa knew he was a steady man. Since he could say that, he must have discovered something. She pursed her lips and smiled bitterly, "I've found out."

"Why your voice is different? Are you on purpose?" he asked with concern.

She shook her head, "I hurt my vocal cords."

He sighed, "It's okay, it's not ugly now anyway." He asked for a phone with his hand out, "You know the news about Dolores, right?"

She handed him the phone and there was no need to beat around the bush when talking to someone smart, "Yes, I went to see her as soon as I got out of the hospital and we've been staying together."

After he finished entering Matthew's number and handed it to her, he still wanted to explain to Armand, "You know his temper, sometimes he is ignorant, but he has never had a bad intention. Just now he didn't recognize you as he thought you're a scheming woman who seduced Matthew. After all Dolores isn't here, so he ..." He didn't finish the rest of the words as he believed that Theresa would understand it.

She also expressed her attitude, "I hope you can keep this secret for me, don't tell him my identity. I still can't let go of the past, I don't want to be harassed by him and I want to live a quiet life."

He looked at her for a moment and said, "I won't tell him. I've to make him suffer or else he will still make mistakes. I support your ideas."

"No." She hurriedly explained, "I'm not trying to punish him, I just don't want to have a relationship with him anymore as it's too tiring. I don't want to dabble in it for now, I just want to put my career first, moreover, I'm really busy now. As you can see, there are a lot of people today, the convention was a success and there's a lot of work to do afterward."

He sighed, "Fine, I respect you." As he turned around to leave, he seemed to think of something and he turned to look at Theresa, "He has a hard time recently and he also feels bad, being negative for a period of time. If it isn't that many things have happened recently and he is being busy all the time, he wouldn't even be in his current state."

She didn't say anything or give any response.

He just wanted her to know as he didn't expect her to show her attitude. At that point, Armand couldn't be forgiven and he knew it well.

"Take good care of yourself."

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After finished speaking, he turned around and left while Theresa smiled, "Take care of yourself too. You're not young now, hurry up and find a girlfriend."

When he heard of the word 'girlfriend', he inexplicably thought of Jasmine and the kiss that caught

him unawares.

Then, he was filled with guilt again.

He quickened his pace as if to flee from something. She looked at his hasty back and smiled as Boyce who was always steady had lost his poise too.

On the roadside, Matthew was calling Abbott Baron.

“Yes, book the recent flight to City C.”

Soon Abbott’s voice was heard at the other end, “The most recent one is tomorrow morning at 7.30 a.m.”

“Well, book one for me.” He hung up the phone after he said. Armand leaned against a lamp pole, looking at Matthew, “What’s wrong with you? Why do you go to City C in a rush?”

Matthew didn’t look at him and said indifferently, “Business. You guys can go back.”

After saying that, he stopped a taxi and went away.

Armand was speechless.

He felt that he couldn’t understand Matthew.

Yet Boyce knew why Matthew was going there, so he didn’t ask and wrapped his neck in his arm, “Let’s return to the hotel. If you can’t fall asleep, I can have a drink with you.”

Armand looked at him, "I think you're the one who wants to drink."

"Okay, I want to have a drink. Will you accompany me?"

"Of course." Armand's arm was placed on his shoulder and they bent their arms around each other's shoulders. They didn't immediately stop the car but walked along the road.

"Armand, I want to ask you a question." Boyce suddenly said. _____

Chapter 508 It Was Better to Miss Than to Be Speechless

Armand twisted his head and looked at Boyce in surprise. A miracle had happened as he even had a question to ask himself.

He resented him usually. Was that the moon was different in Country Y and Country Z? Did it make people change their nature?

"You say."

As he met Armand's eyes which filled with gossip and curiosity, he swallowed what he wanted to ask. If he told him about the matter which Jasmine kissed him, he would surely ridicule him in sarcasm.

The words on the tip of her tongue took another turn, "Didn't you notice that woman called Renee is quite pretty?"

Boyce accentuated the pronunciation of the word 'Gordon', trying to remind him.

However, Armand focused on the point which that woman was pretty as it was the first time he heard Boyce praise a woman.

He let out a laugh with a somewhat cold accent.

Boyce was baffled by his laugh and he felt panicked, "What are you laughing at?"

"I'm laughing that you and Matthew are both bewitched by that woman." He slapped his shoulder and said seriously, "Listen to me, look for that university student who hadn't worked in society yet. It's easier to seduce. You can't manage this woman, don't think about it."

Boyce was speechless.

Was his reminder not obvious enough?

Was his head full of shit?

He didn't want to be foul-mouthed, but when did this bastard become so stupid?

He was really foolish!

"Don't talk anymore. Let's go back and drink." Boyce no longer wanted to talk with him as he was afraid that he would die of anger if he continued this conversation.

Armand was still curious about the reason why Matthew was going there and asked, "Don't you feel curious where he had gone?"

Boyce glanced at him, "What do you think he is most interested in right now?"

He thought for a moment, "Could it be that he suddenly left to look for Dolores?"

Boyce thought in his mind, "His brain is still well-functioning as he knows what Matthew is most concerned about. His brains seemed to be clear, how come he's like a dumbass when it comes to his own affairs?"

"Don't he stay with us all the time? Where does the clue come from?" Armand was confused, then he guessed quickly, "Could it be that he secretly asked someone to investigate?"

Boyce was speechless.

Armand didn't realize his lifeless face and said, "He isn't cool at all as he even hides it from two of us. After all we still intend to investigate for him when he was feeling bad. Who knows he has investigated it himself."

"At least he knows to devote love to his wife. How about you?" he couldn't help and said it.

Like he mentioned Theresa, Armand's expression soon turned unrelaxed and said wistfully, "You know my situation before as everyone concealed her whereabouts from me. The only channel I could find out was from Dolores. Now Dolores has gone too and I don't dare to look for Theresa as I'm afraid that I'll scare her. I'm afraid that she will be getting emotional, causing her to be hurt again if she sees me."

He twisted his head to look at Boyce, "Boyce, I'm suffering."

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Boyce slapped his own mouth, "Don't talk anymore, let's have a drink."

As his buddy, he had done his best to remind him. It wasn't his fault as he didn't think of it that way.

Two of them returned to the hotel, ordered the drinks and drank in their room. Both of them were dead drunk.

Neither of them woke up in the morning and one was lying on the sofa while the other was on the bed. No one bothered them, so they slept until evening. Then they washed up and bought tickets for their return.

On the other hand, Matthew rested for a night at a hotel near the airport of Country Y. He boarded the plane early in the morning and it landed in City C of Country Z at about 4 p.m.

The sky was bright at this time and the sun was still a bit dazzling. Yet he could still feel the scorching heat even though it wasn't as intense as midday.

Usually Matthew had someone to accompany him wherever he went and those basic necessities were all well-arranged for him without having him worry at all. But this time he came in a hurry, so he didn't bring anything at all. Because of the hot weather, the collar of his white blouse was slightly opened and his shirt was badly creased due to the long flight. He walked out of the airport through the crowd with his suit on his right arm.

The airport was crowded, thus there were also many taxis waiting for the passengers at the entrance.

Matthew boarded a random taxi and gave his address.

Soon the driver drove off and it didn't take long to arrive at the entrance of the YJ community. He took out the money from his wallet and handed it to the driver. A wallet and a mobile phone were the only things he had with him.

He pushed the door open and got out of the car. There was a gate at the entrance of the district with a security guard standing there and there was a towering stone with the words 'YJ community' carved on it. He stood there but he didn't dare to walk forward.

He didn't know what he could say to her as he suddenly appeared in front of her in this way.

Could he see her without any distractions in his mind?

The answer was no. Since Jeffery's matter hadn't yet settled, he didn't know what expression he could use to face her and what he could say to her in his first words.

Until this moment, he just truly experienced that contradiction in his mind and understood why she must leave back then.

If she hadn't left, it would have been great torture to both of them during this period.

It was better to miss than to be speechless.

"Mummy, when will Renee be back?" Amanda Nelson asked. Since Theresa had changed her appearance and name, the two children called her in a particularly smooth way and even more naturally than before.

After Dolores came back from the XF textile mill, she went to pick up two children from preschool. On the way back they went to the supermarket and they didn't drive because it was close. They just

walked back along the roadside shaded by the phoenix trees. Andrew Nelson held Amanda's hand and wobbled around with the schoolbags on their backs which had some simple books inside that were needed for class.

"It should be soon. I think she will be back tomorrow." She had received a call from Theresa and knew what was going on over there. Even if it was over, there were still a lot of things to be solved, so she couldn't come back immediately.

In her hands, there were the things they had just bought.

As Matthew who was standing at the entrance heard this sound, he turned his head to look over and saw the three small and large figures not far away.

The two children hadn't changed much, Andrew wore a white short-sleeve shirt, beige trousers and white shoes, while Amanda wore a pink dress with lace trim and a pair of rhinestone-embellished sandals, exposing half of her white calves. Two of them held each other's hands and looked affectionate.

Compared to Andrew, Amanda was always less steady as she even stepped on the ground with fallen leaves when walking.

Dolores also wore a chiffon dress, with a thin belt tied around her waist in a bow, falling casually on her right side. Her stomach which wasn't protruding initially looked pregnant now. Against the breeze, the fabric clung to her body, making it even more obvious. Her fair arms which carried the things were exposed and she looked down at her two children with her face showing a faint smile.

Chapter 509 I Used to be a Bandit

He was fascinated and obsessed, wanting to rush up to her, hug her, and tell her he missed her.

But the reality was that he only dared to look at her from afar, and did not even dare to make a sound, for fear that she would see him.

They came closer and closer. As long as he called them softly, they could see him. But he came in such a hurry and eagerness that he hadn't thought about how to face her.

Just as they were about to see him, he turned and stood at the corner.

He had never been so cowardly in his life. Facing his lover and children, he chickened out.

"Mommy, can I make wontons tonight?" Amanda asked as she walked to the entrance of the neighborhood, taking Dolores by the arm.

Dolores looked down at her daughter and asked with a smile, "Do you know how to do that?"

"No, but I can learn."

Just as Amanda finished, Andrew said, "Then you eat your own wontons."

"Okay! Humph, I won't let you eat my wontons even if you want to," Amanda tilted her head and said loudly.

Andrew got worried, "What if the wontons you make have no fillings but only wrappers?"

"It won't happen. You have to trust me." Amanda took her brother's hand, "I've made dumplings before, have you forgotten? I have experience."

Amanda spoke like an adult. After saying that, she also patted Andrew's shoulder, "Don't worry."

"I remember that you made some dough last time, right? This time Daddy isn't here and no one will eat your dough."

"You ..." Amanda felt hurt and let go of Andrew's hand and took Dolores' hand, "Mommy, Mommy, look, my brother is so annoying. He doesn't trust me and even hits me. The teacher said that children should be praised so that they can improve. If he keeps hitting me, I'll become dumb."

Dolores felt funny. Could praise make people smart?

However, she didn't say so. Well, praise was needed. Otherwise, what if she really got dumb?

"Amanda is the best. You can definitely make perfect wontons."

"Mommy, I want to make wontons too," Andrew said. Otherwise, what should he do when Mommy and his sister made wontons together? He wanted to be a part of it.

Dolores smiled dotingly and helplessly, "Okay, you guys can do whatever you want, okay?"

The two children laughed happily. It was like they heard the helplessness in Dolores' tone and were amused by their mischief.

Gradually, they walked into the neighborhood, and their voices grew lower and lower, and finally they could not be heard at all.

Matthew remained standing in place. Hearing their conversation, he remembered the time when Dolores got petulant and gave him all the dough made by the two children, which made him unable to sleep all night.

He could still feel how he felt at that time. The corners of his mouth lifted slightly without him realizing it.

Happiness was so simple. There were no flashy words, no exciting scenes. Having a simple family was happiness.

He stood on the roadside and watched the building where Dolores lived from day to night. The lights went on in that building.

He found a place where he could sit, threw his suit on the ground, tilted his head, and quietly looked at the building, imagining what the people inside were doing at the moment. He occasionally let out a giggle as if he thought of something funny.

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Oscar arrived at Dolores' house. As he parked his car, he happened to see a man sitting on the roadside giggling. After he got out of the car, he glanced in the man's direction again. He just thought he had been mistaken. This time, he was sure he wasn't mistaken. There was indeed a man sitting on the roadside, very handsome, but like a fool.

Oscar felt sorry for him. It was a pity that such a good-looking man was a fool.

He just got back and had to see Dolores right away, so he didn't have time for this. He walked quickly into the neighborhood. He came back on the noon flight, so he was later than Matthew, and Theresa shouldn't be back until tomorrow morning. She took the evening flight.

Oscar arrived just in time to see Dolores and the two kids making wontons. He changed his shoes and walked in, "Well, I'm back just in time for dinner."

He walked to the table and saw the wontons on the table, partly exquisite and partly horrible. He frowned, pointed to the dough made by Andrew and Amanda, and asked, "What are these? Are they edible?"

"Not for you." Amanda was irritated.

"Well, what's wrong with Amanda today? Did you eat dynamite? If you don't let me eat them, I can grab some." Hearing Oscar's words, Amanda pulled a wry face and glanced at him, "You're a bandit, huh?"

Oscar rubbed her head, "I used to be a bandit."

Amanda's eyes widened. All the bandits she'd seen on TV were bad guys. Could he be a bad guy too?

"Bandits are bad guys, so are you a bad guy too?"

Oscar immediately denied, "I'm not a bad guy."

"Then why do you say you're a bandit? Bandits are bad people." Amanda was so stubborn that she had to make it clear.

Oscar pulled up a chair and sat down, "Well, I am whatever you say." After saying that, he thought of the person he saw downstairs and said to Dolores, "You should be careful when you go in and out of the neighborhood lately."

"Hmm? What's going on?" Dolores looked up and asked.

"I see a fool at the entrance to the neighborhood. I'm afraid he's mentally ill and will hurt you and the two kids," Oscar said seriously.

"Really? When I came back, I didn't see anything unusual downstairs, much less any fool." Dolores put the wontons on the table and took another piece of wrapper.

"You'd better be careful. Why would a normal person sit on the roadside and giggle? He looks good-looking, and there's a suit thrown on the ground. I guess he probably failed in business and was stimulated. Nowadays, people who fail in business will even jump off buildings! It is common for them to become fools. Have you seen the news? A pretty big company in C city was acquired, and its owner almost jumped off the building."

Dolores got up after finishing the last couple of wontons and prepared to go cook them.

When Dolores didn't answer, Oscar added, "Do you hear me? Be careful! You must drop them off and pick them up every day. If you don't have time, just let me go. Don't be careless. If you lose such beautiful children, you'll regret it."

Dolores knew Oscar cared about them. She smiled and said, "Okay, I will."

Andrew got flour and meat on his hands while making the wontons. He wanted to wash his hands, so he got out of his chair. Oscar kept talking to Amanda. When he heard the movement, he looked over at Andrew. When he saw his face, he froze for a moment and then laughed out loud, "Andrew, why do you look like a fool?"

Andrew's face darkened, "You're the fool."

Oscar froze for a moment, not expecting such a big reaction from Andrew. But, on second thought, he knew why he was so angry. No one would be happy to be called a fool. For a moment, Oscar thought that Andrew looked so much like the "fool" downstairs. He explained, "Although you look alike, I know Andrew is a smart kid who is going to be a big boss in the future. How can you be a fool!"

Oscar thought since Dolores didn't want to accept JK, then JK could be given to Andrew in the future.

Andrew washed his hands and walked out, looked at Oscar, and asked, "Where's the fool? I want to see how stupid he is."

Oscar sat motionless in his chair and pointed to the balcony, "You can see him by standing on the balcony and looking down." Chapter 510 Daddy, I'm Scared

Andrew was just about to walk over when Dolores said from the kitchen, "Andrew, do Mommy a favor, okay?"

"Okay." Andrew walked to the kitchen and Dolores pointed to the green onions in the basket, "Can you help Mommy peel some green onions, please?"

Andrew picked up the green onions and gave Dolores the answer with his actions.

By the time Andrew had peeled the green onions, Dolores had already cooked the wontons. She took the green onions that Andrew had peeled, washed them and chopped them up and put them in the bowls. The soup for the wontons was made in the bowl directly. She put some shrimps, oil, a little soy sauce, and chopped green onions in the bowl. Then, she added some soup to mix everything. Finally, she put the wontons in the bowl. Then the wontons were done.

"Wash your hands. It's time to eat," Dolores said to Andrew. She placed the bowl with the wontons on the plate so it wouldn't burn her hands.

Andrew already smelled the wontons and didn't have time to look at the "fool". He washed his hands, sat down on the chair at the table, and waited for his dinner.

The soup of the wontons smelled good because of the oil. The shrimps added a fresh flavor to the wontons. The wrappers of the wontons were made of dietary alkaline so they were very smooth. Dolores brought the bowls for the two children to them and then offered Oscar one of the two remaining bowls, "If you don't get enough, I'll make you something else."

Dolores had no idea he would be back so early. She thought Oscar would be back with Theresa, so she didn't prepare too many wontons. She was worried that he wouldn't get enough with just one bowl of wontons.

Oscar waved his hand and said with a smile, "No need. I ate something on the plane. This is enough. I'm sorry for stealing yours."

He looked at the two children and asked, "Are these enough for you guys?"

Amanda licked her lips and looked at Oscar with a smile. Then she said sweetly, "Mr. Adams, when I

finish my wontons later, can you take me out for a walk, please?"

She wanted to eat ice cream, but Mommy wouldn't buy it for her. Mommy said that too much ice cream was bad for her stomach, but she wanted it so much.

Andrew instantly knew what Amanda wanted to do. So, he said, "I want to go too, take me with you."

He wanted to eat ice cream too, especially after eating hot wontons.

Dolores frowned, "What do you guys want? Huh?"

"Oh, we just want to take a walk outside to help digestion after eating so much." Amanda pouted and looked at Andrew, "Right, brother?"

Andrew cooperated with her rarely, "Yes, it's good for our bodies to take a walk after eating."

Dolores wanted to say something else, but Oscar said first, "Well, they just want to go out. You don't have to worry about it with me following them."

Since Oscar said so, she couldn't say no. After dinner, Dolores cleaned up the dishes on the table, and Oscar put a flash drive on the table, "This is the video I let someone record at the scene. Check it out when you have time. You should be there, it's very nice. It's a pity that you weren't there."

He was here to deliver this to Dolores. He sighed, "This is the fruit of two months of your hard work. I really can't understand why you don't want to show up."

Dolores bowed her head and did not explain. She just said faintly, "Don't take them out too long. Come back early."

Oscar said, "Okay."

Dolores went to the kitchen with the bowls. The two children had already put on their shoes. They could take care of themselves on their own now.

Oscar took them out. As they got on the elevator, he said, "What do you guys want?"

He had been with these two kids for over two months. Take a walk? That was clearly not their style.

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Amanda smiled, took Oscar's hand, shook it, and said sweetly, "We just want ice cream."

Oscar rubbed her hair, "I knew you guys wouldn't have the awareness to take a walk after dinner. Whenever you have time, you just stay at home and watch TV. Every time I ask you to come out, you always say it's too hot outside. Now you want to eat ice cream and you don't think it's hot outside?"

"Ice cream is cold. When we eat ice cream, we are naturally not hot anymore," Andrew said.

With a ding, the elevator stopped at this point, and Oscar led them out of the elevator. He laughed and rubbed Andrew's head, "You're so smart."

Walking out of the neighborhood, Amanda immediately saw the man on the opposite side of the road answering the phone. Although the man's back was to her and she didn't see his face, she recognized his back. She immediately shouted, "Daddy."

Matthew, who was on the phone with Abbott, heard her voice and turned around to see the two children at the entrance to the neighborhood. Amanda let go of Oscar's hand and ran across the street, calling out to her dad as she ran.

"Watch out," Oscar shouted. It was too dangerous to run across the street.

At that moment, there was a speeding car not far away. Amanda didn't see the car, and all she could think about was running in Matthew's direction. They hadn't seen each other in over two months. Now, she finally saw her dad. She was afraid that if she was late, he would disappear.

She wanted her dad. She even forgot about the ice cream, much less the danger.

The car was fast. The driver didn't expect someone to suddenly rush out from the side of the road and hit the brakes hurriedly. Nevertheless, the car didn't stop immediately. At the very last moment when Amanda was about to be hit, a dark figure picked up Amanda's small body like the wind. As she was picked up, the car brushed past them.

If Matthew had been a little later, Amanda would have been hit by the car. The car pulled up a short distance away. Oscar rushed over and kicked the car, cursing, "What the hell! Are you blind? How dare you drive so fast in front of the neighborhood."

The driver was also in shock. He didn't expect someone to suddenly rush into the road.

When the driver didn't move, Oscar kicked the car again. A dent immediately appeared in the car door, "Get out of the car!"

The driver shivered in fear and opened the door with a pale face.

Oscar was usually cheerful and seemed to have no temper, but he was very scary when he got angry. He got angry mainly because his bottom line was crossed. Who was Amanda? She was Dolores' child! Who was Dolores? She was the daughter of his older brother whom he had always respected. Just now, because of this driver, Amanda was almost in danger. How could he not be angry!

If something really happened to Amanda, how should he explain to Dolores?

Amanda, who was being held in Matthew's arms, was so scared that she didn't respond for a long time. She was dumbstruck and clearly terrified.

Matthew patted her back and said softly, "It's okay. Daddy's here. Don't be afraid."

Amanda immediately cried when she thought back to the scene she had just witnessed.

Amanda's cries brought Oscar, who was in a rage, back to his senses. He glared at the driver, "If it were before, I would have beaten you to death. You stand still and don't try to escape. There's surveillance right in front of the neighborhood."

After that, Oscar rushed over to check Amanda. At this moment, she was sobbing in Matthew's arms and kept crying, "Daddy, I'm scared."

Matthew kissed her on the face. Because she cried with tears all over her face, Matthew got the salty taste. But he didn't mind, instead, it hurt more for him. His lips rubbed the corners of her eyes and he said in a low voice, "Don't be afraid. Daddy is here."

Hearing the word daddy, Amanda cried even harder. She was so aggrieved.
Chapter 511 Do You Want Me to Hug You Too?

Matthew Nelson hugged her with a hand while his other hand was stroking her back one and another.

He was sweating and he had the smell of sweat. The smell was faint and it wasn't unpleasant.

He moved closer to his daughter's ear. His voice was mixed with heartbroken feelings and mixed with the feeling of wanting to spoil her daughter. It was very gentle, "You will become ugly if you keep crying."

Amanda Nelson cared a lot about her appearance. She was praised since young. She couldn't stand to become ugly. Her face was still full of tears and she asked as she sobbed, "How do I look ugly?"

"You will become ugly if you keep crying." Matthew reached out his hand and his finger touched the corners of her eyes to wipe off the tears, "Simona is a good girl. Don't cry anymore."

He was used to calling this name. Even she was no longer called Simona Flores, he still liked to call her this way.

Amanda sobbed. Her eyes were teary as she looked at Matthew. She sobbed as she asked, "Dad, are you leaving us because you think that I am ugly..."

After saying that, her tears fell again. She finally had a Dad but they had to separate again after a short period of time. She missed her Dad so much in this period of time.

She was crying sadly...

She felt sadder as she kept thinking about it.

Her words directly stabbed Matthew's heart. He had never thought that he didn't want them as he felt heartbroken towards them. His forehead touched his daughter's head as he kissed her nose and mouth, "No. Simona is not ugly. Simona is the prettiest girl in the world. You are my dear daughter."

"Dad." Amanda tightly hugged his neck. Her little face buried into his shoulder as she cried. Matthew patiently comforted her. He knew that she felt wronged in her heart.

Oscar Adams was completely stunned at the side. He stared at the man who was hugging Amanda. He thought in his mind. 'What is going on? This, this fool... No, is this man Amanda's father?'

He lowered his head and looked at Andrew Nelson who was beside him. His gaze seemed like he was asking him what was going on.

He frowned and his expression looked funny, "Is this man really your father?"

Andrew was very sure as he nodded, "Yes."

Oscar was speechless.

That day he saw him sitting here and laughing like a fool. Why was he doing that?

Oscar looked at Matthew again. Matthew also looked at him at the same time. Just now when he came out from the entrance of the neighborhood, he saw Oscar taking care of the two kids. 'Who is he? What is the relationship between him and Dolores Flores.'

'Dolores wouldn't let someone who is not familiar taking care of her kids. Just now he looked so nervous and he didn't seem like acting. It seems like he is taking good care of the kids.'

Oscar laughed, "Hello. Why don't you go in? I saw you giggling on the roadside, I thought..."

He didn't say the word "fool". Matthew didn't look like a fool at all after seeing all these.

Even though he didn't say it, Matthew knew that he wasn't going to say some pleasant words. His voice was not too high or too low but it seemed like he was trying to probe him, "Who are you?"

He had never seen this person around Dolores or heard that she had friends or relatives in city C.

He squinted. 'If he is not Jolene's relatives. Could it be...'

He had a guess in his mind. It was not hard to understand the relationship between the people around Dolores. In the past, Jessica Lennon and Randolph Flores were her family members. Now it was Jolene Harris and Stanley Lennon. Jolene's relatives were in City B. Then, was this man Stanley's relative?

Oscar smiled, "It is a long story. Why don't we settle the matter and find a place to talk about it?"

Matthew didn't say anything. He agreed with it.

Oscar patted Andrew's shoulder, "Be obedient. I will be right back."

The driver who almost hit them was still standing there. He had to teach him a lesson. Otherwise, he would be guilty if he recklessly hit someone next time.

"Okay." Andrew nodded obediently. After Oscar left, Matthew looked at Andrew and asked, "How are

you doing recently?"

Andrew nodded. He looked a little down, "It's okay. Sister and I go to school. Mommy is very busy and our life is pretty full."

After saying that, he turned his head. He seemed to feel bad in his heart.

Matthew touched his head, "Are you angry?"

Andrew moved his body and shook off Matthew's hand. He said coldly, "No."

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"Are you jealous of your sister? Do you want me to hug you too?" Matthew knew what was wrong with him when he got angry.

Andrew didn't admit, "I am not!"

"Is it?"

"Yes."

In fact, he was a little jealous. Matthew kept looking at his sister as if he had forgotten about him.

This made him very unhappy.

Ah!

At that moment, a miserable scream was heard from the other place. It had stopped the confrontation between the duo. Oscar didn't suppress his anger and he punched the driver. His strength was strong and the driver was quickly beaten down.

"Pay more attention next time. Otherwise, I will not be so kind next time." Oscar showed a cold face, "Get loss."

The driver crawled and got into the car.

Andrew looked at Oscar's fierce expression and he swallowed saliva. Oscar always showed a child's personality and he loved to laugh and he was very approachable. Therefore, Andrew got familiar with him very quickly. After getting along for two months, Andrew saw him being so violent for the first time. He couldn't help but feel nervous. He completely looked like a different person. When Oscar moved towards him, he subconsciously took a step back. Matthew bent his body to hold his hand. He held his small hand in his palm.

Matthew raised his head and looked at him. Andrew didn't say anything and he didn't shake off Matthew's hand. They were considered to reconcile with each other.

"I know a quiet place. Shall we go there and have a seat?" Oscar said.

Matthew also wanted to find a place to quietly stay with the kids. It was not good to stand on the roadside.

"Then, I will bother you."

Oscar immediately waved his hands, "It is not troublesome at all."

He showed the smiley and harmless look again, "It is not far from here. Let's walk there."

He walked at the front to lead the way. The place was a café. The place was very quiet because it provided private rooms. Before entering the private room, Oscar asked the waiter to send two ice creams to the private room. Because the weather was hot, the café also served cold drinks.

The private room wasn't big but it was quiet. There was an air-con in the room so it was not hot. Matthew hugged his daughter and sat down. Oscar sat on the sofa on the opposite side.

At this time, the waiter pushed the door and walked in with two ice creams. The ice creams were placed in pretty crystal cups. The ice creams were also nicely made. After putting them on the table, the waiter asked, "Do you need anything else?"

Matthew didn't raise his head. He said calmly, "Give me a glass of cold water."

The waiter smiled and said, "Okay." Then the waiter looked at Oscar and asked, "Do you need anything?"

"I don't need anything." Oscar waved his hand.

The waiter kept showing a smile as he took the tray and left.

After the waiter went out, Oscar couldn't wait to ask, "You are from City B."

Not only Matthew had guessed Oscar's identity, but Oscar also guessed Matthew's identity.

Matthew replied with a sound. He said euphemistically, "They are still young."

He meant that he didn't want to talk about adult matters in front of the children.

Furthermore, even if the two of them didn't explain their identities, they had almost guessed the other's identity correctly.

Oscar was a smart person. He understood the meaning of his words. He was sensible as he said, "I still have things to do. I will go and settle it. I will come back later."

"Thank you." They were all smart people. Matthew knew that he was giving him some time.

Andrew looked at the ice cream on the table and he patted his sister, "Are you still eating the ice cream?"

Amanda only raised her head from Matthew's hug and asked, "Where is the ice cream?"

Matthew didn't know whether he should laugh or cry. This child still loved to eat. He wiped his daughter's face and put her onto the sofa. At this moment, she saw the ice cream on the table. She reached out her hand and took the spoon to scoop the ice cream. Then she passed it to Matthew's lips, "Dad, try it. It is delicious. Mommy doesn't allow me to eat much. I had thought of a lot of ways to let Oscar bring me to buy this."Chapter 512 Then I Will Wait for You

Matthew Nelson lowered his eyes to looked at the ice cream that was passed to his lips. His lips felt cold as they touched the ice cream. The coldness dissipated the warmth of his lips. He opened his mouth to cover the spoon. He ate the ice cream that was passed by his daughter.

Amanda Nelson didn't mind that the spoon was used by him. She couldn't wait to scoop the ice cream and put it into her mouth, "It is so delicious."

It was sweet and cool and there was a light milk taste. Her eyes looked happy. She felt so much happiness after only eating a spoon of ice cream.

“Dad, after I finish my ice cream, are you going back with me? We will go back to see Mommy.” After saying that, she scooped another ice cream and passed it to him.

Matthew again ate the ice cream that was fed by his daughter. He was chewing the sweet taste in his mouth. Yet, he was bitterly thinking about how to explain to the two kids in his mind.

Andrew Nelson also raised his head to look at him.

He seemed like he was looking forward to his answer.

He looked at his children. His eyes kept blinking and he frowned. His face looked extremely bitter. Normal people would know he was suffering in his heart after looking at his face.

Andrew slightly sighed. He lowered his head to eat another spoon of ice cream, “I don’t know what you want. Sometimes you two are fine. Sometimes you two quarrel with each other. Is it fun?”

Didn’t he know that his sister and he were the ones who were suffering?

They had a father but they looked like children without a father. He wanted to let his father change his mind to have a normal family life. Who knew...

While thinking, Andrew took another deep sigh as he felt helpless.

“And you didn’t think about our feelings. You two are too wilful.”

Matthew’s gaze moved between the two kids’ faces. In the end, he said with a low voice, “Give us some time.”

“Then do you miss Mommy? Andrew raised his head to look at him. He seemed like he was worried, “When Mommy is not around you, are you going to find another woman?”

Andrew was worried that he would love another person again. He had abandoned his Mommy once.

“If you make another mistake, we and Mommy really will not forgive you,” Andrew said the words clearly.

Doing mistake once could be barely accepted. The second time would never be forgiven!

Matthew was speechless.

“I miss your Mommy. When she is not around, I will not find another woman. I only want her in the future.” Matthew seriously looked at his son, “You have to take care of your sister and Mommy when I am not around.”

Andrew nodded vigorously, "I will."

Amanda who finished the ice cream put down the spoon and crawled onto Matthew's body and hugged his neck, "Dad, aren't you going back with us?"

She understood the conversation between her Dad and brother. It seemed like her Dad was not going to see her Mommy.

She couldn't understand adults' matters. She felt like her Dad should go to see Mommy, "The baby in Mommy's belly could move now. Don't you want to see the baby?"

Matthew stared at his daughter's face. However, his heart was in a mess. While he was trying hard to control the feeling of how much he missed his wife, his rationality also told him that it was not a good time to meet her before the matter was over. The two forces in his mind were battling. No one could persuade the other. He felt like he was floating on the dangerous waves as he felt so bad in his heart.

Dolores Flores's face appeared in his mind. The balance in his mind had obviously tilted. He looked at his son, "Help Dad to do something."

"What. You can say." Andrew was straightforward. However, there was a condition, "You have to promise me one thing if I help you."

Matthew helplessly looked at his son. 'This kid is still young but why does he have so many thoughts?'

"Okay, you say it first." He couldn't do anything to his own son. He could only promise him.

"You have to come to see us at least twice a week," Andrew said. This was his request.

In fact, he still didn't fully believe in Matthew. He was afraid that Matthew would love another woman after separating from Dolores for a long time.

Matthew looked at his son silently. He originally wanted to see them frequently. However, after Andrew said the words, he seemed like a cheater, as if he would not become faithful in love.

He moved closer to his son and stared at him, "Do you not believe me that much?"

"You were not being faithful to Mommy once. Therefore, I have to watch you for Mommy to not let her be hurt by you again." Andrew said seriously.

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Matthew was speechless.

"Now it is your turn to talk. What do you want me to do for you?"

Matthew pinched the bridge of his nose. He was helpless towards his son. Could it be that his son was going to remember every mistake he made forever?

"I want to see your Mommy but I cannot let her know." Matthew put down his hands and looked at his son.

Andrew also looked at him as if he felt like this request was a little bit big. He blinked his eyes and asked, "How can I let you see her without her realizing?"

Matthew hooked his forefinger to his son to ask him to move closer to him. He whispered to him,

“After your Mommy falls asleep at night...”

Andrew pursed his lips, ‘Why do they look like thieves if they do this?’

However, it didn’t matter. He still tried hard to see Mommy. This meant he still loved Mommy in his heart. He was happy to help him.

Amanda was happy after she ate the ice cream that she wanted. She kept sticking with Matthew on purpose. She couldn’t understand, “Isn’t it good if we stay together?”

She understood what her brother and Dad had said. Her Dad had to sneak around to see her Mommy.

In her mind, wouldn’t it be better if he directly went to see her? He could see her Mommy as she was at home.

Matthew hugged his daughter and pressed her little face against his chest. His thumb moved up and down on the back of her ear, “Wait for a while. It will be soon.”

They had to wait until Jeffery’s trial was announced and everything was settled. Obviously, it was not a good time now.

The little girl couldn’t understand. She only tightly hugged her Dad, “I want to sleep with Dad.”

Matthew lowered his head to kiss his daughter’s hair. He also wanted to do so. His lips moved to her forehead, “Simona, you have to be obedient. Don’t tell your Mommy that you have met Dad, okay?”

Amanda’s eyes blinked and she said with a sweet tone, “I can promise Dad to not tell Mommy. However, Dad also has to promise me that you have to come and see us frequently. You have to buy me ice cream too.”

“Okay,” Matthew answered with a tone as if he was spoiling her.

After about half an hour, Oscar Adams came back. He smiled as he said, “Lola doesn’t allow me to bring them out for too long. Why don’t you come back with us?”

Before Matthew spoke, Andrew pulled Oscar, “Let’s go. He is not going.”

Oscar was smart and he didn’t ask more. If two of them were doing well, Dolores wouldn’t bring the kids here. If they were doing well, he wouldn’t only sit on the roadside. He didn’t go into the place even though he had known where Dolores lived.

He reached out his hand to hold Amanda’s hand, “We have to go now. Later your Mom will be anxious.”

Amanda pulled Matthew’s collar and she didn’t let it go. She felt wronged, “I don’t want to be separated from Dad. I want to stay with him for a little longer.”

Matthew touched his daughter's face with his hands, “Be obedient. You go back first. I will come to see you frequently.”

Although the little girl was reluctant, she still let go of his collar. She suddenly moved towards him and hugged him to kiss him, “Then, I will wait for you.”

Matthew’s heart almost melted after looking at his daughter.

Oscar held the little girl’s hand. In the end, he greeted Matthew, “Then we are leaving.”

“I hope that you won’t tell Dolores about the matter that we met today.”

Oscar said that he understood, "Don't worry."

Oscar didn't say more words and he also didn't persuade him. They were all adults. They must have their difficulties if they did this.

After Oscar left, Matthew didn't leave. He took a rest here temporarily while waiting for Andrew's news.

During the period of time, he asked the waiter to refill a glass of water for him. He leaned on the sofa to rest for the rest of the time.

Although he came here in a hurry and looked a little messy, his untidy look still showed strong masculinity. _____ Chapter 513 Is That You

Matthew Nelson left the coffee shop at around 10 o'clock. At this time, the coffee shop was near its closing already, so he couldn't continue to stay inside.

Boyce Shawn and Armand Bernie had probably never seen Matthew so pitiful like this. He had to make himself look like a beggar just so he could see Dolores Flores. He didn't even have a place to stay.

He went back to the gate of the residence to wait for his son's message. However, he saw Oscar Adams walk out of the residence instead.

Oscar talked to Dolores about the exhibition, so he came out a little late. He walked over and passed him the access card without saying anything, "You can't get in without this."

Matthew didn't hesitate. He reached his arm out and took it over, "Thanks."

Oscar thought for a while, "Do you want to take a bath at my place?"

"No, I still have to go back tomorrow," Abbott Baron gave him a phone call and said that Boyce got into trouble.

He didn't clearly hear what happened at that time. He only heard Amanda Nelson's voice, then he hung up. Abbott probably thought that he heard it already, so he didn't call again.

If it was just a minor matter, Abbott would probably not tell him. So, he needed to go back after seeing Dolores.

Oscar smiled and handed him a business card he took out from his pocket, "If there's anything that you need my help in, you can look for me. I'm very familiar with city C."

"How are you related to Stanley Lennon?" Matthew asked as he took it from him.

Oscar was stunned for a moment. It had been a long time since someone directly mentioned Stanley in front of him. The smile on his face disappeared, and he became serious, "I was wild and mischievous when I was young. My hands were almost chopped off by someone. He was the one who saved me, so I always followed him afterwards. Then, he...so I helped him watch JK over."

After he finished talking, he looked at Matthew, "You must be that person Jolene Harris arranged for Lola."

He used a declarative sentence and not an interrogative one.

At that time, Jolene didn't allow him to go and find Dolores. She said that she already arranged everything for her. Although Jolene didn't directly say it, he knew deep inside that this must be the case since Nelson was the surname of both Dolores' children.

This was also the surname of the family of Jolene's husband at that time.

It wasn't hard to guess the situation based from personal experiences.

"We are bounded by fate," Dolores wasn't sent to him due to someone's arrangement and certainly not to pay for someone's sin.

From his point of view, that was a type of harm. It was physically and emotionally hurtful to Dolores since she was used by her mother as leverage to pay for her sins. For him, it was an insult. It was an insult to his feelings.

In his subconscious, nothing and no one was involved for it was purely feelings between Dolores and him. He liked her. It was as simple as that.

Oscar pursed his lips and awkwardly smiled. It was as if he realized that what he said sounded bad. No one would like to be arranged by someone, "Then, I'll leave now."

Matthew silently groaned in agreement.

He found a place to sit down on after Oscar left. He received Andrew Nelson's phone call when it was almost one o'clock. He hung up after it rang twice.

This was his agreement with his son. His son would call him after Dolores fell asleep. However, he couldn't help but frown after glancing at the time. She went to sleep when it was one o'clock already?

He didn't have time to worry about this problem right now. Instead, he used the access card Oscar gave him to successfully enter the residence and find the room Dolores was living in.

The door wasn't closed well as a crack shone through. He opened it with just a gentle push. Andrew wore summer pajamas and slippers on his feet as he stood on the hallway.

The lights were turned off inside, but the curtains weren't drawn aside. So the light that entered at an angle from the outside was enough for him to see the general furnishings inside the house.

Andrew gave him a pair of slippers and instructed, "Stay quiet."

"Does she usually go to bed this late?" He softly asked as he put on the slippers.

Andrew nodded and whispered, "More or less, she sleeps late anyway. Sometimes it's because of work. Sometimes...I also don't know why she couldn't fall asleep. In short, she usually sleeps after 12 o'clock."

After talking, he walked towards Dolores' room and spoke softly, "Mommy sleeps in this room."

Matthew rubbed his son's head as he stood at the doorway, "Thank you."

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“Sure, I’m going to sleep now,” He yawned. He was so sleepy. He had never slept this late before. He already did his best for this pair of couple.

He was living in the room diagonally across Dolores’ room. He arrived with just a few steps and closed the door after he entered the room.

Whether it was the noisy streets or the crowded residence, everything was quiet at this time. The noise during the day was washed away and only silence was left.

Matthew stretched his hand out and gently pushed the door open.

The lights weren’t turned on in the room, and a layer of white tulle was draped as the curtain.

The air conditioner wasn’t turned on either. The windows were open, and the gentle breeze of wind blew the tulle curtain up from time to time. He walked in lightly.

The room wasn’t very big, and a double bed was put in the middle. Under the dim light, he could only see a tiny figure curled up on the bed.

She only wore a slip dress and nothing else covered her. Her bare skin glowed brightly under the dim light.

He sat down at the bed side gently, and the woman on the bed seemed to not notice. She slept on the side of her head, and half of her face sunk into the pillow.

Some messy strands of long hair covered the other half of her face, so he reached his arm out to move

them away from covering her face.

Half of her face was finally revealed, and her outlines were extremely clear and tiny.

They hadn't met for two months, but she didn't gain any weight. He felt bad for her since it seemed like she lost some weight instead as he touched her.

He thought, how wonderful would it be for time to stop and just spend a lifetime silently watching over her like this.

He leaned over to kiss her forehead. Her unique scent prevailed in every breath and every place he went to. It made him clingy and obsessive. His lips kept wandering around every inch of her bare skin.

However, Dolores lying on the bed had a painful expression as her brows tightly furrowed. She had a nightmare. In her nightmare, she was thrown into a desolated world. There was nothing but endless darkness around her. There was even a howl. The loud roar seemed to be from a monster that was slowly approaching her that eventually pushed her to the ground.

She was extremely scared when she saw a huge mouth rushing toward her.

She wanted to scream and shout, but her throat seemed to be restrained. That was why she couldn't make any noise.

Her body couldn't move either. Even if she used all her strength, she still couldn't break free.

Matthew seemed to feel her body tighten up. Cold sweat broke out on her forehead, and she looked like she was in extreme pain.

It was obvious that she was having a nightmare. He didn't care anymore that she might see him.

He just wanted her to quickly wake up from her nightmare, so he gently patted her cheeks, "Wake up..."

The slight noise woke her up from her nightmare. She quickly opened her eyes and vaguely and sleepily saw an extremely familiar figure floating on top. She spoke in a hoarse voice, "Is that you?"

He hugged her delicate body, rubbed her arms, and gently comforted her, "Yes, it's me. Did you have a nightmare?"

It was such a response that tore open her longing for him hidden in the depths of her heart. It was as if she was bewitched.

She sniffed him crazily and greedily. There was a faint smell of sweat on his body. It wasn't heavy.

Instead, it seemed more like a sign that he didn't have time to tidy up because he rushed and came to see her from a long journey. It was particularly sexy. She kissed his protruded collar bone and enjoyed indulging in him exclusively.

She possessed every passing second and the time she couldn't seize.

Her consciousness was in so much haze and daze that she couldn't tell if this was the reality or the non-existent sleep paralysis demon.

She just wanted to hug him. In this way, she wouldn't be afraid in the dark.

So she hugged him for a very long while. It was so long that she went into a daze. Her eyelids trembled as she forcefully kept them open.

Then, he suddenly turned over and pressed her into his arms. He kissed her hard and deeply as his warm lips covered her mouth. It was so deep that she could suffocate, yet she was enjoying it, too. _____ Chapter 514 You're a Beast Under a Human Mask

It was so unreal and dreamy. Whether it was real or not wasn't important anymore. She just followed her heart as she responded to her entwinement with him. Her soul seemed to be forcefully pulled away, and only a shell that couldn't think was left.

The intense passion that was accumulated caused her body to gradually sink into his arms.

When she heard him say, "I miss you so much," in a daze, her eyes turned red for no reason. As her consciousness sank, she just felt that there was a huge hand caressing her belly with non-stop kisses.

She just curled up in his arms like this. All her fears could be driven away, and she could fall asleep peacefully with him by her side.

The next day, when the sun rose up, Dolores rolled over and wanted to hug him. However, her touch was responded with ice-cold emptiness. There wasn't anyone lying next to her.

She only slowly opened her eyes after she flickered her eyelashes for multiple times. The other side was empty. The bed sheet was also neat. It was obvious that there was no one, but last night felt so real and intense.

She felt that she wasn't dreaming because the breathing and voice was too familiar. She quickly rose up and got out of bed. Then she pushed the bathroom door open, but there wasn't anyone. She

thought that he might not be here, so she quickly walked toward the living room and heard that there was a sound from the kitchen. A thought came to her mind, was that him?

She pretty much walked over briskly and blurted out with great anticipation, "Matt..."

But before she could say it out loud, she already saw the person inside. It wasn't whom she expected it to be. Theresa Gordon was the one inside the kitchen.

Theresa was a bit hungry after she came back early in the morning, so she went to the kitchen to cook something up to eat. When she saw Dolores still in her pajamas, she asked, "You're awake already? I cooked some hot and sour noodles. Do you want to eat some?"

When Dolores returned to her senses, she grabbed her messy hair. Was she having hallucinations? She turned around to look at her home. There wasn't any sign that someone came here before at all.

After thinking carefully, how could he possibly show up at midnight?

She pressed her temples. She must have had hallucinations. How could he suddenly show up in her room?

That didn't make any sense at all. Even if he could come and find this place, it would be impossible for him to sneak into her room quietly.

Theresa came out as she carried the hot and sour noodles. The atmosphere was filled with the strong sour and spicy smell. She frowned as she looked at Theresa, "Are you eating this early in the morning? Won't you get an upset stomach?"

Theresa put the hot and sour noodles on the table and sat down as she pulled a chair away, "I just

suddenly wanted to eat this. It should be fine since it's just one meal."

Dolores turned around and entered the room, but she seemed to be thinking about something. So she turned around and looked at her, "Did you meet anyone?"

"No," Theresa lowered her head. She had already prepared herself, so she was able to answer Dolores' questions smoothly. At most, she just didn't dare look at her eyes.

Because she was guilty.

Dolores didn't see Matthew in the USB Oscar gave to her either. At that time, the three of them kept a low-profile. There were a lot of people and they also sat at a corner, so they weren't captured in it.

Thus, it seemed that Matthew must not know about this, so it was completely impossible for Matthew to appear.

She lowered her eyes and hid her thoughts.

"Why did you ask that?" Theresa looked at her and asked to test the waters, "Is there someone you want to meet?"

As she spoke, her gaze fell at her bare feet.

Following her gaze, Dolores lowered her head and just realized that she walked out barefooted. She even forgot to wear her slippers. She quickly explained, "No, I'm just asking. I came out hurriedly because I was so thirsty."

To prove that what she said was true, she walked toward the table and poured a glass of water. Then, she put the glass down after drinking, "I'll go back to my room to change my clothes."

After she spoke, she hurriedly returned to her room. She was deliberately avoiding the topic. Her room looked the same as last night before she went to sleep. Nothing had been moved, and no traces were left. She sat at the bed side, wore her slippers, and bitterly laughed. She must be too tired recently to have this kind of hallucination.

She put her elbows on the table and closed her eyes as she rubbed her brows.

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Andrew entered as he pushed the door open and looked around. He was sure that Matthew had already left when he didn't see Matthew in the room anymore. He was half-conscious when he felt that someone went to his room in the morning. But he was too sleepy, so he didn't open his eyes.

He jumped into Dolores' arms and asked as he raised his head to test the waters, "Did you sleep well last night, mommy?"

Dolores opened her eyes to look at her son and stretched her hands to touch his face, "I slept very well. Did you sleep well?"

During the first half of the night, she was haunted by a nightmare. However, she dreamt of him later on, so she was able to sleep peacefully.

Although it was a dream, it still felt warm.

Andrew nodded and said he slept well. Then, he carefully looked at her expression. It seemed like she completely didn't notice that someone came here before, so he felt relieved. He asked, "Today's the

weekend already. Do you want to spend a day at home with us?"

"Sure, I won't go anywhere today. I'll just stay with the two of you," Although there were still a lot of upcoming things, she needed to take a rest. It had been a long time since she spent time with them.

Andrew stretched his arm out to touch her belly and said with a little anticipation, "When will the baby be born?"

"After five more months," Dolores subtly said.

Ten months of pregnancy didn't mean that one had to be pregnant for ten months before the baby would be born. The ten months were counted from the month of conception to the month of childbirth. It would be ten months from the two ends. However, it would be nine months if it was counted by whole months.

"Mommy, bring me and my sister to the cinema to watch a movie today, okay?" Andrew held Dolores' hand and acted cutely, "Alright, mommy?"

He never acted cute toward Dolores easily, so it was hard for people to reject him whenever he acted cute.

Dolores dotingly smiled and said, "Okay."

"I want to buy popcorn and coke..."

Dolores ruthlessly interrupted him, "Go change your clothes first, wash your face, and brush your teeth, okay? Just think about these after you eat breakfast, alright?"

"Okay," Andrew pursed his lips as he broke out from her arms and ran back into his room. Dolores also cleared up her emotions, stood up, and walked toward the cabinet to look for the clothes to wear

today.

In City B, Boyce and Armand were stunned by a news after coming back from country Y.

The incident about Boyce and Jasmine Burke kissing at the gate of a university that day was photographed by a student and posted on the internet.

It immediately caused a stir. That day, Boyce was wearing a uniform, so it was obvious that he was a public official. It would be fine if he was just an ordinary person, but Boyce was not. After all, public officials had special identities. Everyone was watching their every move. This kind of incident would naturally generate public discussion.

People might say that they had an indecent lifestyle.

Armand couldn't believe his eyes when he saw the news. The Boyce he knew was a stupid person.

However, this news changed his view on Boyce.

He smacked his lips, "You are indeed a beast under a human mask. She's so young. You can do it if you want to, but do you really have to cause such a stir? Are you showing off how amazing your kissing skills are in front of so many people?"

Based from the picture, many people were watching from behind.

Moreover, the photo was taken from the side, so both of their faces were exposed. They could clearly see their looks.

Boyce ignored him. This kind of news really affected him, since both his and Jasmine's identity were exposed by people. However, he was a man, so he could withstand it. Worst come to worst, he would be investigated. But the impact on Jasmine would be massive.

Women were more vulnerable in this kind of matter. Moreover, she was just a freshman in university. Chapter 515 Who Are You

The comments on the net were not nice at all, most of them were about Jasmine.

He only scanned it quickly, but already saw a lot of comments that were very disgusting, some said that Jasmine was seducing men because she was young.

Some also said that she was cheeky, that she was learning bad things in such a young age, and that she was selling her body ...

He didn't keep reading them, because he would only get more angry. After he got into the car at the airport, Boyce told the driver, "To HQ University."

Armand reached out and patted the driver, "Don't listen to him, we are going to No. 1 Mansion."

"I am not going home." Boyce frowned, he had to check how Jasmine was doing.

Armand looked at him and knitted his brows, he thought he was foolish, now Armand found that Boyce was stupid, he humphed, "If you go to see her now, you will only hurt her more, it will settle your relationship. Try to imagine, if you go to her school now, what would it look like? What would the others think? You are a man, you will not suffer any losses, she is just a girl, how will she face the others in the future? How will she stand in society? How will others look at her?"

After Boyce calmed down, he thought that it was right, if he went to the university now, it would only make the situation worse.

"Tell me her address, I will go to see her, you should go home and clean yourself up." Armand said.

Boyce patted his shoulders, "Thank you, I wasn't thinking right before."

Armand shrugged his shoulders, then he shook off the hand, "You are so boring, are we good friends? No need to thank me."

Boyce laughed, he knew that this was his character, and he didn't take it to heart. He was worried when this story came to the open and to what extend it had been released. He didn't know anything yet. And he really needed to wash up, to calm down, and to sort out everything that was coming.

They drove to Boyce's living place, Armand didn't get off the car, he asked again for Jasmine's address so that he could go to visit her, this needed to be done quickly, because people talked.

If they dragged it out too long, it had nothing good for any of the two.

Boyce wanted to know how Jasmine was doing now, after he got off the car, he said, "Go to the gate of the university and tell them you look for first year student Jasmine, someone will tell her."

Armand nodded, then he said, "Don't think too much, I am here, and worst case, we still have Matthew. The public relation of his company is not just for nothing, they've had so many difficult situations but it was all solved."

Boyce made a fist and hit his shoulder a few times, he didn't say any appreciative words but Armand got what he meant.

"Don't be sentimental with me, I am going now." Armand lifted his chin, this was nothing to him because of their close relationship. He asked the driver to leave.

The driver drove away, he looked at the man from the rear mirror, "That guy, he is the same as the one in the news right?"

Armand was speechless.

"Do you watch news while driving?" Armand blinked, was this news really so viral now?

The driver laughed, "Sometimes I do check the news on my phone to pass time, to find something fun to do, gossip always get our attention, that's why it spreads so fast."

Armand understood, why would a story of an old man with a college student not attract attention?

There are enough people who had nothing much to do, they liked to be on the net, to send out some extreme comments, they liked to look for trouble on the internet.

"The point is the person that my friend is, tell me now, is it illegal for him to be in love? There is no law for a couple of such age difference, right?"

The taxi driver laughed, and said, "Yes, you are right, if you are rich, who wouldn't want someone young? The rich men all have wives at home, but a girlfriend out there, they are enjoying their life."

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

Armand frowned, why did this not sound so good in his ears?

He was talking about the relationship between old and young, why was the driver talking about rich people and their girlfriends, his focus was totally different.

He sighed, he wouldn't be able to explain it properly, or he would explain it but the other party would still think about something else, so he just kept quiet.

"I forgot to ask, where are we going?" The driver asked, he remembered that Boyce said a school, so he asked, "Is it HQ University?"

Armand pulled a face and looked at the driver, and said in a cold tone, "You are so smart."

"No, no, the picture, the background there is HQ University right. And your friend also mentioned it just now, I guess that you wanna go there." The driver laughed and said, he didn't notice that Armand was upset.

The driver was very talkative, as a driver, it was boring to drive everyday, so he liked to talk to his customers, this way time passed faster.

Armand closed his eyes and pretended to be tired, that he didn't want to talk, so the driver couldn't disturb him anymore, he drove quietly. After they arrived, he reminded him, "We are here."

Armand opened his eyes, took out his wallet from the pocket, and took out a cash from inside, he waited till the driver gave him his change, took it and said, "It's not easy to earn money nowadays."

What he wanted to say was that money didn't rain from the sky.

The driver was talking about rich people just now, clearly he had a thought of hating the rich.

Boyce being the person he was, it was not good to give him the name of rich person.

It would bring him trouble.

The driver stopped smiling, as if he noticed that Armand was upset, Armand got off the car, and the taxi left right after.

Armand humphed coldly and didn't mind him anymore. There are plenty of such people, he didn't want to bother about them. He went into the school, and asked at the gate, "I am looking for Jasmine in first years."

The guard looked at him and asked, "Who are you?"

"I am her family, please tell her, thank you." Armand smiled and said.

The guard took his phone and called Jasmine's class mentor.

After this happened, everyone in university already knew about it, Jasmine was being questioned in the mentor's office.

This kind of story also had an effect on the school.

Everyone would question the teaching quality of the university, they would question if the students had bad character, the society would not accept them and doubt them.

Quickly the guard hung up, then he said to Armand, "You can go, it's office building number two, third floor is the office of first year class one mentor."

The guard opened the gate, Armand said thank you and went inside.

Today was weekend, so there weren't a lot of students on the campus, once in a while some students would walk together, talk and laugh, as if they were discussing about something.

When Armand walked closer, he heard what they were talking about, and frowned hard. Chapter 517
Full Score Satisfaction

The thing that kept everyone joyful and talking now was nothing else but the story of Jasmine and Boyce that was going viral now.

Armand put one hand in his pocket and greeted some students that were coming his way, "Excuse me, can you tell me where the office of the first year class one mentor is?"

One of the nice students pointed to a office building that was not far away, "There, third floor, you can go there and check, the offices have name tags."

"Okay, thank you." He smiled and tried to be nice to them, "I was just hearing what you were talking about, was it about the student and the police officer?"

"Yes, yes, have you also heard about it?" One of the students was a short haired girl, she replied immediately, as soon as it was about gossip, she was all active, "Everyone in the school knows about it, it's been having a big effect, maybe the student will even be expelled."

"The whole university knows?" Armand laughed, "Has this been becoming your amusement now?"

Even though Armand said it implicit, but the students still could read between the lines, and their smile faded away.

Armand looked up at the majestic teaching building, it had an elegant environment, it had quite the reputation, then he laughed sarcastic, "This school isn't that good, they don't seem to be teaching their students well, they don't even know to protect their own students, why would anyone else try to protect them? What a joke."

After Armand said that, he went towards the building.

The students were blushing of embarrassment, from some point of view, they were studying at this university, but they were laughing at the things happening as if they were not part of the school.

The way of them watching the fun had no responsibility at all.

That short haired girl said scornfully, "Even if we want to protect the school that has taught us, there are still some shitty people here who destroy the whole pot. If you asked me, I would expel her to keep the whole place clean, nobody will dare to talk bad about our school again."

Some thought that she was right, but some also thought that they were too one sided, it has only been a picture, maybe there was something else going on?

"Let's go." Some of the students were afraid it might explode, so rushed her, they went quiet and left the campus together.

In that time, Armand found class one of first year students, he went to the office of the mentor and knocked on the door when he heard someone from inside saying, "Come in."

Armand opened the door and went inside, there were a few desks around, but only one of them was occupied, a middle aged man was sitting on the chair, he was wearing glasses, and even though he was sitting, he could see that he wasn't tall, his face was extremely serious, Jasmine was standing next to the desk, her head lowered.

Armand came inside and the mentor looked at him, "Who are you?"

He pointed to Jasmine, "I am looking for her."

Jasmine looked up when she heard his voice, she saw Armand and her eyes lit up. She had been scolded by the mentor for the whole morning, she wanted to contact Boyce to know how he was doing.

Armand was his friend, he must know about his situation, that was why he seemed so anxious.

The mentor frowned, he looked at Jasmine with a serious face, "I thought you don't have family here, who is he?"

"I am a distanced relative." Armand came to Jasmine, he looked at the mentor and asked, "What is the school going to do about this?"

The mentor moved his glasses a little, "We talked about it over a meeting, I have big hopes for Jasmine, she is excellent in her grades, she also behaves well in all aspects, this story really made me very surprised and disappointed."

Jasmine lowered her head, not because she did anything wrong, she was just feeling sorry for her teacher, he had always taken good care of her, he even helped her with her scholarship.

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

After what happened, she might not even get her scholarship anymore.

This all seemed to be small matters, but she didn't want to drop out of her studies, she knew that if she had no degree, it would be difficult to find a good job, if she had no good job and income, it would be difficult to stay in this city.

"Sir, please believe me, I really didn't do any of those things out there, I was forced by students, I was impulsive, that is why I made the mistake." Jasmine explained with her head lowered.

The teacher pulled a face, "Out of impulsion? You cannot be impulsive! You are a student in your first year, how can you just go about out there? It will have an impact on your future, don't you know that?"

Jasmine bit her lips, she knew that she couldn't explain it well.

She said with a begging tone, "Sir, please, don't expel me, I have done so much to be in this school, please put in a good word for me."

"Don't come to any conclusions now, I also need to see what my superiors say." The teacher sighed, "I never thought this kind of thing would happen, especially to you. Many students who come from villages have done so much work to be in this university. Life outside of campus is wonderful, many

students get encountered with this flourishing city and cannot stand the seduction, so they make some mistakes. I do feel sorry about that, same as for you. I will put in a good word for you to keep the effect on you at the lowest level and get this done as soon as possible."

"What about this." Armand said, "I hope that the school can do some investigation on this matter, I saw the picture, there were many students on it, I believe it won't be hard to investigate, we need to know what exactly happened to solve it, what do you think?"

The teacher nodded, he thought it was a good idea, "I am so angry that I didn't think of that, I will contact the principal now to investigate this matter."

The longer they dragged it out, the less they knew about what might happen.

"Sir, we will try to take care of what happened out there, can I leave with her now?" Armand asked.

The teacher looked at Jasmine, then he looked at Armand.

Armand looked very serious, he gave an impression that he was a very responsible person.

"Sure, but I need to be able to contact you at any time." If they needed them again, it would be bad not to reach them.

"Why don't I give you my number, if you cannot reach Jasmine, you can call me." Armand said.

"Sure." The mentor gave him paper and pen, when Armand gave his number, he said, "Since you are her relative, I want you to pay attention to her more, even though college students are already adults, but they don't have any experience in society, they will be fooled easily."

"I will." Armand gave a serious impression as if he was a parent, "Thank you for your help."

The teacher gestured, "This is what I am supposed to do."

"Can I give you a suggestion?" Armand wrote down his number and handed it to the mentor, he explained, "The thing is, when I came here to see you, I heard the students talk about this story, I think before we stop others, we need to start with ourselves, if we all watch the show ourselves, how can we stop others?"

The teacher looked at Armand, appreciation was flashing in his eyes, he thought that this person was very trustworthy, what he said was right on point and made sense.

"I will tell my boss, we will not allow this story to be talked about by our students."

Armand nodded to the teacher, then left with Jasmine, they walked out of the office building, and Jasmine couldn't wait to ask, "How is he? Has it brought any trouble for him?"

"You still have time to care about him? Have you even thought about yourself?" Armand was very satisfied with her attitude though. Chapter 518 Too Late to Stop It in Time

As he gazed, he reminisced on the way Dolores Flores held him and kissed him all over. Although she seemed out of her consciousness, but he adored how she was filled with energy and alive, her senses all awaken and overflowed with passion for him. Her true emotions were incisively and vividly shown to him, with nothing left unseen.

That brilliant radiance she emitted made him happy.

He had only been with her for a few hours, but that was enough to fill the void in him for that period.

He was in such good spirits after meeting her that he had forgotten to constrain his expression, his face was an open book. When Armand Bernie who stood across the office table saw Matthew Nelson let out a rare smile, he immediately thought he was seeing things. He rubbed his eyes for confirmation, but that guy was still beaming.

“You, did you pick up money from the ground or something?” What could possibly have made him so happy?

That was truly a rare sight of him.

It appeared to be something on his phone that was the cause of this, Armand then stretched his head over to see what it was all about. Alas, Matthew snapped out of his thoughts and locked his phone screen before Armand had the chance to take a closer look. He regained his composure and gave him a heavy glance.

Armand scratched his head and felt that he was being petty.

‘I just wanted a peek, if you don’t want to show me then so be it, why the fierce look?’

Suddenly, a call came through, it was the head of the public relations department, “Mr. Nelson, you were looking for me?”

Matthew’s gaze returned onto the computer screen, “Have you seen the news?”

The voice over the line affirmed his question.

“I had a look at it, the picture was circulated out by accident, and no one seems to be behind this. Contact the media to stop the spread.”

After he had seen the news, he specifically searched for the channel that started the spread and found out that it was from someone’s personal account. There weren’t many views initially, and only a few discussed in the comments. It only became a sensation when a huge media influencer noticed the news and reposted it.

As long as it wasn’t an operation, the situation could be handled with ease.

“Very well, Mr. Nelson, I’ll settle this.”

Matthew hummed in response and ended the call. He grabbed his phone from the table and picked up his coat that draped over the chair as he stood up, then peered at Armand, “You’ll have to make another trip to the school. There’s a student’s Weibo that goes by the name of ‘I AM Ketchup’, inform the school authorities to let him write a statement. After that, I’ll allow the public relations department and the media to forward it out for clarification.”

He then walked out of the office.

Armand was still puzzled and shouted, “What about the picture? How do I explain that?”

After all, the real person was at the top, how was this going to be explained clearly then?

Matthew didn’t turn his back, “Let the public relations department handle this.”

The agenda was to prevent the incident from getting out of hand by removing the piece of news from the media and have the issue clarified by the original poster. As for the legitimacy of the photo, it was

a problem they could solve by providing a reasonable explanation.

Armand nodded, "Alright then, I'll go back to the school."

Matthew stepped out without a reply. He really needed a shower and a change of clothes as his shirt had stuck to his body, it was an unpleasant feeling.

Armand took one look at Jasmine Burke, he couldn't possibly send Jasmine back to school again, that would just be bothersome to her.

As he was in a dilemma of figuring out what to do with Jasmine, the phone in his pocket rang, it was Boyce Shawn who called. He noticed the caller description and answered it immediately, he spoke first, "How are you doing?"

"I just got back to the bureau, I'll be meeting the leader in a while. Have you seen Jasmine? How is she?"

Armand glanced back at Jasmine who was silent, and thought to himself, 'These two really have some chemistry, the first thing they did was to ask about each other.'

"She's fine and she's here with me. You better be more concerned for yourself, don't go throwing your job away. A dull person like you will never be able to survive in the workplace." Armand purposely called him out like that in front of Jasmine. If this was not resolved well, things wouldn't go as far as him getting fired, but he would be punished.

"Boyce, Officer Miller will now see you in his office."

Armand could hear a voice over the phone line, it was quickly followed by Boyce's voice, "I have some matters to deal with, I'll contact you later."

He hung up before Armand had a chance to say anything.

Jasmine asked, "Was that Boyce earlier?"

Armand nodded, "I'm guessing he is getting lectured right now."

"Can you tell me which bureau he is in? I want to go see him." Jasmine knew that it wasn't an appropriate time to be meeting up with him, but she wouldn't make a mess, "I'll wait outside, I won't show my face to cause him any trouble."

Armand stared at her for two seconds, and agreed, "Alright, I'll give you a ride."

He had planned his route, he would first send Jasmine over and let Boyce's subordinates handle the rest, then make his way back to the school.

He wanted to create a chance for Boyce and Jasmine to spend time and interact with each other, that was the reason why he sent her over.

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Although their intimate photos were shared everywhere, Armand knew deep inside that Boyce's character was such that even if he had feelings for Jasmine, he would never have kissed her in the public eye.

If looked from an angle, it seemed as if Jasmine was the one who went for it.

He raised his eyes and peered at Jasmine, he never would've expected her to be that open.

After he exited Matthew's office, he met up with Abbott Baron. He intended to borrow Abbott's car as he didn't drive his own, taking a taxi was a little inconvenient and he had to wait at times.

Abbott handed his car keys over to him, he wasn't planning on going anywhere that day.

He then brought Jasmine to the municipal bureau. He had called Boyce's subordinate as they made their way there, so that he could wait at the main entry.

When they reached, Jasmine was taken into the care of Boyce's people, and he left for the school.

Even if Armand didn't need to identify who Jasmine was, Boyce's subordinates could already know she was the girl, since everyone had known about her already.

At that time when the news broke, all those who worked for Boyce would never believe it was true.

However, when the girl stood right before them in real flesh and blood, it made them believe that Boyce really found a woman, and it was a 'young girl'.

"Follow me inside," one of Boyce's people, Todd said to Jasmine.

Jasmine stood there in place and questioned, "Would my appearance cause him any trouble?"

She had become cautious ever since the incident happened.

Todd didn't really know how to sugar coat his words and straight up answered, "You've already caused

enough problems.”

Jasmine pursed her lips.

Todd suddenly realized he might've been too straightforward and what he said made her uncomfortable, he then explained, “I'm an uneducated person, I don't really know how to talk to people, so don't mind that.”

“It's nothing,” Jasmine replied.

“I'll take you to Boyce's office and you can wait for him there.” Todd led the way after he finished his sentence. He was afraid he would say something wrong again, so he just kept quiet.

When they were on their way to Boyce's office, Jasmine tried to learn more about how Boyce was doing from Todd, “How is Boyce now?”

“He's at the officer's,” Todd mentioned.

“Will the officer do anything to him?” Jasmine asked once more.

Todd thought for a moment, “I don't exactly know how they would deal with this, but he definitely will be punished. With such an incident about his identity going around, it has brought about a bad influence.”

“Can you take me to the officer? This was all my fault to begin with, it has nothing to do with Boyce,” voiced Jasmine.

Todd turned his head towards her and considered for a moment, “That should be fine.”

He figured since Jasmine was with Boyce at the time, it would be best if they had clarified things to the officer together.

They initially headed for Boyce's office, but Todd changed his path and guided Jasmine to the officer's office.

As he was prepared to knock on the officer's door when they arrived, the sound of a glass being tossed could be heard from inside. Todd paused in his actions, he dared not to make any more advancements as this didn't seem like a light matter to the officer, not to a point where he threw something.

If they went in at that moment, wouldn't she be charging straight up against a gun that was about to fire?

They envisioned that Boyce must've been scolded badly at that moment.

Jasmine who was close to the door had also heard the noise, she walked over and knocked on the door.

It was her mistake, she couldn't bare for Boyce to have taken the blame for her.

Todd looked towards her at disbelief, he didn't think that she would've gone ahead, "Did you not hear what just happened inside?"

"I heard it, and that's why I knocked." Jasmine gripped her hands tight and sounded determined.

She may have been terrified, but she still had the urge to explain the truth to Boyce's higher up.

"Come in."

A voice came from inside the room, at this point, even Todd couldn't stop her in time.
519 Playing With Them By Going Missing

Chapter

At this moment, Todd regretted a little, not knowing whether it was going to cause trouble for Boyce. He looked at Jasmine helplessly and could only pray for the situation to not get too serious.

"You go in." Todd stood aside, giving up his place.

Jasmine glanced at Todd, then plucked up her courage and opened the door. The dark office chair was sharp and neat, looking particularly solemn.

As soon as Boyce saw Jasmine his brows wrinkled. It was unexpected for her to appear here.

He said seriously in a low voice, "There is nothing you can do here, leave."

Jasmine stood by the door, her hands clasped in front of her. She felt nervous and even terrified while facing a person like Officer Miller, but she did not back down, "This matter started because of me. I felt like it was necessary for me to come to your officer to explain things clearly."

"Heh!" Miller laughed, "Okay. Since Boyce doesn't want to say it, you tell me. How did this happen?"

"This matter has nothing to do with Boyce." Jasmine looked up at Miller, "It was all my initiative."

Miller laughed candidly again. He found her very amusing. He sat on the chair and looked at Jasmine leisurely, "In the photo, both of you were hugging together, how come it has nothing to do with him? What is his identity? Do you know how huge is the impact of other people's conjecture?"

Jasmine was lost for words for a while. She had no way to explain the photo, and it did have an impact.

She clasped her hands together and clenched them into fists, "Whether you believe it or not, it is my fault. It really has nothing to do with Boyce, please don't punish him."

Miller looked at Boyce and then at Jasmine. He couldn't help but find it funny and his serious face suddenly became amiable.

He knew Boyce's personality, and had felt that there must have been a misunderstanding when he saw the news. Taking Boyce's personality into account, he felt like he couldn't do such a thing.

It was just that, he was a government official. This kind of news was bound to have a negative impact on the image of government officials in society and make people think that they were abusing their power and acting recklessly.

Jasmine couldn't see the thought process of Miller. Thinking he was still going to punish Boyce, she asked in a determined tone, "I am an adult, even if I am young. Boyce is also unmarried. Can't we date? Is it illegal to date?"

Boyce looked at Jasmine in astonishment, "Umm, Jasmine, I..."

“I just don’t understand. It wasn’t even your fault. And I have already explained why I clung to you and did not let go. At that time your guard was down and I took the initiative. But I don’t understand why no one believes me. I just don’t want you to be implicated because of me, that is all. But I feel like even if I had a hundred mouths, I still wouldn’t be able to explain clearly.” Jasmine’s eyes were red, “I just don’t want you to be affected because of me.”

Miller pressed between his eyebrows with his fingers, “Unexpectedly, she turned out to be a very stubborn little girl.”

At this time, the office door was pushed open again. A man in uniform walked up to Miller and whispered to him.

Hearing what the person told him, Miller’s complexion changed again and again until finally his face became calm. Then he said faintly, “I see.”

The man left after speaking. Miller turned on his computer and searched for news about Boyce. There were no results and there was no photo.

Instead, what was shocking was that the person who had released the photo had come out with a confession in which he admitted his wrongdoing. He claimed that he had forged the photo and had deliberately tried to discredit her because he held a grudge against her. The following were all words admitting his mistake and the impact that it had on the society. He apologized for the trouble caused to the numerous government officials who served the people and that he hoped to be forgiven.

Armand had gone to the school and had quickly found the person who had released the photo, who was originally from the same school. It was very easy to ask him to write a statement. After all, the school also wanted to resolve the matter quickly. Armand was a lawyer who knew how to write a statement in favor of Boyce and Jasmine. As long as the matter could be resolved, it didn’t matter what the truth was and what the false was. In addition, the public relations department and the major media outlets had agreed to revoke all previous news about Boyce and Jasmine, and those keywords of the news could not be found even on Weibo.

Now that the news was suppressed and the apology had almost been resolved, everyone was going to forget it in a few days.

As long as it was not copied, it was bound to fade out from everyone's sight and would be quickly forgotten. Now that the internet was flourishing, all kinds of news were constantly flowing, and once there were no new updates on any news the people lost interest and focus their attention towards other news.

Boyce also didn't know what Miller meant. Why was he giving him the cold-shoulder and ignoring him?

'Just say what is my punishment.'

"Officer Miller, I was careless this time. I guarantee there will be no such thing in the future. Umm, can you let her leave first?" This was obviously not something that could be solved by explanation and it was useless for Jasmine to say it again.

If the matter was not resolved, he had to be punished.

Miller didn't care how it happened but rather how to resolve it.

Hearing Boyce's voice, Miller looked up at him calmly, pretending to be serious, "She is the person involved, how can she go? Where can such a clever and eloquent girl can be found?"

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Boyce still wanted to explain, but Miller said something first, "She is right. Both man and woman are unmarried, why can't they date? However, you have to behave yourself a little bit in public because of your identity. Your job is to serve the public, it is even more important to take your responsibility by

example.”

“Yes, I understand.” Boyce complied obediently.

“Go back, write a report and give it back to me by tomorrow. You must recognize your mistakes and discuss in detail where you are wrong.”

“Yes.”

“Okay. Go back.” As if he had forgotten something, Miller called him again, “It doesn’t matter if you are dating or not. You are not so young any more. Looking at you, I worry a lot.”

While saying this, he glanced at Jasmine but as a freshman in university, he found her too young. Then he said, “In the future, keep a low profile. If you made trouble for me again, I will make you lose that uniform.”

“Yes, I promise I won’t.” Boyce asked unctuously, “Officer Miller, would you like some tea?”

“Get lost!” The teacup had been smashed, what tea could he drink.

Boyce smiled, “Then I will leave.” After saying that he pulled Jasmine along by her hand and walked out quickly afraid that if he stalled anymore Officer Miller might change his mind.

Seeing Boyce’s quick foot-steps, Miller laughed and called for someone to come in and clean the floor.

Jasmine, who was dragged out, was still a little confused. She felt like things had developed too fast and she hadn’t had enough time to react, “Is this not going to be investigated anymore?”

Boyce took the time to hum in response and Jasmine was overjoyed. 'Great!'

But then she thought about it again, "Why is it not being investigated?"

"Must have been resolved already." Boyce thought about it now that the man who came in just now must have talked about this matter with Officer Miller.

The only ones who could have helped him resolve this matter were Matthew and Armand. Sure enough, he saw Armand standing at the door waiting for him when he walked out the door.

"Your treat today." Armand glanced at Boyce pulling Jasmine along by her hand.

The corner of his mouth raised in a teasing smile, "Would you guys restrain yourselves and wait for things to settle down before publicly showing affection?"

Only then did Boyce realized that he was still holding Jasmine's hand and suddenly released it as if he had touched a bomb.

Jasmine glanced at him and then lowered her head in silence.

Boyce later realized that his hand movement was a bit too exaggerated and coughed lightly to cover up his momentarily embarrassment.

Armand let out an audible groan and helped them open the car door, "Come on, get in."

He waited until they got into the car and started the engine before saying, "It was a busy day. Call Matthew, let's have a meal together."

“Okay, I will treat.” Boyce was sitting in the passenger seat and deliberately did not sit with Jasmine. He had always thought she was very young and didn’t have such feelings for her at all.

Even if his first kiss was stolen by this little girl.

Armand thought to himself, it was hard to make Boyce understand what was going on. But he was well aware of what Jasmine was thinking, after all, young people could not hide their feelings well. However, looking at Boyce’s reserved manner, it really made him worried.

He sighed again in his heart, “Call Matthew.”

Armand drove the car and Boyce took out his cellphone, dialed his number. However, the voice that came from the other side informed him that the number he dialed was powered off. He dialed again and still got the same message.

He wasn’t at the villa, or at the company and even Abbott was also not there.

Armand and Boyce were a little stumped. He had never turned off his phone, how could he turn it off so suddenly? The main thing was, he wasn’t at the villa or at the company. Since Dolores left, the place he had stayed the longest had been the company but he wasn’t there as well. Where did he go?

**As such a mature age, was he still playing with them by going missing? _____ Chapter 520
Keep your Husband**

Matthew Nelson, who went back to wash, received a message from Theresa Gordon, saying that Dolores Flores would have to go for a checkup the day after tomorrow. She also included the location and name of the hospital they would be going to.

Whether he would be going or not, she had already informed him anyway.

After Boyce Shawn gave her a number, she sent a message to Matthew right away, telling him not to inform Armand Bernie of her identity. Matthew agreed to it, but also made a condition in which she had to send him Dolores' status at any time.

To let him know on what she was doing every day.

Of course, Theresa did agree. On one hand, she didn't want Matthew to tell Armand her identity. On the other hand, she wanted to connect Dolores Flores and Matthew Nelson, and hoped that they would let go of their problem and get back together as soon as possible.

Since his wife was going for a checkup, Matthew probably would have gone. Besides, Theresa had told him in advance that this would give him some time to prepare.

When he went this time, he planned on living for a few days, and also got a change of clothes, so that he wouldn't come and go hurriedly like last time.

On the day Dolores was going for the checkup, he had already arranged everything. With money and connections, it was not hard to do some things.

The two children went to school, while Theresa accompanied Dolores to the hospital.

Ever since she came to City C, she had always come to this hospital, and had a regular doctor checking

her.

The doctor in the outpatient department gave Dolores some checklists. Since it had been four months already, the doctor told her on her last checkup that she had to do Down's screening at four months. The doctor also advised that she should be on an empty stomach because they needed to extract blood, and would have a B-mode scan. This stage was basically removing fetal abnormalities.

The doctor had seen Dolores' previous medical records, so she understood her situation better. This doctor was also an expert in this field, as many people praised her medical skills.

Dolores also had faith in her.

"You have been pregnant for four months, and you are quite thin. Remember to have rest, and have a balanced nutrition."

The doctor advised.

Dolores smilingly said, "My physique has ever been like this; I have never gotten fat."

The doctor laughed, "This is a dream of many women."

Nowadays, both man and woman were losing weight and getting fitted, as they hoped their body to be in good shape. A physique that wouldn't get fat after eating much was the dream of many women.

The doctor then quickly changed the subject, and said with smile, "This is your first time going for blood test, and probably do not know where the phlebotomy department is. I will let the 'trainee doctor' bring you there."

'Ah?'

Dolores was somehow confused, 'The hospital have such services?'

"Somebody will accompany me; there's no need for it." Dolores said with a smile, as she felt that this would trouble others.

Furthermore, she had never experienced such service in any other hospitals.

"He is a male and just graduated from college; he has no clinical experience yet. Letting him see more is also experiencing things." The doctor continued to smile; in short, she was persuading Dolores to accept it.

The doctor had already said to this point, and Dolores could hardly refuse, so she agreed, "Then, sorry for the inconvenience."

The doctor waved her hand, "It's no trouble at all; it is you who helped me."

Dolores blinked her eyes, and asked with puzzlement, "Helped you? What did I help you for?"

Standing behind Dolores, Theresa was unblinkingly staring at the tall "trainee doctor" who was standing behind the doctor.

He wore a lab coat, and on his head was a blue cap specialized for doctors. He also wore a mask, and glasses in which not even his face or eyes could be seen.

If it wasn't her who had known that Matthew knew Dolores would be coming to the hospital today, she definitely would not be guessing who he was.

However, after combining the words of the doctor, she really had to guess on him.

Looking at the height and outfit... She thought luckily the face was covered well; otherwise he could be recognized, right?

The doctor quickly explained, "Yes, of course you are helping me. Nowadays, there are very few men who would like to become obstetrician. You see, at first he was already embarrassed, as he covered his entire face, and was ashamed to meet other people. I just want him to practice more."

Dolores did notice that there was an additional person at the clinic today; she had only glanced when she first came, and didn't pay attention to him anymore.

Theresa took the checklist by the doctor, and lifted Dolores, "Okay, don't ask anymore. The doctor will not lie to you. Look at you warily asking so much."

Dolores was speechless.

'Did I even ask a lot?'

She speechlessly looked at Theresa, "Did I ask much?"

"Not much. I just don't want to waste time. You still haven't eaten breakfast. We do the checkup now, and after that you get something to eat." Theresa explained while helping her walked to the outside. She then left Dolores to the 'trainee doctor', "You bring her for checkup; I'll be going to pay the fees."

After speaking, Theresa grabbed the checklist and left.

Dolores wanted to call her out, but Theresa walked away fast and was now gone. She could only

bother the 'trainee doctor'.

"Sorry for the trouble," she said politely.

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The 'trainee doctor' didn't say anything, though he gave her a please hand gesture. Dolores thought he was like what the doctor described; since he was a male obstetrician, he would be a little bit embarrassed, so he didn't talk much. She didn't care much, and followed him.

Probably she felt that it was a guy, so Dolores didn't look at him much.

She just quietly followed behind him.

The phlebotomy department was at the first floor, while the outpatient clinic was at the second floor, so they had to get down to the first floor. The elevator between first and second floor could only be used by patients who couldn't walk. The escalators on both sides were not opened for a long time, and basically the staircase on the middle was the only one being used. Between the first and second floor was only a staircase, and it was much convenient as there was no curves.

Reaching at the staircase, the 'trainee doctor' instinctively reached his hand out to help her go down. Dolores curled, and immediately explained as she was afraid that it might hurt his self-esteem, "I can do it myself; there's no need to help me."

Actually, she felt that it wasn't appropriate, since it's a guy, but she could certainly walk on her own.

The 'trainee doctor' quickly realized that he was a bit impetuous, so he withdrew his hand back from the air.

He just warily walked beside her, as he was afraid that she would accidentally slip, so he could catch her just in time.

Dolores felt the awkwardness, and hold the handrail while getting down on the stairs.

After walking down the stairs, the 'trainee doctor' again voluntarily walked up front to lead the way.

Dolores thought that this 'trainee doctor' was too careful, and it was not comfortable to walk beside him.

She looked behind, and hoped that Theresa would come back quickly, but she was nowhere to be seen. She could only turn back and continue to follow the 'trainee doctor'.

Soon, the 'trainee doctor' had brought Dolores to the phlebotomy department. A lot of people were doing blood tests; they needed to wait on the line before being called for their turn.

The thing was that Theresa had not come back yet, so they could give the checklist to the nurse in order for them to get a number to be called.

Theresa seemed to have thought of this as well, so initially she wanted to wait at a quiet place and wait for the 'trainee doctor' to complete the other checkups of Dolores then would come, but they had come much early.

Just when Dolores was about to give her a call, she ran back, and gave the payment list and checkup list to the 'trainee doctor', "Since you are here for internship, then I'll leave it to you for you to experience more."

She added emphasis on the words 'for you to see more'.

It was like reminding him that it was not easy for a woman to be pregnant for nine months.

The 'trainee doctor' looked up at her, and reached out his hand to take the lists. Dolores reached out to stop him, but accidentally touched the 'trainee doctor's' hand. She withdrew back as if she felt an electric shock, and then glared at Theresa, "You have accompanied me for check-up, but you handed over the lists. Where are you going?"

She was uncomfortable with the 'trainee doctor'.

"You haven't eaten yet, so I'll see if they are selling anything delicious outside. I'll buy them for you, and you can eat them after your checkup." Theresa said.

"There is no need for that; I'll just eat anything after the checkup, you..."

"Okay, okay." Theresa disrupted her, and looked very unwell. "There is a queue here, and I don't like the smell in the hospital. I had smelled too much before, so I'll just go buy you some food." Theresa then left afterwards.

Dolores did not continue to talk. Before, Theresa had been in the hospital for a long time and must have a hard time. After all, she was badly injured. She could understand that Theresa was sensitive towards the smell of disinfectant in the hospital. She sighed a little bit and found an empty chair then sat down; she waited for the 'trainee doctor' to hand the list to the nurse in the line, and waited for the number to be called.

After the 'trainee doctor' gave the lists to the nurse, he returned to her side, standing behind her.

Sitting beside Dolores was also a pregnant woman, whose pregnancy was bigger than Dolores', and looked quite older than Dolores, but was very talkative. She was probably bored while waiting, so she initiated to talk with Dolores. She looked at Dolores' belly and asked, "How many months have you

been?"

Dolores said that hers was around four months old, and then looked at her belly. She had some experience in having children, so she could somehow tell a little, and said, "Yours must be six or seven months old?"

That woman laughed, "You are quite accurate; mine is almost seven months old."

"Do you come by yourself? Doesn't your husband come with you?" the woman asked.

Dolores' facial expression was unnatural for a moment, and immediately turned calm again, "He is busy. I came with a friend."

The woman sighed, "I am also alone, and my husband is also very busy. Ever since I married him, I don't even have a friend by my side. By the way, is this your first child? You look very young."

Dolores faked a smile and said nothing. She was pregnant at the age of eighteen, and it was too early to give birth at the age of nineteen. She was now only in her twenties, and this was her third child.

Standing behind her, the 'trainee doctor' looked down at her. Since his face was covered, no one could see his facial expression.

The woman thought that Dolores didn't say anything, and thought she was right. She leaned over and smilingly asked, "Do you plan on doing Caesarean section or natural birth?"

"I am going with natural birth." Dolores answered. Andrew and Amanda Nelson were both through natural birth. Since both of them are small and it was quite painful during the childbirth, the harm wasn't that big.

The woman frowned and said, "I planned on doing Caesarean section."

Dolores did not understand, 'Why do Caesarean section when you can do natural birth?'

"Why, isn't natural birth better?"

"You are obviously young, and do not understand this aspect. I suggest you do Caesarean section." The woman looked like she knew a lot, and even the 'trainee doctor' standing behind Dolores was interested.

The woman got close to Dolores, "I heard that when a woman does natural birth, their vagina is loosened up. In order to keep your husband, Caesarean section is a better choice."

Next chapter