

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

## Chapter 551 Over Complacent

In fact, even Dolores didn't ask, for Armand, he would save Theresa from there no matter what it would take him.

Reaching out, he tossed Dolores's hair back to her ear and whispered, "Could you treat me in the same way in the future please?"

Dolores wrapped her hands around his waist from an aside. Clinging to his chest, she promised, "I'll treat you better in the future."

She wanted to give him a warm home.

Probably their home might not be perfect, but at least they could live with their children altogether.

Soon, she withdrew her hands and urged him, "Hurry up and get down. They're all waiting for you downstairs."

They would have plenty of time to be together in the future, but Theresa couldn't wait any longer.

Matthew kissed her on the forehead and comforted her, "Don't worry."

Dolores hummed. They walked out of the cloakroom. Matthew went downstairs, and both Boyce and Armand were still there. He cast a glance at Armand and said, "You should go home now."

Armand had been stayed up for a whole night, so he was truly sleepy. He stood up. "Okay. I'll go home for a nap and also visit my grandmother."

Matthew hummed. After Armand was gone, Boyce came over and asked, "Doesn't Armand know it?"

Fortunately, he didn't ask Matthew just now, as he noticed that Armand looked pretty relaxed and didn't seem to know about it. Hence, he didn't mention Theresa's matter.

"No. It's no good for us if he has known it." Armand always acted recklessly. If he knew it, he wouldn't only be unable to help them save Theresa but also make trouble for them.

"Declan Bailey is truly a jerk! Why did he kidnap a woman? If he wants to do anything, he should do it directly to us!" Boyce looked quite annoyed.

"Let's go." Matthew walked out of the villa. Boyce followed him without asking him anything. Matthew knew what happened to Theresa, so Boyce believed that he had contacted Declan already.

They didn't go with a driver. Matthew drove himself. It wasn't the rush hour in the morning yet, so there wasn't traffic on the way. Soon, they've arrived at Central Road. The nightclub, which emanated an exciting atmosphere at night, became quiet.

After parking the car, they got off one after another. They didn't encounter the same erotic scene like that when they came last time. It seemed that after a whole night, all the guests had become

exhausted.

The nightclub manager was taking charge of this place, but now he had gone to jail. John became the second chief here.

Besides Declan, everyone would obey his orders. Seem the two men, he came over with a smile.  
“Hello, gentlemen. Are you here to see our Mr. Bailey?”

“Where is he?” Boyce was expressionless, completely ignoring John’s frivolous look.

“Mr. Bailey is quite busy. However, he has informed me that if you come here, Mr. Nelson, I’ll receive you on his behalf. He’ll be here pretty soon.” John made a posture to let them in. However, he acted quite flippantly instead of respectfully as if he was intentionally satirizing them.

If Armand were here right now, he would retort him ironically, “Who do you think you are? You are just Declan Bailey’s dog. What are you without him?”

However, neither Matthew nor Boyce was reckless. They didn’t care about him at all.

Matthew slightly nodded and said indifferently, “Since Mr. Bailey has his plan, we’ll listen to the host.”

John felt as if he had thrown a punch on cotton. Instead of embarrassing Matthew, he was pissed off.

His breath became heavy. After saying “this way please”, he walked into the corridor.

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Boyce cast a glance at John's angry figure. He approached Matthew and whispered, "This man doesn't seem to be as steady and mature as that manager."

Matthew slightly curled up his lips and didn't speak. He strode forward.

They were led to the same box that they came to the last time. John pushed the door open and waited at the door. "Please wait here. Mr. Bailey should be here pretty soon."

Neither Matthew nor Boyce looked at him. They walked into the box directly. John closed the door and left.

Boyce laughed. "This man is quite interesting."

John never hid his emotion. How could he become Declan's favorite?

Matthew looked around the box and said, "If the manager hadn't been put in jail, this man wouldn't be promoted at all."

However, this kind of man was quite helpful for them.

He whispered to Boyce, asking him to send his men to follow this man called John.

Judging from John's performance just now, he was pretty complacent after becoming the most favorite one of Declan.

He was too complacent to keep alert, so it was easy for him to make mistakes right now.

“What if Declan knew him well and hasn’t told him where Theresa has been kept?” They could tell what kind of person John was with a single glimpse, and so should Declan.

Matthew unbuttoned a cuff with one hand. “This kind of man is always spineless. He could sell out anything for his life.”

Boyce immediately understood what he meant. If they couldn’t get any clue by following him, they could kidnap John and torture him cruelly. He would definitely tell them.

Matthew sat on the sofa, lying lazily. He said to Boyce, “Let’s wait.”

Obviously, Declan put on airs. He would come over shortly.

Boyce sat down, bent over to pick up the glasses on the table, and poured water. He put one glass in front of Matthew. “I feel so sorry for Armand.”

If he had been to City C, this matter wouldn’t have happened.

Matthew was silent. He rubbed between his brows with a hand. He felt exhausted as he didn’t sleep well.

Boyce could tell how tired he was, so he didn’t speak anything else. He texted his subordinates, asking them to follow John.

After receiving the reply, he put away his phone and told Matthew that things were all set. “Why

don't you take a nap first? I'll wake you up when he comes. I don't think he would come here shortly."

Matthew hummed in agreement.

Boyce loosened his collar and gulping down some water, ready to wait for a long time.

Time passed by. Boyce raised his wrist to check the time -- it had been two hours already. He put his arms across on the chest, still sitting.

About another hour had passed, and sounds were coming from the door of the box finally. \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 552 Got Promoted Higher and Higher

Boyce sat upright. The door was pushed open, and Declan showed up. Boyce whispered, "He's here."

Then he heard Declan's hypocritical laughter. "I'm sorry. I was busy with something earlier. I'm so late. I hope you haven't waited for a long time."

"Mr. Bailey, you are quite busy. We surely can understand. We're living in the modern world, and the hospitality shouldn't be quite important." Boyce had a different meaning between the lines.

Declan didn't show hospitality because he was impolite. They didn't mind because they were generous.

Upon hearing it, Declan looked a bit annoyed. With a smile, he said, "Mr. Shawn, you got promoted

higher and higher, and you are becoming more and more sharp-tongued.”

“Thank you for your compliment, Mr. Bailey. I’m just nobody, incomparable to you.” Boyce also smiled at him.

Everyone knew how to fake being friendly.

Declan didn’t continue with this subject. He looked over at Matthew. “Mr. Nelson, have you fallen asleep while waiting for me?”

Boyce wanted to answer, but Matthew gradually opened his eyes. He didn’t look as sleepy as he had just woken up. His eyes were extremely clear. He chuckled and said, “Mr. Bailey, your nightclub is such a good place. I couldn’t help falling asleep.”

Declan laughed out. “Of course. If it was not a good place, it would be built in this location and have become so well developed during these years.”

He implied that how powerful he was and how stronger his backer was.

Sitting on the sofa, he opened up his arms and lay against the back of the sofa. “Mr. Nelson, you are too petty. You hid a beautiful woman so secretly. Are you afraid that I would compete with you?”

Matthew squinted, a dangerous light flashing through his eyes.

On the surface, he looked indifferent and said with a smile, “Mr. Bailey, I’m sure you’ve seen all kinds of beauties before. Even I have a woman by my side, she’s not a beauty.”

**“Mr. Nelson, you are so modest. The woman named...” Declan pretended to be forgetful. Supporting his forehead, he kept ringing the bell. It seemed that he had recalled, so he hit his thigh and continued regretfully, “Oh, I got it. Her name is Dolores Flores. Last time, I met her once in City C. I have a crush on her. Mr. Nelson, if you’re tired of her one day, can you send her to me?”**

**Matthew grabbed his collar instantly. His eyes twinkled with a trace of anger that he failed to suppress, which became more and more fierce. In the end, it surged to the tip of his fingers. The blue veins on the back of his hand popped out. Declan couldn’t breathe while being strangled. His face became reddened. However, he still forced a smile and continued boldly, “Mr. Nelson, why are you so angry? Is it because you care too much about that woman? Of course, you’ve hidden her in City C. I can tell how much you treasure her. I wonder how skillful she is in bed, so she has gained your heart...”**

**“You do have a death wish!” No one had noticed his movements. They only heard the wine bottle crack. The rose wine flew all over the floor, emanating the fragrance of alcohol, but it was a thrilling moment in the box.**

**Matthew pointed at Declan’s chin with the sharp fracture of the broken wine bottle. It cut him, and blood beads oozed instantly.**

**Declan frowned in pain. He didn’t look so arrogant as he was before, because he saw the murderous look in Matthew’s eyes.**

**Boyce gaped next to them. He had never seen Matthew’s eyes so violent and cold.**

**All the time, Matthew had been the most mature and calmest one. This was the first time he**



completely emanated the violence in his bones.

“You... You... Don’t forget I have a woman named Theresa Gordon in my hand. If I died, she would die with me. No! My father wouldn’t let go of you either!”

He was Roger’s son when Roger was quite old. If he died, the Bailey family would avenge him at all cost.

Boyce was brought back to his senses by Declan’s voice. He whispered to Matthew, “We’ll have plenty of chances in the future.”

Right now, Declan had kidnapped Theresa. They couldn’t win against Declan at all. They must try to rescue her first and get even with this bastard.

Declan raised his hands. “Mr. Nelson, please don’t be angry. We should talk nicely. I’m sorry for what I said just now. I’m sorry... It’s truly my fault...”

As he spoke, he secretly moved back. Matthew noticed it, but he didn’t stop Declan.

After all, Declan as Theresa as his trump card, so Matthew had to compromise.

When moving to a safe area, Declan hopped off the sofa and stood aside. He reached out to wipe his neck. Seeing the bloodstain, he couldn’t help shivering. If Matthew had cut him more deeply, he probably would die here for real.

With reddish eyes, Declan shouted in anger, “Are you nuts?”

Matthew tightened his sleeves slowly. “I’m just kidding. Mr. Bailey, don’t take it so seriously.”

**“I’m bleeding. Kidding with me? Do you think I’m a fool?” Declan breathed heavily. He almost overturned the table.**

**“If I were not kidding, do you think I truly wanted to kill you, Mr. Bailey?” Matthew looked up at him and said, “I came here today not to become your enemy. Mr. Bailey, if you insist on having a life-and-death struggle with me, neither of us would get any benefit.”**

**Declan squinted. “It has nothing to do no matter how fiercely you fought against Jeffery Harris. But you dragged me into the mere. Do you think I’m a pushover?”**

**He had his tempers.**

**If he let go of them, how could he maintain his position in the circle?**

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**“Name your conditions. What do you want to release her?” Matthew stood up and walked over. Declan took a few steps back. “Don’t come over!”**

**He had a mental shadow to Matthew now. Matthew Nelson was way too horrible!**

**Matthew stopped. He said with a smile, “Have I scared you, Mr. Bailey? I’m bad-tempered. I’ve lost control for a moment. Mr. Bailey, please don’t mind.”**

Inwardly, Declan disagreed with his excuse at all.

“Would you say yes no matter what conditions I have?” Declan wondered how important Theresa was to Matthew.

If she was very important, he would like to ask for more benefits.

He didn't want him to suffer in vain.

“Mr. Bailey, are you kidding with me? If I promise you with any condition, you asked me for a moon, how can I get it for you? I don't think I'm that capable.” Matthew flicked the wine stain on his collar. “As long as your conditions are not too much and I can do it, I can agree with you.”

“I need to think about it.” Declan kidnapped Theresa because he felt quite reluctant that Matthew used him and lied to him. He just wanted to vent his anger. Judging from the current situation, there had been a grudge between Matthew and him already.

In this case, he wouldn't let go of that woman so easily. Otherwise, he wouldn't have the bargaining chip to control Matthew.

Now, he wanted to buy some time.

He would plan carefully.

“It's the matter between men. You've kidnapped a woman to threaten us. If others knew it, your reputation might be damaged, Mr. Bailey,” Boyce chimed in.

“Stop talking to me like an official.” Declan covered his neck. “I'm injured. I must go to the hospital. As for releasing the woman, we can talk about it next time.”

After that, he walked out of the box.

Feeling wet and sticky on his hand, Declan looked down and still found the bloodstain. He snapped, "John!"

An employee of the nightclub immediately rushed out. "Mr. Kinney has gone out."

Declan cursed in anger. "Get me a car. Send me to the hospital!"

"Yes, Mr. Bailey." The employee trotted out to get him the car.

He drove Declan to the hospital. After the checkup, the doctor told him that it wasn't serious. His skin was cut open. The wound was a bit deep, so it bled. It didn't hurt his vital part.

After cleaning the wound up, the doctor said, "It's quite hot now, so I can't put a dressing on it. Keep it dry. The wound will recover soon."

Declan said OK and stood up. When he was leaving the hospital, he encountered Armand in the corridor.

Armand came to the hospital for the reexamination of his grandmother. When the result came out, he came over to the outpatient building to show it to the doctor.

They looked into each other's eyes. Declan didn't want to speak anything. He was cut by Matthew just now, and he was quite angry now. Hence, he disgusted anyone relevant to Matthew.

He snorted and bumped on Armand's shoulder, bypassing him.

**“Mr. Bailey, did you get injured?” Armand never wanted to suffer loss. Since Declan bumped on his shoulder, his mood also became bad.**

**“I see the wound is on your neck. I hope you are not dying,” said Armand in a cold tone.**

**Declan bit his teeth. Looking back and pointing at Declan, he said, “I don’t want to have a verbal fight with you. Pass my message to Matthew Nelson. If he wants to save that woman, ask him to come to my house and make an apology!”**

**Armand’s heart skipped a beat. ‘Woman? Which one?’ he thought to himself.**

**Dolores had just come back to City B. Did something happen to her?**

**“Woman? Who’s the woman?”**

**Declan sneered. “You are so close to Matthew Nelson. Don’t you know it?”**

**He thought that Armand was playing dumb in his presence.**

**He wasn’t in the mood to continue talking to Armand, so he turned around and walked away. Armand stoked up to grab him. “Make it clear. What woman?”**

**Declan shook off his hand and snapped, “What woman? The woman named Theresa Gordon that I brought back from City C!”**

## **Chapter 553 He Didn't Look Like a Buddhist**

**Armand's expression changed instantly. He asked in disbelief, "You... What did you say? Have you kidnapped Theresa?"**

**Declan looked confused. "Don't you know it?"**

**Armand clenched his fists tightly. When he was about to punch him, Declan pushed him away. "You all are nuts!"**

**They all had a violent tendency.**

**He'd better run away from him as soon as possible.**

**"Stop!" Armand noticed that Declan was sneaking away. Immediately, he strode to catch up with him. Noticing that, Declan started running. It wasn't because that he wouldn't win against Armand in a fight, just that Armand looked quite abnormal. Declan believed that he would win against a normal man, but not a lunatic.**

**A lunatic wouldn't treasure his life at all, but he treasured his own life.**

**“Declan Bailey!”**

**The faster Armand chased him, the faster Declan ran. He dodged and hid all the way to run out of the entrance of the hospital. After sitting in the car quickly, he shouted, “Go! Go! Go!”**

**The nightclub employee didn’t know why Declan looked so panicked. He obediently started the engine. When Armand caught up, the car hadn’t left yet. Declan locked all the car doors. Armand couldn’t open the door, so he started smashing the car window angrily. “Declan Bailey, get out!”**

**Armand was so furious, his chest heaving up and down fiercely. All blue veins on his neck popped out, looking so terrified.**

**Declan looked at the car window that was shaking and almost broken, swallowing hard. He understood why Armand had become Matthew’s friend -- they were both nuts, not normal humans.**

**“Shit! Hurry up!” Declan cursed.**

**The employee had already started the engine. Hearing Declan’s roar, he was shocked and suddenly stepped on the gas. The car roared away like an arrow. Under such a speed, Declan couldn’t help but fall back. Fortunately, the car seat was quite soft. He didn’t get hurt but looked miserable.**

**“Fuck! Can you drive or not?” Rubbing the back of his head, he sat up.**

The driver wanted to explain, only to find that Declan was peering out of the back window.

He shut up and concentrated on driving.

Armand didn't go back to find the doctor. Immediately, he got in his car, heading to find Matthew. He wanted to ask what exactly had happened. How could Declan kidnap Theresa?

He seemed to understand why Matthew was so eager to come back from White City. No wonder he always felt that Matthew had something hiding from him. Sure enough, his intuition was correct.

Armand drove pretty fast. Arriving at the villa, he had already hopped off right after the car was parked. He strode into the villa. However, the two kids and Dolores, who hadn't slept well last night, were napping.

Dolores wasn't sleeping early. She wanted to wait for Matthew to come back. Why lying on the bed, she fell asleep gradually.

Coral was hanging the children's washed clothes on the balcony downstairs.

If he were not reminded by the remained reason, Armand would have rushed upstairs to find Dolores.

He suppressed and asked, "Coral, could you please ask Dolores to come downstairs? I have something urgent to ask her."

Coral could tell that he was pretty anxious. She reminded him, "She's napping. Why don't you wait for a moment?"



She didn't mean anything. Dolores's baby had become bigger, so she could get sleepy easily. If Coral would go to wake her up, Dolores might not have had a good nap.

"I'm quite anxious!" Armand breathed heavily.

Coral put down the clothes and went upstairs.

Pushing the door open, she walked to the bed and called Dolores gently. The latter was sleeping soundly, so she didn't wake up.

Coral called her a few times again. After she raised her tone, Dolores was woken up. She thought that Matthew had come back. Opening her eyes, she asked, "Has he come back? Who else came back with him?"

She wanted to know if Matthew had rescued Theresa.

Coral was confused. She answered, "Armand came here alone."

"Armand?" Dolores frowned.

"Yes. He's quite anxious. I told him that you are napping, but he asked me to wake you up," answered Coral honestly.

Dolores rubbed her eyes and sat up. She sobered up. Armand was so anxious, so she guessed that probably he had known what happened to Theresa.

She got off the bed and put on slippers. She asked Coral where the children were, and the latter told

her that they were napping. Dolores nodded and walked downstairs.

Armand was walking back and forth in the living room uneasily. Seeing that Dolores came downstairs, he immediately walked to her. "Dolores..."

"Let's talk in the study."

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Armand tried to remain patient and walked to the study with her.

Once they entered the study, Armand couldn't suppress it any longer. He asked, "What on earth has happened? How could Theresa be kidnapped by Declan Bailey?"

"I'm not certain what has happened exactly either. Don't worry. Matthew and Boyce are trying to rescue her now." They tried to hide it from him because they were afraid that Armand would become anxious and impulsive. He might do something reckless, and then the situation would become worse.

"How could I not be worried? Declan Bailey is a scumbag!" Armand's voice became hoarse. "Why are you all hiding it from me? If something happens to her, what... what should I do?"

Dolores didn't know what to say to calm him down. She checked the time -- it had been a whole morning, but she didn't receive any news from Matthew. She wondered how the negotiation went between Matthew and Declan.

**“I’m going to find Declan Bailey!” Armand couldn’t sit and wait without doing anything.**

**No matter what he would do, he must rescue Theresa from Declan’s hands.**

**Dolores snapped, “Calm down!”**

**Armand knew that Declan was a scumbag, but how could he release Theresa so easily?**

**“How could I calm down?” Armand roared angrily. After roaring, he felt that he was too excited. Actually, all of them were anxious.**

**“I’m sorry...”**

**“I understand how you are feeling now. Let me call Matthew to check the progress.” Dolores called Coral over to get her cell phone.**

**Armand gave her his. “Please use mine.”**

**He didn’t call him Matthew earlier because he was afraid that Matthew would still hide it from him. Hence, he came to Dolores directly.**

**Casting him a glance, Dolores took the phone over. Armand had already unlocked the screen. She found Matthew’s phone number and dialed it.**

**Right then, Matthew and Boyce had almost arrived at the villa.**

**Boyce was driving. He turned to take a look at Matthew and said, “It’s not your fault actually. Declan**

was insulting. Normally, you couldn't stand him."

Matthew pressed between his brows with strength. It seemed to be impossible to exchange the conditions with Declan. Since Declan wanted to buy some more time, Matthew knew that he had other plans.

He couldn't put all the hope on Declan only. "Have your men tracked John?" he asked.

Boyce answered, "I'll call them to check."

While Matthew was talking to him, he had texted his subordinate. He didn't know if they had been tracking John.

While he was calling, Matthew's phone started ringing as well. He checked the caller ID, which showed Armand. He frowned more deeply and didn't swipe to answer until it was almost cut off.

"Hello," he heard Dolores's voice.

Matthew took the phone from his ear and checked the caller ID, feeling weird.

He put it back to his ear. "Why are you using Armand's phone to call me? Did he go to find you?"

Dolores hummed. "He has known everything. How's going with your negotiation?"

Matthew had promised her that he would definitely take Theresa back, but the relationship between Declan and him had become more stiffened.

While Matthew didn't know how to answer Dolores, Boyce looked at him and said, "They tracked John to Nanshan Temple."

"Nanshan Temple?"

"Yeah. He didn't look like a Buddhist at all. Why is he going there..."

They exchanged a glance with each other with the same suspicion, wondering if Theresa was kept there.

"What about Nanshan Temple?" Dolores heard Boyce's voice.

"Tell Armand to wait at the gate of the villa," said Matthew.

Dolores said OK.

After hanging up the phone, she returned it to Armand and told him to wait at the gate as Matthew had told her.

Armand took the phone over and walked out.

While arriving at the gate, Boyce happened to drive the car into the villa. He pulled over the car next to Armand and pressed down the window. "Get in." \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 554 Let's Have Some Fun

Armand immediately pulled the door open and sat in. "What on earth happened? Why did Declan kidnap Theresa? How's she doing now? Has he hurt her?" he kept asking bunches of questions as soon as he got in.

Boyce cast a glance at him. "You'd better calm down first."

Armand straightened his neck. "No, I can't."

The situation of Theresa was still unknown. How could he be able to calm down?

"Calm down, Armand. We got a clue now, and we are heading to the pace. If you kept being like this, you'd better get off."

As he spoke, Boyce parked the car on the roadside.

Armand looked back at Matthew and then at Boyce. He quieted down. "I'll keep silent," he said.

"Not keep silent. You must keep calm," Boyce corrected him.

Armand's face was tightened. "Okay. I'll keep calm."

He was afraid of being kicked out of the car. He wanted to rescue Theresa.

Boyce took a look at him and heaved a sigh. Then he drove the car away.

They need to take the mountain road when going to Nanshan Temple. Although the asphalt road was wide, it was extremely rugged and tortuous, so they couldn't speed up at all.

Right after John had led them to the box. He drank some liquor with a few subordinates. Then he left the nightclub and headed to Nanshan Temple.

Theresa was truly kept in Nanshan Temple. Declan was quite careful, afraid that Matthew would find the clue about her, so he didn't hide her downtown but in a temple.

John took several shots and became horny. He went to Nanshan Temple alone without telling Declan.

Declan forbid others to come here, afraid that Matthew would watch them and find Theresa. However, John was too complacent to obey his order. He didn't think that Declan would do anything to him even if he raped Theresa, so he was too bold to take Declan's order seriously.

Parking his car outside the temple, John got off and walked into the entrance. In the middle of the yard, there was a rectangular pond with clean water, through which the bottom of the pond could be seen. On the bottom, there were cobblestones. White and red koi carps were raised in the pond. On the four corners, there were water outlets. Water was flowing from them. In the middle of the pond was stone-carved Children-Sending Guanyin. The vivid carving of the stone statue showed the skills of the carving master.

John bypassed the pond, stepped up the steps, bypassed the Kampar Palace, and circled from the corridor on the right to the back. Nanshan Temple was located at the top of the highest mountain in the south of City B, so it was called Nanshan Temple.

There were monks, but quite different from the monks in ancient times. They didn't need to be shaved, and some of them had wives and children. They were quite well-educated.

Not every ordinary man could become a monk.

John walked to the storage room in the innermost at the back of the temple. It was on the right side of the temple, next to the wall. It wasn't obvious, and seldom people would come here usually.

Declan dared to keep Theresa here, which meant that he had arranged everything well. No one would dare to disclose the news to the public. He also had two men guarding here and sending meals to Theresa.

With a creak, John pushed the door of the storage room open. There was a wooden table, on which there were beer bottles, peanuts, and takeout lunch boxes. Cigarette butts were everywhere. The whole room stunk.

Seeing that John walked in, the two men stood up and greeted him with a smile, "Good day, Mr. Kinney."

John had become Declan's favorite subordinate now, so others respectfully called him Mr. Kinney. Raising his eyebrows, John was quite delighted by the respectful title. He wanted to scold them when seeing the mess in the storage room, but now his mood became much better. Waving his hand, he ordered, "Get out. I'm going to check on that woman."

The two men exchanged a glance with each other and said, "Mr. Bailey said no one is allowed to visit her."

John raised his eyebrows and said unhappily, "It's Mr. Bailey who asked me to come over to check on her. Do you want to call him to confirm?"

The two men dare not at all. Immediately, they said with flattery smiles, "Of course now. We'll leave now."



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**John reminded them, "Call me if anyone comes over."**

**The two men exchanged glances with each other again and then looked at John. It seemed that they understood what John would be doing here, but they dared not to utter a beep. They went out of the room quietly and closed the door.**

**John cast a glance at the closed door, wiping his lips with the thumb. Then he walked to the room inside and pushed the wooden door open. Hearing the creak, Theresa woke up. She was tied with the rope. After being kidnapped here, she dared not to close her eyes at all. If she failed to keep sobering, she would take a nap. She was a light sleeper, so she could wake up whenever hearing a light sound. She looked at the door on alert.**

**When she found the short and slim man who had kidnapped her, her heart jumped to her throat.**

**John walked over, looking at her up and down with evil intention.**

**When Theresa was kidnapped, she had just finished a shower and put on her nightgown. When she heard the doorbell, she went to open the door, and then John and several men rushed into her house.**

**They searched everywhere without speaking anything. After failing to find their target, they kidnapped her.**

**Theresa was wearing a two-piece nightgown with a purple silk slip dress inside and a night-robe in the**

same quality and color. There was also a belt on her waist. When she was kidnapped that day, the belt was already loosened, and her nightgown wasn't decent at all. It exposed large areas of her fair skin.

John squatted down in front of her, looking up at her little by little from her foot. She had slim legs. The nightgown hardly covered the thigh root. She had a slender waist. While looking at her, John felt so aroused. Swallowing hard, he cursed, "Shit! I like your body so fucking much!"

Theresa widened her eyes, full of panic. She understood what he was going to do. She was tied up and couldn't move a bit. She couldn't struggle at all.

It would be impossible for her to escape. The only hope to escape here was to gain his trust and let him untie her.

John reached out to rub the skin on her round and tender shoulder. Feeling the smooth skin, he was so horny. Like a hungry wolf, he pounced on her and kissed her wildly.

Suppressing her panic and disgust, Theresa didn't struggle at all. Instead, she pretended to enjoy it and let out some enchanting moans and heave breath.

John was aroused so much that he wanted to fuck her right now. He pulled away all the clothes on him that made him annoyed. Since it was summer, he soon got stripped.

Looking at his dirty body, Theresa was so sickened that she almost vomited.

"Hmm... Hmm..."

Since her mouth was taped, she couldn't speak. However, she tried to tell him with her eyes that she was cooperative and she wanted to talk to him.

John paused a bit and asked, "Are... are you willing to do it with me?"

Theresa nodded.

John licked his lips, reached out, and tore off the tape from her mouth. "Do you think I'm a charming man?"

Theresa suppressed her impulse to vomit. Putting on an enchanting smile and reaching out her legs to hook him, she whispered, "Of course. You are the most charming man I've ever seen."

John gazed at her fair and slim legs. He reached his hand into her dress. Theresa clenched her fists tightly to suppress. Although she felt so suffered, she still had a look of enjoying his touch. "Untie me. Let's have some fun."

"I like this way better." John pounced at her and pressed her, ready for the next stage.

Theresa slightly twisted under his body and rubbed against him. "I'm tied up quite tightly. It hurts a lot. Untie me. I will cooperate with you in every position you like. What do you think?"

John was extremely horny now. He was dying under her torture. All he wanted was to have sex with her now. Without thinking twice, he untied her arms and legs.

He tossed the ropes away, pounced at her again, opened up her legs, and was about to get into her.\_

Chapter 555 There Seemed to Be Someone Else

Before he almost succeeded, suddenly, he widened his eyes and gaped at Theresa in disbelief. "You..."

Theresa was holding a candlestick. She just stabbed the sharp needle for a candle into the back of his neck.

“Bitch! How dare you to hurt me!” John pinched Theresa’s neck fiercely and increased his strength, trying to strangle her.

Theresa almost couldn’t breathe. However, she didn’t give up. She couldn’t die. She wanted to survive and maintain her purity. Gripping the candlestick tightly, she kept stabbing it on him using all her strength, one after another.

“Ouch!” John let out a roar in pain. The two men outside exchanged their glances, clicking their tongues.

They misunderstood that John had been too crazy, so they didn’t take it seriously.

However, John had been rolling on the floor in pain. Theresa had two stabs on the main artery of his neck, and blood kept flowing out from the wounds. He thought that he was dying, howling on the ground.

Theresa stood up calmly. Picking up the bench next to her, she smashed them on John’s head several times. John blacked out, lying on the ground motionlessly.

The two men outside the room sensed something wrong, but they dared not to rush in, afraid that they would interrupt John and would be scolded by him. Standing at the door, one of them asked,

**“Mr. Kinney?”**

**Theresa wrapped her clothes. After being in a panic for two seconds, she shouted, “Shut the fuck up! Don’t disturb us! Fuck off!”**

**The two men were startled. Clicking their tongues, they said, “Jesus. They seem to have fun. She’s such a slut!”**

**Theresa stared at the door nervously. Upon hearing their footsteps going afar, she finally breathed a sigh of relief. Leaning against the wall, she covered her chest and gasped. Her heart hammered like a spring without frequency. Right at this moment, she felt so helpless. She shed tears in a panic.**

**Soon, she realized that it wasn’t time for her to weep yet. She must take the chance to escape.**

**After been locked up here for two days, she knew that this room was planned as the storage room, so there was no window at all. There was only an air vent on the roof. She moved the benches to the wall and put them one above the other. She carefully steppe on them and crawled out from the air vent. Since the height of the air vent was almost the same as the wall, she reached to the wall and escaped from the room without noticing anyone.**

**Then she slid down from the wall. There was still a distance between her feet and the wall. Since the wall was too high, she couldn’t step on the ground at all, so she had to release her hand and hop down. Fortunately, it was wet mud under the wall. Her clothes were stained but she didn’t hurt. Meanwhile, she heard the uproar from the yard. It seemed that her escape was found.**

**She couldn’t think twice but there was only one idea in her mind -- to escape from her as soon as possible. Barefoot, she was running on the mountain without any roads, afraid that she would be taken back again. If that happened, she wouldn’t have a second chance to escape at all.**

She decided to try her best to run away. The pricking thorns pulled out blood marks on her lower legs.

Something also stabbed into her foot. She hissed but still keep on running without any stop.

Inside the temple, Boyce met his subordinate who was tracking John. They got to know that John had been to the storage room behind the temple. When they went to the backyard, they saw two men sitting at the door. Now they were sure that Theresa must be locked up here. Otherwise, there wouldn't be anyone watching the storage room.

Boyce and his two subordinates who tracked John successfully knocked down the two watchers.

Armand rushed into the room first. However, there was only a table in the room. In this messy and stinky room, there was no one. He frowned in disappointment.

Boyce and Matthew followed him in. Seeing that scene, they understood that someone used to stay in there. Soon, they were attracted by the inner room. Armand rushed over and reached out to push it open but failed. When John walked in earlier, he locked the door from the inside.

In silence, Armand raised his leg and kicked on the door. With a big bang, the two doors shook. However, the door wasn't opened. The two doors were locked from the inside with the iron lock, which wasn't like a single door that was so easy to be opened. Boyce walked over. They kicked the door together to open it.

What they had seen made them agape. John was lying on the ground naked, soaking in his blood. There were no big wounds on him. The blood flew out all the small stab wounds caused by the candlestick. However, Theresa had used all her strength, so the wounds were quite deep. While John was in a coma, the blood flew everywhere. Seemingly he was badly injured. The most serious wounds were the two on his neck.

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**Boyce didn't care if John was alive or dead. The key point was that he was naked. Obviously, he had come over to find Theresa for doing something...**

**Boyce turned to look at Armand, only to find the latter was trembling all over. The blue veins on his side face, as well as his neck, popped out as if his anger would explode at any time.**

**When he was about to calm Armand down, Armand picked up a bench next to the wooden table, rushed to John, and smashed it on him violently. They didn't hear any loud bang but the cracking sound of his bones.**

**Boyce walked up to stop him. He didn't pity John. Even if they would kill John, they shouldn't kill him in this way, which was way too easy for him. Besides, the most important to do right now was to find Theresa.**

**Despite whether John had succeeded or if she wanted to die, they must find her first. "Calm down, Armand. Theresa isn't here, so she must have escaped. Look. There are benches next to the wall. She must have escaped from the air vent. Now the most important is to find her."**

**Armand's eyes became reddened. Without speaking, he turned around and rushed out.**

**Matthew took a glance into the room and withdrew his gaze, looking quite annoyed. He said to Boyce, "Call the police."**

**He also called Abbott, asking him to send a few media reporters to Nanshan Temple.**

**Boyce asked his two subordinates to call the police. Then they went to the back of the mountain,**

looking for Theresa.

The trees in the back mountain were tall and dense with a lot of wild grasses. There was no road at all. In summer, a lot of rattans grew to wrap around. It was quite hard to make a move.

Armand had been walking for a long distance. While walking, he was yelling and pulling away from the rattans that blocked his way.

The further he went into the wood, the darker it was. The thick leaves had completely blocked the sunlight.

“Theresa!” Armand yelled hoarsely. Wiping his face, he wiped off the tears on the corner of his eyes.

He kept walking and yelling. Suddenly, he saw broken-off grasses. He squatted down, only to find fresh liquid on them. Obviously, the grasses were broken not long ago. He looked around carefully and found blood. He was certain that someone had passed through here.

After getting the clue, he followed the traces. After a long while, he didn’t feel tired at all. All he wanted was to find Theresa.

However, he still didn’t find her. He didn’t give up. Along the traces, he kept searching. As long as there were clues, there was hope.

He looked back, only to find that he had gone into the deep forest. The surroundings were all covered by dense trees and he couldn’t see the sunlight at all. He shouted, “Theresa!”

His voice was echoing in the mountain, but he didn’t hear any response.

No matter what, he wouldn’t give up. He wanted to find her as soon as possible. While he was



walking, he felt the emptiness under his foot. Then he fell and slid down into a cave among rocks.

He let out a scream and soon his voice was covered.

The cave was way too deep.

The surface of the rocks was too slippery for him to grab something. He slid all the way to the bottom of the cave.

He felt pain all over his body. Dragging his body, he sat up, but he found that there seemed to be someone else. \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 556 Give Me a Chance

Armand looked in and confirmed that there was truly a person. His nerve was subconsciously tensed. When seeing the face clearly, he almost pounced at her instantly and caught her. He roared hoarsely, "Theresa!"

Theresa forcibly pushed him away and growled, "Don't touch me!"

It seemed that she hadn't returned to her senses from the thrilling experience earlier, so she felt quite nervous whenever being touched. She even rejected him in a panic, although she knew that he was Armand.

Whenever she recalled John's naked body, she felt so disgusted with men.

Armand was pushed away off-guard. He moved backward and sat on the ground. He could feel her panic and fear. Suddenly, he felt as if his heart was broken and hard to breathe. He was almost strangled.

John was naked, and Theresa didn't wear many clothes either. He kept clenching his fists. If he had a dagger in his hand, he must have stabbed John to death.

If Theresa hadn't been raped, he didn't think she would be so panicked.

Armand sat up and called her carefully, "Theresa, it's me. I'm Armand."

Theresa opened her eyes. She looked back and forth and then finally her gaze focused on his bloodshot eyes. "You... How come you..."

She was running away but fell into the cave by accident. She wondered why he showed up here.

"I came to find you." Armand's voice was quite hoarse, seemingly he was sobbing.

Theresa looked at him for a few seconds and said politely, "Thank you."

She appreciated that he came to look for her.

"I don't need your appreciation. For you, I can do anything." What he said was from the bottom of his heart. Even she had been raped by John, he wouldn't mind. He wanted to correct his mistake before and make up for her, and he also wanted to protect her harmed heart.

**“Please give me a chance. If I can’t do it well, you can kick me away at any time.” He was almost begging.**

**Theresa hugged herself tightly. Her exposed skin was clinging to the wall, feeling extremely cold. She huddled up in the corner. “Let’s figure out how to climb up.”**

**She didn’t agree at all. After experiencing life and death last time, she wouldn’t want to fall in love again. She only wanted to lead a simple life.**

**Armand didn’t insist on asking her to agree immediately. He decided to behave well in the future. She was wrong. They must figure out how to get out of the cave now.**

**He looked around and found the cave didn’t have a dead end. There was a long narrow gap, which could fit an adult’s body. He poked out his head and looked out, only to find that it was a cliff outside. The hillside was quite smooth without any trees or rattans to support a human. It was an abyss that was thousands of feet below. Armand gaped in fear. If the impact force was a bit stronger when he slid down, would he have fallen from this gap already?**

**He felt frightened.**

**When he was sliding down, he could feel that the cave was quite slippery and it was broad flat. Without any help, a human couldn’t climb up at all. He tried several times but failed.**

**He thought about using the cell phone suddenly.**

**He wanted to call Boyce and Matthew. In a hurry, he fumbled it in his pocket. Fortunately, the phone wasn’t missing. He was overjoyed and comforted Theresa, “Don’t be afraid. I still have my cell phone. I’ll call someone to save us.”**

While he spoke, he dialed Boyce's number, but he only heard beeps. He dialed Matthew's, but he heard the same. He became a bit panicked, wondering why their both lines were busy. He tried to call the attorneys of the law firm but still heard beeps only.

He wondered what was going on.

"Probably there's no signal here." They were in a deep forest on a mountain, so it was normal for the phone not to be able to get any signals.

Armand checked the signal sign on the screen, and the signal truly disappeared. He couldn't see any signal at all.

What should they do?

He stood up and yelled towards the entrance of the cave. He only heard echoes within the cave.

After Armand had yelled for a while, his voice became hoarse, but no one responded.

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He sat on the ground. "They will come to find us for sure."

Theresa was sitting there motionlessly all the time. She leaned against the wall and looked down at

the gap. Besides the dense grasses, it was dark and deep down below.

In the past, she only learned the word “an abyss” from the book. This was the very first time that she had seen a true abyss.

It was like a huge monster with its mouth wide open. Whatever fell into it would be swallowed.

She inhaled. She was amazed by the magic of nature as well as frightened by her current situation as they had nowhere to escape.

She wondered if they would die here like this.

She smiled, wondering why it was so difficult for her to live properly.

Armand wanted to get closer to her, but he was afraid that she would reject him. In a distance, he asked, “Are you all right?”

Theresa turned around to look at him. “Yeah, I’m fine.”

Armand wanted to talk to her but didn’t know what to talk about. After hesitating for a moment, he couldn’t find a way to break the ice. Hence, he had only sat in silence. It was getting darker and darker in the cave. He felt the coldness. This cave was in the deep forest without any sunshine. Since it had two entrances, the wind was pretty strong.

He felt cold when wearing a shirt and suit trousers, not to mention Theresa had few clothes on. Her legs were almost fully exposed. He raised his hand and started unbuttoning his shirt.

Theresa moved backward and looked at him on alert. “What are you doing?”

Armand paused his action and hurriedly explained, "Please don't be afraid. I didn't mean to do anything. I guess you must be pretty cold now. I want to give you my shirt."

Theresa immediately refused, "No, thanks."

"I truly didn't mean anything else..."

"I said I don't need it!" Theresa emphasized.

Armand looked at her, feeling quite heartbreaking. "Do you really dislike me that much?"

Theresa turned away. "I just don't want to see your naked body. I'll feel quite disgusted."

Armand looked at himself. After taking off the shirt, his upper body would be nude as he didn't wear anything else under the shirt.

Immediately, he buttoned his shirt. "I'm sorry. I've ignored your feelings. I'll pay attention next time."

Theresa was silent. Armand didn't know what to speak. Hence, he was sitting in silence again. It got completely dark in the cave, and they couldn't see anything at all.

When there was still light, they didn't notice it, but after it had got dark, they heard a lot of insects chirping.

Armand pulled out his phone. He was afraid that Theresa would be scared, so he turned on the flashlight on the phone.

When he wanted to pass the phone to Theresa, he found that there were a lot of wounds on her legs, which were covered by dried blood. It wasn't until then did he notice that she was barefoot. Although there was light in the cave earlier, it wasn't bright, so he didn't notice it under the dimmed light.

Feeling so sorry for her, he reached out and wanted to touch the wounds. However, he realized that she might reject it. He withdrew his hand and whispered, "You are wounded."

Theresa said indifferently, "Just some minor injuries. I'm OK."

Now the wounds didn't have burning pains at all. Her legs were too numb to feel anything.

She was running in the forest barefoot earlier, so she had been injured seriously.

Armand leaned against the wall, looking down. "In the past, I was always complacent and grandiose, thinking I was quite awesome. Until this moment, I finally realize how useless I am. I declaimed that I want to gain your heart back, but I even couldn't provide you with the basic protection, and you've hurt for so many times

Chapter 557 I Miss that Taste

"You don't need to blame yourself. I don't appreciate it either."

Theresa still looked quite cold. She didn't give Armand a friendly look since they met in the cave.

Pressing his lips, Armand stared at her for a long time. Then he said, "I don't need you to appreciate

me. I just want to do things I want to do.”

Theresa looked away and quieted down.

Armand also fell into the silence.

There was no light in the cave, but outside the cave, it wasn't completely dark. When it was dusk, the sun was going down.

Boyce and Matthew couldn't find them.

“We are in a high mountain and dense forest now. I don't think we could find them all by ourselves. I wonder if they have encountered any dangers. There was no response at all after I've called for a long time,” said Boyce worriedly.

It was a high mountain, and he wondered if there were any wild beasts in the forest. If Armand hadn't run away too far, he should have heard it when Boyce called him.

However, they completely lost his trace, so they were worried.

Matthew seemed to read Boyce's mind. He said, “I've never heard that there were any wild beasts here. Call someone over.”

If it went dark, it would be more difficult for them to search.



Boyce and Matthew went out of the forest. When they were in the forest, his cell phone had no signal at all. He tried to call Armand but couldn't reach him.

He tried to call Armand twice again after leaving the forest but still failed to connect. Hence, he had to call someone over the search with them, and hopefully, they could find Armand and Theresa before the sun completely went down.

Looking at Matthew, he suggested, "Why don't you go home first? I'll keep an eye here."

Matthew checked the time and said, "I'll wait longer."

They failed to find Theresa, and now Armand was missing. He wondered what he should tell Dolores after going home.

Boyce didn't insist. They found a place to sit, waiting for others to come over.

Since the road up to the mountain was way too tortuous, they arrived a bit later than expected. It took them an hour to arrive. There were over a dozen, and all of them were tall and strong, wearing camouflage uniforms. They looked heroic and valiant with all kinds of equipment. Boyce said they would search people in the forest, so they also prepared headlamps.

Boyce followed them up to the mountain. Right then, it was completely dark. After they went into the forest, birds, and animals that were perched in the forest at night were disturbed, and there was a commotion.

The searchers in the camouflage uniforms were divided into six groups, two for each group. The leader walked with Boyce. While searching, the leader said, "It's better not to look for people in the evening, as the vision is way too poor. There should be traps as well. When you mentioned that they were missing, I guess they might have fallen into traps."

Boyce brushed the branches in the way, turned back, and looked at the leader. "Are there any traps in the forest?"

The leader said yes. "People would set up traps in the forest to get some wild animals."

Boyce frowned and looked down at his feet, afraid that he would step on a steel trap.

The leader said jokingly, "Mr. Shawn, I didn't expect that you would fear something as well. You've promoted higher and higher, but you've become more and more timid."

Boyce said with a smile, "Only by being careful can I live long. I dare not relax for a moment. The higher I've been promoted to, the greater the responsibility I'll have."

"Officer Miller likes you so much. I guess after he's retired, he would recommend you to his current position. I heard that he wants you to marry his daughter, right?" the leader asked with a smile.

Boyce's face turned cold. "Stop the nonsense!"

He truly respected Officer Miller, but he never thought about anything else. He also didn't want others to spread such rumors.

He was a man, so he didn't care much about it, but he couldn't let the rumors impact Officer Miller's daughter.

**“Don’t talk such nonsense in the future,” Boyce said solemnly.**

**The leader noticed his expression. Hurriedly, he said, “I was just bullshitting just now. How could I repeat it?”**

**Boyce didn’t respond to him. He looked around and started feeling worried. They had no clue at all until now, and he wondered if they could find them today.**

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**After another three-hour search, they failed to find anyone. Boyce left the forest first and came to Matthew, telling him what had happened in the forest.**

**“It’s quite difficult to search at night. Limited areas could be lit up. Also, we need to be careful to avoid sliding down the steep slopes. You’d better go home first. I’ll call you if there’s any clue. John has been taken away. I guess he would be on news tomorrow. Declan Bailey would surely go to you tomorrow. You’ll need to deal with him. Please leave everything here to me. We can’t stay here together.”**

**When they called the police, they also informed some media reporters. Their purpose was to make a fuss about this event. Since such a matter happened in a temple, there must be a big uproar in the public tomorrow.**

**If the news attracted a lot of attention, the police must do an investigation and announce the result to the public. Now Boyce had the right, so he could look into Declan’s information aboveboard.**

After finding everything about him, Boyce wanted to see if Declan would still be so arrogant.

Matthew thought for a moment and nodded in agreement. "Be careful."

Boyce nodded.

Matthew drove back home.

When he arrived at the villa, it was already half-past ten in the evening. Pushing the door open, he saw Dolores waiting for him at the entrance.

Dolores kept awake, waiting for him. When she saw the flashlight of the car, she walked out. Looking behind his back, she asked, "Are you alone?"

Matthew walked in and wanted to reach out to hug her. However, thinking that he had been into the forest earlier and got dirty, so he withdrew his arms. "Let's go in and talk."

Dolores looked down in disappointment. She was certain that they failed to save Theresa. Otherwise, Theresa would be taken here because she didn't have any place to stay in this city. Now, Matthew returned home alone without Theresa.

"She managed to escape from Declan Bailey. We're looking for her now. So far, we haven't found her yet. I guess she must be hiding somewhere. As long as she's not locked up by Declan Bailey, she wouldn't be in danger. Don't worry." He didn't tell Dolores the details, afraid that she might be worried.

"For real?"

She turned around and looked at him with an inquiry as if she was trying to confirm if he was lying.

Matthew looked into Dolores's eyes calmly. He could keep calm in face of such a matter. "Of course. How can I lie to you on this matter? I came back so late because I was looking for her earlier. Probably she's afraid of Declan's men, she dared not to show up. This means she's pretty safe now."

Dolores nodded. However, without seeing Theresa, she still couldn't feel relaxed.

Grabbing Matthew's hand, she said, "Theresa was kidnapped by Declan Bailey mostly because of me. He aimed at me in the very beginning. Probably it was because I had gone to White City, they took Theresa away."

She had been thinking about this incident at home all the time. Shortly after those photos were shown to her, Theresa was kidnapped. Obviously, it was done by the same person.

The person's target was Dolores at the beginning.

She had dragged Theresa into the mere. If something had happened to her, Dolores would blame herself and feel quite upset.

Matthew could understand how she was feeling. He couldn't guarantee anything with her right now. If he comforted her and gave her some fake promises, and something went wrong, Dolores would feel difficult to accept it. Hence, he changed the subject. "I haven't had dinner yet."

Dolores looked at him. "You haven't eaten a meal today, have you?"

He hummed.

"I'll cook something for you then. What do you want to eat?" asked Dolores.

**“Noodle soup.” He added, “Noodle soup with stir-fried tomatoes and eggs.”**

**That was the very first dish that Dolores made for him.**

**Suddenly, he missed that taste so much.**

**Dolores cast him a glance and said, “I’ll go cook it for you now.”**

**He hummed gently.**

**“Well...”**

**Chapter 558 Stop It**

**Suddenly, Dolores called him. She wanted to ask how Armand was doing, but she didn’t speak it out. She wanted to cook the noodle soup for him first. He must be starved since he hadn’t eaten for a whole day.**

**“Pardon?” Matthew looked back at her.**

**“Nothing. Go get changed.” Dolores curled up her lips into a faint smile to him.**

**Matthew could tell that she wanted to ask about something and understand what she wanted to ask. However, he didn’t expose it and wasn’t in the mood to discuss it with her. He couldn’t tell her anything without finding Theresa or Armand.**

**He went upstairs, and Dolores went into the kitchen. Since she came back with the children, in the**

afternoon, Coral went to the supermarket and bought a lot of ingredients. The fridge was full already. Opening it, she looked up and down. Finally, she took out the meat, green peppers, some green vegetables, and tomatoes.

She washed all ingredients. While cutting, she put a pot of water on the stove to boil, which could save her some time.

She sliced the lean meat and marinated it with starch and eggs with seasoning. The cured meat would be particularly smooth and tender. She cut green peppers and tomatoes during the marinating time.

On the second floor, Matthew took a shower and put on pajamas. The texture of silk was soft and smooth. Although he wore a long-sleeved shirt and trousers, he didn't feel muggy at all. He stepped down on white indoor slippers and went to the children's room to see the two kids. At this time, both children were sleeping. The villa was extremely quiet, and only a slight noise from the kitchen was heard.

He walked over and stood in the dining room, from where he could see the slim figure busy cooking. He didn't move, just looking at her in silence. He enjoyed it very much, feeling the warmth from the bottom of his heart.

In fact, the life he longed for was pretty simple, which was just like this moment -- his kids and wife were with him together. After he finished work and went back home, someone was waiting for him at home.

He would ask for much, as long as she was willing to make him a noodle soup personally.

When Dolores was putting the noodles into the boiling water, she was hugged from behind. She looked back, and the tip of her nose touched his cheek. He had just taken a shower, so she smelt the fresh scent of the shower gel.

She gently pushed him with her elbow. "Wait for me outside. It'll be ready pretty soon."

Matthew wrapped his arms around her waist, covering her belly with his palm and touching it gently. He bent over his upper body and pressed his chin on her shoulder. "I want to watch you do it."

Dolores glared at him in anger. "I feel bothered if you keep holding me like this."

"I don't care." He insisted on holding her.

Dolores heaved a sigh, feeling quite speechless. "I'm not as good at cooking as Coral. Just make do with it."

"As long as the dish is cooked by you, I would love it." While spoke, he pecked on her cheek.

Dolores didn't have time to check on him. Before the noodles were fully cooked, she put the lettuces and turned over the gas off. Since Matthew was holding her like this, she couldn't move around. She patiently said, "Could you stop playing at being cute, please? Just go out and wait for your food."

Matthew released her, but he didn't go out. Instead, he pulled her away. "I'll put it into the bowl."

He opened the cabinet and got a rice bowl. When he was about to put the noodles into it, Dolores asked, "Are you sure you're gonna use this bowl?"



Matthew looked down and check it on, but he didn't find anything wrong. "Don't we use this bowl to eat?"

He wondered what was wrong.

Dolores heaved a sigh, took the bowl from his hand, and explained to him by the way, "This is a rice bowl. You should put the noodle soup into a noodle bowl because it's big enough for the soup. The rice bowl is way too small. If you leave the noodles in the pot, they would lump shortly. Hence, you should use this one."

She opened another cabinet, took out a white glazed noodle bowl, and gave it to Matthew.

Matthew looked up at her and took the bowl over with a smile. He filled the bowl with the noodle soup, and Dolores took the stir-fried dishes to the dining table -- stir-fried tomatoes with eggs and stir-fried green pepper with sliced meat. She put the lettuces in the noodle soup.

Pulling out a chair, she sat down. Matthew put the noodle bowl on the table and sat down opposite her. "Would you like some?"

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Dolores shook her head. Matthew had been used to eating noodle soup with stir-friend tomatoes with eggs in this way. Dolores didn't need to tell him again, and he mixed the dish with the noodle soup already.

**“Probably you can cook the noodle soup with the stir-fried tomatoes with eggs together.” He believed that it would save much time. It was way too troublesome in the current way. Dolores needed to stir fry the tomato with eggs first before putting them on the noodle soup.**

**Dolores supported her chin and didn’t retort him. She said, “I’ll try your method to cook it next time.”**

**She used the current method because the tomato juice would come out after being stir-fried. It wouldn’t look good but also be with a strong flavor. If she cooked them all together with the noodle soup, the tomato could be over-cooked with less flavor.**

**Matthew picked up sliced meat and took a bite. The meat was quite tender. After the marination, the meat’s smell had completely gone. He looked up at her. “Have you learned how to cook?”**

**Dolores nodded. “In the past, I could only cook the noodle soup with the stir-fried tomatoes and eggs. After giving birth, I made time to learn to cook some simple dishes. If I had time, I’ll cook for them myself.”**

**After having the kids, she wanted to learn how to cook. She felt that it was a happiness to prepare three meals for her children. However, she had to work, so she could only make certain time to cook for them when spending time with them.**

**Matthew looked down slightly. He didn’t participate in the past six years. When listening to her talk about those things, he felt quite depressed.**

**He cast a glance at the clock on the wall and asked, “Aren’t you sleepy yet?”**

**Dolores was indeed sleepy. She didn’t take a nap again after being woken up by Coral.**

**“You should go upstairs and sleep.” Matthew could tell how sleepy she was. He didn’t have the heart to let her wait here.**

Dolores hesitated for a moment, stood up, and said, "Okay. I'll go upstairs. Put the dishes in the sink after you've done."

"I got it. Just go ahead," Matthew interrupted her.

Dolores went upstairs. She had already taken a shower. After lying on the bed, she soon fell asleep and even didn't know when Matthew came upstairs.

In her dream, she felt that someone was holding her from behind. Her subconsciousness told her who that was, so she was sleeping soundly.

Boyce led the team to search until the latter half of the night but still failed to find them. The cave entrance from which Armand and Theresa had slid down was in a secret place and the cave was deep. Even if there was any sound above, they couldn't hear it at all, unless it was a huge noise.

After a night, Armand's cell phone died. They were in the cave but didn't speak at all for a whole night.

When the sun rose, there was light in the cave. Armand checked on Theresa, only to find that she was leaning against the wall with her eyes closed. He thought that she had fallen asleep, so he dared not to make any sound at all.

However, after a long while, Theresa still didn't open her eyes. Armand tried to call her, "Theresa?"

She didn't answer.

He called again, "Theresa?"

There was still no answer. He frowned and gradually approached her, reaching out to touch her.  
“Theresa...”

As soon as he touched her body, Armand felt the burning heat. In a hurry, he covered her forehead -- it was quite hot. He didn't know when she was on fever. Without a thermometer, he was sure that she was on a high fever.

Her lips dried out with a layer of skin. Armand held her and patted her on the cheeks. He kept calling her name, but she had no response at all. She was totally in a coma. Armand was so anxious. He shouted to the entrance of the cave, hoping to attract people's attention and rescue them.

He shouted till his voice got hoarse, but there was no response at all. Dizzily, Theresa heard Armand's voice. She wanted to open her eyes but she was too weak. She just felt so thirsty and cold.

“Water... Water...” Her voice was as low as a mosquito's. Armand didn't hear it clearly. When his ear approached her lips, he finally heard what she was muttering about. \_\_\_\_\_

#### Chapter 559 Armand's Confession

However, there was no water in the cave. Besides the rocks, there were only dried branches and leaves.

If they couldn't get out and she kept being on fever, Armand couldn't imagine what would happen.

If they just sat and wait to be saved, they would have to wait for a long time. Theresa couldn't continue waiting upon her current status. He put her down gently, walked to the entrance, and looked up. The entrance wasn't straight from the ground above, so he couldn't see anything above at all. All the light came in through that narrow crack.

Looking at Theresa who was lying next to him, he whispered, "I'll definitely help you out of here."

He didn't fear death, but he couldn't let Theresa die.

He took off his shirt and shoes. Clinging his skin to the rock would increase the drag force, which would help him to climb. Since the entrance was broad flat, he estimated the distance. Then he turned his body aside, supported himself with his legs against the rocks on both sides, and started climbing up.

However, when he started moving practically, he found the distance between the two rock walls was not the same. The higher he climbed up, the wider the gap was. His legs couldn't be opened up so widely in the end. Even if he could move to the side, he couldn't keep climbing up.

He hadn't eaten for a whole day and night, so he was a bit weak now. His body suddenly lost some strength, and he slid down again. However, he didn't give up. He tried again and again but fell all the time.

In a daze, Theresa faintly saw a figure climbing up to the entrance of the cave. He went up and fell, again and again. She tried to remind him not to waste his energy, but she was too weak.

When she was locked up, she was afraid that the food and water were with some drug, so she dared not to eat at all. Now she was on fever, so she was way too weak.

She wanted to stop him but couldn't speak out at all.

Armand's strength became less and less after he fell again and again. In the end, he was too worn out,

looking up in despair.

It was alright if he would die, but what should Theresa do?

She escaped from death last time, changed her appearance and voice, and tried her best to survive. Would she die here?

Probably sweats or tears dropping from the corners of his eyes.

He wondered what he should do.

He turned around and looked at Theresa, who was half squinting. Her eyes were blurred, so she couldn't see Armand's expression clearly. Instead, she could only see his outline.

She saw that figure crawling to her. He reached out to brushed the hair on her forehead and said hoarsely, "I'm not afraid of death at all. I feel good when dying with you together. At least, we can be together, but I can't let you die."

Theresa looked at him, seeing that he shed tears and wept like a baby.

"I've never told you about my parents. It's not because I don't trust you or I don't love you. It's because... whenever I recalled it, I would have a nightmare for a long time, but right now, I want to tell you. I'm afraid in the future I wouldn't have the chance to have the nightmare at all. I'm afraid I would have no chance to confess my love to you."

He wiped his face. "I can't remember how old I was at that time. Probably I deliberately try to ignore the things that happened in my childhood, so I forgot anything about myself.

"My mother cheated on my father. I saw her take a man home and have sex with him in the bedroom belonged to her and my father..."

Armand lowered his head. Theresa couldn't see his expression, but she could feel his helplessness and hatred at that time.

Probably he was helpless because that woman was his mother. He hated her for being so shameless.

Armand had never mentioned this history to anyone, and even Boyce and Matthew didn't know about it.

They only knew that his grandmother had brought him up.

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His parents passed away when he was little.

"I've witnessed that several times. That kind of thing lasted for half a year. I hate it because I have such a mother, but I couldn't choose from which woman's belly I should be born. Her affair would be found by others sooner or later, but I never expected that day would come so fast. It happened so fast that I was off-guard and it turned my life upside down.

**“I knew it after the incident -- my father’s business trip was canceled by the company within a short notice, so he went back home earlier than planned. He found my mother’s affair, caught her adultery with the man on the bed. He must be enraged at that time, so he used the knife... He killed them.**

**“When I went home from school, I saw him point his neck with the knife. Looking at me, he burst into tears and apologized...**

**“I saw him committed suicide in my presence. He was quite impulsive and hurt seriously when he killed them. When his reason came back, he regretted it, but it was too late.**

**“I’ve only told Phoebe Lewis about this history before. At that time, I truly liked her. Later, she determinedly left me. It had been ten years before I could let go of her. I had thought I could let go, but my love to her had turned to reluctance already. I wasn’t still in love with her at that time. I was just reluctant that she had left me without saying farewell.**

**“When I met her again, I even didn’t have the reluctance in those ten years. I used to imagine what I would ask her when meeting her again. I would also scold her for being irresponsible. However, I didn’t. It was because I lost the reluctance after meeting you.**

**“I felt so happy and relaxed when being with you. Once I had the impulse to tell you about my past, but I was afraid that you would disdain me. I was so afraid to show you my miserable past. Back then, I thought it was because Phoebe Lewis disdained my past, she left without even saying goodbye. Hence, I was afraid you would leave me as well. I dared not**

**“Actually, I don’t regret sharing my past with you. My world is way too dark.”**

**He was telling her about it right now because he thought that he would probably die here. Before dying, he wanted to confess his love to her.**

**Theresa blacked out. She missed what he said next.**



Armand held her while she was in a coma. He lowered his head and kissed her on the forehead. With a smile, he said, "God treats me well, right? You don't want to forgive me, but we'll die together."

"Bang!"

A sound came from the entrance of the cave. Then something was rubbing against the rock. Soon, a man fell into the cave.

Armand watched the man in the camouflage uniform fall next to him from above.

He was taken aback for a second, and he reacted the next second as if he had found the life-saving straw.

"Are you here to look for us?" he asked excitedly.

The man covered his waist and turned around. He nodded and said, "Yeah. We are here searching for two persons. Are you Armand Bernie?"

Armand said yes in excitement. "I'm Armand Bernie. Please hurry up. She's on a high fever and in a coma now. She needs to be sent to the hospital right away."

The man in the camouflage uniform took a glance at the cave and said calmly, "Don't worry. My colleague will inform others to rescue us."

"She has fainted now. How could I keep calm?" Armand growled.

The man shrank a bit, wondering why Armand was so short-tempered.

He asked calmly, "Can we climb up from here?"

Armand glared at him. "If I could, why would I be waiting for others to save us?"

"Then that's it. We couldn't climb up so we must wait for others to save us. What can I do if you keep urging me?" The man pulled out a bottle of water from his bag and handed it to Armand. "Feed her with some water. My colleague should call someone to save us soon." \_\_\_\_\_

#### Chapter 560 Man in the News

Armand glanced at the man and took over the water immediately. He opened the lid and passed it to Theresa. He called her in a low voice, "Theresa, wake up. Have some water."

Theresa didn't respond at all. No matter how Armand called her or shook her body, she was still in a coma.

The man in the camouflage uniform reminded him, "Pinch the area between her nose and upper lip."

Armand passed the water bottle into the other hand and pinched her.

After a moment, Theresa woke up but still looked quite weak as if she would faint again. Armand put the water next to her lips and whispered, "Drink some water."

Theresa's dried-out lips were creased. As soon as they parted, the skin on the surface cracked, and blood oozed. Her throat was dried out as if it was on fire. It had burned all the water on her body. Suddenly, she tasted the water, starting to gulp it down.

They could hear the sounds when she was gulping.

There was half bottle only, which couldn't completely ease her thirst, but she had some energy slightly.

"We came here in groups of two. When I fell in here, my colleague was next to me, so I'm sure he will inform others to rescue us soon. Please don't worry," said the man in the camouflage uniform.

Upon hearing his voice, Theresa turned around slowly, only to find another man there. Now she understood where the water was from.

"We'll be rescued. Hang on!" Armand said in excitement while holding her.

Theresa blinked. Her curled eyelashes slightly shook. Through the dimmed light, she could tell how excited Armand was.

Recalling what he had said to her, she lowered down her eyelids gently.

Right then, someone was shouting at the entrance of the cave, asking if anyone was down there.

The man in the camouflage uniform stood up and looked up to speak back to the entrance. Soon, a rope was tossed down from above. They were told to pull the rope when they were able to grab it, so people above would know the length and stop tossing it down.

The man in the camouflage uniform was waiting there. Soon, the rope was tossed down. He looked at Armand and said, "You guys go up first."

Armand grabbed the shirt that he took off to put it on Theresa. After she was decent, he carried her to the entrance. The man in the camouflage uniform grabbed the rope and walked to Armand. He checked on Theresa and said, "She's quite weak. When they pull her up, it would be difficult for her to take care of herself. Why don't you go up together?"

Armand nodded in agreement.

The man tied the rope on Armand's waist and reminded him, "Cling your back to the rock as tightly as possible. Put her in front of you to reduce the injuries on her."

Theresa had wounds on her feet and legs and looked quite weak. Obviously, she needed to be taken care of. Otherwise, her condition would become worse.

Armand understood. The man in the camouflage uniform pulled the rope to notice people above that they were ready.

There were only three people above. When they were pulling, they felt that there must be more than one person on the rope, so they called another two over to pull them up together.

Armand's upper body was naked. When his back was rubbing against the rock, he heard the slight sounds. He was fine in the beginning. However, when it lasted long, he felt the burning pain from his back.

He just creased his brows slightly and didn't pay much attention. All he wanted was to go up and send Theresa to the hospital as soon as possible.

After a while, the people above saw them. They moved the rope to the middle so that Armand's back wouldn't rub against the rock again. Boyce watched them be pulled up. When arriving at the entrance, he bent over to take Theresa from Armand's arms. "Let me take care of her."

Armand looked up at him. In silence, he passed Theresa to Boyce.

With others' help, Armand came up from the entrance of the cave. On the ground, he untied the rope

in a hurry. The team leader said, "Let me do it. You can't do it."

They had special ways to tie the rope, so ordinary people couldn't untie it. The knot was quite unique.

Armand urged him anxiously, "Please hurry."

The leader didn't speak. He only showed Armand how fast it would be by his practical action. After the rope was untied, Armand went to Boyce and reached out. "Give her to me."

Boyce cast him a glance, only to find that he was weak as well. There was a certain distance from there to the car, so he was afraid that Armand wouldn't make it when carrying Theresa in his arms.

"I can do it." Armand knew what Boyce was hesitating about.

Since he said so, Boyce couldn't insist. Right now, Armand must perform well in Theresa's presence. While Boyce was about to hand Theresa back to Armand, she said in a weak tone, "Could you please carry me out?"

She looked at Boyce.

Boyce checked on Armand immediately. When he offered to carry Theresa earlier at the entrance of the cave, it was because Theresa couldn't lie on the ground and Armand must need someone else to help him carry her.

Right then, Theresa wasn't willing to let Armand carry her. Boyce was afraid that Armand would misunderstand.

Armand pressed his lips in silence.

**“Could you?” Theresa asked again while looking at Boyce.**

**She was too weak to leave on her own, so she had to rely on someone else.**

**When they were pulled up, she could feel that Armand must be injured. She didn’t want to owe him any favor, although he had confessed his love to her earlier. She never thought about getting reconciled with him.**

**For her, the bygones were just bygones.**

**Moreover, her health...**

**“Mr. Shawn, if you are unwilling, please put me down. I’ll go by myself,” said Theresa stubbornly.**

**“Go ahead and carry her out,” Armand said before Boyce answered.**

**Boyce pressed his lips and took a look at Armand, knowing that Armand didn’t want to piss off Theresa. After all, they were both injured. Boyce didn’t want to waste any time. He said to the team leader, “I’ll leave everything here to you.”**

**After that, he carried Theresa, heading back.**

**Armand was afraid that there would be branches in the way, so it would be difficult for Boyce to move forward. He took the initiative to walk in front and brushed the branches away for them.**

**Theresa leaned against Boyce’s shoulder, half-squinting. Armand was walking in front of them, so she happened to see the wounds on his back. His back was full of friction wounds, some of which were**

almost bleeding. Some of them had become purple and reddish.

She was slightly moved and felt sorry for him. However, she wasn't so soft-hearted to get reconciled with him.

She didn't think that she would be with him again for the rest of her life.

She closed her eyes, stopping watching him.

It wasn't a long way but it was difficult to walk in the forest. After almost an hour, they finally walked out of it.

Armand recognized Boyce's car and walked over to open the door, so Boyce could put Theresa in.

As soon as Boyce wanted to put her down, Armand said, "Give me the key. I'll drive."

He was afraid that Theresa would reject him, which would waste time again.

Boyce bent over and put Theresa on the backseat and handed the car key to Armand. The latter walked to the driver's seat with the key, pulled the door open, and sat in.

Boyce sat in the backseat, taking care of Theresa. From the back of the car seat, he pulled out two bottles of mineral water. He handed one to Armand. "Drink some water."

Armand didn't look back. "Give it to Theresa, please."

Boyce reached further. "There's plenty of them."

They had been trapped in the cave for a long time. He was certain that they both were thirsty.

Knowing that Armand took the bottle over. Opening the lid, he gulped the water down. In one minute, he finished drinking the whole bottle. He tossed the empty bottle out of the car window and started the engine.

Boyce, on the backseat, opened the lid of the bottle and gave it to Theresa. "Have some, please."

Theresa raised her hand and took it over.

The villa.

Dolores got up late this morning. Probably she was too sleepy or she was lying by Matthew's side, she always slept soundly.

When she got up, Matthew had already left the villa. After breakfast, Amanda said that Cotton's fur became dirty, so she pulled Coral to the yard to bathe Cotton. She also asked Coral to take her to shop for the dog food.

Coral agreed with a smile.

Dolores stood in front of the French window, watching Coral bathe the dog with two kids. She couldn't help curling up her lips.

She turned around and picked up her phone, wanting to call Oscar to check on him. The TV was on. She picked up the remote control to turn it off, only to find a piece of news and unexpectedly she knew the man in the news

Chapter 561 A Dog also Had Worries



The news was about the Nanshan Temple, which wasn't eye-catching. The key point was the man in the news -- he was the man who harassed Dolores when she was in City C.

The man was found naked in the temple, seriously injured. The scene was full of speculation. Hence, it became a piece of news.

After all, everyone knew that the temple should be a clean place, in which anything filthy was forbidden. However, such a scene happened there.

Dolores went to sit on the sofa, continuing to watch the news. Then she got to know that this man was found in the most inconspicuous storage room in the temple.

Pinching the remote control, she was lost in thought.

She thought about all the things that had happened recently.

In the beginning, she got those photos. Then the man appeared to harass her, and a man showed up to save her. According to Oscar, that man looked rich but wasn't a local in City C.

Hence, she guessed that the man must be from City B because he appeared in City B. She guessed that the rich man must be Declan Bailey mentioned by Matthew.

The man on the news was acting in the show with Declan at that time, so he must be someone that the latter trusted a lot.

However, he had been found like this in a temple.

Dolores believed that Theresa must have been locked up in a secret place as well, such as the Nanshan Temple.

The more she thought about it, the clearer the clue was, and the more frightened she became. If Theresa was hidden in the temple as she guessed, Dolores wondered if this naked man had any evil intention to Theresa.

Dolores was almost strangled. She patted her chest with strength, but no matter how much she did it, she still couldn't breathe properly.

"Mommy! Mommy! Can we go out?" Amanda ran over, throwing herself into Dolores's arms. She hugged Dolores, playing at being cute. "Mommy, I want to buy the dog food for Cotton. I also want to change the dog chain..."

"You can't go out today," Dolores interrupted her before she finished her words. Rubbing Amanda's hair, Dolores said, "Good girl, you need to stay home. Don't go out today."

"Why not?" Amanda looked up at her in disappointment.

Dolores didn't know how to explain to her daughter. She didn't know what kind of man was that man named Declan. Since they dared to take Theresa away, it meant this Declan wasn't a kind man. He also kept making trouble. What if he wanted to do something on the kids?

The villa was quite safe. Hence, Dolores tried to make an excuse to calm Amanda down, "It's too hot outside..."

"We'll sit in the car. The driver will take us. We don't need to walk under the sun. Besides, we have sunscreen umbrellas, or we can wear the sunscreen hats," Amanda quickly rendered Dolores speechless.

Dolores kept silent.

She wondered since when Amanda had become so sharp-tongued.

She put away her smile and became solemn. She said seriously, "You can't go out today."

Amanda blinked. Suddenly, she withdrew herself from Dolores's arms, turned around, and trotted into her room.

She became angry.

Coral didn't know what happened. She didn't have the heart to disappoint Amanda. When they were bathing Cotton, Amanda kept nagging to buy something for Cotton. Hence, she tried to convince Dolores. "The kids want to go out indeed. We can take them out shopping. The driver and I can take good care of them."

Dolores didn't agree. Looking up at Coral, she insisted, "They'd better stay home recently."

Before Coral spoke again, Dolores interrupted her, "I'm going out now. The driver will send me there. Let the kids stay home today."

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After finishing her words, she stood up and walked upstairs. She was still wearing casual clothes at home. She decided to go out after watching the news. Last night, Matthew told her that Theresa had escaped. She wondered if something had happened and he dared not to tell her about the details.

She couldn't feel easy unless she got to know the details.

Coral was an understanding person. Since Dolores insisted, she couldn't keep convincing her. She walked to Amanda's room to coax her. Andrew heaved a sigh. He poured a bowl of dog food in front of Cotton, squatted down, and rubbed his head. "How happy you are!"

Cotton could be a worry-free dog as long as the master provided it with the food.

If Cotton had known what was in Andrew's mind, it must tell him that a dog had its worries, too. It needed to please the master and always worried that if it would be dumped.

A pet dog's life wasn't easy either. It wasn't living as so happily as the human had imagined.

Dolores walked downstairs, only to find Andrew was feeding Cotton. She said, "Go coax your sister."

Andrew raised his head and looked at her. "I'll take care of her. Don't worry."

Dolores walked over to kiss him on his cheek. Andrew was way too sensible. "Thank you, my son."

**“If you have time later, you’d better take her to the pet store. The Frontline for Cotton has been used up. We need to get some,” said Andrew.**

**Dolores had never had a pet, so she didn’t know what he referred to. She asked, “Is Cotton sick?”**

**Andrew answered jokingly, “Mommy, there’s something that you don’t know!”**

**Dolores pinched his ear gently with a fierce look. “It’s not easy for me to bring you guys up. How could I have time and money to keep a pet for you?”**

**Andrew kept begging. “Mommy, my bad, my bad. That’s not a medicine to cure any disease. It’s for expelling the parasite. Someone brought us that thing. There was a little left. After bathing him, we’ve used it up.”**

**Any family keeping pets should have the medicine for expelling parasites at home, especially if there were any kids in the family. Dogs could get lice and fleas in their hair easily. If the medicine wasn’t used, the lice and fleas would get into the kids’ hair as well as in the house.**

**Dolores patted him on his head. “When your Daddy is free, ask him to take you guys there.”**

**“Okay. Mommy, will you go with us then?” Andrew asked with a smile.**

**“Of course. Now I need to go out to deal with something, bye.” Dolores stood up. Andrew said bye to her obediently. She waved her hand to him, changed her shoes, and walked out of the door. She didn’t take anything when leaving last time, so she didn’t lack anything at home.**

**The driver walked over, opened the rear door for her, and asked respectfully, “Mrs. Nelson, where are we going?”**

Dolores thought for a moment. "The company."

The driver closed the door and trotted forward to the driver's seat.

The car was parked in front of the company entrance quickly. Dolores didn't get off right away. On the way, she hadn't figured out what she would do and wondered if Matthew was in the company. Pulling out her cell phone, she was about to call Boyce. She believed that she might get more reliable information from Boyce than that from Matthew.

She knew that Matthew didn't want her to worry about this matter, but Theresa wasn't an outsider to her. Instead, she had been treating Theresa as her family. Besides, Theresa was kidnapped because of her.

When she dialed Boyce's number, put the phone next to her ear, and waited for the call to be connected, another car was pulled over next to hers. The door of the car was immediately opened, and a man in a suit got off. He turned around and walked into the company. Dolores saw his face clearly.

She gaped. It was him. \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 562 Unimportant Person

The man, who had appeared in City C and whose name was Declan Bailey as Dolores guessed, now showed up here. She wondered if he came for Matthew.

Right then, the call on her phone was connected. She heard Boyce's voice. "Hello?"

Since Dolores used a new number that she started to use after moving to City C, so Boyce saw it as an unknown number on the phone.

Dolores pinched the cell phone. "What on earth happened Theresa?"

Boyce seemed to be startled at this voice. After a pause, he answered, "She's in a hospital now."

"Did she get hurt?" she asked nervously.

"She got some injuries and she's on fever now. The doctor is treating her," Boyce answered honestly.

However, when Dolores heard his words, she misunderstood.

Boyce's answer kept reechoing in her mind.

She thought about John's naked body, subconsciously misunderstanding that Theresa had been raped.

She looked down and asked hoarsely, "Does Armand know it?"

Boyce answered, "Yes, he does."

"Which hospital are you guys at now?" Dolores asked in a hoarse tone.

**"Are you coming over?"**

**"Not now. I'll go there later." Right now, she wanted to know why Declan came to see Matthew.**

**"The First People's Hospital," Boyce said.**

**"I got it. Thanks." She hung up the phone.**

**Pushing the door open, she got off and said to the driver, "Please wait for me here."**

**She planned to go to the hospital later.**

**The driver answered and parked the car in the basement garage. It was quite hot outside.**

**Dolores entered the lobby. Although Matthew didn't announce her identity to the public, he had admitted her to the company. Hence, all the employees knew who she was. She wasn't stopped but treated respectfully.**

**She smiled faintly to anyone who greeted her.**

**When she walked out of the elevator, she bumped into Abbot. Seeing her, Abbot asked with a smile, "Good day, Mrs. Nelson. Are you here for Mr. Nelson?"**

**As Matthew's important assistant, Abbot didn't involve in as much of Matthew's daily life as Boyce**



and Armand did, but he was pretty clear about his boss's matters.

Dolores answered, "Yeah. Is it a good time?"

Abbott said, "Mr. Nelson is in the meeting with a guest now."

"Is the guest in a silver-gray suit?" asked she.

Abbott nodded. "Have you seen Mr. Bailey?"

Upon hearing it, Dolores completely ensured that the man was truly Declan Bailey. Otherwise, Abbott wouldn't have called him "Mr. Bailey."

She nodded. "Yeah. I saw him come in earlier."

"Would you like to wait in the lounge, please?" asked Abbott.

Dolores shook her head. "No, thanks. I'm going to go in and join their conversation."

As she spoke, she walked to the door of Matthew's office.

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When she reached the office door, her cell phone started ringing in her pocket. She pulled it out and found the caller ID was "Uncle". She walked aside and swiped to answer the phone. Before Oscar spoke, she took the initiative to ask, "Hello, Uncle. Anything happened over there?"

Otherwise, he wouldn't call her right now.

"Nothing serious. Everything's fine here. Someone came here to get the tailored clothes, but I told them that we have a lot of orders already so if they were willing to, they needed to wait for a long time. For those who were unwilling, I suggested they leave. The factory runs as normal. Theresa and you both left so suddenly, and you've taken the kids away. I guess something urgent must have happened. Otherwise, you wouldn't be in such a hurry. I'm calling you to remind you no matter what has happened, please do let me know if you have any difficulties. You must believe in your parents. What they have left you was not only the treasure. Do you know what I mean?"

Dolores looked down at the tip of her toe. "I see."

"Okay. How are the kids? I miss them so much." Oscar had already got used to them. Once they were gone so suddenly, he always felt that his life lacked something.

"I'll ask them to give you a video call tonight," said Dolores.

"Okay. I've gotta go now," said Oscar.

Dolores hummed. After hanging up the phone, she stood there motionlessly for a moment. Oscar didn't tell her anything about her father, but after being with Oscar for a long time, more or less, she could feel what kind of man her father was.

No matter what kind of man he was, she would remember what was mentioned in Jolene's letter -- he was a good man.

She adjusted her mood, turned around, and walked to the office door. Raising her hand, she knocked on the door. A moment later, she was asked to enter.

Dolores straightened her back, pushed the door open, and entered.

Matthew was sitting on the sofa with his back to her, and Declan was sitting opposite him. They didn't touch the coffee in front of them. It seemed that they were talking all the time and didn't stop until she came in.

Seeing her, Declan looked a bit awkward for a short while. With a smile, he said, "Nice to see you again."

Matthew turned around slowly. When seeing Dolores, he slightly frowned. He had never expected that she would come over. He asked gently, "Why are you here?"

He didn't hide anything from Declan. Since the latter sent some photos to Dolores, he believed that Declan must know who she was and her relationship with him.

Dolores walked over and smiled at him. "Can't I come here to see you?"

As she spoke, she sat down next to Matthew.

Declan licked his lips in interest. "Are you going to do PDA in front of me, an outsider?"

"Is there any outsider here?" asked Dolores with a smile.

Declan burst into laughter. He glanced through Matthew's face and intentionally tried to embarrass Matthew. He said deliberately, "Ms. Flores, did you mean you never treat me as an outsider? I do think we are quite close."

He wondered if she was still appreciating him for “helping her” in City C last time.

“Oh? I just haven’t noticed you are also here.” Dolores still smiled faintly.

“Ho ho. Ms. Flores, how interesting! I’m sitting here right in front of you. How couldn’t you see me? Am I not a human?” Declan put away his smile.

Dolores still smiled. “You’ve got that conclusion yourself, Mr. Bailey. I didn’t make any remarks, all right? Since you’ve admitted that you are not a human, I wouldn’t disagree with you.”

Declan’s expression was stiffened for a moment. Then he put back his smile. “A sharp-tongued woman isn’t attractive to the man. Be careful. Your man will dump you.”

“Mr. Bailey, please mind your own business.” Dolores slightly twitched her lips. “Last time, when I met you in City C, I didn’t know you are Mr. Bailey, so I didn’t thank you. I’ve got a gift from you as well. I do appreciate your hard work.” She looked over at Matthew gently, who was looking at her right now. Their eyes met. Without any words, they could understand what was in each other’s minds.

With a smile, she asked, “Mr. Bailey has sent us such a big gift, don’t you want to return one for the appreciation?”

Matthew reached out to toss the hair next to her ear and gently keep them behind it. With a doting smile, he said, “Of course, I will. Courtesy requires a return of visits received, and so does sending a gift. I wouldn’t be that impolite.”

Matthew looked over at Declan. “Mr. Bailey, how do you like my gift in return?”

Declan squinted. "It was you who provoked me first."

"Mr. Bailey, what are you talking about? Didn't you work with Jeffery Harris to kidnap first? Or, do you think the Nelson family is a pushover, and anyone in the family could be kidnapped?" Matthew's voice went deeper, full of hidden anger.

"Was the woman I kidnapped a member of the Nelson family? Doesn't everyone know Victoria Forbis used to be the mistress of your father? Mr. Nelson, you don't like your stepmother, do you? Now, you are against me because of this unimportant person. What benefits would you have?"

### Chapter 563 What Do You Mean

Declan calmed down a bit and continued with a more friendly tone, "Don't forget that your uncle can't help you with anything now. He has lost his position in the government now. Well, you are supposed to be enemies to each other. So what Boyce Shawn has been promoted as the deputy officer? I just don't want to make trouble for him. If I do, I'll ask my father to move his fingers. Boyce Shawn will be fired immediately. How can you fight against me? Do you think the investigation on John would lead to me? Last time, I could escape from it without being impacted, and so will I this time. Like I said just now, as long as you are willing to apologize to me for using me and hurting me last time, let's end this matter. From now on, we will be going in our own ways. Of course, Mr. Nelson, if you want to make friends with me, I'm willing to."

Apologizing to him?

Dolores wanted to retort him, but Matthew grabbed her hand to stop her. He shook his head at her, hinting at her to calm down.

Matthew looked at Declan, pressing his lips into a sharp arc. He said in a cold and determined tone, "As long as she was from the Nelson family, no one should lay a finger on her. Mr. Bailey, you do have

a strong backer. However, no matter how strong your backer is, he must have weakness, right?"

He slightly leaned back to the sofa, looking quite leisurely. With a snort, he continued, "You son of bitch played dirty tricks and got something nasty to show my wife. You kidnapped my wife's friend. No matter the old or the new grudge, you must have an explanation to me, Mr. Bailey. Don't you think so?"

Declan bared his teeth. "You've gone too far!"

He insisted that Matthew should apologize to him.

"Too far? The man found in the temple should be working for you, Mr. Bailey. What has he done to my friend? Don't you know it?" Dolores chimed in. She clenched her hands, trying so hard to calm down.

"Mr. Bailey, if you turn fighting into friendship, you should apologize for the car accident during the kidnap and take responsibility for the matter. Hand out the man who has harmed my friend. As for the photos and your show played with your men in City C, we could be generous and let it go."

"Are you kidding me?" Declan was also annoyed that John had been to find Theresa in secret. John didn't only want to rape her but also let her escape. He also wanted to kill John. When he knew what had happened, he was so angry that his lungs almost exploded.

However, he didn't want to hand John to them. "If I simply gave John to you guys, who would be willing to work for me and trust me in the future? The car accident was just a pure unexpected incident. I wasn't the mastermind. The mastermind has already paid his price, hasn't he? Why do you

still insist that I need to take the responsibility?"

If he handed John to them, his subordinates would be disappointed in him. Nobody would be willing to work for him in the future.

He believed that it was important to keep his men's trust in him.

Hence, even John had made a mistake, Declan would try to protect him. He wasn't protecting just a single person but the loyalties of his men.

The nightclub manager took the initiative and went to jail for him, so Declan believed that he had been treating his men indeed very well.

Dolores sneered. "Mr. Bailey, how couldn't you understand the thing that everyone could? If I don't care about my friend, do you think my friend would trust me in the future? We didn't insist on anything. We just want anyone who has been involved in this matter should take his or her responsibility. Is it too much?"

Dolores's words poked the sore spot, and Declan was rendered speechless.

What she said truly made sense.

Since they couldn't achieve an agreement, Declan didn't smile as he did earlier. Looking at Matthew and then at the sharp-tongued woman, he seemed to understand why Matthew had fallen in love with this woman.

In his opinion, most women and the women he knew were always waiting for men's protection no

matter what had happened, or they would shed tears.

However, she was standing by Matthew's side fearlessly. Declan wondered if she was way too ignorant so she feared nothing.

Looking at Dolores, he said, "Do you know who my father is? You wouldn't have any benefit if you are against me."

Dolores looked into his eyes with confidence. She said coldly, "I don't know who your father is. I just know people are born equal. Anyone who made mistakes must be responsible for the consequences. In ancient times, when a prince committed a crime, he would receive the same punishment as the common people. Does your father have the supremacy?"

They glared at each other in silence, neither unwilling to compromise. After a long while, Declan sneered. "All right. Let's fight and wait and see who's the winner."

He walked out of the office after finishing his words.

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Dolores didn't turn back. "See you, Mr. Bailey."

Declan looked back at her and his eyes slightly moved. In the end, he twitched his lips into a smile. "I look forward to meeting you again, Mr. Flores."



Then he laughed out and left.

Dolores looked cold. He was so arrogant, which meant that he had a strong backer so that he could be so confident.

“You’ve known it, haven’t you?” Matthew asked.

Otherwise, she wouldn’t have come to him right at this moment.

Dolores turned to look at him. “The news has been wildly spreading. How can I not know?”

Matthew rubbed his forehead. “Alas... I forgot to cut off the electricity in the villa.”

Dolores was speechless.

He was still kidding.

“Seriously, what’s your plan? He seems to be a tough nut to crack.” Declan wasn’t tough, but his backer was.

Matthew heaved a sigh and didn’t answer. He wasn’t in the mood to discuss this with her. What she should do now was to stay home and take care of the baby in her belly, leaving everything to him.

“Why didn’t you listen to me? Why don’t you just stay home?”

“How could I be staying home after watching the news? Theresa...” Her eyelashes shook. “I won’t let go of that bastard who has hurt her!”

She was extremely determined.

Matthew was silent. He could understand her feeling. Actually, he wasn't sure if Theresa had been raped or not. As soon as she was rescued, she was sent to the hospital. Boyce didn't call him yet to report the status.

John had been hidden by Declan, and the latter was afraid that Matthew would snatch John away.

"Give me your cell phone." Dolores reached out to Matthew.

Matthew pulled out the phone and gave it to her. "Do you want to save your new number on my phone?"

"Nah." Dolores looked down and tabbed on his phone without raising her head at all.

Matthew was speechless.

He wondered what she was doing.

Was she checking his phone?

Her behavior scared him.

"What do you mean then?" Matthew asked tentatively.

Chapter 564 Concerns over the Purity

Matthew wondered if she didn't trust him.

He leaned over, pressing his chin on her shoulder. He said in a soft tone ambiguously, his breath blowing the hair next to her ear intentionally or unintentionally, "I wouldn't sleep with any other woman beside you. Only you could inspire my potential."

He truly wanted to avoid pissing her off.

He was so close to her and he inhaled on her ear, making her tickled. Dolores moved aside and cast him a glance, "Can't you be more serious?"

Matthew felt wronged. He was quite serious.

He was serious explaining that he truly didn't want to sleep with any other women. He didn't have many female contacts on his cell phone. If there were, it was for his work. He didn't store the contact number of any indecent woman.

He was afraid that Dolores wouldn't let go of it.

Suddenly, Dolores understood what he was talking about. Turning to look at him, she put on a smile. "Have I told you? If you've cheated on me, I'll cheat on you with more men."

Matthew choked up.

Dolores didn't continue joking with him. She said solemnly, "I know you don't want me to get involved in this matter. I can't help you with anything. What I can do is to take care of our kids and myself, so that you wouldn't have to worry about your family. I'll leave everything to you. I just find

that Declan is quite tough, so I stored Uncle's phone number on your phone. If there's anything inconvenient for you to deal with, you can ask Uncle for help."

After that, she looked up at him. "I don't care what you will do. You must let the man who bullied Theresa be punished. That's my requirement for you. Can you promise me?"

Matthew reached out to hold her in his arms. He bent down his head and kissed her on the forehead. He didn't leave her but pressed her temples while rubbing them. He whispered, "I promise you."

After getting the answer she expected, Dolores left his embrace. "Go ahead with your work. I'm leaving now."

"It's almost noon. Why don't you leave after lunch?" Matthew grabbed her hand, holding her tightly and unwilling to let her go.

Dolores withdrew her hand but failed. She said seriously, "I'm going to visit Theresa in the hospital."

Although Matthew still didn't want her to leave, he could only release her.

"I'll go back home after seeing her," said Dolores before leaving the office.

Matthew hummed gently.

Out of the company, Dolores went to the basement garage and sat in the car. The driver sent her to the hospital.

After arriving at the hospital, she called Boyce, asking about their location.

Boyce said Theresa had been sent to the observation room, which was on the third floor.

When Dolores found the observation room on the third floor, she saw Boyce answering a call in the corridor, seemingly he was talking about his work. Seeing her come over, Boyce exchanged a few words with the person on the other end of the line and hung up the phone.

“Theresa is in the room. She’s sleeping now. Armand is with her inside,” said Boyce.

Dolores nodded. She said, “If you are busy, please go ahead with your work and leave things here to me.”

Boyce truly has to deal with something. However, he was concerned. “Are you sure?”

After all, she’s pregnant.

“I’m just pregnant not a patient. Go ahead with your work. I’ll keep an eye here. If I need any help, I’ll call you,” Dolores said determinedly. Boyce couldn’t insist, so he left.

Seeing that Boyce had gone, she walked to the door of the observation room. Through the glass on the door, she saw Armand sitting in front of the bed in a blue-striped patient’s gown. Dolores stood at the door for a moment and pushed the door open gently.

Upon hearing the sound, Armand thought it was Boyce, so he didn't look back. He just stared at Theresa while sitting in front of her bed silently.

Dolores cast a glance at Theresa, who was still sleeping. She whispered, "Armand, let's talk outside."

Realizing it wasn't Boyce's voice, Armand looked back. Seeing Dolores, he kept quiet for a few seconds and then nodded in agreement.

He stood up and tucked Theresa into the quilt. Turning around, he said, "Let's go."

Dolores walked in front and headed out of the observation room. Armand followed her and closed the door. They didn't leave the room too far, talking in the corridor.

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"Have you got injured?" Dolores asked with concerns when seeing he was wearing the patient's gown.

"Some minor injuries." Armand lowered his head. His back was wounded, and he can't wear his shirt now. Hence, after cleaning his wounds, the hospital gave him a patient gown.

"Good you are alright." Dolores stood in front of the window, looking at him. "Do you know Theresa's condition?"

Armand leaned against the wall but the wounds on his back were squeezed. He slightly frowned, lowering his head. "No matter what happened to her, I don't care."

He did care, but his concerns to her had been over the purity of her body.

He had taken Theresa's virginity. After becoming his girlfriend, she was always hurt. This time, she was also a victim.

How could he still be so shameless to care about those unimportant things?

"But, even I don't care, she's not willing to accept me again," Armand said in depression. He felt quite helpless but he couldn't do anything and tell anyone about it.

Dolores knew that Theresa was hurt too much last time. Theresa could let go of it because she was mentally strong and determined.

"She needs time," said Dolores.

She wouldn't get involved in their love. After all, all of them were adults and knew what they wanted. She asked Armand because she wanted to know if he still loved Theresa. If so, he needed to use his heart to warm up Theresa's heart, which had turned cold.

Then he could be forgiven by her.

If he didn't love her anymore, he should leave her in peace.

However, Dolores could tell that Armand still loved Theresa deeply.

She slightly heaved a sigh and asked, "How is she? What did the doctor say?"

"The doctor had given her an injection to bring down the fever. She got some injuries on her legs. She couldn't walk recently before getting recovered," said Armand.

Dolores nodded. "I see. Does she need to stay in the hospital?"

"The doctor said it's not necessary. She should recover at home." Armand pressed his lips. He told Dolores what was in his mind. "I want to take her home and look after her. I know she's not willing to. Could you please help me convince her?"

Theresa didn't have any family to take care of her, but she needed to be looked after. Hence, he wanted to take care of her by himself.

Armand was afraid that Dolores might have some concerns, so he hurriedly explained, "I don't mean to ask her to forgive me or want to show something to her. I just want to take care of her. She doesn't need to have any pressure.

Dolores knew what he meant. He just wanted to take care of Theresa. However, upon their former relationship, how could Theresa be willing to take it for granted?

Theresa would be willing to accept it unless she had forgiven him.

"I won't convince her." Dolores looked at Armand. "You should know -- she hasn't forgiven you yet. Why would she allow you to take care of her?"

"Then, who else can take care of her?" Armand leaned against the wall, feeling so upset. He slid down to sit on the ground.



He felt so depressed and frustrated.

“I’ll take care of her. When she wakes up, I’ll take her back to the villa. You know we have a lot of rooms there. She can move in. I’ll hire another maid to do the housework, so I can take care of her. If you want to see her, you can go to our villa.”

Dolores thought the same as Armand did. They wouldn’t rest assured to let others take care of Theresa. They must take care of her on their own.

Armand whispered, “Thank you.”

“Don’t mention it. I’ll take care of her, but it has nothing to do with you.” In Country A, Theresa and Dolores were quite close. She followed Dolores back, helping her set up ‘Cloud’. They were closer than friends.

They appreciated and supported each other. They had become family.

Dolores could see how frustrated Armand was. She also felt sorry for him. “Cheer up! You can’t gain back Theresa’s heart in this way.”

Armand looked up at him. “Tell me, Dolores. What should I do?”

Chapter 565 I’ll Be Jealous

Armand was so puzzled, wondering what he should do.

Dolores squatted down and patted him on the shoulder. “I don’t know either, but if you truly care about Theresa, just give her more time. Don’t push her too much while asking her to forgive you. You should move her by your practical actions.”

In that case, Theresa would open up her heart and be willing to reconcile with him.

Armand let out a bitter laugh. "I understand what you're saying, but I'm afraid that I couldn't do it well. On contrary, I might push him further and further away."

"As long as you'll do it wholeheartedly with a clear conscience, she must feel it." Dolores didn't know how to comfort him easier, so she tried her best to encourage him.

She thought that Armand must have known what he had done wrong in the past.

In the afternoon, Theresa woke up. After taking the injection and sleeping for a whole morning, she looked much spirited.

Armand knew that she hadn't eaten much, so he brought back some food. Afraid that Theresa would be upset when seeing him, he asked Dolores to take the food in.

Dolores walked in and helped Theresa to sit up. What Armand bought was cooked wheaten food that was easy to digest. Theresa hadn't eaten for almost three days, so her stomach was empty. She had been starved for a long time, so she couldn't eat anything hard or spicy and could only start eating little by little. Hence, Armand didn't get much food for her.

Watch her finish eating, Dolores gave her a glass of warm water, cleaned the lunch box, and tossed them into the garbage can. Then she sat on the edge of the bed and talked to Theresa.

She knew that Theresa wasn't willing to be taken care of by Armand, but she still asked, "Your legs were injured, so recently you can walk at all. You need someone to take care of. Armand wants to..."

"I don't need him to take care of me. Please help me get a nursing worker," Theresa interrupted Dolores before she finished her words. "Besides, it's a minor injury."

Dolores looked at her and didn't convince her, because Theresa didn't need the persuasion at all. Only after she was moved by Armand's actions and fell in love with him again, the love would be true. If Dolores insisted on convincing her, Theresa would only feel bothered.

She didn't want to upset Theresa.

Grabbing her hand, Dolores said, "I got it. Come to my villa with me. My kids and I are always at home. You wouldn't be bored. OK?"

Theresa was a bit hesitant. "Well, would it bother your family too much?"

"Bother? Of course not!" Dolores emphasized, "In your current condition, how can I let a nursing worker take care of you?"

Theresa didn't know what she was thinking about, so she said, "I didn't get injured so seriously. I truly don't need..."

"Do you treat me as an outsider?" Dolores interrupted her.

She and Armand had misunderstood -- they thought that Theresa had been raped by John. Dolores didn't dare to speak it out, so she hid her concerns, afraid that she would give Theresa too much

pressure.

After all, Theresa wouldn't want others to know about this matter.

Dolores was worried that Theresa would make blind and disorderly conjectures if she stayed alone. Although Theresa looked spirited and relaxed, Dolores thought that it was because she pretended to be tough. Hence, Dolores didn't want Armand to take care of Theresa and insisted on taking her back to the villa.

"Of course not!" Theresa was willing to stay with her certainly. However, they were not in City C now, where there were only Dolores and the kids in the house. Matthew was also in the villa. They had just had a family reunion. Theresa was afraid that she would bother them as an outsider.

Dolores understood what she was worried about. She said, "Don't worry. We have a lot of rooms in the villa. I've called Coral to prepare you a guestroom on the first floor. Just move in. I'll take care of you."

Theresa pressed her lips and didn't refuse her anymore. Dolores asked her to take a nap and she would go through the hospital discharge procedure. Actually, with this excuse, she went to see Armand outside.

Armand didn't dare to enter the room after Theresa had woken up, afraid to upset her.

He was sitting on the bench in the corridor, his hands on his knees, looking quite depressed. Dolores called him in a low voice, "Hey, Armand."

"Yes?" He looked over.

Dolores said, "I'll ask my driver to come over and take Theresa home later. Take good care of yourself. Get better soon."

Armand nodded. Then he lowered his head.

Dolores heaved a sigh. She didn't speak again and turned away. She called the driver to come upstairs and borrowed a wheelchair from the nurse's office. With the driver's help, she helped Theresa to sit in the wheelchair and pushed her away from the hospital.

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When they reached the car, she helped Theresa sit in with the driver's assistance. Armand was standing in front of the window at the end of the corridor, watching that Theresa was helped into the car and the car roared away.

Soon, the car vanished from his sight. He turned away and didn't continue staying in the hospital.

When Dolores brought Theresa back to the villa, Coral had already prepared the guest room. She helped Theresa to lie on the bed. Although it was summer, there were a lot of trees in front and behind the villa. The dense branches and leaves had blocked a lot of sunlight.

Dolores asked Theresa if she felt hot.

Theresa shook her head. "Not at all."

She was still on a fever. The room with the air condition was way too dry, so she wouldn't feel comfortable. Dolores walked to the bed and asked, "Shall I open the window?"

Theresa said, "Sure."

"Call Coral if you need some water or use the bathroom. I'll go out shopping for your clothes."

Theresa was in a patient's gown as well. She was kidnapped and had no belongings at all. She needed to get changed every day in summer. Dolores had a similar figure as she had, so Theresa could put on Dolores's clothes, but she needed new underwear.

Hence, Dolores would go shopping for lingerie and some casual clothes for her.

Theresa said jokingly with a smile, "You are pregnant, but I still send you out. If your husband knew it, would he scold me?"

Dolores put down the medicine from the hospital on the nightstand and cast her a glance, "He never scolds anyone."

Theresa curled her lips and reminded her, "I know you haven't been together for a long time. Now you are reunited so you must be clingy to each other. Don't do PDA in front of me. I'll be jealous!"

Sometimes, Dolores felt that Theresa and Armand were alike -- their speaking tones were alike.

"Take a nap. I'm taking off now."

"Okay. Go ahead. I'll take a nap." Theresa lay down.

Dolores could tell that she was sleepy, so she closed the door. Amanda was still angry with Dolores. Since Dolores came back, Amanda didn't speak to her at all. She was sitting on the sofa playing with

Cotton. Andrew threw up his hands. He also didn't know what was going on with his sister today as he failed to coax her.

Dolores didn't have time to coax Amanda. She said to Coral. "Theresa is napping in the guestroom. Please check on her later to see if she's still on fever."

Coral answered, "Okay, I will."

She said to the kids, "Keep quiet. Aunt Theresa is napping now. She's not well. You guys need to behave yourselves."

"We will," said Andrew.

Amanda seemed that she hadn't heard anything, only continuing teasing Cotton.

Dolores sighed and didn't expect that Amanda started showing her temper. After casting her daughter a glance, she turned around and walked out of the house. The driver was waiting for her outside the door as she requested.

The driver got off the car and opened the rear door for her. Dolores bent over and sat in. "The shopping mall, please."

The driver answered and trotted to drive the car.

Soon, the car was pulled over in front of the shopping mall. After parking the car, the driver followed her in.

Dolores's goal was quite clear. She walked directly to the women's outfit section.

“Dolores Flores?”

When she was about to enter a store, someone called her from her backChapter 566 She Was So Cold-hearted

The voice sounded a bit familiar to Dolores, and soon she recognized the person. She stiffed a bit.

She wondered if she should look back or just pretend not to hear her.

Even if they met, she didn't know what to talk about.

Right then, the person repeated her name and kept looking at her up and down.

Dolores couldn't pretend that she hadn't heard her anymore, so she looked back.

Sure enough, Marian was standing afar. They were not quite distanced from each other, but Marina changed a lot. She looked much older. She used to take good care of herself, but now she looked even older than her actual age, having a lot of gray hair.

Marian forced a smile. “I thought I called the wrong person.”

As she spoke, she looked at Dolores's belly. It had slightly bulged now. She asked, “Almost five months old, is it?”



Dolores hummed. "Almost."

"Are you shopping here?" asked Marina.

Dolores said yes.

"Are you in a hurry? If not, there's a cafe on the sixth floor. Shall we have a talk?" Marina suggested.

Dolores pressed her lips without speaking. She wondered what she could talk about with Marina.

"I don't mean anything, just want to talk to you. I'm alone at home, always bored," said Marina with a smile.

Since she said so, Dolores would be quite heartless if she kept refusing. Even if she didn't want to mention her relationship with the Harris family, Marina didn't do anything wrong. They used to talk with each other like a family and have meals together.

"Please wait for me," Dolores said to the driver.

The latter nodded. "Okay, Mrs. Nelson."

"There's an elevator." Marian pointed at the elevator and said.

Dolores walked over. They wait for the elevator to come down and went to the sixth floor. Marina

chose an inner corner next to the window. It was quiet in the cafe, and there were almost no customers.

A waiter came over. Marina ordered a cup of coffee and looked over at Dolores. She asked, "What would you like to order?"

"A glass of fruit juice, please."

Marina passed the menu to the waiter and said, "A cup of coffee and a glass of fruit juice. Thanks."

"All right." The waiter took over the menu and asked, "What kind of coffee would you like, Ma'am?"

"Anyone would be fine," said Marina.

"Okay, Ma'am." He left.

Dolores and Marina looked at each other in silence for a while. Dolores didn't know how to start the conversation. Should she ask Marina how she had been recently?

Obviously, she wasn't doing great.

However, Dolores couldn't find any suitable words for this moment.

Finally, Marina started a subject. "The bigger the baby grows to, you'll feel more exhausted. Do you feel tired now?"

Dolores said in a low voice, "I'm all right, just more sleepy than before. I heard others were quite sleepy at the beginning, but I became sleepy very late."

Marina smiled. After all, she had given birth before, so they had some common topics. "When I was carrying Noah, I also became sleepy very late. You didn't get fat at all. I gained a lot of weight at that time. Before giving birth, I reached seventy kilograms already."

Dolores smiled. "Probably it's because of my constitution. I could hardly gain weight."

When Marina still wanted to say something, the waiter came over. He served Marina with the coffee and Dolores with the juice. "Please let me know if you need anything else."

Dolores hummed faintly. After he left, she picked up the juice and took a few sips.

Marina picked up her coffee but didn't drink. She was considering how to tell Dolores about Jeffery.

However, no matter what she would say, the atmosphere would become quite embarrassing.

In the end, she gave up.

"Are you still in touch with Noah?" Marina put down the coffee and asked.

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**Dolores answered honestly, “No.”**

**After she had left town, she didn’t contact anyone, because she didn’t want to know what happened after that. Now she had come back, but she never discussed such things with Matthew.**

**She tried to avoid anyone and anything from the Harris family.**

**“He joined the military.” Marina lowered her head, turning the coffee mug. “Have you heard things about your mother’s older brother?”**

**When she asked, she didn’t look at Dolores.**

**Upon hearing it, Dolores clenched her hands under the table but didn’t answer.**

**Marina knew that she had known it. With a smile, she said in an ironic tone, “It was on news. Everyone should have known it.”**

**After a pause, she continued, “I used to hate you at that time. No matter what, you should persuade Matthew. For your sake, he wouldn’t have done so much.”**

**Dolores didn’t agree with her at all. However, she didn’t speak it out. No matter Marina hate or complain about her, Dolores didn’t care at all.**

**She didn’t want to be trapped by things that had happened in the past. All she wanted was to lead a good life now.**

**She would never have conflicts with Matthew because of such things.**

**“But soon, I understood. It was truly your uncle’s fault. No matter if he had known it or not, he shouldn’t have done it. He had killed Victoria Forbis. After all, it was because he cared too much about Jolene.” Marina looked up at Dolores. “Your uncle went to turn himself in. Please don’t feel any pressure when facing Matthew. You don’t owe him anything. Your uncle has done so because he cared about your relationship with Matthew. In fact, he longs to see you.”**

**In the end, Marina started sobbing. They had a happy family before, but right now she was the only one at home. Due to Jeffery’s matter, there were a lot of rumors, so she seldom came out.**

**This was her first time coming out shopping after Jeffery was put in jail. Her cousin’s child was getting married, so she was shopping for a wedding gift.**

**Dolores’s heart fluctuated. No matter how much she wanted to avoid, even if she had deliberately ignored something, it still existed.**

**Her relationship with the Harris family was just an example.**

**She didn’t want to admit it, but it existed.**

**Marina wiped her eyes. “I’ve been too talkative. By the way, Noah is doing great in the military.”**

**That was the only thing that could delight her.**

**“I didn’t mean to ask you to do anything by talking to you. I’m just wondering if you could meet your uncle when he comes out,” Marina said in a begging tone.**

**It was Jeffery’s wish.**

As his wife, that was all she could do for her husband.

Dolores looked at Marina, and her mind was in a mess now. She had a lot of complicated feelings in her heart that she couldn't calm down at all.

She couldn't turn Marina down, but she didn't want to have any connection with the Harris family.

After all, Jeffery had directly caused Victoria's death.

"Is this request quite hard for you?" Marina couldn't understand it. What was wrong with her meeting Jeffery?

Suddenly, she found that Dolores was cold-hearted.

"Do you only care about your husband instead of other family members?" Marina wanted to suppress her emotion, but she couldn't help questioning Dolores.

Dolores stared at her for a few seconds. She wasn't afraid that Marina would misunderstand, but she wanted Marina to know why she wanted to cut ties with the Harris family.

She explained, "When the car accident happened, she wouldn't have died, but she protected me. I was safe and sound because she exchanged it with her own life. How am I supposed to face your husband?"

Her children had lost their grandmother and Matthew had lost his mother because of Jeffery. In all Matthew's life, he wouldn't be able to call Victoria "Mom".

It was the regret in his whole lifetime.

It couldn't be made up to by anything.

Marina was startled. She had never expected it would be like that.

"Well..."

"Please stop it. I don't want to mention the past. I just want to lead a peaceful life with him." After finishing her words, Dolores stood up. "I've gotta go now."

Marina also followed her to stand up. "Wait a minute..." \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 567 Unlucky Day

Dolores paused and looked back.

Marina was silent for a moment and continued, "Is there any possibility for you to change your mind? You used to get along well with Noah. Don't you treasure your friendship at all? Do you want to cut the ties with us completely?"

Dolores didn't know, and she couldn't answer her questions now.

"I must go now." She turned around again.

She wanted to leave those matters to the time. If time could cure everything, she wished that all her unhappiness would be faded as time went by.

Marina felt quite depressed. Both her husband and son cared about Dolores, but she was too ruthless. Although Jeffery did make a mistake, he turned himself in. Why couldn't her heart be softened?

"Whenever Noah called me, he always asked about you. I didn't know how you were doing, but I lied to him that you were doing good and asked him not to worry. He kept asking about you because he cared about you as a family. Whenever I visited Jeffery, he also asked me if you had come back to town and been reconciled with Matthew. They both cared about you, but you don't care about them at all. I truly feel disappointed."

Dolores didn't respond to her at all, striding out of the cafe.

She had heard Marina's words. Her heart wasn't as cold as a stone. She had feelings and thoughts. How couldn't she be touched?

However, she hadn't decided how to get along with them yet. In her heart, there was something that she still couldn't let go of.

Since Marina asked her for clear answers, Dolores didn't think she could do it. Even if she answered, it would be against her will. She couldn't forgive or accept them truly.

The driver was waiting for her outside the cafe. He was afraid that Dolores couldn't find him so he dared not to leave.

Seeing Dolores come out of the cafe, he immediately walked over. He could tell that she looked annoyed, so he asked, "Mrs. Nelson, would you like to go home now?"



**“Let’s go downstairs.”**

**Although Marina ruined her mood, Dolores still remembered what she wanted to do.**

**The driver followed her.**

**After getting alone with Theresa for a long time, Dolores knew her size and style of clothes. She walked through several stores and got some for her. It was summer, Theresa needed to change clothes every day.**

**The driver followed Dolores while holding the shopping bags. She wanted to buy the underwear for Theresa, but it was inconvenient for the driver to follow her in, so she asked him to wait outside of the lingerie store.**

**She walked in, realizing that Theresa didn’t have nightgowns and pajamas, so she went over to browse them. Other customers were browsing the nightgowns as well.**

**“Tiana, look. How do you like this one?” A woman was showing a set of seductive lingerie to her daughter.**

**Tiana blushed. “Mom, this one is too exposed. How could I wear it?”**

**Upon hearing the voice, Dolores looked over. When she saw the girl’s face, she confirmed who she was. She felt familiar when hearing her voice so she looked over. It turned out to be Charles’ wife, Tiana.**

She wondered why Tiana was in City B.

Was Tiana from City B?

It seemed that Charles didn't mention Tiana was from White City. It was a small city, and the White family was the most important one there. Charles said that the Meyer family could help his career, so the Meyer family should be either rich or powerful. Otherwise, Charles wouldn't have chosen to get married to the daughter from this family.

"Exposed? All men like this style." The woman pulled her daughter and asked, "Tell me honestly. Have you slept together?"

Her daughter was still childish. She was afraid that Charles married her daughter only because of their family background.

Charles couldn't walk but he was handsome and capable. A lot of ordinary people couldn't compare to him.

She was quite clear -- if her daughter weren't from their family, Charles wouldn't have married Tiana.

Tiana blushed more. "Mom, what are you talking about? We're a couple. Of course, we sleep together."

She slightly lowered her face and dared not to look into her mother's eyes. It seemed that Charles had predicted that someone would ask Tiana such a question, so he had told her how to answer it. She just gave her mother the answer.

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**The woman looked quite surprised. "For real? You're not lying to me, are you?"**

**Tiana pulled down the seductive lingerie from her mother's hands and put it back. She turned away. "Why would I lie to you?"**

**When she turned around, she happened to see Dolores who was next to them.**

**"Hey! How are you?" Tiana greeted her. She still remembered that Charles introduced this lady to her at their wedding.**

**Charles seemed to be quite close to this woman. He also touched her belly.**

**Dolores smiled at her. "Hi there."**

**"Do you know each other?" Tiana's mother walked over, looking at Dolores up and down.**

**Tiana nodded. She answered honestly, "Yeah. She's a good friend of Charles'. She also attended our wedding."**

**Her mother stared at Dolores's belly for a few seconds and then looked at her face. Dolores wasn't a stunning woman at the first sight, but the longer one looked at her, the more beautiful she would be. All her features had standard beauty.**

**Besides, she was quite easy-going, very attractive.**

The woman clenched Tiana's hand tightly. She knew her daughter was quite pure-minded. "Are you Charles's friend?"

Dolores seemed to have sensed the woman's hostility to her. She didn't know how to explain. So she answered indifferently, "We're not quite close, just ordinary friends."

"But I could tell you are quite close. Charles also touched your belly that day. Have you forgotten?" Tiana blinked and said.

She didn't have any other thoughts, and nor was she as thoughtful as her mother.

She just stated what she had seen.

Originally, her mother was quite alert to Dolores as she was an attractive woman. Upon hearing Tiana's words, she suspected that Dolores and Charles must have an affair.

Looking at Dolores, she pulled a long face. They were so close that Charles could touch her body. What kind of pure friendship would that be?

Obviously, Tiana's mother didn't believe that Dolores and Charles were just ordinary friends. With a sneer, she asked, "What on earth is your relationship with Charles?"

Dolores suddenly felt that it wasn't her day today. Just now, she met Marina. Now, it was Tiana's turn.

Such an unlucky day!

Dolores could read between the lines of the woman's words. Frowning, she explained, "You've misunderstood..."

The woman snorted and interrupted her. "Do you think I'm an idiot? My daughter is pure-minded and easy to get deceived, but I am not. If you were ordinary friends, how could he touch your belly?"

She looked more and more annoyed. "Are you carrying his bastard?"

Dolores's face also became cold. "Mind your language. I have a husband."

"Mom! What's wrong? Why are you so angry?" Tiana pulled her mother's hand. She couldn't understand why her mother started fighting with Dolores.

Dolores didn't want to continue talking to her. The woman had already misunderstood. She couldn't explain it in a short time. The more she explained, the more suspicious the woman would be.

She turned around and was about to leave, but the woman pulled her to stop. "You can't leave! Tell me clearly. Does Charles White have anything to do with the baby in your belly? Don't you know he's married? Are you his mistress or he wants you to be his mistress?"

The woman's words had become harsher and harsher. Dolores was also angry. She said in a fierce tone, "Let go of me now. Or, I'll call the police!"

"You are a shameless mistress. I dare you to call the police!" The woman tightened her grip on Dolores's wrist. She said aggressively, "If you don't make it clear today, I won't let you go!"

Dolores pulled out her cell phone. The woman saw that she was going to make a call. Raising her hand, she knocked down Dolores's phone and snapped, "What are you doing? Looking for helpers huh? Let me tell you. If you don't make it clear today, you can't go anywhere!"























## Chapter 568 A Ghost Unable to Avoid

Dolores's phone fell to the ground with a cracking sound. The screen cracked. She took a look at the cell phone on the floor, looking more and more annoyed. Turning to look at the woman, she said in a cold tone, "I've answered your question and explained, but you don't believe me. What can I do? Do you want to grip me like this all the time?"

The woman still refused to let go of her. "What can you do to make me believe you?"

After all, for intimate people, they could touch each other. She knew her daughter well, so she was afraid that her daughter would be cheated on.

Dolores pointed at the phone on the ground. "I can call my husband to come over. Can he prove it?"

The woman hesitated but still couldn't rest assured. "What if you call someone to pretend to be your husband?"

Dolores was speechless.

That woman was completely unreasonable. Dolores was almost mentally collapsed. She couldn't convince this woman at all.

Judging from the woman's outfit, she should be from the upper class, but she was just like a shrew.



Tiana pulled her mother. "Mom, stop it! A lot of people are watching us now."

The woman didn't look around. She didn't think disgrace was important to her. After all, her daughter's happiness would be more important. She couldn't let anyone destroy it.

Tiana failed to convince her mother, so she sent a message to Charles when her mother didn't notice it.

"Are you planning to grip me in this way forever?" Dolores clenched her hands, slightly trembling. Her chest heaved up and down. If it weren't that she was pregnant, she would push the woman away violently.

What an impossible bitch!

"Since you don't trust Charles White, why did you let your daughter marry him? Whenever there's a woman next to him, you'll suspect them. Would there be any end? How long can you watch for your daughter? Can you watch for her all her life? What if you died one day and what should she do then?"

Dolores calmed herself down, trying her best to suppress her anger. She continued to convince the woman. "I guess when you let your daughter marry Charles White, you must like him. Now they're married, you should try to trust him. You shouldn't always suspect him. If Charles knows what's going on now, what will he think about you?"

The woman was rendered speechless. When she let her daughter marry Charles, she truly liked him. Particularly, her husband was extremely satisfied with Charles.

The woman was pretty delighted about her daughter's marriage. It was true that she must believe that Charles could take good care of her daughter. She could keep an eye on them for the time being, but she couldn't do it for all their lifetime.

If Charles were truly a playboy, she couldn't stop him either.

The woman was a bit touched. "Do you have no relationship with Charles for real?"

Dolores looked at the woman without any guilt. "I can ask my husband to get our marriage certificate to show you. Would it work?"

The woman paused a bit. Letting go of her wrist, she said, "Call him."

Dolores breathed a sigh of relief. When she was about to bend over to pick up her phone, Tiana picked it up for her and handed it to her. "I can tell it's not so convenient for you."

Looking at the cracked screen, she said apologetically, "My mother didn't mean it. I can make it up to you."

Dolores looked up at Tiana. She was a truly good girl, well-protected by her parents. She hadn't experienced any darkness in the world, so she treated everyone kindly.

Reaching out, she took over the phone from Tiana's hand and said, "Thanks."

"You are welcome. My mother is so excited because she cares about me, but believe me, Charles wouldn't lie to me. I believe you are a good woman, too," said Tiana seriously.

Dolores used to feel sorry for Charles because he married Tiana. Now she found that Charles was so lucky.

If he didn't treat this girl kindly, Dolores would also curse him and beat him up.

Tiana was such a good girl. If he only wanted to develop his career by using her family background instead of treasuring her, he would be a villain indeed.

"Why don't you make a call? Are you lying to me?" the woman urged Dolores, seeing that she didn't dial any number and feeling that Dolores was lying to her.

Dolores ignored the woman. She liked Tiana, but she truly couldn't like this woman. It was alright for her to care about her daughter, but she stopped her without any reason, which was truly unacceptable.

The woman was way too tough. If Dolores didn't explain it clearly, she was afraid that she wouldn't be able to leave. Although she didn't want Matthew to come over for this trifle, she swiped to unlock the screen and dialed his number. Since the screen was cracked, the phone didn't work well.

However, Dolores didn't know that when the driver saw she was troubled by someone in the store through the glass window, he had already called Matthew.

A black car was stopped in front of the shopping mall entrance. The door was pushed open. Slender legs wrapped in the suit trousers showed up first, and a tall and strong figure got off the car.

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He strode into the mall. Right then, another car was also pulled over. Tom helped Charles to get off.

Seeing Matthew, Charles greeted him, "Hi, Mr. Nelson."

Matthew paused his pace, looking back at Charles. He didn't respond, keeping striding to the place where the driver told him.

Charles followed him in and arrived at the lingerie store quickly.

All the staff in the store were watching the fun. They didn't go up to stop the woman or ask them to leave. On contrary, they believed that the scene could attract more customers.

Seeing Matthew coming over, the driver walked up to him and said, "Mrs. Nelson came in for shopping, but a woman has been troubling her."

"For what?" Matthew asked while striding in.

The driver said, "I wasn't in the store earlier, so I'm not sure about the details. I just saw that woman gripped Mrs. Nelson and not let her go."

Matthew's face became cold. He walked into the lingerie store and saw Dolores was staring at her phone over there. Dolores was trying to call him but the screen didn't work, so she hadn't made it after a long time. He walked over and asked, "What happened?"

Dolores raised her head and saw him. As if she has seen the straw to save her life, she was so delighted that she almost rushed over to hug him.

Suppressing her impulse, Dolores didn't hug him but took his arm intimately as if she was showing the woman that she was married.

Leaning against Matthew, Dolores said in a weak tone. "I'm so exhausted. Please explain to the lady about the relationship between us."

Matthew was confused.

How come he needed to explain their relationship?

He wondered what on earth had happened.

The woman didn't like socializing a lot, but everyone knew Matthew in City B, and she wasn't an exception. She had never heard that Matthew had got married.

She was in a panic, realizing that she must have misunderstood.

For a moment, she didn't know what to say.

"Charles!" Right then, Charles came in. Tiana ran to him and pushed his wheelchair. Before Charles asked, she said, "Mom seemed to have misunderstood the relationship between that lady and you, so Mom stopped her leaving. Please explain it to Mom."

Upon hearing it, Matthew got to know why Dolores was troubled. His face became darkened, squeezing ironical words from his throat, "What a ghost unable to avoid!"

Charles knew the reason, looking annoyed as well. He whispered to ask, "What on earth happened?"

Otherwise, Mrs. Meyer wouldn't have misunderstood the relationship between Dolores and him.

Tiana recalled and answered, "It seemed that since I said you had touched the lady's belly, Mom started to be angry."

Charles understood what happened instantly.

He came over and apologized to Dolores, "I'm sorry for causing you such trouble."

Dolores didn't look at him at all, feeling extremely annoyed. No one would feel delighted after being called a mistress, stopped from leaving the scene, and watched for fun.

"You don't need to apologize to me. Please explain it to your wife and your mother-in-law."

"Mom, this is Ms. Flores, Mr. Nelson's wife. We used to know each other and we are good friends. The last time, I did that thing abruptly, Ms. Flores was shocked as well. Please don't misunderstand." Charles was expressionless but felt quite unhappy. Obviously, Mrs. Meyer didn't trust him at all.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have done such a stupid thing to pest Dolores.

Mrs. Meyer felt quite awkward. She didn't expect that Charles would come here. Turning around to look at her daughter, she knew that it was her daughter who noticed him. She heaved a sigh and thought that her daughter was indeed silly.

However, she didn't have the heart to scold her daughter, so she could only bear it.

She had never expected that Dolores's husband was Matthew.

She forced a smile, "I'm sorry. I've misunderstood." \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 569 Shopping with Me

Dolores wasn't in the mood to talk to her. "Now everything is clear. Can I go now?"

Mrs. Meyer hurriedly waved her hand. "My bad. Yes, please."

Dolores looked up at Matthew. She was quite tired, whispering, "Let's go."

Matthew looked down at her, only to see the tiredness was overwritten on her face. She also looked spiritless. He guessed that she must be bothered by the matter that happened.

Grabbing Dolores's hand that was taking his arm, he squinted and gazed at Charles coldly. He warned Charles, "Leave my wife alone in the future. This is the last time. Next time I wouldn't let it go so easily." Then he cast a cold glance at Tiana and Mrs. Meyer, leaving with Dolores.

Out of the lingerie store, Matthew asked, "Why did you come out alone?"

Dolores heaved a sigh. She said jokingly, "Or what? Should I ask you to come shopping with me?"

She didn't have any friends and Theresa was the only close friend to her, but she was injured and staying home now. Thinking of Theresa, Dolores felt more depressed.

Matthew turned to look at her. "What do you want to buy? I'll go with you."

Dolores didn't come out shopping for herself. She was just kidding. She knew that he was always busy and nor could he be like a husband from an ordinary family shopping with her.

She looked up at Matthew with a bright smile and said in a coquettish tone, "Are you shopping with me for real?"

Matthew lowered his head and kissed her on her lips, chuckling. "Don't I look serious?"

Charles, out of the lingerie store, witnessed the scene not far from him, kept calm. However, a trace of different feelings flashed through his eyes. He could tell that Dolores and Matthew loved each other very much.

Mrs. Meyer didn't notice Charles's expression. She was still shocked that Matthew had got married and his wife was already pregnant. "The public always calls Matthew Nelson a golden bachelor. How come he's already married?"

Charles cast her a glance, operating the wheelchair to leave in silence. Tiana hurriedly followed him. When Mrs. Meyer returned to her senses and saw her daughter's action, she heaved a sigh.

Her daughter wasn't only pure-minded but also cared so much about Charles and obeyed him a lot. One day if Charles dumped her, she wondered what her daughter should do.

It wasn't that she always had the evil prediction and wished her daughter to lead an unhappy life, but in her opinion, her daughter was way too naive and didn't know how bad a man could be. She didn't think Tiana knew how to please her husband and gain his heart. If this went on, Mrs. Meyer was afraid.



**She reminded her daughter, “Tiana, slow down.”**

**Then she followed them.**

**On the way back home, Charles had been quiet all the time as if he was expressing how unhappy he was in this way.**

**He could tell that Dolores was quite angry.**

**She couldn't be happy since she was slandered as a mistress and watched for fun by so many onlookers.**

**He had never expected that Mrs. Meyer could stop Dolores from leaving in public despite her own identity.**

**That was too much!**

**The Meyer's residence was in a community next to the office building of the City B government. There was a big park opposite the government office, so the surroundings were pretty nice. The community was on the right side of the park, covered by the forest in the park. It looked quite low-key, but the people who stayed in this community were almost the families of the government officers.**

**The low-key community had extremely good facilities and security.**

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**Soon, the car stopped. With Tom's assistance, Charles got off of the car. Mrs. Meyer and Tiana also got off from the backseat.**

**This was the first time that Charles came to visit his parents-in-law with Tiana after their wedding. He would also discuss some business with his father-in-law, Alan Meyer.**

**Alan wasn't a businessman but a government officer. He had a professional title in the government, so he had a lot of power.**

**His wife, Maisy, was the third daughter of the Bailey family, but she didn't grow up in the family. She was brought up by her father's sister. She wasn't close to her parents. Probably it was because they hadn't raised her, so she didn't love them at all.**

**After marrying Alan, she was more distanced from the Bailey family. She seldom contacted them.**

**Her husband disliked the Bailey family at all, especially her youngest brother, Declan, who always did evil things. Alan was a man with integrity, a completely different person, so they were not close to the Bailey family at all.**

**However, Maisy and Alan loved each other a lot. Tiana was their only daughter. Although their daughter was slow and childish, they never disdained her. They tried their best to protect her and didn't have a second child.**

**When Charles received Tiana's message, he was talking to Alan. Then he rushed out. Seeing that they came back together, Alan asked, "Why did Tiana ask you out?"**

**Charles didn't answer, still unhappy with Mrs. Meyer. Although he didn't love Tiana, and he truly wanted to use the Meyer family's background, but he had never thought to hurt Tiana. He really wanted to keep the naive girl by his side and treat her well.**

He didn't like to be suspected and speculated.

Alan could tell that he wasn't happy at a single glimpse. He turned to his daughter. "Tiana, tell me."

Tiana told him what had happened in the lingerie store honestly. "I couldn't convince Mom at all, so I texted Charles."

Upon hearing her words, Charles said, "I marry Tiana for her family background, but I truly like her. She's not smart, but she's the purest and kindest girl I've seen in my life. I want to spend the rest of my life with her together, and also, I want to take care of her upon my capabilities."

He didn't love Tiana, but he liked her purity.

He didn't like scheming against each other at all. Since he didn't have the fate with the woman he had a crush on, he'd rather spend the rest of his life with someone he liked to get along with.

Charles looked up at Maisy. "What you've done today made me think that you don't trust me at all. I thought you know me well and trust me so you've admitted me to marry Tina. However, it seems now. I'm quite upset about it."

Maisy wanted to explain, but she couldn't find the right word. After all, she did suspect Charles's character.

"All right. I've been too reckless this time. I won't do it again next time, OK? You can't only focus on my mistake all the time." Maisy was quite open-minded. Since she had made a mistake, she admitted her fault although she was an elder. "I'll go to make an apology to Mrs. Nelson the other day. After all, I've disgraced her in public."

While she spoke, she added, "Who could know that woman is Matthew Nelson's wife?"

Charles wasn't an unreasonable man. He respected the Meyer couple a lot. After thinking for a moment, he said, "I don't think it's appropriate for you to go there in person. You are an elder. I'll ask Tiana to go there on your behalf. She's almost the same age as Mrs... Nelson. It's good for her to go there."

Charles had his own purpose -- he wanted Tiana to become a close friend to Dolores.

He didn't want to approach Dolores by taking the chance, but he only wanted to see her more frequently.

Maisy thought his words truly made sense. It was a bit humiliated if she went to apologize as an elder. Her daughter could go there on her behalf. However, she was worried that Tiana couldn't do it because Tiana didn't know how to socialize.

Charles could tell what was bothering her, so he said, "Mom, no worries. Mrs... Nelson is quite kind. She won't make it difficult for Tiana." \_\_\_\_

Chapter 570 You Are the Boss of Our Family

Whenever he addressed Dolores as "Mrs. Nelson", Charles felt as if his heart was stung by a bee.

He couldn't control that feeling, so he could only try his best to hide it.

Maisy thought about it and agreed. She pulled some cash out of her wallet and handed it to her daughter. However, she said to Charles, "Please take Tiana to buy a new phone. I... Accidentally knocked over her cell phone. Since I want to apologize to her, I must make it sincere."

Right now, when Maisy thought about her actions earlier, she finally how reasonable she was at that time.

She was way too excited, afraid that her daughter had been bullied.

Right now, she felt so embarrassed and disgraced. Her actions didn't fit her identity at all.

Charles took the money from Tiana's hands and gave it back to Maisy. "Mom, I have money. Please keep it. In the future, if you need any financial support, please feel free to let me know."

Alan was an honest and upright man, so he only had his salary as the income. Their family wasn't rich.

Maisy didn't take the money over. She felt that she was so wrong about him, and she even suspected him earlier.

"You know my family background. Nathan White wasn't my biological father, either. He treated me very well and made up to me with the father's love. However, I've never had a loving mother, so I don't know how to love a mother back. From now on, I'll try my best to treat Dad and you well. Thank you for trusting me and letting Tiana marry me."

Charles's words were from the bottom of his heart. On the other hand, he wanted to tell Maisy that she didn't need to suspect him in the future.

He was quite good at convincing others, and each of his words poked the sore spot of the Meyer couple. They didn't have a son, only a daughter. They never expected that their daughter and son-in-law would take care of them in the future. They only wished that after they passed away, there would be someone taking care of their daughter truly.

Hence, Charles's words moved them a lot.

"All right." Alan patted Charles on his shoulder. "Tiana is our only daughter, so her mother cares about her a lot. Please don't take what has happened today to your heart."

"I won't. Please trust me from now on. I truly want to take care of Tiana. I don't hope such a thing would happen in the future."

As soon as he finished speaking, Maisy chimed in and stated her attitude, "I was way too excited today. I promise this will not happen again in the future."

"Hurry up and go. Probably you can come back for dinner later," said Maisy.

Charles said with a smile, "If it would be late, I'll have dinner with Tiana in a restaurant. Please don't wait for us."

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Maisy agreed with a smile, watching her daughter and son-in-law leave the house.

The shopping mall.

Since she hadn't finished shopping, Dolores didn't want to keep Matthew with her. She knew that he must be busy looking for John now.

"Why don't you go back to your work?" She found that she couldn't keep him selfishly by her side at all.

Matthew stroked her hair and held her in his arms, walking towards another lingerie store. "Boyce is investigating now. I can make time to shop with you."

Dolores curled up her lips into a faint smile. She accepted he accompany her.

When entering the store, she came back to her senses and asked, "How did you know what I'm going to buy?"

"Weren't you in a lingerie store just now?" When he spoke, he approached her. A woman's lingerie was always private. He thought that Dolores would shop for herself, so he almost clung his lips to her ear. He acted way too ambiguous, so Dolores pushed him away and whispered to remind him, "We're in public and watched by others. Retrain yourself."

Matthew hummed gently. "I'll be unrestrained after arriving home then."

Dolores choked up.

Thinking that Theresa moved in, she believed it was necessary to notice Matthew. "I have something to tell you."

**“What is it?” Matthew looked at her solemn look, and his heart skipped a beat.**

**“I helped Theresa move into our villa. She needs to be taken care of, but she’s unwilling to let Armand do it. I can’t rest assured to let others take care of her, so I asked her to move in. I forgot to ask you for your opinion earlier.” She didn’t think it was a big deal, but she needed to notice him no matter what.**

**Matthew knew that Theresa and she were pretty close. Although he knew it might be a bit inconvenience and he wanted to spend more time with her and the kids alone, he wouldn’t turn her down.**

**No matter it was because of Armand or Dolores, he couldn’t say no.**

**“You are the boss in our family.” He pulled out a set of extremely seductive black lingerie and showed Dolores. “How do you like this one?” \_\_\_\_\_**

**Chapter 571 WY Group’s CEO’s Girlfriend**

**Dolores was rendered speechless.**

**She didn't come here to buy things for herself. Moreover, even though she wanted to buy these things, she wouldn't come with him.**

**“Hmmm...”**

**Matthew thought she was not satisfied with the one he picked just now, so he selected a set of light purple underwear, which looked sexier than the black set. Its bras were made of a layer of thin gauze and there was a T-back. Although the black set of underwear was also sexy, at least it was a complete pair of underpants. As for this set... it was completely of a sexy type.**



Dolores glared at him. She could even feel the weird gazes from the sales clerks behind. Dolores said in a low voice, "Can you be decent?"

Matthew asked with a serious expression, "Aren't I decent?"

Couldn't he select clothes for his own woman?

Dolores was rendered speechless again.

"I want to see you wearing sexy underwear for once." Dolores' underwear was all conservative, which wouldn't expose much of her skin. Her figure was so charming when she was not pregnant and it could arouse his sexual desire even though she didn't wear sexy underwear.

Although her figure had some changes after getting pregnant, it didn't reduce her charm; instead, it became more attractive. Except for the growth in her belly, her breasts also became bigger. And her butts had always been round. She looked attractive no matter what she was wearing.

Dolores snatched the underwear from him, in case that he would continue this topic, she took two sets of underwear which were not of the style she often wore in usual times. But they also looked sexy. Since Dolores was living with Theresa, of course, she knew what styles of underwear Theresa liked to wear.

When seeing the underwear Dolores selected, Matthew slightly curved his lips upward. However, before he could say something, Dolores shot a glance at him and said, "These are for Theresa."

**Matthew, "..."**

**He immediately turned around and didn't look at the underwear again.**

**With his back to Dolores, he said, "Would you like to take away the underwear I selected for you and put them together?"**

**He left after finishing the words.**

**He didn't want to see other woman's underwear.**

**Looking at his back, Dolores curled her lips into a smile. She liked the feeling he gave her.**

**Dolores handed the two sets of underwear and then the two sets of underwear selected by Matthew to the sales clerk and said, "Please package them respectively. C cup for these two sets and C cups for the other two sets."**

**She wore a C cup. After getting pregnant, her breasts grew a bit bigger. In the past, she wore a B cup. She was slim, so the B cup was not too small for her. When she didn't get pregnant, she had a curvy and attractive figure.**

**It was just that her breasts grew a bit bigger after her pregnancy.**

**The sales clerk took the underwear from her and said, "Okay. Please wait a minute. I will take out the sizes you want."**

Dolores nodded her head. When the sales clerk went to take new underwear, Dolores wandered around the underwear store and selected two sets of pyjamas. Judging from the style of the trousers and the tops, they were for Theresa.

The reason why she bought these two sets of pyjamas wasn't that she didn't trust Theresa or she didn't trust Matthew. It was because there should be a prudent reserve between the males and females.

Moreover, she did have some selfish motives – she didn't want Matthew to see the body of any other woman.

However, they had to meet since they were living together. Theresa's legs were injured and now she temporarily couldn't walk. She didn't have to wear a business suit all day long and it would be relatively comfortable for her to wear silk and loose pyjamas at home and it was also convenient for her to come in and out of her bedroom.

Dolores chose the two sets of pyjamas after considering aspects.

The sales clerk packaged the underwear according to Dolores' requirement and then packaged the two sets of pyjamas she selected later. She packaged them into three boxes and then put the boxes into three paper bags respectively. The package looked high-class. The sales clerk handed the bags to Dolores and thoughtfully told her what was in the three bags respectively. Dolores remembered her reminder, paid the bill and then left the store.

Matthew was having a call at a place not far away from the entrance of the store. It seemed like he was talking about the matter related to Declan. He asked someone to keep an eye on Declan.

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**Dolores didn't bother him and waited aside.**

**Seeing that Dolores had gone out, Matthew said to the person at the other end of the phone, "Let's talk about this when meeting tomorrow."**

**He then ended the call, put his phone into his pocket and walked over. But he didn't help Dolores carry the bags; instead, he put his arm around her shoulders and asked, "Do you want to buy anything? We rarely come out for shopping. I will pay for whatever you want."**

**Dolores pondered for it carefully. Actually, he hadn't bought anything for her. Last time he gifted her flowers, but it was she who asked for it. The ring was a birthday gift for her and she never wore it because she thought it was too high-sounding and meretricious and gave it to her daughter. He didn't buy anything else for her."**

**Dolores nestled in his arms and said, "I have everything and I don't want anything. But if it's gifted byyou, I will like it no matter what it is."**

**Matthew was pleased by her words and his mood was enhanced. He asked her to give the bags to the driver and said, "Let's go shopping."**

**Dolores obediently handed the bags to the driver. As the four sets of underwear were from the same store, their packages were the same. Fearing that they would have to open the boxes to discriminate the underwear later, Dolores handed the bag of underwear which was selected by Matthew just now to him and said, "Help me carry this."**

**Although Matthew didn't ask anything, he was clear of it. He received the bag, put one hand on her shoulder and walked upstairs.**

Dolores didn't ask him about what he planned to buy for her and simply followed him. The first floor was for garments and the second floor was for cosmetics, jewellery, bags and suitcases, etc.

As a matter of fact, Matthew also didn't know what to buy. He just thought that he should buy the most expensive one. No matter what, he should give her the best thing.

In the past, he had no notion about money. After taking charge of his family's company, he devoted himself to developing the company and wanted to prove his ability by earning money as much as possible. He was so rich, but he never thought about how to use the money.

But now he knew it. In the future, he would earn more money and then give his wife and children the best things.

His life was no longer aimless as now he had a goal. He enjoyed such a feeling. Not caring about the people coming and going, he exerted some forces on the arm that wrapped around Dolores' shoulders and pulled her into his arms.

Dolores looked up at him in shock, "What are you doing? Hmm..."

Before she could finish the words, a kiss landed on her lips. But Matthew didn't lose his reason and he didn't go too far. It was just that he had an impulse to kiss her at the moment.

Many people in the mall saw this scene and discussed it in whispers.

"Is that man the boss of WY Group?"

"I think so."

"Isn't he unmarried? Who's that woman?"

**Some people thought they were witnessing a piece of breaking news. They took pictures of the scene and posted them on the Internet with a caption: WY Group's CEO Has a Girlfriend.**

**Dolores flushed a bit. She felt shy not because of Matthew's kiss, but for many people who were watching them.**

**But Matthew didn't give a shit about it. With his arm around her shoulders, they walked towards an outlet of Chanel. Although he hadn't studied what women would like, he occasionally heard the conversations of female employees in his company about what they liked.**

**He thought since Dolores was also a woman, she would probably like those things too.**

**It was true that Dolores would buy these things. Women were always fascinated by beautiful things and this was their nature.**

**But Dolores wouldn't buy them excessively and wouldn't attach great importance to famous brands either. She would only choose things suitable for her.**

**She also had many bags, but they were all of the ordinary brands and their prices never exceeded 1,000 dollars.**

**After entering the outlet...\_\_\_\_\_**

**Chapter 572 I Will Show You My Naked Body after Coming Back**

**When they entered the outlet, a sales clerk immediately greeted them. The sales clerk didn't give too much introduction of the brand to them, because almost everyone knew about this brand and it was no redundant explanation was needed.**

**“Do you want to have a look at our new arrivals?” The sales clerk, who had an appropriate smile on her face, was in a black business suit. All the sales clerks in this outlet were in the same uniform and all of them were well-trained and decent both in behaviour and speech.**

**They wouldn't guide them to buy anything but only made some simple introductions to them.**

**Dolores knew that new arrivals were always sold at a high price. No matter what product it was, new arrivals would always be the most expensive ones.**

**“No thanks...”**

**“Have a look.” Before Dolores could finish her words, she was interrupted by Matthew.**

**The sales clerk led them to the glass cabinet inside, took out the latest arrival from an independent display box and showed it to Dolores, “I think it’s unnecessary to tell you about the styles and quality of this brand as you must be clear of them too. Actually this new arrival suits you very much. Its design has contrast colours and several colours are available. I think the black one and the pink one suits you.”**

**Dolores reached out to touch the bag. It felt soft. Its design was simple yet gorgeous, showing no redundancy. There were some tassels around the zips, which added a trace of vitality to the simple design so that it wouldn’t appear to be toneless.**

**“You look young and the pink colour suits your temperament quite well.” The sales clerk sincerely**

thought this colour suited Dolores well.

If it wasn't that she was pregnant, people would think that she was a university student.

She thought the sweet style was suitable for Dolores.

However, she didn't like the colour suggested by the sales clerk as she preferred the one which had black and blue colour because it could be paired with everything.

"This one really suits you well." The sales clerk sincerely recommended it to her because she thought it suited Dolores well.

Dolores waved her hand, "I will have a look at other styles."

"But looks like you like it very much." The sales clerk said with a smile.

Actually Dolores wanted to compare it with other styles. But Matthew said to the sales clerk, "I want both of them."

Dolores, "..."

She looked up at Matthew, knitted her brows and asked, "Why do you buy so many bags? I don't want to sell them."

"You can use them alternatively." Matthew noticed that Dolores preferred the black-and-blue one,



but he also thought the black-and-pink one recommended by the sales clerk suited Dolores well and she looked vigorous and young when carrying that bag.

The sales clerk said with a smile, "I will package them right away."

After finishing the words, the sales clerk took the two bags to the cashier desk. Dolores grabbed Matthew's cloth and pulled him towards herself, "Even though you're rich, you can't spend money like this. Although I also like its design, one bag is enough for me."

Dolores pulled Matthew's body low. Matthew leaned downward and lowered his head following Dolores' force. His face almost reached her breasts. Matthew said in a low voice, "I want to buy them for you."

The two sales clerks, who were standing in front of the cashier desk, looked towards them and whispered to their colleagues, "Is this Mr. Nelson, the CEO of WY Group who is always seen on the financial channel?"

"Could it be that he has a brother? Of course it's Mr. Nelson!" Her colleague replied and then said in a jealous tone, "Alas, this woman is so lucky. See, Mr. Nelson is so generous!"

The one who served for Matthew and Dolores hurriedly chimed in, "Yes. That woman only wants to buy one of them, but her boyfriend is rich. It's just a piece of cake for him. Alas, why is the god so unfair? He's so capable in earning money, but why did God also give him a good appearance. Some men who can't earn money look ordinary or even have an ugly look. There is really a huge difference among human beings."

Her colleague said, "Yes. Look, he's such a big boss, but he's so humble in front of his girlfriend."

The sales clerk paused and then looked towards them with jealousy, "This woman must have saved the whole world in her previous life so that the god arranged such a perfect man for her in this life."

A man's most attractive aspect was that he would pamper his woman. There was no doubt that a good-looking and rich man who was willing to humble himself to pamper his woman would be so attractive.

Dolores didn't notice their whispers as she was busy with reasoning with Matthew, "Do you understand the morality of being thrifty?"

Matthew had maintained the posture of being pulled down by Dolores for several minutes. He let out a chuckle lazily and unruly.

"Aren't your eyes sore as you've been fixing them on me like this?"

Dolores rolled her eyes heavenward and loosened her grip. After straightening his back, Matthew smoothed his collar which became corrugated because of her grip. With a light smile on his face, he leaned towards her and whispered into her ear in a voice that only Dolores could hear, "I will show you my naked body after coming back."

Dolores, "..."

She criticized him in her heart: How shameless! Who wants to see his naked body?

"I've packaged the bags for you. Do you need anything else?" Right at this moment, the sales clerk walked over. Dolores hastily pushed Matthew aside and lightly coughed, "I don't need anything else. I will pay the bill."

"All right, please come with me." The sales clerk led the way for them. The staff of the cashier desk had printed the bill. The sales clerk handed the bill to Dolores.

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**But Dolores didn't spare a glance at it. She directly handed it to Matthew because she was afraid that she would feel distressed when seeing the bill.**

**Matthew also didn't spare a glance at the bill. He took out a card from his wallet and handed it to the sales clerk, "No passports for this."**

**The staff quickly printed the bill of payment and the sales clerk handed the bill to them, "It requires the signature of the owner of the card."**

**Matthew picked up a black pen and scratched his signature on the signature area. He put down the pen, took the card from the sales clerk and put it into his wallet.**

**The sales clerk handed the packaged bags to Dolores. Matthew reached out and took the paper bags.**

**With one hand carrying the bag, he held up Dolores' hand with the other hand.**

**"Let's go home," Dolores said after walking out of the outlet. She had gone out for a long time.**

**Matthew turned around and looked at her, "Don't you want anything else?"**

**Dolores shook her head and said with a smile, "I will ask you for it when I want anything."**

**"Okay," Matthew replied. They didn't continue shopping and walked out of the mall. Matthew asked**

the driver to drive back and Dolores would take his car back.

On the way back, Dolores' phone rang. She took out her phone and found it was a call from Charles.

Dolores swiped the screen. As her screen had been broken, it wasn't that sensitive. She finally hung up the call after trying several times.

Matthew looked over and finally found that her screen was broken, "Who's the caller? Why is your phone broken?"

"I accidentally fell. It's an insignificant call." Dolores didn't want to have any relationship with Charles anymore. It isn't because of the troubles brought by today's misunderstanding, it's that she really thinks that Tiana is a good girl and Charles should treat her well. She shouldn't contact him again.

"Why didn't you tell me in the mall just now? It's been broken. How can you continue to use it?"  
Matthew knitted his brows.

Dolores said in a low voice, "I forgot it."

She found that her memory grew worse recently.

"Is it still useful?" Matthew asked.

"It's not that sensible."

"I will let Abbott buy you a new phone tomorrow and send it to the villa." When speaking, Matthew suddenly thought of Jessica's call.

Jessica called him to ask about Dolores' situation. She had gone through several operations several days ago and therefore she didn't have any time to ask about Dolores at that time. Now when she was recovered, she contacted Matthew.

After hesitating for a while, Matthew decided to tell Dolores about Jessica's current situation.

Jessica had been cooperative with the treatment and how her health condition was greatly improved. As long as it didn't relapse, she would live for many years.

"Now she can come back to the prison. If she can have a good performance, Boyce will try to apply for commuting her sentence and she will be discharged from the prison in one year at most."

She was allowed to leave the prison because of her illness back then. Now that her illness was cured, of course, she had to come back.

Dolores felt comforted. It was already a good thing for her that Jessica could live healthily.

"She also said that she wants to take care of the children for us."

Jessica took care of Andrew and Amanda since their childhood. Last time she also told them about her attitude: She wanted to take care of the children for them.

Dolores put her hand on her belly, "She's like my mother."

Her gratitude towards Dolores who gave her love and care since childhood was greater than her gratitude towards her biological mother who gave birth to her.

She had been living with Jessica in the past. Although they had suffered a lot, they supported each other instead of leaving the other. Therefore, they had deep feelings towards each other.

Matthew mumbled a nasal sound. He could understand her thoughts.

Then they didn't say anything else as if the topic about Jessica had made the atmosphere depressing. The car was driven to the villa. Except for the cars of the family, a black business car was also parked at the entrance.

Dolores and Matthew were all familiar with this car. \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 573 We Can't Get Rid of Him

Charles car had been refitted and they knew who the owner of the car was with only one glance.

Dolores subconsciously looked towards Matthew. As expected, when seeing Charles' car was parked here, his expression grew gloomy.

Dolores held up his hand, "Let's get out of the car together."

Matthew turned his head to look at her and their eyes met in the air. Dolores smiled at him and said, "I will make it clear with him."

"Can he understand it?" Matthew snorted and added, "We can't get rid of him."

Dolores chuckled as she thought the way Matthew talking when he was angry was extremely cute.

She tightened the hold of Matthew's hand and said in a serious tone, "Believe me."

Matthew studied her for several seconds and admitted it silently.

He pushed open the door, got out of the car, walked to the door to the passenger seat and opened the door for her. Dolores stooped, got out of the car and then wrapped her arm around Matthew's.

"They come back." Tiana, who stood behind Charles, said when seeing them getting out of the car.

Charles watched it. Although many thoughts had surged in his heart, he still looked calm with the light smile that was always seen on his face. "Tiana, please push me over."

Tiana pushed Charles towards them obediently.

"I come here to apologize to you." Stopping in front of them, Charles broke the silence.

Dolores looked angry without a trace of a smile on her face, "It's true that you should apologize to us. We've brought big trouble for me. You again embarrassed me today. It feels so awful to be pulled by the other person and be misunderstood as a home wrecker."

"I'm sorry..."

"If you really feel sorry for me and know that you've brought troubles to me, you shouldn't show up in front of me again." Dolores made it clear. Although this might be merciless, it would be good for both parties.

After all, both of them were married and they should be responsible for their own spouses.

Charles had gotten married, so he should treat his wife well instead of having some feelings towards the other woman.

She didn't like this aspect of Charles.

Charles had realized that Dolores must be angry when she hung up the call last time. He said, "I promise this will not happen again. I and Tiana come here to apologize to you for the thing that happened in the mall today."

Dolores said in a firm and resolute tone, "I accept your apology. Today's thing is a warning for us. Since we've gotten married and have our own families, for the sake of our spouses, we must make a clear boundary between our relationships. Today's accident is a warning for us."

After finishing the words, she looked up at Matthew. The seriousness on her face was replaced by a gentle light smile as she said, "Let's come in."

Matthew clasped her waist and said in a pampering tone, "Okay, I will listen to your words."

He hadn't landed his gaze on Charles as if he regarded him as ar.

"Hold on."

When they prepared to leave, Tiana stopped them and walked to Dolores, "My mom broke your phone. To show our apology, this is a new one for you. I hope you can accept our apology and receive this phone."



She blinked her clear eyes when looking at Dolores, "I'm really sorry for the accident that happened today. My mom became so unreasonable because she loves me so much. She has realized that she lost control of herself today."

She handed a bag to Dolores and said, "Please receive it."

Dolores didn't take it from her because she didn't want to receive it.

She wanted to make a clear boundary between her and Charles for the sake of everyone.

"Dolores, can you please receive it? Otherwise, I will feel restless." Tiana said sincerely and then continued, "Other people think I'm a fool and no one wants to be my friend. Since you're Charles' friend, you're also mine. I hope you can forgive us."

Dolores could be cold-hearted towards Charles, but she couldn't be too mean to Tiana. She reached out and took the phone from her, "I've told you that I accept your apology."

Tiana said with a smile, "Thank you, Dolores."

"We haven't had dinner. Dolores, can we eat at your home?" Tiana said according to Charles' instruction.

Matthew tightened the grip on Dolores' waist. He knew she was kind, so she wouldn't refuse this pure girl's request. When he was about to refuse it for her, Dolores spoke, "Fine. You can eat at my home."

Dolores was clear that such a pure girl would not propose such a request and she thought someone must have taught her to say so.

**“Charles hadn’t had dinner either.” Tiana turned around to look at him.**

**Dolores, however, didn’t spare a glance at Charles. She said, “Our house is too small to accommodate too many people. If you’re willing, I can invite you to have dinner at our home. Of course, only you will be invited. Our table is too small and there’s no space for the other person.”**

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**Tiana hesitated. What should she do if Charles was not with her?**

**“Never mind...”**

**“Tiana, you can go. I have to deal with something. I will come to pick you up later.” Charles interrupted Tiana with a smile. He was clear of Dolores’ attitude towards himself. Now he could only let Tiana approach Dolores so that he could have the chance to meet her.**

**It was fine if he could take a glance at her even if she didn't want to talk with him.**

**Although Tiana didn't hate Dolores and had a good impression of her, she was still hesitant because she felt faint-hearted to stay at her house alone without Charles’ company.**

**“Be obedient.” Charles landed his gaze at her gently. Looking at his eyes, Tiana nodded her head and replied, “I will be obedient.”**

**After finishing the words, she turned around to look at Dolores, “Dolores, thank you for inviting me to**

have dinner at your home.”

Dolores replied, “You’re welcome. Come in please.”

Tiana walked beside Dolores. Matthew let go of Dolores and walked behind them. After entering the villa, he turned around to close the door and shot a cold glance at Charles.

Charles was not annoyed and replied with a smile, “Mr. Nelson, thank you for treating my wife.”

Matthew snorted and then closed the door.

“Dad.” Amanda, who was playing with Cotton in the living room, slipped down the sofa when seeing Matthew and ran towards him.

Matthew stooped to embrace his daughter.

“You finally come back.” Amanda jumped into his arms, wrapped her arms around his neck and said with a grievance.

Matthew carried her up, walked to the sofa and sat down. He softly rubbed her small nose, “Do you miss me?”

Amanda nodded vigorously, “I’ve checked the time.” After saying that, she began to complain, “Mummy doesn't allow me to go out, but she herself went out and played for the whole day.”

Dolores took a glance at Amanda when hearing her words. Amanda then quickly buried her head into Matthew’s arms.

**“What would you like to drink?” Dolores asked Tiana.**

**Tiana shook her head, “I’m not thirsty.”**

**“Take a seat. Don't be restrained.” Dolores said with a smile.**

**Tiana sat down on the sofa. Dolores went to the kitchen and asked Coral to cook some more dishes.**

**Cotton stared wickedly at Tiana and growled threateningly.**

**Although Cotton was gentle, it still held some hostility towards strangers.**

**Tiana was a bit scared.**

**Amanda finally noticed Tiana when she heard Cotton’s growl and shouted, “Cotton, don't be rude.”**

**Cotton immediately became obedient. It wagged its tail, ran over and rubbed against her body.**

**Matthew put down Amanda and said, “I will go upstairs to change my clothes.”**

**Amanda replied, “Okay.”**

**Matthew didn't directly go upstairs; instead, he walked out of the door and took the things Dolores bought into the house before coming upstairs.**

**“Excuse me, who are you?” Amanda studied Tiana from top to toe.**

She hadn't seen her before.

Tiana replied with a smile, "My name is Tiana Meyer. What's your name?"

"I'm Amanda Nelson. You can also call me Amy. As for my name, it's a long story, so I won't expand on it."

Amanda looked very helpless.

"Don't be afraid of Cotton. It won't bite people." Amanda rubbed Cotton's fur and even invited Tiana to rub it, "Tiana, would you like to touch it? It's so obedient."

Tiana didn't dare to touch it because she was still scared by its ferocious look just now.

Amanda held up Tiana's hand and put it onto Cotton's body. \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 574 Why Do You Have to Show Your Affection Publicly?

Cotton's fur felt very soft and silky. It liked people to stroke its fur on the lower jaw and its head as it felt very comfortable when people rub the fur on those places.

Holding Tiana's hand, Amanda guided her to stroke Cotton's fur again and again. Cotton sat beside their feet obediently and lifted its head so that they could rub its fur.

It narrowed its round eyes and it looked like it enjoyed this so much. It would even rub its head against Tiana's hand from time to time.

It was so obedient and cute.

Tiana secretly heaved a sigh of relief and said with a smile, "It's very funny when it is not ferocious."

"Yes, I think so." Amanda held up Tiana's hand, "Let's go to my bedroom."

Tiana hesitated, "Isn't it inappropriate?"

Her mom told her to be polite when visiting other people's home. How could she get into her bedroom?

"Why is it inappropriate? Since you can come to my home, you're definitely my daddy or my mummy's friend, aren't you?"

Tiana thought over it and thought her words were true. Charles' friend was like her friend.

Amanda then pulled her into the bedroom.

Dolores helped Coral to clean the food material as she thought it was tiresome work for her to do it alone. But after clearing it for a while, Coral pushed her out of the kitchen, saying that she was bringing troubles to her.

But actually, Coral didn't want her to do the housework.

Dolores could only leave the kitchen. The driver had put all the things she bought for Theresa on the sofa. Dolores walked over, picked them up and walked to Theresa's bedroom.

Theresa was awake and Andrew was playing a game beside her.

Dolores knitted her brows and said, "Theresa needs rest. Why do you play the game in her bedroom?"

Before Andrew could explain it, Theresa justified for him, "It was me who asked to stay here. I'd been sleeping for a long time and now I'm not sleepy at all. I felt so boring to stay alone, so I asked him to come here to accompany me."

Dolores walked over and touched her forehead. It didn't feel cold. Apparently, she was still having a fever. A patient who had a fever should drink water as much as possible. She asked Theresa, "Are you thirsty?"

"Nope." Theresa pointed at the kettle on the bedside cabinet, "I almost drank the whole kettle of water. I still want to have the meal. I don't want my stomach full of water later."

Seeing that she was in a good mood as if she hadn't been influenced, Dolores began to doubt her thoughts.

Initially, she wanted to ask her about what happened in the temple. However, as Andrew was resent, it was inconvenient for her to ask so. Dolores took out the clothes she bought and hung them in the wardrobe.

Theresa said with a smile, "Thank you for spending one on me."

"Hmm, remember to return the money to me when you're recovered." Dolores played the joke deliberately.

Half lying on the bed, Theresa said, "I don't have money. If you really want me to pay your favour, I can give myself to you."

"I don't want you," Dolores said disdainfully.

"I don't eat too much and I can work. Why not accept me?"

Dolores refused her resolutely, "Nope."

Dolores put the underwear and pyjamas into the sink. These clothes which would directly touch the skin should be washed before wearing.

Seeing that Dolores was washing clothes for her, Theresa felt her nose sour. She was so good to her.

She took care of her as if she was her sister and this made her feel warm.

"Oh, I lost. Renee, it's your turn." Andrew handed the tablet computer to Theresa.



Theresa adjusted her mood and curled her lips into a smile, "You lost so quickly."

The game they were playing was called "Idioms Solitaire" and it would be more and more difficult as it progressed.

Andrew pointed at an idiom, "Do you know what this idiom is?"

Theresa, "..."

Although she was a citizen of the country, she grew up abroad. Therefore, she was not that familiar with the idioms and she didn't know the answer either.

"Let's play the other game." She proposed.

Andrew snorted contemptuously.

"Do you look down upon me?" Theresa put down the tablet computer and pinched his cheeks, "You should respect the old and take good care of the young."

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Andrew tilted his head and grinned, "Then which group are you in? The old or the young?"

**“Brat, dare you to describe me as old!”**

**“It's you who said to respect the old and take good care of the young. But apparently you don't look young. So you're the old.”**

**“You can't say that.”**

**“You're too overbearing.”**

**When Dolores walked out with a tub of washed clothes, she took a glance at the two persons who were quarrelling with each other, walked to the balcony and hung the clothes out.**

**After hanging the clothes out, she noticed that Theresa and Andrew had stopped the frolic and they were fixing their eyes on the screen of the tablet computer as if they were watching something funny.**

**Dolores put down the tub, walked over and asked, “What are you watching?”**

**Theresa and Andrew lifted their heads and looked towards her simultaneously and said in chorus, “What do you think?”**

**Dolores, “?”**

**With confusion, she took a glance at the screen and then widened her eyes. When she went shopping in the mall today, someone took pictures of it and posted them on the Internet.**

**The most eye-catching one was the picture in which Matthew was kissing her. It was posted by a famous media account and the post had received five million likes and almost one million comments.**

The main question was that this happened not long ago. How could it attract many people's attention?

Dolores opened the comment area and strolled downward.

[Wow! It's the woman behind Helen White. But seems like this woman is more scheming and looks like she bears a baby in her belly.]

Someone replied: [Is this woman a home wrecker who caused Matthew to cancel the engagement with Helen?]

Someone retorted: [Apparently this woman is his true love. In the photos they shot before, Matthew had no expression on his face when he was with Helen. But he kissed this woman in the public. I saw a post of the other blogger – Matthew took this woman to the outlet of Chanel and bought bags for her.]

[What's the background of this woman?]

[Alas, who's this woman? She actually managed to let the CEO of WY Group fall in love with her. He's the youngest rich in the country! My dream to marry him and become rich has turned into bubbles!!!]

[What tricks have this woman played?]

Someone replied: [She's his true love. If you don't believe it, please see this photo.]

The photo was taken in the outlet of Chanel and the photo, Dolores pulled Matthew towards herself. Matthew was smiling while Dolores looked serious as if she was teaching him a lesson.

Dolores, "..."

**“Can’t you just show your affection at home? Why do you have to show your affection publicly? See, now you two become the trending news.” Theresa joked, “Don’t you know that your husband is very rich? Don’t you know that he’s very handsome? Don’t you know that thousands of millions of girls want to marry your husband? You’ve snatched many women’s prince charming.”**

**Dolores took a glance at her, tossed the tablet computer onto the bed, turned around and walked out of the room. When she walked past her daughter’s bedroom, she found that Amanda was showing her “treasures” to Tina through the half-opened door. Amanda’s “treasures” were nothing short of dolls and plush toys.**

**Sitting by the bedside with a smile, Tiana didn't look impatient at all.**

**It seemed like they got along well.**

**Dolores didn't walk in or interrupted them. She gently closed the door, turned around and went upstairs.**

**When she pushed open the door of her bedroom, she didn't see anyone and found the door of the bathroom was closed. Dolores thought that Matthew must be having a shower inside. She sat by the bedside, opened her new phone, inserted her SIM card, turned on the phone and began to browse the posts on Weibo.**

**The top search of Weibo was – WY Group’s CEO Has a Girlfriend.**

**She clicked it. It was the scene about her and Matthew in the mall. They took many photos and someone even produced some GIFs.**

**Comments showed various opinions, both compliments and negative comments. Someone commented that she was beautiful, while someone said she was so scheming.**

Dolores felt confused. Matthew was not a star. Why do they pay attention to his private life?

She wanted to wait for Matthew to come out, but there hadn't been any sound of running water from the bathroom, nor did she see anyone coming out. She stood up and walked over, and then found that the door of the bathroom wasn't fully closed.

Dolores reached out and gently pushed open the door. As the crack became wider, she saw Matthew standing in front of the washbasin in pyjamas. She could still smell the remaining fragrance of body wash in the bathroom. Apparently, he had finished the shower.

Dolores wanted to see clearly what he was doing. Nevertheless, he was so tall that his figure blocked the whole basin and she couldn't see anything.

Dolores pushed open the door, walked into the bathroom and asked, "What are you doing?"

Chapter 575 She Felt Like She Was Trapped

Matthew's body stiffened and he turned around, "How comes you're upstairs?"

"Can't I come upstairs?" She leaned her head forward and took a glance at the basin. Why did she feel that he didn't want her to see the thing in the basin? Matthew moved his body to block her vision, "We have a guest today. Shouldn't you entertain her?"

"Your daughter is entertaining her." Dolores looked up at him. The more he tried to hide it, the more curious she became. "Why do I feel you're guilt-stricken now?"

Matthew coughed lightly and cleared his throat, "What can I be guilt-stricken for?"

"If you're not guilt-stricken, you should move aside." Dolores reached out to push him aside, and when she saw the underwear she bought in the mall today was in the water in the basin.

Matthew, "..."

The bathroom was prevailed by silence for several seconds.

Dolores suddenly chuckled.

Matthew asked with a serious expression, "What are you laughing at?"

Leaning against the frame of the door and supporting her belly, Dolores was still laughing.

Oh, this man is so cute!

Matthew, "..."

"Go out!" He said seriously.

Dolores tried to restrain her laughter, but she still couldn't beat it. She said in a smiling tone, "I won't laugh again."

Matthew ignored her, turned around and continued to wash her underwear.

The scene of Matthew holding women's underwear was supposed to be emotionally ambiguous, but it didn't have any trace of ambiguity now. It was just that Dolores didn't expect he would wash her underwear for her.

She was clutched by warmth.

Dolores wrapped her arms around his wiry and athletic waist from behind with her forehead against his wide back. Matthew's body became a bit stiff, but it was restored to its natural state soon. He turned around to take a glance at her and asked, "Will you show it to me tomorrow?"

Dolores tightened the grip on his waist and groaned a nasal sound.

Matthew was very satisfied with the answer.

His effort was not in vain.

"Honey," Dolores called him in a cute tone.

Matthew, who was washing underwear, paused and asked, "How did you address me?"

Did he mishear it just now?

Dolores didn't reply. Separated by the thin cloth, she landed a kiss on his back. When feeling the

softness from his back, Matthew's throat became dry. With his nerve tensed up, he asked what was wrong with her today.

Why did she suddenly become so enthusiastic?

Dolores whispered, "Do you have any social media?"

Matthew, "???"

What did she mean?

"Huh?"

"I'm asking about those common social media applications, like WeChat, Tinder and Weibo." When speaking, she kept rubbing against his waist.

Matthew looked down at her hands. He sensed a trace of abnormality from her words. Why did she suddenly ask this weird question?

"Aren't you my WeChat friend? I never post anything. As for Tinder, what's it? I have an official account on Weibo, but I don't follow anyone. What's wrong?"

He turned around. As his hands were wet, he didn't touch her. Matthew said gingerly, "Er... I promise I won't flirt with the other woman outside. What happened? Can you not beat the bush? I feel so flustered and scared."

He had a feeling that she was trying to find out something.



**This made him feel restless.**

**Seeing that he was so prudent, Dolores knew that he must have misunderstood it. She reached out to hook his neck and asked with a smile, "Why are you afraid of this?"**

**"I'm afraid that you may misunderstand me..."**

**Before he could finish his words, Dolores suddenly tiptoed and landed a kiss on his lips. She looked at him seriously and said, "I never doubt you."**

**She still trusted him even when Declan played the tricks and sent those verisimilar photos to her.**

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

**Unless she heard and saw the scene by herself, she wouldn't believe it no matter what other people said.**

**In her opinion, love needed mutual trust and candour.**

**If she didn't trust him, she wouldn't have chosen to be with him.**

**He always gave her a surprise and he looked very charming when he was gentle to her.**

**"Do you know how much I like your look just now?" His every word and every expression impressed**

her a lot.

“So do you want to reward me?” He clasped her waist with his arms and didn't touch her with his hands.

Dolores smiled lightly, “What reward do you want?”

“Will you agree to it no matter what my request is?” A trace of cunning light flashed across his eyes and disappeared at the next moment like a falling star.

Dolores didn't have any repose. She tilted her head, pondered for a while and said, “Well, as long as it's within my ability, I will definitely satisfy you.”

Matthew smiled triumphantly and slowly shifted his gaze from her face down to her chest, “As for my request, you can definitely do it.”

Dolores finally noticed his burning gaze. She couldn't help reminding him, “We will have dinner soon. Don't make a fuss now. We still have a guest.”

“Coral isn't that fast and the dinner won't be ready so quickly. And they won't come upstairs randomly.” He explained.

“Nope...”

“You promised me just now.”

Dolores, “...”

**Why did she feel she was trapped?**

**Maybe it was because his hands were in the water just now, they felt a bit cold. The clothes for summer were very thin. Separated by the thin cloth, his hand landed on her back, but she could still feel the chillness and she couldn't help having goose bumps all over. Dolores pushed him softly and said, "Wait until tonight,"**

**Matthew replied in a husky voice, "I can't wait."**

**He held up Dolores's hand and pressed it on his penis. It felt hard and hot. Dolores' mind went blank and her face flushed. She felt thirsty.**

**It seemed like she couldn't utter any word to refuse him.**

**Matthew carried Dolores to the mirror and hugged her from behind. They all looked at the reflections of the other person in the mirror. Their desire for each other was so obvious.**

**As Dolores wore a dress today, Matthew lifted it effortlessly. His robust chest was clung so tightly to her back.**

**The moment he thrust his thing into her private part, Dolores slightly knitted her brows and moaned.**

**As she was pregnant, Matthew was very restrained and didn't use too much strength,**

**Even so, they made love for a long while. In the end, Dolores couldn't maintain her balance anymore. She leaned forward and clasped the edge of the basin with both hands to prevent her belly from knocking the edge of the basin. The mirror in front of them was completely covered by the spray caused by their breaths and they could only vaguely see two persons who were moving.**

In the end, Dolores was carried out of the bathroom by Matthew because she was weak in her legs and had no strength.

Matthew put her onto the bed and pulled over the quilt to cover her body as she was not properly dressed. His voice was still husky after the sex, "Sleep for a while and we can have dinner later."

With her eyes narrowed, Dolores didn't want to move at all. Lying on the bed, she felt so sleepy, but she still couldn't fall asleep with ease. She said weakly, "We have a guest today. It's inappropriate if I don't go downstairs."

Matthew tugged the hair that blocked her eyes aside and his fingertips touched her forehead. There were some sweats on his finger. He leaned forward to kiss her eyes. Dolores subconsciously closed her eyes. He said in a low voice, "Don't think too much. Be obedient, all right?"

Dolores replied with a gentle nasal sound and reached out to clasp his hand, saying, "Don't forget to wake me up."

Matthew replied, "Okay." He then let her go to bed without any mental burdens.

Matthew watched Dolores falling asleep and then stood up. He cleaned the washroom. When he finished cleaning, it was almost time. He gently closed the door and walked downstairs. Coral walked to the stairs, preparing to tell them to have the meal. When seeing Matthew, she asked, "The dinner is ready. Shall we begin the meal now?"

Matthew replied with a nasal sound.

"Where's Mrs. Nelson?" As Coral didn't see Dolores, she asked.

**“She’s sleeping and will eat later.” Matthew’s expression was calm and his tone of voice was also composed. Coral didn't think too much of it. After all, Dolores was pregnant now, so it was normal for her to have sleepiness. She went out for the whole day today, so she must have been tired.”**

**“I will prepare it now.” Coral turned around and walked into the kitchen to take out the dishes. Matthew knocked at Amanda’s door, yet got no reply.**

**He knocked at the door again, “Amy?”**

**“Dad, please don't come in.” Amanda’s voice sounded obviously restless.**

**Matthew furrowed his brows, “Amy, what are you doing in the room?”**

**Chapter 576 She’s Just Tired**

**“Don't come in anyway.” When she was speaking, something fell to the ground and made a loud sound. Matthew was worried about her and hurriedly pushed open the door. He then saw a pink toy dressing box and the things in the box scattered on the ground.**

**Flustered, Tiana stood aside with her head lowered, while Amanda, who was surrounded by the mess, wriggled her fingers and explained in a low voice, “Er... dad, we were playing a dressing game.”**

**Matthew touched his forehead speechlessly when seeing the green-and-red graffiti on her face.**

**“Dad...” Amanda didn't think she was wrong. It was just that she was afraid her dad would get angry.**

Matthew took a deep breath, trying to calm down himself, and said, "Clean it and we will have dinner."

After finishing the words, he turned around and found Coral was setting the table. He recalled that Theresa was also living in the house and Coral had to take care of the two children. Moreover, Dolores was pregnant. Apparently, Coral was so busy with all these things alone. He took out his phone and dialled Abbott.

Abbott answered the call soon.

He walked to the windows. Clenching his phone, he said, "Find a reliable maid to the villa tomorrow. The salary is not a problem. But remember to investigate her background in detail."

"Okay. I see. It's just that one day is too short for me." Abbott was worried that he couldn't find a suitable candidate in such a short period.

"Two days." Matthew ended the call after finishing the words.

Abbott had been accustomed to it and prepared to go to find a maid after finishing the current tasks.

"Daddy, where's mummy?" Andrew walked over, but he found Dolores neither in the kitchen nor in the living room.

Matthew put his phone into his pocket and said, "She's upstairs."

"I will call her to come downstairs and have dinner." When speaking, he prepared to run upstairs. But Matthew reached out to grab his collar, "Don't call her."

Andrew turned around and looked at him in confusion, "Did you quarrel with mummy?"

Otherwise, why didn't he allow him to call her to have dinner?

"You two have made peace for only several days." Why did they have to let him worry about them? Wait, didn't they show their affection in the mall today?

Matthew frowned and said, "Can't you think of some good things about your parents?"

Andrew pouted and then asked, "Is it because of the thing on the Internet?"

"Which thing?" Matthew immediately associated it with the question Dolores asked him today. He took out his phone, preparing to check it. Andrew handed the tablet computer to him, "See."

Matthew scrolled the screen and saw various comments.

[Who's this woman?]

Someone replied: [Contemporary, many female stars like to marry the rich. Maybe she's an unpopular star.]

The commenter replied, "I think so. Haha, I can't find any information about this woman on the

internet.”

[But I think they’re a good match.]

...

There were many comments. Matthew understood what was only going by some rough glances.

But how did these people know about him?

Although he had been to many activities, he didn't open a personal account on Weibo. How could he be so popular?

The likes and comments he got were comparable to those of first-class celebrities.

What was going on?

“Have you finished?” Andrew’s hand felt sore after holding the tablet computer high for a long while. He tossed the tablet computer aside and stroked his wrist, “Hold it by yourself.”

Matthew ignored it. He rubbed Andrew’s head and said, “Wash your hands and we will have dinner.”

“Daddy.” Amanda, who had cleaned her face, walked over with Tiana.

Tiana felt embarrassed and explained, “Amy insisted on let me draw it.”



Although Matthew was not satisfied with Charles, he didn't transfer his anger to Tiana. After all, it was Charles who didn't have good quality. He said in a flat tone, "Go to the table."

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"Thank you, dad." Amanda immediately became happy. She held up Tiana's hand and said, "Tiana, hurry up."

"Cotton." Tiana reminded Amanda, "We haven't fed Cotton."

"Oh yes. I will prepare the dog food for it." Seeming to realize that he was about to have some food, Cotton wagged its tail and followed behind them. Amanda took out the dog food from the cabinet and poured some food into the bowl with Tiana's help.

She then washed her hands and then sat down at the table. Coral had served all the dishes on the table.

When Matthew walked into the kitchen, Coral was placing the rest dishes on a tray, preparing to carry them to Theresa. Seeing Matthew, she asked, "What do you need?"

"Do you reserve some food for her?" Matthew asked, fearing that Dolores would have nothing to eat when she woke up.

"I made some corn and sparerib soup this afternoon. When she wakes up, I can boil some small wontons with the soup for her. And she can also have some lean meat and corn."

Matthew nodded and said, "A new maid will be here in two days."

Coral said with a smile, "I hope life will always be like this. It was too quiet some time ago. Mrs. Nelson won't leave again, right?"

Matthew told her she wouldn't leave again, turned around and left the kitchen. Coral held up the tray and walked towards Theresa's bedroom.

Around the table, Tiana didn't pick up anything even though she was very hungry. It was because only the two children were here and she, as a guest, couldn't start to eat first.

Amanda put a piece of food into her bowl, "Tiana, get started. Coral cooks well."

Matthew picked up his chopsticks, took a glance at Tiana and asked her to start eating. Tiana then finally picked up her chopsticks.

After the dinner, Amanda pulled Tiana back to her bedroom and wanted to continue the game with her. However, Amanda's phone rang at this moment. It was a call from Charles and he told her he would come to take her back.

"I will play with you next time," Tiana said. She also liked this little girl and thought Cotton was so cut.

Amanda felt boring at home and didn't want her to leave. Tiana didn't think she was childish and was willing to play with her. Amanda held Tiana's hand and said, "Tiana, will you come here again?"

Tiana replied, "I will if I get the chance."

"Let me send you." Amanda had regarded Tiana as her friend after playing with her for a while.

Although Matthew didn't want to see Charles, he could not let Amanda go out alone and could only follow them.

Tiana walked out of the villa hand in hand with Amanda.

Charles got out of the car and waited for her at the gate. There were lights on the gate and the walls and they were on now. It was as bright as the day.

Seeing them, Charles said with a smile, "Thank you, Mr. Nelson."

Matthew ignored him. He reached out towards Amanda, "We should come back."

Unwilling to accept this, Charles continued, "Are you fearing that I will talk with her so that you deliberately not let her go out?"

"Maybe Dolores is uncomfortable. She didn't even have dinner."

Before Matthew could say anything, Tiana replied to Charles' question. She let go of Amanda and walked to Charles.

Hearing that Dolores was uncomfortable, Charles frowned and asked, "What's wrong with her?"

Tiana supported his wheelchair and shook her head, "I don't know either."

Holding up Amanda's hand, Matthew led her towards the villa. Amanda turned around and waved at Tiana, "Goodbye Tiana. Come to play with me when you're free."

Tiana agreed to it and waved at her.

Looking at Matthew's back and feeling worried towards Dolores, Charles asked, "What's wrong with her?"

Matthew paused. Several seconds later, he turned around, "Who told you she's uncomfortable?"

"Then why didn't she have dinner?" Charles looked up at Tiana and then quickly withdrew his lines of sight.

Matthew chuckled and replied, "She's just tired. Should I tell you why she's tired?"

Chapter 577 He Never Comes to Us Except for Help

Although Charles hadn't gotten married, he was a physiologically normal man. Looking at Matthew, he narrowed his eyes and seemed to guess something. He didn't say anything else except for saying in a calm voice, "Tiana, let's go."

Tiana obediently pushed his wheelchair, turned around and walked towards the car which was parked by the roadside.

Charles was clear that he shouldn't act like this. He knew clearly there was no possibility between him and Dolores since she was married, but he still couldn't control his emotions.

He wanted to approach her and see her.

He also hated this aspect of himself.

“Tiana, shall we go?” He didn't want to come back, not to mention to face the Meyer family. He just wanted to calm down himself.

Tiana agreed to it. Pushing his wheelchair, she walked by the roadside, while Tom drove the car and followed behind them slowly.

“Charles, are you in a bad mood?” Although Tiana was not smart, she could still feel Charles' depression at the moment.

Charles looked at the front without any focus and asked, “Tiana, do you love me?”

Tiana felt him very weird. Why did he ask this question again?

“I told you before. I love you.”

Charles asked after a while of silence, “If you can't love me, what will you do?”

“Why can't I love you?” Tiana couldn't understand this question, feeling it very weird.

Charles explained it to her patiently, “If you can't love me because of some reasons, what will you

do?"

Tiana finally understood it. She pondered for a while and then replied, "If I can't love you, I think I will be very sad. But I will try hard to control myself so that I won't think of you and love you. It's too tortuous if I love you yet I can't get you. I would rather forget you than suffering the pain."

Charles looked up at her, "Who said you're not smart? You are smarter and more thoughtful than any person."

Tiana chuckled, "You're the first one who praised me as a smart person."

Charles reached out to hold up her hand, "Tiana, come here."

Tiana obediently walked towards him and squatted down in front of him. She put her hands on his thighs, looked up at him and said seriously, "Charles, I don't want to see you being unhappy. Please tell me, how can I please you?"

Charles asked, still with a smile on his face, "Do I look unhappy?"

"You're unhappy." Tiana looked into his eyes, "You have a smile on your face, but your eyes are crying."

Charles became silent and stared at her quietly. After a long while, he reached out to pull her into his arms and stroked her hair, "Tiana, I feel so anguished, but I don't know what to do."

"Can you try to love me?" Tiana lifted her head and repeated the words, "Can you try to love me?"

Charles was stunned and then replied, "I've fallen in love with you."

Tiana shook her head, "You don't love me. There's no trace of love in your eyes when you're looking at me. But your eyes look bright when you're looking at Dolores."

Charles was lost for words.

Tiana held up his hand and put it on her face. She tilted her head and gently rubbed her cheek against his palm, "I will work harder so that there will be lights in your eyes when you're looking at me. In that way, you will not feel anguished anymore."

Charles was accustomed to wearing a smile on his face, but now he finally maintained it anymore. He reached out to touch her face, "I will try hard."

He would try to forget Dolores and try hard to fall in love with the one he should love.

"Let's go home," Charles said in a low voice.

Tiana agreed to it, asked Tom to stop the car and carried Charles into the car. Originally, Charles planned to live in a hotel after coming to City B, but Tiana's mother didn't allow him to do so no matter what he said and insisted on letting him live in their home.

The car soon arrived at the community in which the Meyer family lived and stopped at the entrance. This community never allowed cars not belonging to its proprietors to enter the community. Tom carried Charles down the car and Tiana also got out of the car.

"Come back to have a rest," Charles said to Tom.

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**Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App**

**“Okay. I will come here tomorrow morning.” Tom said.**

**Charles replied with a nasal sound. Watching Tom’s leaving, Tiana then pushed Charles into the community.**

**When walking, Tiana spoke to Charles, “Dolores is so lucky.”**

**“Huh? Why do you say so?” Charles felt curious. She only had dinner at her home, how did she know that Dolores was having a happy life?**

**“Is it because her husband is so good to her?” Charles asked.**

**Tiana shook her head and then quickly nodded, “I don't know whether her husband is good to her. I said so because of her son and daughter. They are so good-looking and cute.”**

**“Charles, will we have a baby in the future? Many couples will have a baby after getting married. We also have gotten married, does it mean that I will also have a baby soon?” There was a trace of anticipation in her tone of voice.**

**Charles, “...”**

**“Tiana, I’m sleepy. Let’s hurry up to go home, okay?”**



Charles couldn't answer this question, nor could he explain it.

Tiana was very obedient. She didn't say anything else and pushed him back home. When they arrived home, they found Tiana's parents were all in the living room, seeming to be talking something. Both of them had gloomy expressions.

Seeing that their daughter and daughter-in-law were back, they stopped the conversation tacitly. Maisy waved her hand to gesture her daughter to come over. Tiana walked over and sat down obediently, "Mom."

Maisy rubbed her long hair and asked, "What did you eat outside."

Tiana told her she ate dinner at Dolores' home, "Their maid is good at cooking and the dishes she cooked were so delicious. Dolores has two children and they are so good-looking."

Maisy shifted her gaze to Charles and asked, "Children?"

Didn't she only get pregnant some time ago?

Where were the children from?

Charles explained, "She gave birth to a pigeon pair before."

Maisy understood it soon. But she was confused at the next moment when thinking that they had two children? She asked, "Did they get married?"

Why didn't they hold a wedding ceremony?

**“They’ve married. As for why they didn’t hold a wedding ceremony, I’m also not clear of it.” Charles didn’t say too much of this. In front of Maisy, he pretended to be Dolores’ friend. So it will be abnormal if he knows too much about Dolores’ situation.”**

**Maisy nodded her head, seeming to understand something. She patted her daughter, “You two shall go to bed early.”**

**Tiana smiled, stood up and walked towards the bedroom. But Charles didn’t move; instead, he looked towards Maisy and Alan, “Did you encounter a problem? Seems like you quarreled just now.”**

**Alan still looked hideous. It seemed like he was very bothered.**

**Maisy heaved a long sigh. Thinking that Charles was not an outsider, she told him, “You also know about my situation. I have a brother and we seldom contact each other in usual ties. But he suddenly came to find me, saying that one of his friends got injured and hoping I can let his friend stay at my home for several days...”**

**“Friend? Didn’t you see the news several days ago? Don’t you know who that person is?”**

**Before Maisy could finish her words, Alan interrupted her angrily, “He never comes to us except for help. He didn’t show any respect to you in usual times, but now when he needs your help, he tries to close your relationship and call you sister. He even wanted to hide a living person at our home. What does he think our home is?”**

**Alan snorted coldly, “Drop the idea about this matter. I won’t agree to it.”**

**Although Maisy was unwilling to do so, since Declan had begged her, she had no choice. Even though she had not that much feeling towards this brother and seldom contacted him, since he had asked for her help personally, it seemed to be inappropriate for her to refuse it. After all, they were siblings.**

Thinking of this, Maisy couldn't help but let out a sigh. She didn't know what to do.

“Who’s that person? Maybe I can help you.” Charles asked.\_

Chapter 578 Go for Wool and Come Back Shorn

Maisy’s eyes lit up. It was feasible to hide that person in the White City since Charles was not a citizen of City B. Then this problem would be solved, right?

Declan wanted to hide that person in Maisy’s home because he thought her home was safe. But hiding him in the White City was safer than in her home.

Maisy thought Charles had done a great favour to her, “Charles...”

When Maisy prepared to say something to Charles, Alan interrupted his wife in a deep voice, “Are you muddled-headed?”

He was not angry about Maisy telling Charles about Declan’s matter; instead, he was angry that she didn't consider the consequences. He looked at his wife seriously, “You’re clear of your brother’s characteristics. Haven’t you seen the news? Apparently that person is not a good man. But you try to leave it to Charles. Do you want Charles to get involved in these dirty things?”

Maisy didn't think too much of it just now as she just wanted to solve this matter as soon as possible. But when hearing her husband’s reminder, she thought of it carefully. It was true that she couldn't leave that person to Charles because the thing that person did in the temple had caused great attention.

Even Declan couldn't hide him. This matter was definitely not that simple.

She only had a daughter, so she could by no means bring trouble to her daughter and daughter-in-law.

Since Charles only came to City B not long ago, he didn't know what had happened and asked, "I'm not an outsider. Tell me if you have any problem so that I can give you some advice."

Alan heaved a long sigh and said to Charles sincerely and earnestly, "You came to City B not long ago, so you may not know about the situation in the city. This is not the White City. There are many big wits here and it's very complicated. I don't want to tell you because I don't want you to get involved in those unnecessary troubles."

Charles knew that Alan's words were for the sake of him, but he sincerely wanted to help them.

"Now that I've been your daughter-in-law, I will regard myself as a member of the Meyer family. Now, dad and mom have encountered a problem that bothers you, as Tiana's husband, how can I just stand aside? Even if I can't help, dad, mom, please tell me what's going on. Don't take me as an outsider or a weak person."

Alan heaved a long sigh, "Why are you so stubborn?"

Since Charles had said these words, it seemed to be inappropriate if he continued to keep it a secret. So Alan asked him to read the news.

Charles took out his phone and searched the news according to Alan's words. Then he quickly found numerous pieces of news about the temple. A naked man actually appeared in the temple, a place where enshrined Buddha and required quietness. And that man had many injuries. There must be some inside stories.

"Your fucking brother Declan just wants to put such a dirty thing into our home. How can he think of such a wicked idea? Alan said in a cold voice.

Charles was still reading the news with his head lowered, but he accidentally saw a piece of news about Matthew and Dolores going shopping in the mall together.

He hesitated for a while and swiped past it. He then continued to read the news about the temple.

"He creates troubles every day. This time he even offended Matthew. Otherwise, he wouldn't have thought of hiding that person in our home because he can't hide him outside." Alan didn't want to get involved in Declan's matters. But that matter about Declan had caused great attention within the city. Even though he didn't want to know about his information, he had heard of it.

Charles looked up at Alan and asked, "What's its relationship with Matthew?"

"I'm not clear of the detail either. I just heard some rumours about this matter. It seemed like Declan caught Matthew's man and locked the person in the temple. Then the scene you saw on the reports just now happened. Humph, doesn't want to hand over his friend, nor can he hide him outside. Therefore, he wants to hide him at our home. He's so evil! Even though his father had a son at an old age, he can't pamper him light this. Pampering your son is like killing him. Declan is so unruly and he will have some big troubles sooner and later."

Charles was lost in his thought after hearing Alan's words. Declan caught Matthew's man. Who had he caught? Was it Dolores?

A naked man in the temple... Apparently he must be doing something evil. When thinking that the

person he caught was probably Dolores, his eyes turned gloomy. "Dad, after all, Declan is mom's brother. If we refuse his request, we will definitely offend him."

**INTERESTING FOR YOU**Adskeeper

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

**He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions**

Alan didn't take it seriously, "For such kind of person, we have to offend him sooner or later. It's good for us to offend him earlier so that he won't pester us again."

Maisy was clear of her husband's quality. If he insisted on leaving Declan alone, it was useless no matter what she said. She subconsciously heaved a long sigh. The person who would accompany her for the rest of her life was her husband and she and her brother were just tied by blood. In terms of deep feelings, of course, she had a deeper feeling towards her husband.

"Charles, it's late now, go to bed early. Listen to your dad's words and leave this matter alone. It doesn't matter even though Declan will bear grudges towards me because of this matter later. After all, we seldom contacted each other over the years and he never showed any respect to me, his sister."

Charles still wanted to try it. It was not for Matthew, but Dolores.

"Dad, mom, I know you all don't want to have any entanglement with Declan. But after all, he's your relative. If I stand aside, people will gossip about it. Anyway, I and Tiana will come back to the White City soon. Ask Declan to give the person to me and I will bring him to the White City and then randomly arrange him at a place. No one will find it and it will stop Declan from complaining about anything."

Alan didn't reply. He still didn't want Charles to get involved in this matter. But apparently, Charles wanted to help them, which made him feel comforted.

At the moment, Maisy became sorrier for no showing trust to Charles before. Now when they were in difficulty, he showed great concern for them. His sincerity was really rare.

If Maisy knew about Charles' real thoughts, would she regret letting her daughter marry him?

"Alan, let's accept Declan's request just like what Charles said just now. We can hide him in the White City but not at our home. In this way, we will not offend Declan. He's my brother after all. No matter what, shall we help him this time?" Maisy looked towards her husband gingerly.

If Alan didn't agree, she would have no choice.

Alan still didn't want to accept this. He said, "Charles, do you know what evil things Declan is doing? I don't want to implicate you. As you said just now, I regard you as a member of my family and you will accompany Tiana for the rest of her life. I don't want you to have any relationship with Declan. Do you understand?"

"I know, we're a family." Charles also expressed his sincerity.

Seeing that Charles was so sincere, Alan was silent for two seconds. Then he asked, "Are you sure that you won't get yourself implicated?"

Charles replied confidently, "Of course I'm sure of it."

Alan didn't like to get involved in these matters. He took a glance at his wife and said, "Call Declan. Moreover, this is the last time for us to help him. You should take this opportunity and make it clear to him. Ask him not to contact us again. I feel bothered whenever seeing him. Your dad never restricts him and even helps him with the wicked deeds. Is this the way to love him? It's harmful to him!"

**“I know.” Maisy patted her husband’s back and said, “You can go to the bed first. I will call him.”**

**Watching Alan coming back to the bedroom, Maisy took out her phone and then looked towards Charles, “You can go to have a rest too. I will tell you about the progress tomorrow.”**

**“I’m not sleepy. I will wait until you finish the call.” Charles said.**

**Maisy could only dial Declan first. Soon, Declan’s voice came from the other end of the phone, “How’s the progress? Dear sister, have you told Alan about this.”**

**“I can't let you hide him at my home, but I can provide you with a place to hide him. Others won't be able to find him.”**

**Declan asked hesitantly, “Which place?”**

**Was there such another safe place in City B that others wouldn't find him? \_\_\_**

**Chapter 579 Can I Change a Way to Prove It?**

**Declan said in a bad mood, “If I can find another place in City B to hide him, how will I come to find you?”**

**Maisy didn't grow up in the Bailey family and Declan was the only son in the family. He was pampered by his parents since childhood. As for his sisters, except for his eldest sister who grew up in the family since childhood, he had no feelings towards other sisters.**

**He didn't show any respect to others when speaking, thinking that it was her obligation to help him.**



Hearing Declan's tone of voice, Maisy felt uncomfortable in her heart and reminded him, "I'm your sister."

"I know, otherwise, I won't turn to you," Declan said as if it was normal.

Maisy closed her eyes and sighed in her heart. Declan didn't understand what she meant at all.

In his eyes, relatives were to be made use of and he bore no domestic affection towards them. Nor did he know how to respect others.

"I will not hide him in City B, but in the White City. If you're willing to do so, we can have an appointment tomorrow to negotiate this. If you're unwilling to accept this, then never mind. All in all, I won't allow you to hide him at my home."

Maisy expressed her attitude explicitly.

She really didn't like him.

Nor did she want to have any contact with him. If it wasn't that they had the same parents, she really wanted to leave him alone.

Declan wanted to throw his temper at her, but now he had been cornered. Otherwise, he wouldn't plan to hide his friend in his sister's home.

Boyce's men were watching at him all day long and he lost his freedom. If this continued, John's whereabouts would be exposed sooner or later.

But now he had no choice and could only agree to it.

"It's okay, but what's the White City? Is it really safe?" Declan still had some scruples. Why didn't he hear of the White City before?

Maisy, "..."

"The White City is a small place. Now that I recommend it to you, it's definitely a safe place. I can't do anything if you don't believe me." After finishing the words, Maisy prepared to end the call.

Declan hurriedly said, "Okay. Should I let my man send John to your place tomorrow?"

Maisy was not in a hurry to answer him. Instead, she distanced the phone from her ear and covered the mouthpiece with her hand. Then she looked towards Charles, "He will send his friend here tomorrow. Is that okay?"

Charles nodded his head to show agreement and said, "I will a driver here and pick him up."

"Okay. Then I will let him send his friend here." Maisy put her phone near her ear again and said to Declan, "Then send him here tomorrow."

"Okay." After finishing the words, Declan hung up the phone.

Looking at her phone, Maisy slightly knitted her brows. He didn't even say any formula or thank her and directly ended the call. He didn't show any respect to his sister and he was so rude.

“Mom, since you don't like him, you can make it clear with him after this matter and we will not contact him again.” Charles noticed that Maisy was so dissatisfied with her brother.

“I will. Hurry up to have a rest. It's late now.” Maisy said.

Charles groaned an answer and rolled the wheelchair towards the bedroom.

In the villa...

As Dolores was sleeping soundly, Matthew didn't wake her up. Later, she woke up because of hunger. When she woke up, she found it was already midnight. She turned over on the bed, rubbed her eyes and asked, “Why didn't you wake me up?”

Matthew hugged her, “You slept soundly, so I didn't wake you up.”

Dolores, “...”

“It's so late now. Is there anything to eat?” She lifted the quilt with complaints and got out of the bed. She was still wearing the dress she wore during the day. Before when having sex with Matthew in the bathroom, he pulled her dress, making it very messy. Its collar dropped to her shoulder and there were red hickeys on her chest.

Dolores adjusted her dress to cover her chest and felt very uncomfortable. She directly fell asleep after the sex and hadn't washed her body, therefore, her body felt unpleasantly damp and sticky with the remaining sperms on it. She took out a set of clean underwear and a night dress from the wardrobe and walked into the bathroom.

Dolores prepared a whole bathtub of water and had a bath. She finally cheered up after the bath. Half an hour later, she dried her hair, put on her clothes and walked out. There was already no one on the bed. Dolores walked to the balcony, yet still couldn't find Matthew, so she went downstairs.

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At this point in time, they all had gone to bed and the whole villa was prevailed by silence. There was also no one downstairs in the living room and only the lights in the kitchen were on.

Dolores walked over in gentle steps. She then saw Matthew, who was wearing an apron, was boiling wantons. She leaned against the door frame, fixing her eyes on him, and asked in a low voice, "Can you cook?"

Matthew turned around and took a glance at her, "Are you looking down on me?"

Dolores chuckled, walked into the kitchen and wrapped his waist from behind. She asked, "When did you learn to cook?"

"Coral told me to boil the spare ribs soup and then put the wontons into the soup." They all had dinner tonight. As he didn't wake up Dolores, he asked Coral how to cook wontons, thinking that he could cook them for Dolores when she woke up.

Coral made the wontons in advance and the spare ribs soup was also prepared in advance and had been kept warm. Matthew only needed to turn on the stove and put the wontons into the soup.

Maybe it was because she was hungry, Dolores could smell the fragrance of the meat.

She tilted her head, looked into the pot and asked, "When will it be ready?"

"Are you hungry?"

Dolores nodded her head honestly, "Yes."

Matthew turned around, landed a kiss on her forehead and said, "Wait outside. It will be ready soon."

Dolores let go of him, left the kitchen, walked to the dining room, pulled out a chair and sat down, waiting for the delicacy.

Matthew quickly put the cooked wontons into a big bowl and put the bowl in front of her. Coral had seasoned the spare ribs soup and Matthew didn't need to add anything else into it except for the wontons. The bowl was filled with corns, spare ribs and wontons and soup.

Matthew gave her a small bowl, a pair of chopsticks and a spoon and said, "Scoop them into the small bowl. It's too hot."

Dolores nodded her head and scooped some spare ribs and wontons into the small bowl to cool them down. Coral was skilled in cooking and the dishes she made were all delicious. The wontons had shrimp muddy flesh as their stuffing. The moment she put it into her mouth and bit it, she felt it delicious and fragrant. The spare ribs were initially prepared for the dinner and as it had been boiled by the small fire until midnight, the meat became boiled out. It had lost its elasticity, but it was very fragrant.

Matthew sat beside her and put one arm on the back of the chair that Dolores sat on, fixing his eyes on her. She finished half of the things in the bowl after a short while. Matthew said, "Seems like you eat a lot. Why don't you gain weight?"

Dolores asked without even lifting her head, "Do you like a fat woman?"

Matthew reached out to pinch her arm, "You're so skinny. I want you to gain some weight by feeding you."

Dolores chuckled, "With my height, do you think it's okay if I gain weight until I weigh one hundred kilos?"

Matthew, "..."

Not hearing Matthew's answer, Dolores looked up at him and asked, "What's the matter? Will you disdain me?"

With one hand supporting his chin, Matthew replied in a serious tone, "If you want to weigh one hundred kilos, should I buy hormones for you?"

Dolores, "..."

Indeed it was hard for her to gain weight, and it was greatly related to her constitution.

Matthew moved his hand down her waist and rubbed her waist separated by the cloth, "I won't disdain you no matter what you looked like."

"I don't believe your words." Dolores drank the soup that she scooped into the small bowl before and then put down the chopsticks and the spoon.

Matthew leaned towards her, "What should I do to convince you? Should I make a written promise?"

Dolores distanced herself from him. After drinking the soup, she felt hot and broke out into sweats all over. When Matthew approached her, she felt even hotter. As there was too much soup and she was so full that she couldn't drink anymore, Dolores pushed the big bowl which had much soup left to Matthew and said, "Drink it. It was eaten by me and I can't let others eat it. But it's a waste to dump them.

Matthew repelled it so much because he didn't want to eat greasy food at the midnight.

Dolores pouted, "Didn't you want to prove your words. Finish the soup in the big bowl and then I will believe in your words. It's unnecessary to make a written promise. I trust you a lot after all."

Matthew, "..."

It was really hard for him to drink it. He asked, "Can I change a way to prove it?"

Chapter 580 You Feel It Hard, But Cotton Don't Think So

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Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

Dolores refused it without hesitation, "No way."

Matthew, "..."

He leaned towards her again and rubbed his body against hers, "I think I should prove my love to you on the bed. Drinking soup can't prove my love to you at all..."

Dolores pushed his head aside, "Don't be so cheeky. I just want you to prove it in this manner."

**Matthew, "..."**

**Did this mean he couldn't say "no" to it?**

**He lost all his appetite when looking at the oil on the soup. But to prove his love, he braced himself and prepared to drink the soup. But right at this moment, Dolores grabbed his wrist and said with a smile, "It's a joke."**

**"Is it very funny to joke with me, huh?" He looked at Dolores and asked, "Aren't you afraid of causing a waste?"**

**Dolores lifted her chin and gestured him to look at Cotton who was sitting on the ground and wagging its tail, "You feel it hard, but Cotton doesn't think so."**

**Matthew, "?"**

**Dolores took the bowl from him and walked towards the dog's bowl which was placed beside the windows. Cotton seemed to realize that it was going to have something to eat. It wagged its tail and followed Dolores.**

**Dolores poured the soup into the dog's bowl and reached out to stroke Cotton's head. Cotton rubbed its head against her palm. Its fur was very silky. Thinking that Amanda was still angry at her, Dolores turned around to look at Matthew and said, "Spare some time and take Amanda to the pet store."**

**Matthew replied with a nasal sound. He didn't ask why they had to go to the pet store. Amanda complained about Dolores today, so it must be Amanda who required this.**

**Cotton stuck out his tongue to drink the soup in the bowl and made some sounds.**



Dolores stood up and took the bowl into the kitchen. When she squeezed out some washing-up liquid and prepared to wash the bowl, there suddenly came a fetal movement from her belly. The little fetus kicked her with great force and a large area of her belly budged. Its movement was so sudden that Dolores gasped.

“What’s wrong?” Matthew walked over and asked. Dolores looked up at him and said with a smile, “The fetus in my belly moved just now.”

“Really?” Matthew hurriedly squatted down in front of her and checked her belly. With one hand putting on the edge of the washing-up sink to support herself, Dolores held up his hand and put it on her belly. Several seconds later, the little fetus moved again. The movement was not stronger than the previous movement, it was enough for people to feel it.

Matthew spluttered with excitement, “It... It moved. I felt it.”

Dolores chuckled, “You can come to the hospital with me next moment. We can see the baby’s appearance through the B-ultrasonography.”

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

It was already five-month-old and its ears, mouth, eyes and the fours had already fully grown.

Matthew agreed to it and then lifted her night dress. Dolores furrowed her brows, subconsciously wanting to pull down her dress. She asked, “What are you doing?”

“I want to get closer to it.” Matthew didn't want to feel it separated by the cloth. Seeing the lights in

his eyes, Dolores knew that he yearned for it and didn't refuse it again.

Matthew put his palm on the skin of her belly. Maybe the baby in her belly felt it and gave him a reaction. It moved violently this time and there was an apparent bulge on her belly.

If the movement was too violent, the mother would feel light pain. But this was normal.

Looking at his hand which was placed on her belly, Dolores suddenly found his hand was similar to that of the medical intern who made an examination in City C for her last time.

“Grab my arm.”

Matthew looked up at her in confusion and asked, “Why?”

Dolores didn't answer his question and reached out her arm and paused in front of him. According to her requirement, Matthew grabbed her arm. It was this feeling! She asked, “Matthew, did you...”

“It moved again. Dolores, can I hear its heartbeats?” Matthew suddenly interrupted her. When thinking over it now, Dolores found there were many suspicious aspects before. Theresa promised to accompany her to the examination before, but she asked a medical intern to take care of her, found an excuse and left.

Now when thinking over it again, the height and figure of that medical intern matched with Matthew's completely.

No wonder she would be aroused when he touched her.

Dolores asked with a smile, “Matthew, is this funny?”

Matthew was completely immersed in the fetus' movement and didn't have the time to think over Dolores words. He replied incongruously, "It's not about fun, it's the wonder of life."

When speaking, he put his ear on her belly.

Dolores, "..."

"What are you doing?"

"I want to try whether if I can hear its heartbeats or now." Matthew was interested and replied seriously.

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Dolores pushed his forehead, "You can't hear it except by using medical equipment."

Matthew looked up. With this angle, he could kiss her wrist. He landed his lips on her wrist and said in a gentle voice, "Thank you for letting me be a father."

"If you really want to thank me, you should treat me better. By the way, can you get up now? I have to wash the bowl."

Matthew, "..."

**“Aren't I still not good to you? Should I dig out my heart and hand it to you to prove my...”**

**Dolores hastily covered his mouth, “Don't talk nonsense in front of your son.”**

**Matthew chuckled and stuck out his tongue to lick her palm. Dolores wanted to retreat her hand, but Matthew grabbed her wrist.**

**“You two...”**

**Andrew woke up at the midnight and found the living room was still bright. After peeing, he opened the door of the toilet and took a glance at the living room. As he didn't see anyone in the living room, he walked out of his room and then saw Dolores and Matthew in the kitchen...**

**He hurriedly covered his eyes and peeked through his fingers. He was peeking, but he said, “You two can continue. I can see anything.”**

**Matthew put down Dolores' dress, stood up and looked at Andrew, “It's late. What are you doing here? Why don't you sleep.”**

**“You two don't sleep either and even flirt in the kitchen.” Andrew looked at him ambiguously with a smile, as if he knew what they were doing.**

**Matthew pointed at his forehead and said, “Go to sleep.”**

**Andrew yawned, turned around and come back to his bedroom, “You two should go to bed early too.”**

**Matthew took the bowl from Dolores and said, “We shall go to bed too. Coral will clean it tomorrow.”**

When they went upstairs and went to bed, it was already two o'clock. As she had slept before, it took Dolores to fall asleep again.

Early in the morning, Dolores was awakened by the ringtone of her phone.

In a daze, she reached out to rummage for her phone. Matthew picked up her phone and said, "Sleep for a more while."

He took a glance at the screen. Maybe after buying the phone for Dolores, Charles added his name and his number to the phone.

The caller ID was "Charles White."

Looking at the caller ID, Matthew refused the call without hesitation.

Dolores opened her eyes and asked, "Who's that?"

"A crank call." He blocked Charles' number and put the phone back on the bedside table and said, "Sleep."

Dolores sat up, "I can't sleep again."

Charles called Dolores again and couldn't get through to her. Apparently, his number had been blocked.

Looking at his phone, he guessed this must be done by Matthew. Although Dolores was very angry at him, she would not do so.

Even if she wanted to do so, she would inform him in advance.

It seemed like he had to visit them.

Dolores who couldn't fall asleep again lifted the quilt and got out of the bed. She went downstairs to check Theresa's condition. Theresa was still sleeping and her forehead didn't feel hot. She guessed her fever had been brought down.

Dolores walked out of her bedroom and gently closed the door. She then came to see Amanda and Andrew. Amanda had woken up early, but she didn't get out of the bed and was rolling on the bed.

Dolores sat down at the bedside and said to her, "Amy..."

"I want to sleep." Amanda covered her head with the quilt. Apparently, she didn't want to talk to Dolores as she was still angry at her.

Dolores furrowed her brows. This kid had a bad temper. She didn't suck up to her again as she knew Amanda would only forgive her if she brought her to the pet store.

Dolores stood up, walked out of the bedroom and came to the kitchen to help Coral prepare the breakfast.

Right at this moment, the doorbell rang. As Coral was cutting fruits, Dolores walked to the door.

Chapter 581 I'm the Wimpy Armand

Tiana stood by the door. Dolores was stunned because she didn't expect to see Tiana here at such an

early hour.

“Hi, Dolores,” Tiana greeted Dolores.

Dolores smiled, “What brings you here so early in the morning? Is there anything I can help you with?”

Tiana nodded honestly, “Charles tried to call you, but the call didn’t go through. So I have to come and see if you’re alright.”

Dolores was reminded of the calls this morning. Her doubts were cleared. She stepped aside and invited Tiana into the house, “Come in first.”

Tiana shook her head, “Nah, I should get straight to the business,” Tiana pointed at the black car stopped outside. The car windows were covered with black films and made it impossible to see through the window. Declan sent John back to the Meyer manor at around four o’clock. Charles too made arrangements last night and got Tom to prepare a car to transport John.

Charles didn’t send John straight to White City after he picked John up. Instead, he gave Dolores a call. However, Dolores didn’t pick up the call. So, Charles asked Tiana to go to Dolores’s house to check out what happened.

It was a chance for Charles to see Dolores, but he tried his best to control his desire to see her after talking to Tiana.

**“There’s a man in the car, and Charles asked me to pass this to you,” said Tiana.**

**Dolores thought she heard it wrong, “There’s a man in the car?”**

**Tiana replied with affirmation, “Yes, and Charles said he would be useful to you.”**

**A guesstimate came into Dolores’s mind, “Bring me there.”**

**Tiana answered, “Sure,” then she brought Dolores over to the car by the roadside. Tom got off the car when he saw Tiana and Dolores approaching the car.**

**“Show her,” Tiana told Tom.**

**Tom opened the car door at the backseat. John was sitting in the backseat unconsciously in his patient attire.**

**Charles gave John an anaesthetic after he picked him up. Hence, John was unconscious.**

**Dolores recognized John the moment she saw his face. John’s face wasn’t covered in the news in the temple. Dolores was shaking in anger when the idea of John might have raped Theresa came into Dolores’ head. Dolores wanted to slap John so much, but she knew it is not a good time to be emotional.**

**Matthew had been searching for John, and now John was captured by Charles? Dolores wanted to ask Charles how he captured John. So, she asked, “Where’s Charles?”**



**“Charles told me that you might not want to see him, so might as well he stop coming to see you,” said Tiana.**

**Charles asked Tiana to said so.**

**Dolores thought Charles had finally figure it out. It was for the best. Dolores hoped Charles could treat Tiana better, “Tell him that I appreciate it.”**

**Tiana said, “You’re welcome. Charles said he did all these willingly.”**

**Dolores didn’t continue the topic. She pretended that she didn’t get what Tiana meant, “Please give me some space. I need to be alone with him.”**

**Dolores can’t bring John into her house. She needed to let Matthew know about it so that he could make arrangements.**

**“Sure,” said Tiana.**

**Matthew walked down from the second floor of the villa and asked Coral when he didn’t see Dolores, “Where’s Dolores?”**

**“Someone rang the bell just now. She wasn’t at the door?” Coral asked.**

**Dolores walked in when Matthew was about to go out and looked for her.**

**“Charles sent a person here,” Dolores immediately told Matthew, “He’s right outside.”**

**Matthew marched towards the entrance, “Stay in the house. I’ll deal with it.”**

**Dolores nodded.**

**Tom led Matthew into the car, and Matthew saw the unconscious John. Matthew gave Boyce a call and asked him to take John away.**

**Armand had been searching for John’s whereabouts with Boyce these few days. He wanted to catch the person who raped Theresa. Armand immediately followed Boyce to Matthew’s villa when he knew Matthew captured John.**

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**Boyce tied John up and put him into a big sack just in case John woke up and tried to escape. Then, they put John in the car boot. If Boyce didn’t stop Armand, he would have killed John already. Armand sat in the car with a sulky face. He was waiting for the car to drive to a quiet place so that he could kill John.**

**Matthew asked Tom to send Charles a message, “I’m grateful for his help.”**

**Matthew had to be grateful to Charles this time for sending John to him regardless of how much he disliked Charles.**

**Tom replied, “I will send your message to Mr. White,” then he opened the door and invited Tiana into the car, “Let’s go.”**

Tiana got into the car and left with Tom.

Dolores changed into her daily clothes and walked out of the villa. She knew Tiana had left when she saw Tom's car leaving.

"Do you want to go with me?" Matthew asked Dolores when he saw her changed into her daily clothes.

"Yes, I want to know what he did to Theresa," Dolores sounded cold.

Matthew didn't persuade Dolores. He was with her anyway, "I'll drive."

John was in Boyce and Armand's car. They were driving in front of Matthew's car, and Matthew was following them from behind.

Boyce chose the location to keep John. He didn't choose a location in suburban areas, but instead, he kept John in the station.

Boyce was a deputy director, and he was more powerful than he used to be. He didn't have to use as much effort to get things done his way.

Furthermore, he had henchmen. He didn't need to worry about gossips.

Boyce wasn't sure how strong the anaesthetic was. John didn't wake up even after he got thrown on the floor. So, Boyce got a pile of water and poured it on John.

John was wounded, and he was confused as he woke up in such a violent way. He didn't know what happened.

John looked around and was curious if he had arrived in White City yet. Declan told him that he was going to hide John in a place named White City to avoid being found out by Matthew. However, when John opened his eyes, he saw three men standing in front of him.

John's eyes widened, "How am I here? I thought I was going to White City?"

"You...You..." John was terrified.

Before John figured out what happened, Armand kicked him in the stomach. John laid on the floor and covered his stomach. It was so painful like his intestines were broken.

Armand's eyes were red. He grasped John's collar and questioned him, "What did you do to Theresa?"

John curled his body up when he saw Armand staring at him like a beast, "I don't know what you're talking about."

John was wide awake, and he knew exactly who Armand was talking about, but he didn't dare to admit it. It was obvious that they were going to beat him to death if he admitted he knew Theresa. They would probably cripple him even if they didn't kill him.

Armand sneered, "You don't know?"

The next second, Armand punched John in the face. John spat blood out of his mouth and asked in a surprised and terrified tone, "How did you find me?"

Armand wasn't in the mood of answering any of John's questions. He only wanted to know what John did to Theresa. He smiled cruelly, "Stop bullshitting. Answer me, what did you do to Theresa?"

Boyce put Dolores in another room. She could see everything happening in another room through the monitors in front of her.

Matthew and Boyce became bystanders.

"I've done nothing," John decided not to come clean. Armand was enraged. John was naked, and Theresa's clothes got torn off. Now John wanted him to believe that he had done nothing to Theresa?

"It doesn't matter anymore. Now that you're here, you're not going to walk out of this room alive regardless of what you did," Armand was so furious that he became calm. He looked down at John. Then, Armand unbuttoned his coat, took it off and thrown it on the floor.

John was scared. He kept backing away, "Don't...Don't come near me!"

Armand sneered, "Useless bastard. Don't dare to admit who you've done? Do you think that I can't do anything to do as long as you deny the truth? If I don't kill you today, I won't call myself Armand. I'll change my name to the wimpy Armand!"

John looked at Matthew and Boyce in fear, "Stop him! He'll break the law if he killed me!"

Chapter 582 Which Hand Did You Use to Touch Her?

PROMOTED CONTENTAdskeeper

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

"Who was the witness?" Boyce asked.

John's face went pale out of fear. He swallowed his saliva, "I...I'll tell you everything. Don't kill me."

Armand stopped. He wasn't going to let him go, but instead, he needed to hear what John said first.

Armand sneered, "Tell. But keep in mind, I will let you die in misery if I found out that you're lying."

John said, "I won't. I won't. I'll tell you the whole story, but can you let me go if you told you?"

"I will let you out of here," said Armand.

John took a breath of relief. There'll be hope as long as he got out of this place. These people were crazy. John was so scared that he would die here. He told Armand everything without overthinking, "I wanted to rape her at first. She was pretty and she took advantage of me. She was initially friendly to me, so I thought she would want to sleep with me. But she attacked me with the candlestick after I untie the ropes for her. See, these wounds came from her. I didn't rape her. For real. I've told you everything. Can you let me go now?"

Armand was amused, "You wanted to rape Theresa and you wanted me to let you go? Are you dreaming?"

Armand was ready to hear his worst assumption came true. He was thinking even if Theresa was raped, he wouldn't turn away from her. Armand wanted to take care of Theresa in his best effort. Now that Armand had heard the truth from John, he felt so happy that Theresa wasn't raped.

After all, it would traumatize Theresa if she was raped. Those who were mentally weak might not even have the courage to stay alive.

John widened his eyes and raised his voice, "How can you break your promise? You said you would let me out of here. I've told you the truth."

Armand squatted and pinched John's jaw. He sneered, "Is Declan blind to make you his assistant? You're stupid. I did tell you that I would let you out of here, but did I say that you're going to walk out of here? You can get out of here lying down as well."

John was terrified. He knelt down in front of Armand, "Please forgive me. I've learned my mistakes. I won't do it again."

John was a bully and a wimpy person. He would have been put into an important position if he was capable. He became Declan's assistant because Declan's previous assistant was arrested, so Declan promoted him. John wasn't capable at all. He got promoted because he always buttered Declan up and that was why Declan remembered him.

However, John was a disappointment. He made a big mistake before he got to enjoy his glory days.

Armand rolled up his sleeves and said cruelly, "Which hand did you use to touch her?"

John quickly hid his right hand. Then he kept his arms crossed after he realized his movements was too obvious. John cried loudly, "I'm sorry. Let me go, please. I will do just about anything for you."

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

Get That Model Body At Home For Free - Gigi Hadid Shared Workout

"Is it the right hand?" Armand grasped John's hair and pulled him backwards, "Are you going to surrender it or should I do it for you?"

Snot covered John's face as he cried. At this moment, John didn't look like a man at all. He was weak, wimpy and cowardly.

"Bastard," Armand scolded John in a disgusted tone. He pulled John's hair and repeatedly pushed his head against the wall. John was in pain. He screamed like a wounded horse. Boyce couldn't stand the screams and handed Armand a roll of duct tape.

**"I thought the interrogation room was sound-proof?" Armand didn't understand why Boyce did that.**

**Boyce didn't even want to look at John. John didn't deserve to be a man.**

**"It's painful to hear."**

**Armand got Boyce's point and took the duct tape from Boyce. John quickly ran to another corner, "Please. Please let me go."**

**"Hold him down," Armand signalled Boyce.**

**John quickly ran away when he saw Boyce approaching him. He would have died if he didn't run. However, John only got to run a few steps before Boyce caught him. Boyce twisted John's arms and let Armand sealed his lips.**

**Armand sealed the tape around John's head. Then, Armand threw the duct tape away and told Boyce, "Give me his right hand."**

**Boyce pulled John's right hand on the floor. Armand slapped John's face and said, "I don't deserve to be a man if I don't cripple you."**

**John couldn't make any sound. His face was pale out of fear, but he couldn't free himself. All John could do was watch Armand stepped on his hand.**

**The sound of bone cracking came under Armand's feet. John's face was twisted in pain.**

**Armand wriggled his leg. He was wearing a pair of leather shoes. John's fingers were disfigured under**



Armand's feet. Then, Boyce let go of John and stood aside.

John was shaking, and his pants were wet. He peed himself since don't-know-when.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

Armand stepped on John's face, "Yikes, this is the first time I see a man peed himself. You're a shame!"

Boyce told Armand, "Don't kill me yet. We're going to need him for later."

John was Declan's assistant, and he should know about Declan's plans. They were going to beat him up first, then interrogated him later.

Armand didn't reply to Boyce. He wanted to kill John so much.

Boyce patted Armand's shoulder, "Even if you wanted him dead, you don't need to do it yourself. It's not worth it for a scumbag like him."

Armand nodded unwillingly.

Boyce walked to Matthew, "We should wait outside."

Matthew nodded and walked out of the room first. Then, he headed to a room beside where Dolores

was in.

Dolores sat on the chair and watched everything Armand did. She could feel Armand's anger. The anger portrayed the feelings Armand had for Theresa. It was deep.

But as an outsider, she was in no position to comment about anything.

Dolores too felt relief that Theresa wasn't raped.

"Do you want to go home now?" Matthew walked over. Dolores turned around and looked at Matthew. She shook her head, "I'm staying a little while more."

Boyce asked, "You wanted to see how Armand beat John?"

Dolores answered Boyce with another question, "You got promoted?"

It was a surprising question. Boyce stared at Dolores for a while and answered, "Yes."

"Congrats. I'll organize a celebration dinner for you. Bring Armand along with you to the villa," said Dolores.

"It's not necessary..."

"It is. You got promoted, and that means you're capable. We're happy for you. I didn't mention it because we haven't caught John yet. Now that we've got him, consider one of our worries resolved. We may not solve our issues with Declan yet, but we can all make time for a celebration dinner."

**“If that’s what you said. Thanks, Dolores,” Boyce was grateful.**

**“You’re welcome. You can head to the villa earlier if you’re free,” Dolores smiled. A message was hidden in her words, but Boyce didn’t catch it. He replied, “Sure.”**

**“I’ll head home first then,” Dolores stood up from the chair. Matthew asked her to wait for a little while, “I’ve something to tell Boyce. Wait for me outside.”**

**Dolores nodded, “Sure.”**

**Then, she headed out.**

**After Dolores was gone, Matthew and Boyce mapped out what they were going to do next. The reason why they kept John alive was that they wanted John to tell them how Declan violated the law. They wouldn’t kill John themselves even if they wanted to see him dead so much. They will only use somebody else to get rid of him.**

**As long as they have proof that Declan violated the law, they were going to tell people that John sold Declan regardless of whether he did or not. Declan was going to kill the betrayer by himself by that time without needing Boyce and Matthew to do anything.**

**Boyce said, “Understand. You can trust me with it.”**

**Matthew glanced at the monitor on the desk. John curled himself up, and Armand was still beating him. Armand didn’t seem like he was going to stop anytime soon. He was still furious. Matthew then looked away and walked out of the room.**

**Dolores told Matthew that she wanted to head home, but Matthew asked her to go to the office with him.**

**“Have lunch with me later. I will send you back home,” Matthew buckled Dolores up.**

**Matthew then started the engine and asked Dolores, “You were going to match-make Armand and Theresa?”**

#### **Chapter 583 Attend Your Wedding Feast**

**Dolores turned her head to look at Matthew and asked rhetorically, “Is the thing that I had done that obvious?”**

**“What you did was subtle, it’s just because I know you too well.” Matthew looked at her with a smile, “Do we have a mutual affinity?”**

**Dolores was speechless.**

**She did not argue with him, “I think Armand still loves Theresa.”**

**“He doesn’t change. He just made some mistakes in the past.” Matthew spoke out for his friend, “You shall advise Theresa.”**

**“I can’t read her mind,” Dolores said frankly. She also hoped that someone could take care of Theresa. Instead of finding a new boyfriend for her, she preferred Armand to be her boyfriend. Although he had made some mistakes before, he had learnt his lesson.**

**‘However, Theresa treats him indifferently. She’s not willing to give him a second chance.’**

She said that she wanted to hold a celebration party for Boyce and that was sincere, after all, Boyce's ability and character were competent for this position. She also wanted to make use of the celebration party to create an opportunity for Theresa to spend time with Armand at the villa.

"All people have their styles of living. You don't have to worry too much about it." Matthew did not want her to bother about other people's business.

Dolores understood what he meant, "I won't interfere, I'll just create some opportunities for Armand. It's a good thing if they can continue to be in a relationship. If they can't, I can only say that that's destiny. I won't persuade Theresa. If she still loves Armand, she will see the good in Armand. If she doesn't love him anymore, it's useless to persuade her."

"It's good that you understand." Matthew agreed with her.

He did not like to meddle in other people's love affairs and he hoped that Dolores would not interfere too much too. They were all adults and had their own ways of thinking. It was okay to assist but not okay to impose one's ideas on others.

While they were talking, the car drove into the underground car park of the company. Matthew parked the car and pushed the door to get down. When he came over to open the door for Dolores, she had already opened the door and got down. Matthew held her hand.

Dolores struggled for a moment, "Will this be bad?"

After all, it was all over the internet previously. There were speculations about her identity and rumors saying that she was an 18th-tier star and so on.

Although she did not care, she did not want to be talked about either. Some of the unpleasant words made her sad.

Matthew glanced at her, "What's wrong with that?"

They were real husband and wife. Dolores was not a cheater and he was not meeting a mistress. They were open and honest. The more they hid it, the more people would imagine.

Dolores was unable to beat him, so she could only let him hold her hand and walk into the lift.

The rumors on the internet were so hot that they were spread in the company. When they saw them appeared in the company together, they greeted them more enthusiasm than usual.

The lift stopped with a ding and soon the door was opened. They walked out one after the other. Passing the secretary's desk, Matthew asked, "Thirsty?"

Dolores nodded, "I'm a bit hungry."

She did not eat anything this morning and now she was hungry.

"What do you want to eat? My secretary will go and buy it."

"Stir-fried pumpkin with yolk, sachertorte, caramel pudding and red bean cake," Dolores said a series of desserts, now she was on the verge of drooling thinking about the food.

Matthew turned around and looked at her. All of them were sweet, but if she liked them then he would still buy them, he ordered his secretary to buy them, "Buy freshly squeezed juice too." After saying that, he added, "Fresh orange juice."

He was worried that the sweet desserts would make her feel disgusting so the fresh orange juice which had some acidity could compensate for the sweetness.

The secretary answered, "I'll go and buy now. The head of the public relations department came to see you just now and she asked me to call her when you come here, shall I call her to come over now?"

Matthew said yes, "Ask her to come."

After saying that, he led Dolores into the office. The secretary saw that his boss was very considerate to Dolores. Thinking of the denigration of some keyboard warriors on the internet, she could not help but sneered at those uninformed people who liked to speculate blindly.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

After entering the office, Dolores said, "Do what you need to do, I'll wait for you in the lounge."

Matthew did have some works to do, so he told her to wait for him in the lounge, "If you want to sleep, just take a nap on the sofa."

Dolores said yes but she was repulsed in her heart, it did not seem appropriate for her to sleep at his working place.

She sat on the sofa and picked up a random book to read.

After a short while, there was a knock on the office door. Matthew looked up and said, "Come in."

Soon, the head of the public relations department pushed the door and walked in, inadvertently seeing Dolores sitting on the sofa, she greeted her with a smile, "Hello, Mrs. Nelson."

Dolores was extremely uncomfortable with this title and smiled stiffly, politely nodding at her as a response.

"Anything?" Matthew put down the document in his hand and leaned back on his chair.

"Have you read the news about you?" The head of the public relations department asked openly.

Matthew replied yes softly.

"Our official account is going to be in deep trouble soon. I think you have to make some clarifications," The head of the public relations department said.

Matthew frowned, 'What does the official account have to do with me?'

'The official account is the corporate official account, not my personal account.'

"What had happened?"

The head of the public relations department explained, "It's like this, don't you see that the followers



of our official account have reached 70 million?"

Matthew leaned lazily, "Isn't it the business of the PR department?"

The head of the public relations department smiled, "Yes, it's our business, however, a corporate account can't attract so many people's attention."

"So?"

"That's why we will usually post the photos of the business owners." The head of the public relations department said truthfully, "The people are not paying attention to the business but the business owners. They pay attention to the business incidentally."

Matthew glanced at her. He always trusted her ability. He really did not pay too much attention to public relations. He would glance at the official Weibo occasionally but he did not pay too much attention to what was posted. After listening to her words, he browsed through the previous posts on the official Weibo.

He was shocked to see that the posts were all his photos.

"You're more attractive than the business, so think of it as an advertisement for the company," The head of the public relations department said.

Matthew had a headache. He pressed his brow hard, "So, you're the one who created all my troubles?"

The head of the public relations department explained unhurriedly, "How dare I create trouble for you, I just think you can take this opportunity to disclose your wife's identity and let the employees attend your wedding feast."

Matthew raised his eyes. It was clearly a mocking tone, but there was a smile on his face, "From what you're saying, I still have to thank you?"

"If you think I've done you a favor, just give the employees a large amount of money when you get married." The head of the public relations department was very good at reading people's minds. She knew that Matthew was not angry before she said this, "You are single before but now you have suddenly appeared in the public with your wife, which will naturally attract many attentions. It's because there is no wedding feast, so the public does not know that you are married. There are many good and bad speculations about your wife's identity. Of course, the good ones are good and the bad ones are really bad. I think it's time you give your wife an identity."

She said all these by putting herself in the shoes of a woman. Although she could see that Matthew treated Dolores very well, without a proper identity, there would always be speculation.

How could Matthew not wish to? He had been thinking about it for a long time, but there were so many things that happened and delayed it and now she was pregnant.

"I know about this. You can leave and do your business now." Matthew understood her words

The head of the public relations department exited the office and closed the door.

Matthew walked over and sat beside her, "I think she has a point, why don't we take this opportunity ..."

"Is it the right time now?" Dolores interrupted him, "Not to mention the fact that you haven't settled the previous issue, my stomach can't even fit into a wedding dress."

"I'll have someone make you a larger size one, as for Declan's issue, are we not going to get married once we don't solve the issue?" Matthew had made up his mind. He did not want the public to misunderstand them. He wanted to give her and the children a proper identity.

**'My son and daughter will go to primary school soon. If they have an unclear identity, they will be speculated.'**

**"But ..."**

**"Listen to me this time." His attitude was unusually resolute and could not be denied, "If it's not for you, you have to think of your children. They need a proper identity to stand up in front of everyone."**

**Dolores lowered her eyes. She understood what Matthew meant. It was just that Theresa had not recovered from her injuries and Declan's issue had not yet settled, she thought that it was not a right time to get married now.**

**However, Matthew also had a point. The two children needed their identities. It was fine for her to be speculated, but not for the two children.**

**That would cause them to be distressed. If it was serious, it would affect them psychologically.**

**She lowered her eyes, "I'll do as you say, you arrange it."**

**Matthew said yes softly. He reached out his hand to lift her hair and twisted it between his fingers, "I'll ask dad to help us to set up a date."**

Dolores' parents were no longer around and he only had his father, so it was right that the elders should attend the wedding so that it looked official. Furthermore, it was good to hold the wedding on a lucky day. Although he was not superstitious, he wanted to pick an auspicious day to hold the wedding feast he had always wanted for Dolores.

He was thinking about where was the most suitable place to hold the wedding.

However, Dolores' mood did not seem to be high.

He could not help but felt a little lost. Was not every woman have a vision of her wedding?

Why she did not have it?

"Don't you even have any ideas?"

Dolores took his hand away and told him to behave appropriately. It was bad to let the secretary see that when she came in. She replied seriously, "Yes, but that was in the past. Now, I have got used to you."

Even without a wedding, she had already thought of Matthew as her husband.

She once imagined that she would meet a man who was like a prince and then she would dress up beautifully, held his hand and walked into the hall of marriage when she was a young girl.

She wished to give birth to a son and a daughter and lived a normal life. But then a lot of unexpected things happened. She betrayed herself, got pregnant and married him.

Those things had already shattered all her wonderful illusions and disqualified her from being loved.

Later on, she gave birth to a child and supported her family on her own. She never behaved emotionally in the house as she did not want Jessica to worry about her.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

Jared Kushner & Ivanka Trump Dropped Off The Planet

She would cry secretly at night.

She was only in her twenties, but her experience was like half a lifetime.

She had overcome all the grievous moments. Her state of mind now was as calm as those people in their forties and fifties. She did not have the urge to show off long ago.

She understood the meaning of life well. The most exciting love could become dull at some point.

The most valuable thing was to be able to love each other deeply in the humdrum life.

“When I had just arrived in City C, I met a beggar begging at the roadside. His shirt was so dirty that I didn’t know how his original shirt looked like. His hair all twisted together and was very dry. His face was full of wrinkles. He always sat in one place. Sometimes he would smile and sometimes he would cry. The people in the neighborhood would always take turns to give him food. I thought he was a madman.

Then, I heard from the people in that neighborhood and realized that he had a knot in his heart.”

She turned her head to look at Matthew, "He would become that way because his wife died of a hemorrhage in childbirth. There was one body but two lives. He went crazy after that."

The street where the beggar was sitting was near XF textile mill that Oscar first rented for her. She would pass by the street when she went to XF textile mill and she would meet the beggar every time. One day, the beggar was gone. Oscar said that he had passed away. He had cancer and could not be cured.

At that time, she was thinking, how could fate be so cruel and let a person suffer for his whole life.

So, all she wanted was everyone she cared about was safe and healthy and the same for herself, "I don't want to lose the people I love and I don't want the people I love to lose me."

Her sudden emotional thoughts made Matthew unable to respond for a moment.

"I will not go mad and you will not leave me." Matthew hugged her into his arms and pinched her cheeks, "What's in your mind all day long?"

Dolores slapped his hand, "It's painful."

Matthew sneered indifferently, "You still know that it's painful? If you ever think of any messy thing, I'll ..."

"What will you do?" Dolores tugged his tie and pulled it towards her. Matthew sat straight. His waist was hard and stable. Dolores was unable to tug it. She pretended to be angry and said, "Are you bullying me now? You can find someone else to be your bride for the wedding."

Matthew laughed at her unreasonableness, "It is obvious that you want to strangle me. How can you say that I am bullying you?"

Dolores felt uncomfortable leaning on the sofa. So, she slid down and lay her head on his lap. She played with the tie she pulled just now, "You are bullying me as I can't beat you. You are much taller and heavier than me. Your arms are more muscular than mine too."

Matthew laughed, his voice was deep and long, "I'll let you win in the future."

Dolores was interested, "Won't fight back when you are being punched and won't scold back when you are being scolded?"

"No."

Dolores looked up at the dark pupils above her and asked, "Then, what is it?"

He laughed lightly, "I let you be on top of me." \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 585 What the Doctor Told Her

Dolores hadn't realized, "On top of where?"

"My body," he smiled.

Dolores, "..."

"You might be perceived as a decent and cold guy, but you aren't." Dolores knew now.

A man that seemed calm, cold and introverted usually had another wild side hidden behind.

He had never taken anything seriously.

How come she never noticed it before?

Matthew leaned towards her and put his lips on the tip of her nose, smiling, "What kind of person am I?"

Dolores tilted her head but was stopped by him, "Do not avoid me."

His smile and tease made Dolores wanted to take initiative in controlling the situation. She no longer avoiding instead looked straight into his eyes, grabbed his necktie, gradually moved up until she reached his collar and unbuttoned one of his buttons.

She touched his skin with her fingers lightly, this move made him thirst, and swallowed his saliva, "Do you want to try it right now?" he asked with a low voice.

Dolores's red and seductive lips lifted, slightly embarrassed, "Can I?" she smiled.

No straight man would say no to this.

While he was a completely straight man, there was no way he would say no.



Dolores sat up from the couch and raised her chin, "Lie down."

Matthew doubted, 'she's much more relax and open-minded compare to before but does she wants to do it?'

"Quick." Dolores pushed him down as he was in deep thought, she seemed to be in rush.

She wore a skirt and deliberately rubbed her legs against his sensitive area, she then lowered her body onto his, smiling flirtatiously while touching her chest and whispered, "Close your eyes, I'm shy if you keep looking at me like this."

A few strands of her hair fell as she lowered her body and it rubbed against his cheeks like feathers, it was soft and alluring.

Matthew felt hot. Her flirtatious move was like a drug he couldn't reject.

He was a calm and pretty resistant person but it all collapsed in front of Dolores.

Dolores kissed his eyes, "I'm going to undress now, wait and don't peek."

Matthew nodded collaboratively, he was suspecting but now he was sure that she didn't intend to do anything, she was just making fun of him.

**But he was happy to play along just to make her happy.**

**There was a second where he truly believed that Dolores was serious, but he knew it was just a fun game the moment Dolores asked him not to peek.**

**Dolores grinned, looking at the man on the couch. She then walked quietly and open the door, she was not that crazy to do such a thing in bright daylight at the office.**

**While she was about to close the door, the secretary brought food over. She signaled her to be quiet and so she approached her silently.**

**Dolores took the food and whispered, "Tell him I left."**

**She didn't realize that the man opened his eyes the moment she turned around and he was now standing neatly dressed behind her.**

**Matthew stopped the secretary who was about to greet him and signaled her to be quiet, he wanted Dolores to feel that her evil plan succeeded.**

**The secretary was confused, 'What's this couple up to? They are acting strange.'**

**She couldn't understand.**

**Dolores took a taxi back to the villa and bumped into Abbott who was coming out from the villa.**

**"Missus," Abbott greeted, thinking Dolores knew Matthew arranged for an extra maid, so he didn't say much.**

Dolores saw that he was empty-handed, so he wasn't here to collect things, "Why are you here?"

"You have no idea?" Abbott was stunned.

"What?" Dolores confused.

"Mr. Nelson asked me to get a new maid and I sent her here today, please let me know whether she's suitable, I will arrange for another if she's not," Abbott explained.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

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

Dolores wanted to discuss this with Matthew but forgotten, he did before she mentioned it. "All right."

"I shall go back to the office now," Abbott said.

Dolores nodded.

She saw Coral educating the new maid about the family and tasks as she stepped in.

"This is Missus," she introduced Dolores.

The maid immediately turned her body and greeted, "Hi, Missus."

Dolores took a good look at the new maid sent by Abbott. She was in her thirties, looked young, hair was neatly tied up, dressed in a blue-white shirt and black long pants, simple and without extra accessories, she looked slightly nervous with her hands behind her body.

Coral noticed her nervousness and said, "Relax, Missus is kind and as long as you do your task, she won't mistreat you. Now introduce yourself to her."

They would be living under the same roof, it was necessary to get to know a little about her.

She began, "I'm Lucy Poole, aged thirty-six, divorced with a son where my ex-husband has the custody, I am now single."

Dolores smiled, "We are a family with kids; let's get along in the future."

"Of course, Coral explained to me and I'm used to household chores and nursing children, please rest assured," Lucy explained immediately.

Guessed Abbott checked her background before hiring her, Dolores didn't ask further and told her to refer to Coral if she had questions.

"Please go to the market and prepare more dishes tonight, we have guests coming over," Dolores told Coral.

Coral nodded while Dolores asked her to bring Lucy along so that she could get used to the surroundings since she was home now.

Coral and Lucy then departed to the market while Dolores went to Theresa's room. Andrew and Amanda were in the room, "Let's go, Cotton," Amanda said as she saw Dolores entered the room.

She was still angry with Dolores, she went away with Cotton the moment she saw her.

Dolores stopped her daughter, "Are you still angry? Can I bring you tomorrow?"

"Really?" Amanda looked up.

Dolores nodded, "Yes."

She wanted Matthew to bring her but he seemed busy.

Amanda smiled while Dolores let out a sigh of relief. 'Children are hard to please as they grew up, a toddler was better, apart from being clingy everything else is fine. This is her first time being angry with her and for a long time.'

"Let's go play chess Simona," Andrew approached.

Amanda wanted to play too, so they went back to their room with Cotton while Dolores urged her son to take care of his sister.

Andrew waved, "Got it."

He knew that he had to be more patient and vigilant about her little sister since she was angry.

Dolores closed the door after the children left and looked at Theresa, "Feeling better?"

Theresa looked fresh, "Fever is better, but an injury on the legs prevents me from walking."

Dolores poured her a glass of water and sat beside her. Armand might be here tonight, so she came to let Theresa know in advance.

“Boyce got promoted, I invited him over for a celebration,” she said tactfully.

She believed Theresa understood, the three of them were buddies, Armand would definitely be here to celebrate Boyce’s promotion.

Theresa understood but remained calm, “Congratulation, Boyce deserves it.”

She shared the same view as Dolores regarding Boyce’s promotion.

Dolores was confused looking at her calmness, it looked like Theresa had let go of her love towards Armand.

“We’ve caught the man in the temple, Armand will be interrogating him.” Dolores couldn’t help but praised Armand.

There was no other intention or asking for forgiveness, she simply wanted to let her know.

Theresa’s fists under the blanket clenched, she remained calm recalling what the doctor told her. She smiled, “I know your intention, regarding Armand...” \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 586 He Already Has a Girlfriend

Her face turned stern, "We ended. I will still consider others if there's a suitable person, but not him."

She sounded stern and the meaning was clear. She would never reconcile with Armand but had not lost faith in love, she would still consider being in love with the right person, she didn't give up.

It didn't seem like she said that impulsively. Dolores didn't say anything else, relationship was not something a third party could easily get involved with. She held Theresa's hand tightly, "I will support whatever you decide."

That was the only thing she could do for her.

"I want to go back to city C once I recovered. Although Oscar is currently taking care of the factory, the shop needs to have its person in charge, or else we will be losing customers." There was no reason for her to stay here in B City, but she had work to do in city C.

"I'll go back with you once you've recovered." Dolores had the same thinking, 'Cloud' was her work, and she couldn't leave it aside. Matthew could take care of everything here.

It was a long life, she didn't want to stay home and do nothing her entire life, that was not the life she wanted, she was not the kind of woman who gave up on a career for marriage.

Theresa agreed, "Although you are married and having a good life with Mr. Nelson, one shouldn't depend on man, one should have own career."

"We are such a good buddy, we even have the same thinking." Dolores smiled, "Take a good rest and dress pretty tonight."

**“Will there be a handsome man?” Theresa joked.**

**Dolores patted her, “Yes.” Then she stood up, “I’m going to take a nap and then get the dinner ready when Coral is back.”**

**Theresa opened her arms wide and said, “I can only help with the eating.”**

**“Getting well soon is the biggest help you could give me.” Dolores smiled as she left the room. She dropped by to see her children, there were sunken into the world of chess, not even realizing the door was opened. She then went upstairs for her nap.**

**She was sleepy but couldn’t fall asleep. Two hours later, Coral came back with the new maid with groceries. Dolores went down hearing them.**

**“What did you buy?” Dolores asked as she approached.**

**“Didn’t you say we have guests? So I bought a bunch of vegetables, meat, and seafood.”**

**Coral put everything in the kitchen and took them out, “Oh yes, I bought a salted goose at “Delicacy Camp.”**

**She looked up and said, “I heard that this tastes good, but you can’t eat much, you can taste a little, salty food is not good for a pregnant woman.”**

**Coral was so considerate.**



Dolores nodded and helped with the dinner preparation but was stopped by Coral. "Both of us can handle everything, go and have a nap."

"I can't sleep, let me help." Dolores looked at everything Coral bought while thinking of dishes she could make.

So they stayed in the kitchen the entire afternoon, preparing for the dinner feast.

The three men came home at seven o'clock in the evening.

Matthew went upstairs for a change while Boyce and Armand played with the kids in the living room.

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Armand asked a few probing questions trying to find out Theresa's condition here from the kids.

Andrew saw through him instantly and said, "That's Renee's room over there," pointing at her room.

Armand glanced at it and said, "Knowing that she is fine is enough."

He knew she would feel uncomfortable seeing him, so he didn't disturb her.

Andrew shook his head as he sighed, "I don't know what's going on with you adults."

"What's in your brain?" Boyce stroke his head, "You mature way faster than your age."

Andrew looked up, "Don't worry about me Boyce, you should concern more about yourself. Armand is going through a relationship problem, but at least he had a girlfriend, what about you?"

Boyce was speechless.

"Do you think he's that naive? He already has a girlfriend," Armand interrupted and knocked Boyce with his shoulder, "Why didn't you invite Jasmine over tonight?"

Andrew became excited, "Whoa, Boyce has a girlfriend already?"

The dishes were almost done, Coral was getting the table ready. While Dolores passed by the living room with alcohol, she overheard her son mentioning someone's girlfriend, "Who has a girlfriend?" she asked curiously.

"Boyce, the hero tonight," Armand said.

Dolores stopped and stared at Boyce, "Is it true that you have a girlfriend?"

Boyce immediately explained, "No, no, he is full of crap..."

"There's no need to explain," Armand said, "Who was the one kissing in front of the school..."

Boyce covered his mouth before he could finish his line, and warned beside his ears, "Shut up!"

**“What’s the big deal of having a girlfriend, why so secretive?” Dolores smiled.**

**“No, it’s a misunderstanding, she is a university student, not suitable to be my girlfriend,” Boyce explained. He genuinely thought Jasmine was too young to be considered as his girlfriend.**

**He couldn’t accept the age difference between them, furthermore, Jasmine didn’t seem to like him too, and perhaps he was too old for her.**

**Boyce didn’t want Armand to spread rumors and troubled Jasmine.**

**Armand removed his hand and teased, “Stop pretending, young is good, lots of people looking for young one but failed and you are complaining?”**

**Boyce wanted so much to tear Armand’s mouth now. \_\_\_**

**Chapter 587 One Should Never Touch a Friend’s Partner**

**Armand quickly hid behind Dolores noticing Boyce’s rage, “I’m just telling the truth but you deny it, I’m sure Jasmine likes you, otherwise she won’t be so worry when you got hurt. Age is not an issue at all, look at Dolores and Matthew, there is an eight years gap, but they are doing well.”**

**Dolores turned to Armand, “You are talking about Boyce, why drag us in?”**

**She didn’t like someone mentioned about the past.**

**She was indeed young at that time, eighteen years old should be in university but she already got married.**

Boyce took the chance, "He is full of crap, isn't he? Never change!"

Armand stared at Boyce, "Don't take this chance to attack me, I might not be able to fight you physically but I can seek help."

Dolores slapped Armand on his shoulder, "Tune down, Theresa might hear you."

'If Armand knows what Theresa said today, wonder if he can still act so childish.' Dolores thought.

Theresa's name worked like a charm on Armand, he shut up right away.

"Hah, there's something you are afraid of?" Boyce teased.

"Get lost!" Armand threw himself on the sofa without any more words.

Dolores held two bottles of liquor and told them, "Dinner is ready, let's eat."

She put the liquors on the table and headed to Theresa's room to help with the bath and dressed. She then held her out while she tiptoes to the living room, avoiding hurting her wound on the way. Armand rose to help but he stopped noticing Theresa didn't even look at him.

Dolores helped her to the dining table, Andrew immediately pulled out a chair, "Be careful, Renee."

Theresa stroke his head, smiling, "You will be very famous amongst girls in the future."

Andrew waved and said, "I only need one, too many women will cause too many troubles."

His words made everyone laughed. Dolores pinched his cheek, "Stop saying nonsense."

"It's true," Andrew defended with a grunt, "You and daddy argue once every few days, aren't you?"

"What did you say?" his voice was too low, Dolores missed it.

Andrew quickly shook, "I said I got it, no more nonsense."

Coral delivered the last dish to the table while Dolores arranged them, "Let's eat."

Boyce and Armand approached together.

"What a feast." The whole table was full of mouthwatering food, like a feast at a hotel.

Boyce smiled, "Thank you, Dolores."

After finished setting up the cutleries, she looked up and said, "It's to celebrate your promotion, it's worth it."

Boyce was embarrassed slightly, it was not like he was promoted to be the chief, only the assistant.

Matthew came down when everyone was already seated, he sat at the main seat. Dolores opened the liquor and said, "The first glass should be for Boyce."

Boyce stood up and took the bottle from Dolores, "Let me do it myself."

He couldn't let her poured him drink.

Dolores didn't insist and sat down, "Honestly Boyce, who is Jasmine?" she asked, smiling.

She didn't get to ask just now but she was still curious about Jasmine.

Boyce was mature and stable, it was rare that he was connected to a woman, he didn't have many female friends.

Boyce froze, 'Didn't this topic has already passed?'

Armand put his glass in front of Boyce signaling him to fill it, "Do you want me to bring her here?"

"Can you just shut up?" Boyce threw a fierce glance at him, "Can't you just be quiet for a while? Haven't you realize Theresa is right opposite you?"

Armand was speechless while Andrew and Amanda snickered.

It was funny seeing Armand become speechless.

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Boyce filled Matthew's glass too before he put down the bottle and explained to Dolores, "I want to have a family too and I'm no longer young, but Jasmine is really just a misunderstanding, she is too young for me."

"Boyce is a dependable man, I believe he could definitely find his perfect match," Theresa said.

"Hopefully," Boyce smiled.

"I'm just stating the fact, sigh, I missed the chance, otherwise I'd be happy to be your girlfriend." She put up a regretful face and totally disregarded the change of atmosphere around the table, perhaps she knew but she chose to ignore it. Theresa continued, "Someone told me that marriage is like a second birth for a woman, the first choice is wrong and the second one must be wise. Marrying a scum will suffer for life. This is so true, but someone like Boyce could never be a scum."

Boyce automatically looked towards Armand.

Armand stared straight at Theresa. 'How could she utter words that pierce his heart regardless of venue and event?'

Boyce wanted to advise Theresa but found no words.

Armand was responsible for what happened to Theresa, hence, he had no ground to defend him. He could only get clean from this, "Say whatever you want to but please leave me out of this misunderstanding, one should never touch a friend's partner, I'm very well aware of this."

Theresa smiled, "Look at your scary face, I know my condition."

Boyce immediately explained, "I didn't mean that..."

He had got no intention to discriminate and didn't say that because he thought she was not pure.

"What did you mean then? Do you like me too?" Theresa interrupted him.

Boyce was at loss for words. 'I shouldn't have come, how can I explain this?'

Dolores slapped Theresa slightly, "That's enough."

"I'm just joking, just teasing Boyce," Theresa said, smiling.

Boyce put on a serious face, "Please don't joke with this again in the future."

Others that didn't know him could easily misunderstand it to be true, this was a sensitive issue after all.

"All right, let's eat." Dolores tried to change the weather by introducing the dishes, "The one in the middle is salted goose, Coral said it's delicious, come on, let's try."



Salted goose is pickled using salt during winter. And then it was chopped into small pieces and slow-cooked for two hours into a stew along with ingredients such as wolfberry and ginseng. The bitter taste and saltiness of the meat match each other well. It had a special fragrant to it.

She picked one piece for her son.

“I want one too.” Amanda thought she was forgotten.

Dolores didn’t forget her, but Andrew was closer, so she picked one for him first, she couldn’t pick two pieces at once.

Matthew picked up a goose nibble and put it on his daughter’s plate, “Daddy is the best, Mommy only loves Andrew now,” she complained while blinking.

“Can Mommy pick up two pieces at once?” Matthew asked her gently.

Amanda shook her head, “No.”

Her response was quick this time, “I know, I know Mommy loves me too, she said she will bring me to the pet shop.”

She then picked up the meat and started eating. The meat was tender and full of ginseng flavor, “Yummy,” she said.

“Eat up, Renee, it’s tasty,” Andrew reminded Theresa while he ate.

Theresa smiled, “You are so nice to me, never forget about me, look at how delicious you eat, let me try some too.”

She picked a piece of meat, tasted it, and said, "It is delicious."

The children were good at making the atmosphere lively.

The atmosphere around the table was turning better, apart from Armand, he was not as talkative as usual, and he kept drinking quietly.

The doorbell rang in the middle of the dinner, Coral wanted to get it but Dolores stopped her. She had been cooking the whole day, she needed some rest, "Let me go get it."

"Let me," the new maid volunteered.

Dolores nodded but didn't sit down. She stood at the dining room looking at the front door, curious about who could be visiting at this hour.

#### Chapter 588 I Want to Speak to My Sister

The maid opened the door and saw two women who seemed to be mother and daughter, "Who are you looking for?" she asked.

"Is my sister here?" Tiana asked.

**"Who are you?"**

**"I'm Tiana Meyer, please let them know," Tiana said politely.**

**The maid looked at Dolores, "It's someone named Meyer."**

**Dolores was shocked as she saw Mrs. Meyer and Tiana, she was shocked that they would visit here.**

**"Charles disappeared," Tiana sobbed.**

**Dolores was stunned, "How and why?"**

**"Tiana said Charles sent someone over, is that true?" Mrs. Meyer asked.**

**Tiana didn't understand what happened but Mrs. Meyer did.**

**It was not a secret that Declan and Matthew were not on good terms now, the person he tried hiding desperately disappeared, of course, he would be furious. GuesSED he knew Charles was involved, hence, he kidnapped him and then asked her for the man. She promised to hide the man for Declan and it was her responsibility now that he disappeared. She knew she had to find the lost man before she approached Declan to release Charles.**

Charles told Tiana not to mention that he sent someone here, but Tiana got anxious when Charles disappeared. Under Mrs. Meyer's pressure, she told her that the person Declan looking for was sent here.

That was the reason for her visit.

"Talk to me," Matthew overheard their conversation as he approached, so he could guess the entire story.

Mrs. Meyer was direct, "Declan asked me to hide that person, I wanted to reject at first but Charles said he has a place for him, so I agreed. I never expected that he will send him here. I think Declan is angry and kidnapped him. My intention is simple, hand me the man in exchange for Charles."

It was her fault, she knew Charles and Matthew were friends but didn't know they were this close.

"He is a criminal, he needs to be sent to the police, not other people. Mrs. Meyer should understand this as your husband is an expert in this area. Do you want to break the law and bring shame to your husband?" Armand said coldly.

He was afraid that Matthew would hand him over to Mrs. Meyer, he had nearly beaten him to death if Boyce hadn't stopped him.

Mrs. Meyer regretted so much that she agreed to help Declan. She didn't care much, she just wanted Charles back and cut ties with Declan after that.

"Charles sees you as friends, he's now captured, aren't you supposed to try saving him?" Why did he sound like he was not handing him over?

"I'm sorry, we are not close and not friends with him, he had another intention when he sends the man over..."

"Armand." Dolores stopped Armand. Tiana was here and she married Charles, regardless of his intention of sending the man over, he should not mention it in front of the Meyer. This would hurt Tiana and affect Charles's relationship with the Meyer.

She turned to Matthew, "What do you think?"

Matthew asked her to go back inside, "Go in first, I'll be right back."

She nodded, "Call me no matter what."

Matthew nodded. They gathered for an enjoyable dinner tonight but what happened to Charles ruined their appetite.

"Let's talk in some other place." Matthew was still with his casual wear as he didn't plan to go far, he just didn't like discussing about this at home.

They sat in the garden in front of the villa.

Matthew pulled Boyce aside, "Have you interrogated him?"

"He was severely injured by Armand and still in a coma," Boyce said.

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**"Find a way to wake him for interrogation." Regardless if John knew about Declan, he might know his secret.**

**"I'll go right away," Boyce said as he turned away.**

**They had some shreds of evidence in their hands in the process of investigating Declan, however, the Bailey was quite a powerful family, they needed evidence that could make them collapse at once, or else they would lose.**

**The Old Bailey had not retired, while Declan's sisters had married into powerful families too, like Mrs. Meyer, her husband Alan Meyer was a powerful man. Even though he claimed to be on the justice side, but his wife was one of the Meyers.**

**They would sure reunite should something happened to Declan.**

**Hence, it was not wise for them to act impulsively now.**

**Matthew approached them after Boyce left, "I will send him over tomorrow."**

**Mrs. Meyer was in hurry, afraid that Declan might hurt Charles.**

**"Why not today?" Mrs. Meyer asked.**

"Aren't you Declan's sister? How could he kidnap your son-in-law without your permission? You are here today for your brother, aren't you?" Boyce said sarcastically, he despised her hypocrite look.

Thinking her visit today was for her brother.

He didn't know Declan had completely ignored her as a sister and still kidnapped Charles regardless.

Of course, Mrs. Meyer asked Declan to release Charles, but Declan refused to, "If you want Charles, you need to bring me John, you promised to keep him hidden but lost him the next day. You need to answer to me or your son-in-law will not have a pleasurable life here," Declan told her.

Mrs. Meyer's face stiffened, "Everything about the Meyer family is no secret, we are considered outsiders and don't have much love towards the Meyer. I wouldn't have intervened if he didn't come to me for help. But now he told me in the face to exchange Charles with his man. Charles sent you the man and now he's in trouble because of this, don't you need to do something to help instead of disregarding his safety?"

'Aren't they friends? Why didn't they seem like friends?' Mrs. Meyer thought.

"Do you have any idea what he had done?" Armand couldn't control his rage thinking about returning John to Declan. "I sincerely hope that your daughter will have a smooth life, forever."

Mrs. Meyer frowned, "What does that mean?"

Matthew rubbed his brows and said with a low voice, "Armand, you should leave."

"But..."

"Leave now. I will handle this, you being impulsive will only make things worst!" Matthew's voice

turned stern.

Armand left unwillingly.

"Go get him at the police station tomorrow morning." Matthew would not keep holding him, he didn't want anything to happen to Charles too. He was the one sending John over anyway even though it was for Dolores's sake.

Dolores would feel guilty if something happened to him because of this, Matthew didn't want to see that happen.

And they had planned, even though John was returned to Declan, he might not survive.

Mrs. Meyer said after some thoughts, "All right then, it's only less than twenty hours until morning."

They could wait.

"Let's go, Tiana."

Mrs. Meyer pulled her daughter.

Tiana shook her head, "Please go back first mom, I want to speak to Dolores."

Chapter 589 Really Hope That Declan Would Just Get Rid of Him

Mrs. Meyer looked at her daughter and said, "It's late in the night already, it's not good for you to stay here."



By then, she could see that the relationship between Charles and them was not as good as she had thought.

If they were good friends, how could they remain this calm even after knowing that Charles was abducted?

“I wouldn’t be able to sleep even I go back Mummy. I’m worried about Charles.” Even if Tiana did not know how Dolores felt about Charles, she was sure that Dolores would never harm Charles.

“Tiana.” Mrs. Meyer was afraid that her naive daughter would be taken advantage of if she was left alone.

“You can go back, mummy,” said Tiana in a determined tone. Mrs. Meyer was out of ideas as to how to convince her daughter, so all she said was, “I’ll pick you up tomorrow morning.”

“Okay.” Tiana promised instantly.

Matthew frowned, it appeared as if he did not want Tiana to stay there, let alone her taking up Dolores’ time, “It’s already late, I’ll have him delivered to you tomorrow. All of you, please just go back today.”

“Can you please tell Dolores that I want to meet her?” Tiana knew full well that Matthew did not want her there, but she was worried about Charles. Only Dolores could help him, so she could not leave yet.

**“Tiana.” Mrs. Meyer wanted to convince her, but before she got to finish her sentence, she was interrupted by Tiana.**

**Tiana said, “Leave me alone, mummy.”**

**“Are you dumb? Can’t you read the situation? They obviously don’t want you here.” Mrs. Meyer was slightly annoyed at her daughter’s persistence as she said those hurtful words. However, she immediately regretted her choice of words.**

**“I’m sorry Tiana, I didn’t mean that...”**

**“It’s okay, I know that I’m dumb.” Tiana started tearing up as she felt devastated. She did not care when other people insulted her, but it hurt the most when her own family said that to her.**

**“Come in.” Dolores, who was standing in the door frame, said to Tiana.**

**Tiana heard that familiar voice calling to her.**

**She turned around, saw Dolores, and rushed towards her. She wiped her tears away and said to Dolores with a smile, “Dolores, I’m sorry for disturbing you this late in the night. Charles is gone, I’m worried about him. I can’t sleep well, but I don’t have friends to chat with me.”**

**Dolores knew that she was an upstanding girl. She held her hand and replied, “Don’t worry, you’re not disturbing me at all. You’re already calling me Dolores, after all. It’s my duty to take care of you.”**

**After she finished her sentence, she set her eyes on Mrs. Meyer, who was looking at Tiana worryingly. While Dolores’ first time meeting her was unpleasant to say the least, for Tiana’s sake, she decided to not bother her about it. After some thought, while Mrs. Meyer’s attitude was unnecessarily harsh, it**

was due to her motherly love and not wanting her daughter to be harmed.

Parents beneath the sky must have had it rough.

“I’ll take good care of her,” said Dolores to Mrs. Meyer.

Mrs. Meyer nodded and replied, “Much appreciated. I’m terribly sorry about last time.”

“Don’t mention it. Tiana will be safe here, you have my word.”

Mrs. Meyer thanked her again, she felt relieved after seeing how Dolores treated Tiana. She said to Tiana, “Tiana, mummy’s leaving now.”

Tiana nodded and replied, “Okay, I’ll go back tomorrow morning.”

Mrs. Meyer was at a loss of words, where would Tiana find a car around here?

“I’ll have my driver send her back.” Dolores said as if she could read her mind.

“Thank you very much.” Mrs. Meyer thanked her sincerely.

Dolores held Tiana’s hand and led her into her house with a smile on her face. Theresa was sitting on a sofa in the living room when Dolores told her everything about the current situation. When she knew what was going on, she did not want to trouble anyone, so she was fine with anything.

**“Tell that to Mr. Nelson, let him release him.” Theresa also did not want Dolores to be indebted to Charles, as everyone knew about Charles’ intentions.**

**“He’ll handle this, so you don’t need to think about it anymore. I’ll help you to your room.” Dolores said while approaching Tiana.**

**“I’ll help you, Dolores. You shouldn’t move around much when you’re pregnant.” Tiana said as she saw the bandages on Theresa’s leg. It was obvious that she was hurt, so Tiana supported her arm with her body.**

**Theresa looked at Dolores with eyes that were silently asking her who the girl that was very willing to help her move around the house.**

**Dolores introduced Tiana to her, “She’s Charles’ newly-wed wife, Tiana. She’s a good girl.”**

**Theresa nodded and replied, “She does seem good, yes.”**

**Very naive, too.**

**When they reached Theresa’s room, Dolores got her a cup of water and said, “Take your meds.”**

**Theresa ate the medicine and replied, “You guys go do your stuff, I’ll head to sleep.”**

**Dolores nodded, “Just call for me if you need anything.”**

**“Call for you, nah. I sure as heck don’t want Mr. Nelson to hate me. I’ll call for Coral, or the new maid.” Theresa pursed her lips, “Your husband would turn me inside out if I trouble you.”**

Dolores glared at her, "Yeah, yeah, just sleep already. You keep talking nonsense all day long like a certain someone called Armand."

When Theresa heard the name Armand, her mood immediately soured as she replied, "I'll sleep."

Dolores tucked her blanket in as she apologized in a soft voice, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to mention him."

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"I know, you should rest earlier, too. Don't let my godson tire you out." Theresa was not angry, she was merely unhappy when she heard the name Armand.

Dolores acknowledged her with a little laugh.

She closed the door to Theresa's room after Tiana and her had left the room. She asked Tiana, "Have you had dinner yet?"

Tiana shook her head in response, "I haven't. I'm worried about Charles, so I can't eat."

"You need to have a full stomach to have enough energy to wait for him. There's some leftovers here that you can eat." Dolores said to Coral, "Get me a clean bowl!"

Coral brought them the bowl and said, "It's a rare occasion that everyone was able to get together for a meal, it's just sad that it was interrupted so abruptly. See, there's so much food leftover."

Tiana lowered her head, "I'm sorry."

"It's not your fault, Alisa wasn't talking about you." Dolores comforted Tiana. Alisa was not really picking on Tiana, she was merely stating the truth, which was that the dinner was interrupted, and was feeling down about it.

Dolores got her some food and said, "Eat something first, you wouldn't want Charles to worry about you, do you?"

Tiana picked up some chopsticks and ate the food that was given by Dolores.

She did not want Charles to worry about her, she also didn't want him to feel sorry for her. He was actually the one in the worst situation, since he could not be together with the person that he loved.

"Dolores, Charles loves you, right?"

Dolores immediately felt anxious. She looked at Tiana and explained, "Tiana..."

"Dolores." Tiana raised her head and looked at her. She added in a serious tone, "You don't need to explain, I understand, but I do not hate you nor dislike you for that. You're pretty and smart, it's only normal if he loves you. But he said that he will try his best to not like you to like me more. I want to be the woman that makes his eyes sparkle."

Dolores was at a loss of words as she looked at Tiana in silence.

"Dolores, I don't have any siblings, so can I treat you like my real sister?" Tiana looked at her with sad eyes, "No one wants to be my friend because I'm not smart. Only you and Charles do not reject me."

Dolores played with her hair and reassured her, "You're kind and smart, no one's going to reject you. At the very least, I do like you a lot. You must remember that you should live for yourself, don't care about what others say about you. You are unique, so as long as you're happy, do whatever you want and say whatever you like. If one day you're sick, do you think that anyone can replace you?"

Tiana shook her head, "No."

"Exactly. If other people badmouth you, it's not worth paying them any mind. No matter how much you're hurt by words, no one else could shoulder the pain for you. So, no matter what other people say, as long as you're living just fine, it's alright."

Tiana looked at Dolores and recalled her mother's sayings. Her mother always told her to think before she spoke, whether she should say whatever she wanted to or not. She also told Tiana to behave properly, so that others had respect for her and she did not lose face over anything.

But today, Dolores asked her to be herself.

She agreed with Dolores, she should not live under other people's influences.

After all, she was the only one who knew if she was happy or sad, and no one else could shoulder her pain for her.

Tiana nodded with force, "I understand, Dolores."

"Thank you, Dolores!" She said as she hugged Dolores enthusiastically.

Dolores patted her on the back and said, "Don't worry, Charles will be alright."

"Mhmm." Tiana nodded in response.

Dolores kept Tiana in company by talking a lot to her to cheer her up so that she did not worry too much about Charles.

When it got late, Dolores let her sleep in the guest room.

As they had hired more maids, there were no more vacant rooms on the bottom floor. Dolores asked Matthew to bring the two children upstairs so that Tiana could sleep in their room for the night.

Both of them were sound asleep, they did not do as much as nudge when Matthew carried them upstairs.

Dolores was feeling tired, she wanted to sleep next to the children without taking a bath.

Matthew placed a tub of hot water next to the bed and said, "Come, wash your feet before sleeping."

Dolores sat up and complied. She then asked, "Will you release him"

Matthew was washing her legs. He saw that her legs were thin and long, on the smaller side when it came to legs, and were pale. Her toes were like little sprouts. He was massaging her sole and calf when he asked, "Are your legs swollen?"

She touched her legs to check before replying, "I don't think so."

"I've read that pregnant women have swollen limbs."

"That happens seven or eight months into pregnancy," Dolores corrected him.



Mathew acted surprised, "I see."

Dolores pushed him slightly with her feet, "Don't try to change the topic. I'm asking you, will you release him?"

It was only then did Matthew answer her question, as he changed the topic on purpose to avoid talking about Charles.

Matthew caught the feet that nudged him, "You tell me, why do I hate him so much? I really hope that Declan will just get rid of him so that I don't have to be troubled when I see his face again." \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 590 I Am a Normal Human

Dolores could not help but to be amused by how childish Matthew was behaving.

"I really want you to look at a mirror right now, you should see how mean your face looks."

Matthew snorted coldly in response as he grabbed a towel to wipe her legs.

She tilted her head and looked at him, "Are you mad?"

Why would he be quiet, then?

All of a sudden, Matthew flung the towel to the side, grabbed her ankles with both his hands and pressed her against the bed. Dolores struggled, wanting to break free and said in a soft voice, "What are you doing? The children are still here, you know, you're gonna wake them up."

He said in a deep tone as his eyebrows twitched naughtily, "You won't wake them up if you moan softly."

Dolores was rendered speechless by him.

"How can you be more shameless as time goes on?" Dolores started struggling even more, afraid that he would start to think with his crotch, and do inappropriate things right in front of the kids.

Matthew bent his knees and pressed her leg with his own against the bed, so that she could not move. He was thinking straight, surprisingly enough, since no matter how little self-control he had before Dolores, he would still not be impulsive enough to justify doing inappropriate stuff right in front of children.

He stared daggers into Dolores in silence, she was not particularly old, her long, silky hair also made her even younger, and her face was as white as porcelain. He stroked her face and said, "Lola, you must know that I hate his thoughts of you, very, very much."

He was utterly unable to treat someone who was eyeing his wife with compassion and kindness.

"I'm a normal human, you see. My woman must only belong to me, no one else can even think of having her."

Dolores knew that if someone was on Matthew's mind that much to the point where they were affecting him mentally, it was only natural if she was also upset at that fact.

"I know, I love you and only you. I'm that way towards him due to my moral obligation." Dolores expressed her feelings. Matthew could be very jealous at times, so she felt that she must explain to him to stop him from over-complicating stuff.

She started laughing out of the blue, "You know, the longer I spend time with you, the more I find out that you're vastly different when you're outside than when you're at home."

"Hmm? In which aspects do you see that? Tell me." Matthew was slightly interested as he lied down sideways to avoid falling on her stomach.

Dolores replied, "Let go of my legs, then I'll tell you."

Matthew refused, "Tell me first."

She turned her head around and replied, "Did your employees ever see you behaving this stubbornly?"

"My stubborn side is only shown in front of my wife, they are nowhere near qualified enough to see it." He said that with a straight face as he did not see any problems in his statement.

Dolores was speechless again.

**“Yeah,” she said as she sighed, “You definitely are a normal human.”**

**Matthew grabbed her hand and said, “Touch and feel it.”**

**Dolores’ eyes widened, as she stared at him while stuttering, “W-w-what are you doing now?”**

**“I’m letting you touch my body and feel my body heat and my heart beating. You can tell that it’s not made of iron nor steel, it is an entity with its own heat and mind. It also can’t escape death, just like everyone else in the world. So, it is a normal heart, you can’t ask it to behave like a divine god with no lusts nor desires.” Saying that, he saw Dolores’ blushing face, chuckled and added, “You must be thinking about lewd stuff, yes?”**

**She coughed and said in a stable voice, “No.”**

**She definitely was not thinking about lewd stuff.**

**Absolutely not!**

**Even if she did, she would rather die than admit it.**

**For her, in front of Matthew, the word “shame” was thrown out of the window long ago.**

**Dolores was brought completely off topic and on a tangent to outer space.**

**“What’s that saying again? You tend to follow whatever good or bad things that are done by people close to you.”**

**“Are you talking about me?” Matthew said as his brows lifted slightly.**

**“What are you talking about?” Amanda said while rubbing her eyes as she was not used to the lights in the house right after waking up.**

**“Nothing much, go back to sleep.” Dolores hugged and patted her on the back.**

**“Mummy, you promised to bring me to the pet shop tomorrow, remember?” Going to the pet shop was basically Amanda’s top priority.**

**She was only half awake but she still did not forget to remind Dolores.**

**Dolores assured her, “Yes I do, I’ll bring you there tomorrow, but you’ll have to sleep first.”**

**“I miss you hugging me, mummy, I miss the warm feeling from your hug.” Amanda snuggled up in Dolores’ embrace and said in a stuffy tone.**

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**Dolores could not help but feel guilty. After they brought their kids to City C, they sent both of them to preschool classes. While she was busy rebuilding Cloud and bringing Gambiered Canton Gauze back into public view, she definitely did not pay much attention to her kids.**

**During that period, the kids had grown up and learned a lot. They could sleep by themselves, dress themselves, and wash themselves without supervision. They were able to take care of themselves for**

everyday tasks.

“Mummy will spend more time with you two, don’t worry.” Dolores said, then she kissed Amanda’s forehead.

Matthew switched off the lights, lied down next to Dolores and hugged her from behind, “I’ll go with you tomorrow.”

Dolores gave him a ‘hmm’. She did not consider any issues with timing and schedules as she did not want to let her kids down.

The following day, Dolores woke up early in the morning, as there were guests in her home and she did not want to appear to be inconsiderate for oversleeping.

Tiana was also up early. When Dolores went downstairs and saw her coming out of Theresa’s room, she was confused and asked, “Didn’t you sleep in that room?”

She said as she pointed at the children’s room.

“I slept in that room, yes.” Tiana replied, “I heard her calling for Alisa, but she was busy preparing breakfast, so I went into her room. She can’t move properly, so I helped her to get to the toilet.”

Dolores understood the situation as she walked down the stairs and asked with a smile, “Did you sleep well last night?”

Tiana replied, “I did sleep in during the night. I woke up around 5 o’clock but I couldn’t sleep anymore.”

Dolores knew that something was still on her mind that caused her to be insomniac, so she patted her

on the shoulder to comfort her.

“How did she hurt her leg?” Tiana asked Dolores about Theresa.

Dolores pursed her lips. She felt that she should not tell Tiana about these kind of things, as she was still very naive and did not know about how horrible humans could be at times.

However, the Meyer family was related to the Bailey family. While she was unclear what kind of relationships that the two families had, she felt that she could inform Mrs. Meyer through Tiana that Declan was someone with zero moral values, and that she should stay as far away from him as possible.

“Do you still remember the person that Charles asked you to deliver to us?”

Tiana nodded in honesty, “Yes.”

“We need to catch him because he has done a lot of bad stuff.” Dolores spared her the details to make sure that Tiana could understand her.

Tiana understood her. The lady that was injured was hurt by the man that she delivered, so Dolores must catch that man.

“I wanted to wait for Charles to return. We still can catch that bad guy, but no matter how much I hate that bad guy, I must also care for Charles’ safety, I’m sorry, Dolores.”

“You silly girl, you have nothing to do with this, okay? It’s not your fault either. Just like you said, we can still catch him. No crimes go unpunished, it’s just that it’s not time for us to catch him yet.”

Mrs. Meyer came very early to pick up her daughter, much earlier than Dolores had expected. Dolores

wanted to have her driver fetch Tiana back after breakfast.

“We would like to go to the detention centre earlier.” Mrs. Meyer also did not sleep well as she was worried about Charles as well.

“Bye, Dolores.” Tiana said while waving goodbye to Dolores.

Dolores waved back to her.

As Tiana got into the car, Mrs. Meyer thanked Dolores, “Thank you for looking after my daughter.”

“She’s a good girl, I didn’t look after her that much, either,” Dolores replied.

“Others think that she’s not smart...So she doesn’t have many friends, and not many people like to spend time with her. You and Charles are the only ones that don’t reject her.” Mrs. Meyer thanked her sincerely for not looking down at Tiana.

She felt disheartened when she saw other people discriminating against her daughter.

“We’ll be taking our leave now. Please, feel free to visit us if you so choose.” Mrs. Meyer invited Dolores sincerely.

She replied with a smile, “Will do.”

Mrs. Meyer got into the car, waved at Dolores, and then told the driver to start driving.

There was not much traffic during this time of the day, so the car was cruising along smoothly and



reached the detention centre quickly.

Boyce handed John over to Mrs. Meyer as promised.

John's body had blood all over it, so much so that no one could tell where his wounds were located. As soon as he saw someone, he lurched forward and tugged at Mrs. Meyer as he pleaded, "Please, help me."

Tiana grabbed John and pulled him away, then she instructed the driver to throw him into the car.

Mrs. Meyer looked at her in shock, as she usually behaved very gently, but today she acted as if she had missiles for breakfast.

"Tiana, you..."

"Mom, do you know what kind of person this man is?" \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 591 Kindness Will Make One Beautiful

Before Mrs. Meyer could answer Tiana said angrily, "He's a bad person."

Mrs. Meyer hit her daughter lightly, "Hush, don't say that right now. We need to save Charles first."

How did Tiana know that John wasn't a good person? Well, to be honest, her brother wasn't a good person, so the person working under him wouldn't be great either.

Anyone with a tad bit of conscience wouldn't work with Declan.

Everyone knew that the club erected in the middle of the road belonged to Declan. Just like what Boyce said, the Bailey family was too powerful and influential. Hence, nobody dared to mess with Declan.

Even if they didn't like what he was doing, nobody would say anything.

She and her siblings were brought up separately, they didn't grow up together and weren't too close with each other. They would meet up once in a while, but they weren't as close as normal siblings.

They were just related by blood.

She didn't know if Declan was in touch with her other sisters, but after this incident, she knew that Declan didn't give a damn about emotional attachment among family members. He didn't care about her and hence she would do the same.

She grabbed her daughter's hand and said, "Don't worry, I'll stop seeing them after we rescue Charles."

Tiana nodded.

They got into the car again. John sat in the third row on the right of the car and didn't dare to make any unnecessary movement. He knew that they didn't like him and so he tried to hide his presence as much as possible.

Mrs. Meyer called Declan, "I found him. Where are we meeting?"

Declan was holding the phone as he smiled while looking at Charles who sat opposite of him, he smirked, "I'm at the villa on the Second Ring Road. Come here."

He hung up and sat down on the sofa, he laughed, "Say, you don't know where John is hiding but your mother-in-law manages to find him within half a day. Is she just that good, or are you lying?"

Charles maintained emotionless. He assumed that Mrs. Meyer had tricked Tiana into telling her the truth, otherwise they wouldn't have found John.

He sincerely wanted to help Dolores and never thought of asking anything back from her. Now that Mrs. Meyer went to her, he wondered if that would bring her trouble.

He was in a bad situation right now, but he was worried about Dolores instead. He was afraid that he would bring her trouble and afraid that Mrs. Meyer would figure out the truth.

"Tell me, why did you hide John?" Declan didn't know that the relationship between Charles, Dolores, Matthew, and the others.

He only knew that Charles was his sister's son-in-law and that he had a good reputation in White City. Nothing more nothing less.

Charles was quite well-known in White City, but he was a nobody in City B! So, Declan didn't attach importance to him at all and just captured him without thinking.

"I'm telling you, I didn't hide him. He got lost on his own, I didn't do anything." Charles lied without

blinking. His facial expression maintained the same as if he was telling the truth.

Declan scoffed, "You're telling me that he got out of the car and ran?"

"Perhaps."

"Lies, do you think he's crazy? Why would he run around, knowing that someone was after him?"

Charles stayed calm, he said with the same tone of voice, "Possibly, maybe he went bonkers."

Declan got mad and he held the glass in his hand tightly, almost shattering it into pieces. He glared at Charles and said after a long pause, "Don't try to be clever with me. Your mother-in-law would be here soon. John would know best about what he did."

Charles maintained his calm expression, "Even if he said that I was the one who threw him away, he wouldn't have any evidence. Come to think of it, even if he said so, it wouldn't 100% be the truth."

"Stop trying to be clever!" Declan wasn't willing to talk to Charles anymore. Charles had a sharp tongue and was good at reasoning with him.

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"I will see this through!" Declan was pissed.

**“Go for it, Mr. Bailey. But you really don’t give a damn about your sister, capturing me like this.”**

**“I told her to help me look for John, that’s me giving her face. Not to mention that she didn’t help out in the end and even lost John. If Matthew got John, I would never let her off the hook!” Declan was spoiled growing up. Old Mr. Bailey got Declan only when he was quite old, so he spoiled Declan a lot when he was young. Old Mr. Bailey gave Declan everything he wanted and hence, he was so arrogant today. He didn’t know how to appreciate or care about others.**

**To him, he was giving other people faces by asking them to help him.**

**Charles laughed, “Do you want to bet?”**

**“Bet on what?” Declan glanced at him.**

**Charles said slowly, “Bet on who would win in the end. You or Matthew.”**

**“Of course it would be me,” said Declan confidently, “He couldn’t do anything last time, and this time as well. He still couldn’t find John. Who else is backing him? Boyce is only still a deputy director-general who doesn’t have much power. The other one is a lawyer. He’s useless, the only good thing about him is his money. But I’m different. My sisters, their husbands are powerful people. My dad is also a very influential person, have you ever seen that club in the middle of the road? No matter how strict the authorities are, I still can run my business. Nobody dares to stop my business or launch an investigation.”**

**Charles listened to him patiently, he then smiled casually, “My bet is on Matthew.”**

**Declan was dumbfounded.**

**“What did you say?” He thought he misheard him.**

**“What does Matthew have? Why did you bet on him? Do you know who has the most power in City B?”**

**“Does power matter?” Charles retorted.**

**Declan laughed and leaned back on the sofa recklessly. He thought Charles was an idiot, “What else matter if not power? Do you think we will get into a fistfight?”**

**Charles smiled without saying anything. Declan had the advantage with the powerful people backing him up, but he wasn't too intelligent. He was too arrogant and didn't know how to actually deal with people.**

**He only knew how to use people and didn't care about the people around him.**

**He tried everything in order to not hand John out because he didn't want people under him to be bitterly disappointed with him. He didn't care about Mrs. Meyer at all, because he thought that she was his sister. In his mind, she would help him no matter what and he didn't need to protect her or do anything in return.**

**But he was wrong. Humans were simple. If you were not nice to the other person, why would the other person be nice to you?**

**Just to be snubbed despite showing good intentions?**

**Everyone had a heart. If you were sincere to others, then the others would be nice to you too. But this never crossed Declan's mind.**

**More precisely, he neglected to care about his family members. He knew how to win over his**

subordinates but didn't do the same to his family. He was too used to thinking that his family would help him without asking for anything in return, that he didn't need to protect them. And this mentality was most probably formed due to the environment he grew up in.

He was too spoiled.

Mrs. Meyer knew that Declan had a villa on the Second Ring Road. Last time, she went there to celebrate Old Mr. Bailey's birthday. After the banquet at his old residence, she and her siblings went to that villa to eat dinner with Old Mr. Bailey.

She told the driver the address and the driver drove in that direction.

On the way, Tiana didn't say anything. Mrs. Meyer didn't know what she was thinking, she thought that Tiana was worried about Charles and hence she tried to comfort her, "Don't worry, Charles would come home safely as long as we give John back to Declan."

Tiana didn't say anything back, she was thinking about what Dolores said. This man hurt someone else and should be punished, but they were going to let him go instead. Tiana thought it was unfair.

"Mom, dad always says that kindness will make one beautiful, and the person will be loved. So why are there still bad people? Don't their parents tell them that it's important to be kind?" \_\_\_\_\_

## Chapter 592 A Seed of Suspicion

In Tiana's worldview, every father should be like hers. They would teach their children the hows and whys, teaching them to be a person with principle.

Mrs. Meyer sighed, she didn't know how to explain to her daughter. Not every father in the world was as honest and kind-hearted as her father. Not every father could give their children all the love and protection they needed.

Because they had Tiana, they didn't want a second child. Sometimes, she would ask her husband if he regretted the decision. Alan would always retort, "We already have a precious child."

And she would have nothing to say.

Take her for an example, her father valued males and attached much less importance to females. He had 6 daughters before having a son. And he treated them very differently as if his son was his only child.

She and her sisters were sent to their relative's houses when they were young. Even after they grew up, their father didn't pay too much attention to them. He put all his heart into his son.

"Tiana, once we get Charles back, you should go with him to White City and never come back." Mrs. Meyer didn't ask too much of her daughter, she just wanted her to be safe and healthy. She didn't wish for her to achieve anything big. Tiana was her only daughter, she and her husband couldn't leave too much money for her after they passed on, but it would be enough for her to live a carefree life.

Mrs. Meyer was working too, even though she retired early recently. She received a pension every month and was educated. If Charles and her daughter were to go back to White City, she could still search for another job.



**“I’ll listen to what Charles says,” replied Tiana. If Charles wanted to leave, then she would leave. If Charles wanted to stay, then she would stay with him.**

**“Madam, missus, we have arrived.” The driver parked in front of the entrance of the villa. They turned around and said to the mother and daughter.**

**Mrs. Meyer nodded, “Go knock on the door.”**

**The driver turned off the car engine, got out of the car, and went to knock on the door.**

**Soon, the door was opened. The servant inquired about their identity and the driver told them who Mrs. Meyer was. The servant then passed the message on to Declan.**

**Declan knew that Mrs. Meyer was here. He glanced at Charles and laughed, “Your mother-in-law cares about you.”**

**Charles didn’t say anything. Mrs. Meyer and Alan treated him very well and thought of him as family.**

**He felt apologetic towards Mrs. Meyer. Because of this incident, Declan was even ruder to her.**

**Declan had his hands in his pockets as he walked out slowly. Mrs. Meyer told her daughter to stay in the car and she got out alone.**

**“Where is John?” Declan asked for John the moment he saw Mrs. Meyer. He didn’t even bother to make small talk with his sister.**

**“Where is Charles?” asked Mrs. Meyer in return, seeing that Declan was alone.**

Declan laughed, "Hey, seriously though. Is there no other man in the world? Why did you let Tiana marry a cripple?"

Mrs. Meyer's face turned grim, "That's none of your business."

"Why are you mad? I'm just caring for you and Tiana." Declan didn't even know that he said something wrong. He was just thinking that Tiana could marry a normal man.

"You didn't grow up in the Bailey family, but you're still part of the family. It would be easy to find a normal man for Tiana. I don't understand, what's so good about the cripple?"

"It's none of your business, please don't worry about it. Where is Charles?" They chose Charles because he was sincere towards their daughter, and their daughter liked him a lot too.

As long as Tiana liked him and he was nice to her, nothing else mattered. Regarding his body, he was just crippled. If he wasn't, in Mrs. Meyer's eyes he would be perfect.

Mrs. Meyer liked her son-in-law more and more as time went by. She thought he was a perfect match for her daughter.

Tiana was listening to their conversation from inside the car. She clenched her hands together angrily. She hated it when others called Charles a cripple.

Mrs. Meyer didn't want to waste any more of her time with Declan, "John is here, give me Charles."

Declan proceeded to open the door. At the same time, John was about to get out of the car. The car door opened the moment he touched the car lock. It was too sudden and he wasn't expecting it. He was hurt and his reaction was slower. Hence, he fell out of the car when the car door was open and landed right next to Declan's foot.

"Mr. Bailey, you have to take revenge for me." John grabbed Declan's pants as if he was his life-saving buoy.

Declan frowned, he almost didn't recognize John. Armand didn't pay attention to where he hit, John's face was swollen all over, "What happened to you?"

"I don't know. Suddenly, I was in Matthew and Co.'s hands. They are not human..." He shivered in fear remembering how he got beaten up. He still had lingering fear, "I'm lucky to still be alive, I almost died..."

John started to cry.

Declan's face twisted, he kicked John and yelled, "You're a man, stop sobbing!"

John quickly shut himself up and didn't dare to talk anymore.

Declan was mad that John was captured by Matthew. He just told Charles that Matthew couldn't even find John. And he was wrong!

The more he thought about it, the angrier he felt. It was all John's fault for being useless.

"You're saying that the wounds on your body were because of Matthew?" said Declan coldly.

John nodded, he said ignoring the pain he was feeling, "They did it on purpose, they wanted to give you a warning."

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John wasn't that useless. He knew what to say so that Declan would lash his anger at Matthew and not him.

"What?" Declan was furious.

John managed to enrage Declan. He hated being looked down upon, hated being challenged.

He never lost, how could he take this?

"Matthew said that you cannot win against him and that one day, you will die in his hands." John continued instigating Declan, hoping to get his revenge through him.

"Hmph, great, great." Declan's face turned green, "I'll show him who'll die in whose hands!"

John lowered his head, his eyes filled with vengeance.

He had to have his revenge! For all he had suffered!

"Charles." Tiana got out of the car excitedly when she saw Charles walking out of the house. She ran

towards him.

“Are you okay?” Tiana checked his body, she was afraid that he got hurt.

“I’m fine, don’t worry.” Charles grabbed her hand, “Were you scared?”

Tiana nodded her head honestly, “Of course. I was so scared that I couldn’t sleep, I was so worried that you got hurt.”

Charles caressed her face, “It’s my fault. I made you worried. I promise that there’ll be no next time.”

Tina said, “Let me get you into the car. Let’s leave.”

“You should get into the car with mother-in-law first. I have something to say to Declan.”

Tiana didn’t understand what else was there to talk about with this kind of person.

Charles tapped on her hand, “Listen to me.”

Tiana was obedient, she grabbed Mrs. Meyer’s arm and said, “Let’s wait for him in the car.”

Mrs. Meyer looked at Charles, “Let’s call it quits.”

She didn’t want to have anything to do with Declan anymore, but she didn’t want to make him her enemy.

**“I know, but Tom is still in his hands. Mother, you don’t have to worry about this, I’ll talk to him,” said Charles calmly.**

**Tom was always with him. Because Charles was crippled, Tom was always by his side, following him around.**

**Declan caught both of them and brought Tom somewhere else.**

**Mrs. Meyer got even angrier at Declan. Not only he captured her son-in-law, but he also captured the people around him. He didn’t give her any face.**

**She had a cold expression on her face. She got into the car with her daughter and didn’t want to talk to Declan anymore.**

**She was extremely disappointed with her brother.**

**Charles glanced at John who was still on the floor, “Did you get hit?”**

**“Are you stupid? How else would he get so much blood on his body?” Declan thought that Charles was an idiot, asking the obvious.**

**Little did he knew that Charles was leading them into a trap.**

**Charles laughed, “Well, there’s blood on his body, but I’m not sure if he got hit. If it’s just a simple beating then it’s no big deal. I was just worried that he suffered for nothing.”**

**“What do you mean?” John felt something was off.**

**“Why are you so nervous? I was just worried that you didn’t hold through the torturing and spilled some beans about Mr. Bailey...”**

**“Don’t frame me.” John got nervous. He was being interrogated by Boyce last night, he had to spill the beans or else he was a goner.**

**He didn’t know much about Declan, but he told Boyce everything he knew in order to live on.**

**Declan squinted his eyes, “Their interrogated you?”**

**John would never admit to it, he denied, “No.”**

**Declan looked at John suspiciously, “Really?”**

**Charles managed to successfully plant a seed of suspicion in Declan’s heart.**

**Chapter 593 Stirring up a Discord**

**John shot Charles a fierce glare. If not because of his face was beyond recognition, his ferocious look could be seen.**

**He knew very clearly that if he admitted, he would die, therefore he could only deny it. "No, they didn't interrogate me. They beat me up because I bullied that woman. That woman seemed to be Armand Bernie's girlfriend."**

**After Armand beat him, he understood the reason why Armand was angry. He cared about that woman very much and she must be his girlfriend. That was why he was so angry that he wanted to kill him.**

John hugged Declan's leg. "You have to believe me. That goddamn lame is just trying to stir up a discord. You must not believe him."

Declan squatted down, raised his chin, narrowed his eyes and asked, "Did they really not interrogate you?"

John shook his head. "No, even if they did, I wouldn't say anything that's against you."

Declan snorted. "If you dare to betray me, I'll throw you into the sea to feed the fish!" Declan's evil words made John shudder.

Charles watched them quietly and was not provoked when others struck his sore spot. He had gone calm towards it after hearing it several times.

"I've fulfilled my promise. Shouldn't Mr. Bailey return my man now?"

Declan turned around, glimpsed at him and gave him an address to let him find his man by himself. He asked his subordinates to send John to the hospital.

Charles did not leave immediately, but asked, "I suppose Mr. Bailey didn't harm my man?"

Declan shoved his hands into his pockets and smiled. "You're a lame, what if I really did do it? I won't do it if he's willing to talk."



He interrogated the man named Tom and asked where John had gone. He kept his mouth tightly shut and did not say anything. When he asked him whether Charles and Matthew knew each other, he refused to say anything too. Declan got angry and he asked someone to beat him up.

Charles slowly clenched his fists on the armrests and he rumbled, "He's just someone who takes care of me. He doesn't know anything. How dare you do it?"

Declan came over and looked at him up and down. Finally, he fixed his eyes on his legs, laughed, and soon hid away his smile. "Why, do you want to avenge me?"

"If you're willing to apologize to Tom, I can consider forgiving you." Charles directly ignored his eyes.

"Tut, you're overestimating yourself!" Declan did not pay attention to Charles at all. The scoundrel of White City was nothing in City B.

He asked his men to take John to the hospital.

Charles's eyes were cold and gloomy. He stared at Declan and said nothing in the end. He turned his wheelchair and went towards the car.

He understood it was no use trying to sound harsh. Action speaks louder than words.

He got into the car under the help of the chauffeur. He then asked the chauffeur to take him to the place where Tom was captivated.

He did not look good. Tiana sat beside him and held his hand. "It's alright. Let's go back to White City today."

She did not want to be here. She was afraid something else would happen.

Charles smiled blandly and reached out to touch her cheek. "Why, you don't want your parents anymore?"

"I can come back anytime I miss them, and they could come visit me too." She was inexplicably upset. She just wanted to leave quickly. "That's what my mother said too. She hoped we can go to White City."

Charles looked up at Mrs. Meyer.

"That's what I thought. This place is full of troubles. You'd better take Tiana to White City. Your father and I could visit you when we miss you both." Mrs. Meyer expressed her attitude.

It was not far from White City anyway, and the transportation was convenient now.

"It's okay. I want to spend more time with you." Charles smiled, no one could read his real thoughts.

Mrs. Meyer was afraid that he cared about what happened this time and she said, "Well, since we're the ones who lost track of the person first, it's reasonable for him to be angry. Everything's all right now, so let's pretend nothing has happened."

Mrs. Meyer did not directly ask about the relationship between Charles and Matthew in front of her daughter.

If they did not have any relationship, Charles would not hand Declan's man to Matthew.

Even though they did have something to do with each other, Matthew did not act too friendly to Charles.

She was not sure what the relationship was between Charles and Matthew.

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"I know, mom. The reason I want to stay is not because of Declan, but because I want to spend more time with you and dad with Tiana. You only have this one daughter, and since you've now let me take care of her, I hope I can treat you with filial piety with her." The reason he said that was to stay in City B. Tom was beaten because of him, and he could not pretend nothing had happened at all. Declan must apologize to Tom!

Charles had a limp. The reason he could manage such a large company and his capability was convincing was because he had strong insight. He knew Mrs. Meyer must doubt the relationship between him and Matthew.

He then explained, "Mr. Nelson and I are friends. But because I've done something wrong, he has held some grudges against me. This time, I took the initiative to give him the person he wants. I just want to show goodwill, hoping we could turn fighting into friendship. Yet I didn't expect that Declan will catch me and ask you for the person, leading to this."

Whether true or false, he needed only to explain things reasonably and let Mrs. Meyer believe it.

He did not mean to cheat. He could not possibly tell them his thoughts on Dolores, could he? Plus, he will try his best to forget her and treat Tiana well in the future.

**Mrs. Meyer said, "Is that so? No wonder their attitude was so cold when I asked them for the person."**

**Charles did not utter a word. At this moment, the chauffeur had driven the car to their destination, a building about to be completed. Tom was captivated there by Declan.**

**He asked Mrs. Meyer and Tiana to wait in the car and then got off to find Tom with the chauffeur.**

**Declan had already been there and left, leaving Tom inside alone.**

**There was a fully built wall without cement. The wall consisted of red bricks. All kinds of construction waste were scattered on the ground, and Tom was left among those messy sundries.**

**Tom was beaten up severely, but his face was not hurt. The wounds were all on his body. After his guards left, he was dropped onto the ground.**

**The chauffeur went to untie the rope on him. He opened his eyes and saw Charles. "Mr. White."**

**Charles asked with concern, "Are you alright?"**

**Tom could not stand up. He can only stand up with the help of the chauffeur. His body hurt when he moved. He said, "The injury still won't cost my life."**

**Charles said, "I'll take you to the hospital."**

**The chauffeur carried him to the car. Mrs. Meyer said, "Please drop me and Tiana at the front."**

Charles said, "OK, I'll take him to the hospital."

That was what Mrs. Meyer meant. Knowing that Tom was going to the hospital, it was inappropriate for her and Tiana to follow.

"I want to go to the hospital with Charles." Tiana did not want to go home with Mrs. Meyer. She preferred to stay with Charles.

Charles did not refuse.

Yet Mrs. Meyer did not want her daughter to wander around outside. "Please go home with mommy."

Tiana took Charles's hand and shook her head. "Mom, please go back by yourself. I'll accompany Charles."

Her attitude was firm and Mrs. Meyer could not force her anymore. She sighed and agreed.

Mrs. Meyer was dropped at a crowded place that was easy to call a taxi.

After saying goodbye to Mrs. Meyer, Charles asked the chauffeur to drive to the hospital. Tom was admitted into the hospital. The doctor checked and said that there was no life-threatening situation, it was all outer injury.

Knowing Tom's situation was not critical, Charles left the hospital and paid a nurse to take care of Tom.

He indeed had no power in City B, but that did not mean he could consent to the fact that his man had been beaten.

Tom had been staying by his side like his family, how could he just let it be?

Your enemy's enemy is your friend.

Matthew happened to be Declan's enemy. It could be a time for them to cooperate.

He came to the WY Group, but did not find Matthew.

Meanwhile, Matthew and Boyce had gone to a private club when they heard that Declan was there.

Chapter 594 Killed by a Car on the Road

"Are you sure?" Going through the dimly lit corridor, Matthew asked.

It was day, but the inside of the club did not have windows and it was so dark as if it was night. The club was brightened up with lights, it was very quiet.

The central air conditioner released cold breeze and the surrounding did not feel muggy.

Boyce said he was sure. "The man I sent to follow him said he came here."

He paused. "I wish he had been killed by a car on the road that day, so he wouldn't have to make trouble now!"

Matthew looked at him. That did not look like him.

Boyce smiled. "I can't help complaining about him."

Matthew retrieved his look and did not speak again.

Boyce knew Declan was there, but he did not know the exact suite he was in. "I'll ask someone."

Matthew agreed. Boyce went and came back, saying, "I've booked the 302 suite which is on the third floor, next to his."

The reason why it was called a private club was that it was very secluded, and only those who were close to the boss were received.

Matthew was not close to the boss there, but Mr. Tyrone, who had a good relationship with him, was very close to the boss there. Knowing Matthew had come, he received him himself.

"Old Kenneth told me. I didn't know you were coming. If I did, I'll arrange a suite for you myself." The owner of the club's surname was Wells. Everybody called him Jaden.

Boyce went to inquire about Declan. Jaden knew that Matthew was coming, so he came out to receive him in person.

"You're welcome. I may have something else to trouble you." Matthew smiled lightly. He used to look neither enthusiastic nor cold when socializing, and his tone was just right.

"If you need anything, just tell me." Jaden smiled. He looked decent; it was just that his nickname seemed to belong to a little gangster.

After entering the suite, Jaden introduced the uniqueness of the place. The place provided meals and drinks which was suitable for friends' gatherings. The service was formal and cautious.

Because of it being well secluded, some people would bring their girlfriends there specially for meal. The food there was very unique and rare when compared with the food outside.

"What do you need? I'll have it delivered here," Jaden asked with a smile.

Matthew looked around the suite. "I heard that Declan Bailey is just next door?"

Jaden paused, smiled and said, "Yes."

"Do you have good sound insulation here?"

"That's for sure. It's quite good, even better than the sound insulation effect of a karaoke box," Jaden said assertively.

Boyce glimpsed at him. "What if we want the ones next door to hear us?"



Jaden was speechless and baffled.

That was unreasonable.

Who would want their conversation to be heard?

"Are you joking?" Jaden was not sure whether Boyce meant what he said or not, or whether he was deliberately testing him.

"Do I look like I'm joking?" Boyce looked at Jaden with a straight face.

Jaden hesitated. He turned and looked at Matthew, "Well..."

Matthew cut him off and asked, "Is it difficult to do so?"

Jaden shook his head profusely. Matthew's words made him realized that was not a joke.

In fact, if they want to eavesdrop on Declan's conversation with his friends, he would not be so surprised. It was strange to let people eavesdrop on their own conversation.

All the people he received here were acquaintances. He would not do what the nightclubs did, setting up tricks in the suites to spy on what the guests do.

His club did not have such thing.

He pondered and asked, "I suppose it doesn't matter what method you use as long as Declan hears you?"

Matthew said yes.

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"Sure, leave it to me then." Jaden had an idea.

Boyce asked, "What are you trying to do?"

"Didn't you just want Declan to hear you? It's not difficult. I'll tell him that I heard you talking here..."

"Oh? Is that all right?" Boyce asked with a smile, "Should we exaggerate a bit to deceive him to come inside? For example, you tell him we're badmouthing him behind his back."

That was exactly what Jaden was planning. He was not embarrassed when his plan was exposed and he smiled. "There's nothing else we could do besides this, right?"

In fact, Boyce did not say no. They were incompatible with Declan in the first place after all. He just asked it for fun.

"Well, then, thank you for your help," Boyce said.

Jaden pointed at the door. "Should I go now?"

Boyce looked at Matthew and asked, "Now?"

Matthew did not want to waste a lot of time there. He asked him to go right now. Jaden asked someone to send wine and fruit plates. He then went to the suite next door to coax Declan.

They sat down on the sofa. Matthew said something out of topic, "Did you see the news?"

Boyce was stunned for a moment, but quickly reacted and asked, "Is it the news about you and Miss Flores in the mall?"

"Yes." Matthew filled his glass with wine.

"Are you going to have a wedding and disclose Miss Flores's identity?" Boyce still knew Matthew well, and that must be what he meant.

He expressed his opinion. "I think it's necessary. Besides those close to you, the outsiders don't know much about your private life. This incident has also attracted a lot of attention. There are many suspicions about Miss Flores's identity and some bad comments. Miss Flores might not care, but the two children are getting older and it's not so good to let them see it."

Matthew smiled, but did not speak. Instead, he put a glass of wine in front of him. Boyce realized something and seemed to have a clue.

"Does that mean we're about to attend your wedding ceremony?" Boyce picked up the glass of wine.

Matthew clinked a glass with him and seemed to have admitted. "Yeah, so what do you think?"

Boyce was about to drink and he was baffled by his question. "What?"

"Are you going to keep on staying single?" He was now successful in his career and had been busy about his work all day. He was not in a hurry for marriage.

"I haven't met the right one." Boyce was also very helpless. "Why don't I go on a blind date? Aren't there many blind date websites now? I'll register an account and see if there's a suitable one."

Matthew looked up at him, speechless. Was that reliable?

"I'll suggest you wait." He really did not have high hopes against online dating.

Boyce will suffer a lot of losses if he meets those who cheat for money and sex again.

Boyce did not continue and he asked, "Have you fixed the wedding date? Where are you going to organize the wedding?"

Matthew initially wanted to find a place Dolores liked, but considering her health and the two children, it would be better to be in China.

"May 18." The fortune-teller Jayden saw claimed that that day was suitable for marriage.

"Isn't that happening soon?" Boyce said. It was already May.

At that time, there was a dark shadow looming at the door gap of the suite. Both of them had paid attention to the door when they talked. They clearly noticed someone, but they pretended they did not know.

That was because they knew who was eavesdropping at the entrance.

Boyce started the topic first, and he deliberately shouted, "I didn't expect that that John Kinney knows a lot about Declan."

"What information did they get from him?" Matthew leaned back on the sofa and asked listlessly.

Declan, who was clinging to the door eavesdropping concentrated.

Boyce kept a straight face. He looked sneaky but he did not intend to lower his voice at all, as if he feared that the one outside the door would not hear him. "He said that there had been a murder in Declan's nightclub and a young lady died. The news was almost spread out at that time, but his boss suppressed it. He's also told us where the young lady's hometown is. I've sent someone there, they would all be our witnesses afterwards."

After that, he chuckled and said incredulously, "How could that guy be such a coward when he's still considered someone important around Declan? He admitted everything when we beat him up. Now that he's gone back and worked undercover for us, I wonder whether we could find out more proof about Declan violating the law."

Chapter 595 Do Sharks Eat Humans?

After listening to him, Declan was so angry that he gritted his teeth. Charles had already planted a seed of doubt in his mind. He was even more distrustful of John after hearing Boyce's words.

Moreover, the incident that Boyce mentioned actually happened two years ago. When a new girl was serving a powerful person, she didn't know the rules and her performance didn't satisfy the powerful person. Out of anger, Declan ordered his men to teach the girl a lesson. All of his men were rough men and didn't know when to stop. In the end, they accidentally killed her.

As the incident had happened a long time ago, he almost forgot about the incident. Since he heard someone mentioning the incident again, he thought that he was betrayed by his own people.

Declan turned to look at Jaden and said softly, "Thank you for your time today."

After he had finished talking, he left the club angrily.

Jaden who had sat across him curled his lip and finally understood what had happened. It seemed that Boyce and Matthew had put on an act to deceive Declan.

Actually, they didn't really deceive Declan. John did confess some things regarding Declan. Since Declan didn't favor him, he didn't know much about the confidential matters. It was Boyce who had found out about the incident. Boyce purposely said that John had confessed in order to make Declan think that John had betrayed him first.

According to the results of Boyce's investigation, John was involved in the death of the girl, so he didn't mention it.

All of the things that John had confessed were trivial and didn't involve his own wrongdoings. Although he didn't have strength of character, he was very aware that he should keep mum about the things that would be unfavorable for him.

After Declan left the club, he ordered his men to bring John to the villa.

When he angrily returned to the villa, John was already brought to the villa.

Since he was suddenly brought to the villa, John was quite uneasy and said carefully, "Mr. Bailey..."

Before he could finish his sentence, the corners of Declan's mouth quirked up grimly. Declan didn't say anything and kicked John. John fell to the ground. Since he was already badly injured, he couldn't get up at once. He clutched his stomach and convulsed with pain.

"Didn't you say that you were not interrogated?" Declan crouched down and clasped his jaw, "You dared to betray me?"

John widened his eyes. 'Hasn't Declan already believed in me? Why does Declan suddenly know about this?'

"You should never believe that crippled person's words..."

Wham!

John was slapped. Declan was furious, "How would it be false when I heard it with my own ears? I knew it. How was it possible that they didn't interrogate you and even sent you back when you were in their hands? It turned out that you not only betrayed me but also agreed to spy on me for them so that you could investigate me. John, I treated you well. I never thought that you would dare to do this to me!"

Declan was infuriated. He did everything possible to save John, but John betrayed him. He found it harder to accept this than to accept the fact that his girlfriend had been cheating on him.

He wished that he could immediately strangle John to death so that he could get back at John!

John was puzzled. He had said some things about Declan, but the things he said weren't significant enough for them to take action against Declan. 'When did I agree to become their spy?'

"There is definitely a misunderstanding..."

"Misunderstanding!" The more Declan thought about it, the angrier he became. He then slapped John's face twice. As he used too much strength, half of his arm felt numb. John had a mouthful of blood. His face which was originally unsightly became even more red and swollen. His face resembled a roasted pig's head.

"I am not a deaf yet!" His angry expression disappeared and there was smiles on Declan's face, "John, do you still remember my words?"

John was so afraid that he started trembling. The blood in his mouth had already seeped into the front of his shirt. The blood stains were exceptionally obvious on his hospital clothes that had white and blue stripes.

To save his own life, he lay face downwards on the ground and hugged Declan's leg, "Mr. Bailey, you have to believe me. I really did not betray you. I swear that if I betrayed you, I will be struck by lightning and die a horrible death."

At that moment, there was suddenly a clap of thunder outside.

John didn't know what to say.

Declan also didn't know what to say.



**“I see that the divine beings also want you to be struck by lightning.” Declan kicked him aside and shouted at his men to come over there, “Throw him into the sea and feed him to the fish!”**

**“Mr. Bailey, you have to believe me.” John crawled towards Declan and cried while hugging Declan’s leg, “I really did not betray you. I beg you to believe me.”**

**Declan looked at John who was acting like a dog and laughed coldly, “I also want to believe you. But considering your incompetence, I will be surprised if you didn’t betray me!”**

**‘He didn’t have guts. It would be strange if he didn’t confess to them!’**

**“Why are all of you standing there?” Declan shouted angrily. A few of his men immediately pulled John away from him.**

**“I beg you to believe me. I really did not betray you.” John still refused to admit that he had confessed to them. If he admitted it, he would die.**

**But even if he didn’t admit it, Declan was sure that John had betrayed him.**

**Declan took advantage of the situation to punish John so that he could warn his men. He wanted to let his men see the plight of the person who had betrayed him!**

**“I will not treat those who follow me badly. But if someone betrays me, he will die!” Declan said aggressively. Nobody could save John!**

**To intimidate his men, Declan personally grabbed John and headed out.**

**While crying and shouting, John begged for his mercy. Declan was tired of listening to his cries. Declan ordered someone to put a gag over his mouth, put him into a sack and throw him into the boot of the**

car. They headed towards the coast in the suburbs.

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Declan's men who followed Declan initially thought that Declan was only frightening John and them, but they didn't expect that Declan really wanted them to throw John into the sea.

All of them were Declan's men. Although they didn't like John, they were also afraid that they would face the same fate one day, so they interceded with Declan on behalf of John.

"Although he didn't have merits, he had worked hard. Considering this, please spare his life," a bearded man opened his mouth and pleaded.

Declan snorted, leaned against the bonnet of car and crossed his arms, "He betrayed me, so the only consequence is death. I treat all of you equally. One day, if someone betrays me, there will only be this consequence! Whoever dares to intercede with me on behalf of John will be thrown into the sea together with John."

It seemed that all of his men were silent in an instant. Nobody dared to speak again. All of them were afraid that they would be thrown into the sea and become fish feed.

"Why aren't all of you moving? Should I do it myself?" Declan said coldly.

His men flinched at the same time. All of them walked forward and grabbed the body which was wriggling in the sack. John was gagged, but his ears were still functioning. He heard everything they had said. After hearing their words, he was terrified.

John struggled hard to break free. However, he was unable to break free because he was tied too tightly.

If his face could be seen at that moment, someone could see his bloodless and terrified face.

In this world, nobody can face death calmly.

After all, everyone has only one chance at life. Once someone is dead, there is no second chance at life.

Declan's face showed no emotions. He was not afraid of the consequences because he had the backing of someone in authority. If his actions were discovered, his father could save him, so he did as he pleased.

There was a huge splash. The sack splashed into the sea. After some time, the sea was calm again. No struggles could be seen.

The men stood on the shore and looked awful. One of them asked, "Do sharks really eat humans?"

"Idiot. Of course they don't eat humans. Humans are the most superior animals."

"You are the stupid person. Who says that sharks don't eat humans?" One of the men who strongly believed that sharks could eat humans rebutted the person's statement that was made just now.

"Have you seen it?" That person was also unconvinced. 'Humans are the rulers of earth. Since sharks are aquatic animals, why would they eat humans who live on earth?'

**“Have you seen the ‘Great White Shark’? The sharks in there eat humans.” The both of them insisted on their respective opinions. Neither of them agreed with the other’s opinion.**

**“That is a movie! Real sharks don’t eat humans!”**

**“A bunch of idiots. Why did I hire such idiots?” Declan had a headache after listening to their quarrel, “Let’s go.”**

**After he had finished talking, he entered the car. There was a clap of thunder and a flash of lightning. It seemed that a heavy rain was imminent.**

**The men were afraid of getting wet in the rain, so they entered the car in an instant. They completely forgot what they had done just now.**

**John was not well liked by his colleagues. When he was powerful, he was condescending and offended a lot of people. So, nobody genuinely pleaded with Declan to spare his life. The person who spoke on behalf of him just now was just afraid that he would face the same fate.**

**The men thought that they should never betray Declan. Otherwise, they would also become fish feed.**

**In the city, Dolores brought her son and daughter to the pet shop to buy supplies for Cotton. After that, Amanda wanted to go to the playground again.**

**Dolores raised her head and looked at the sky. She thought that it might rain heavily. She coaxed her daughter and said, “How about going to the supermarket? I will buy food for you.”**

**Amanda gave it some thought, “Okay. I will reluctantly agree.”**

**Dolores didn’t know whether to laugh or cry and reached out to pinch her cheeks, “The more you**

grow up, the less cute you become.”

“The woman who works in the pet shop complimented me on my beauty. How am I not cute?”  
Amanda was unconvinced.

Dolores explained, “Cuteness and beauty don’t mean the same thing.”

“Get in now,” she urged.

They left the pet shop and went to the supermarket.

Just after they entered the supermarket, it started to rain heavily.

The rain poured down.

Amanda looked at the rain outside and said emotionally, “Luckily, we didn’t go to the playground. Otherwise, we would have been drenched.”

In the supermarket, Dolores held the two children’s hands. Coral and the new servant were behind them. The chauffeur was at the end of the group of people.

While pushing the shopping cart, Coral said, “There are no more fruits in the house.”

They went to the fruit section and bought some seasonal fruits. There was a wide variety of fruits during the season. The fruits were affordable and, more importantly, they were fresh.

When they passed by the pastry section, Amanda wanted to eat donuts. She ran towards the donuts,

took a tray and placed the donuts on the tray. Through the glass, she saw the person who stood in front of the counter. When she took a good look at the person, she exclaimed, "It's you?"

#### Chapter 596 The Couple Resorted to Legal Actions

The boy who was standing in front of the counter raised his head, looked at the source of the sound and saw the girl who was at the other side of the glass cabinet. Amanda then stood up. The boy took a good look at Amanda and seemed to remember where he had seen her before in an instant.

When his mother brought him to find his father, they made a stop at the service area and he saw her in the supermarket of the service area.

"Do you still remember me?" Amanda asked with a smile on her face. She didn't know why she remembered his face so well.

She had a fair complexion and wore a red dress that had a white doll collar. Her hair was tied in a simple ponytail. When she smiled, her clear eyes were beautiful and looked like crescent moons.

The boy didn't say anything, but he remembered her appearance.

"Amy." Dolores walked up to her.

The boy looked at Dolores and noticed the woman who was behind Dolores. Lowering her head, she was choosing bayberries with Coral. There was a flicker of emotion in his eyes, but it disappeared right away.

He walked away with his father.

Amanda stood on the same spot and blinked her eyes. She stared at the boy who was leaving the area and thought that he was odd. 'Does he even have basic manners?'

'I greeted him. Why didn't he respond to me?'

"You are going to eat sweet food again." Dolores looked at the donuts on the tray that was carried by her daughter and frowned, "Eating excessive sweet food can harm your teeth."

Amanda pouted, "I like to eat this. Since we don't come to the supermarket every day, I will buy more donuts and put them in the refrigerator. I will eat them slowly."

Dolores looked at her daughter helplessly. She became more and more eloquent. She had a way with words.

"Mummy, buy it for me." Amanda tugged at Dolores's sleeve and charmed Dolores, "Can you please buy it for me?"

Dolores couldn't do anything with her daughter, "You can only eat one donut every day. You cannot eat more than that."

"Two donuts," Amanda bargained with her.

"Then, I will not buy them."

Dolores pretended to turn around and leave. Amanda held her back and acknowledged her words

unwillingly, "Okay. I will eat just one donut. I will go and have the pastry chef wrap them up."

After she had finished speaking, she trotted across the pastry section. She feared that Dolores would change her mind.

Dolores smiled helplessly.

Andrew walked up to her and held her hand, "Mummy, don't you think that Amanda has changed?"

Dolores lowered her head, looked at her son and nodded approvingly, "She has changed. But why are you so emotional?"

Andrew replied, "I am not emotional. I just want to tell you that your daughter was very clingy because she just had a father and was deprived of love. Now, she knows that she has a father who will not run away from her. She has received a lot of love, so she is not so clingy anymore."

Dolores didn't know what to say about her twins. In the past, her daughter had been cute. Amanda acted like her son at that moment.

However, what her son had said seemed to make sense.

She clearly noticed the change in her daughter. She was lively, cheerful and talkative.

But it would be better for girls to be quieter. She was still very young so she might be quieter when she grew up.



**“Is there anything you want?” Dolores asked her son. Although he was very mature, her son was still a child. She was afraid that he would feel that he had received unfair treatment if she bought things for his sibling and didn’t buy things for him.**

**“The things that I want are not on this floor,” Andrew said.**

**“Then, how about going to the third floor?” Dolores asked knowingly. She knew that her son wanted to buy toys instead of food. Toys were sold on the third floor.**

**Andrew knew that Dolores was teasing him and gave a laugh, “Mummy is naughty.”**

**After they had finished their shopping on that floor, they went to the third floor.**

**Andrew bought a chess set. Ever since he had lost the game in White City, he was unwilling to play chess for a long time although he was enlightened by Jayden. He figured it out at that moment.**

**He should not be afraid of difficulties. He should not back away from the obstacles. If he could overcome his obstacles, he would experience real growth.**

**“When Daddy is free, the two of us should play chess,” Andrew said excitedly.**

**Dolores stroked the hair on her son’s head. She asked him whether he wanted anything else, and he shook his head. They then went downstairs to pay for their purchases.**

**The supermarket was exceptionally crowded that day. There was a long queue at the checkout counter.**

**Coral said, “All of you should go and find a place to drink some beverages. I will pay for the purchases here.”**

Amanda was also unwilling to wait there without doing anything. She pulled Dolores's hand and said, "Mummy, we should go there."

She pointed at the dessert shop in the supermarket.

Dolores knew her daughter's intentions. She was also quite hungry, so she brought the two children to the shop.

While pushing the shopping cart, Coral asked the new servant to follow them. She was worried about the pregnant woman and the two children.

A variety of beverages was sold at the dessert shop, including juice, milk and coffee. Amanda ordered her favorite dessert and thoughtfully ordered juice for the chauffeur and the new servant.

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They had gone out in the morning, and it was almost noon. Dolores ordered some desserts and asked them to sit down and eat some desserts. The chauffeur was used to her amiability and sat down without saying anything. The new servant was quite nervous and declined, "I am not hungry."

Dolores said with a smile on her face, "All of us live together. Since you are helping me to take care of the children, you are not an outsider. Don't act like an outsider. Just sit down."

The new servant thought that it would be inappropriate to decline Dolores's request again, so she sat down. Although she had only been here for a few days, she could see that the family was very kind.

Although they were very wealthy, the lady of the house was very kind. As for the little girl, she remembered where she had seen the little girl before as soon as she met the little girl.

'Maybe it is because she met me briefly. She doesn't remember me. Moreover, my current appearance is different from my appearance before.'

"At that time, my skin color was darker. It is normal that the little child doesn't remember me.'

She looked at Amanda and thought that Amanda was cute in every way.

In her mind, she wondered how Amanda had grown to be so beautiful.

Soon, all the desserts that Dolores ordered were brought to their table.

"Auntie Lucy, you should try this." Amanda scooped a spoonful of cream pudding and placed the spoon on the plate that was in front of the new servant.

The new servant was around thirty years old. Although she was older than Dolores, she was totally not of the same generation as Coral, so Dolores told the children to address her as "Auntie".

Dolores addressed her as "Big Sister". Since she had been taking care of Dolores's closest family members, Dolores treated her most sincerely.

The shop was very quiet. They sat on the sofa comfortably as the sofa was very soft. It was perfect to take a rest there after a tiring shopping trip.

The two children ate their desserts slowly. The chauffeur and Lucy ate their desserts quickly, so they

went outside and helped Coral to put their purchases in the car. They then told Coral to go in, take a rest and drink a beverage.

After they had finished eating, they left the supermarket and returned home.

As they had eaten some desserts, they were not hungry although it was almost noon. Dolores asked Coral to prepare lunch later and went upstairs to get some rest. She wanted to lie down after walking for a long time.

Coral and Lucy kept the fruits that were bought just now in the refrigerator and took out some fruits. After washing the fruits, they gave them to the two children.

“Missus takes good care of herself. She looks so young and is so kind,” Lucy said.

Coral gave a chuckle, “She is originally young.”

‘She got married when she was eighteen years old. How can she not be young?’

Lucy thought that Dolores should be at least thirty years old because Dolores’s children were already so big. If she got married and had children in her twenties, she should be around thirty years old.

She looked like a university student.

Ding-dong, the doorbell rang. Lucy said, “I will go and open the door.”

Since they had sorted out everything, Coral gently hit her legs and wanted to get some rest in her room. She said, “Okay. You can do that.”

Lucy walked up to the door and opened the door. A delivery man was standing in front of the door.

The delivery man asked, "Is there a lady that is named Lucy Poole here?"

Lucy looked at the delivery man and said, "I am Lucy Poole. You are..."

"I have a parcel for you. Please sign for it." The delivery man took out a small paper box.

The name of the recipient was indeed her name.

"Who sent this to me?" she asked.

"I am only responsible for sending this parcel. I am not sure about the sender's identity. Please leave your signature here." The delivery man then handed her the delivery confirmation slip.

She took the slip and left her signature on it. She then took the small paper box.

There is no one in the living room. All of them were resting in their rooms. She sat on the sofa and opened the box. In the box, there was a stationery box that was filled with money. There were ten-dollar notes, one-hundred-dollar notes and fifty-dollar notes. The stationery box was full of money.

There was a card under the stationery box.

She opened the card. It was a note written by her son, 'Mummy, I have missed you. The reason why I have chosen Daddy is because I am scared that you cannot afford to raise me. Since I have followed Daddy, it will be easier for you. Mummy, when I grow up, I will earn a lot of money and bring you over to my house so that you can live with me.'

Tears started to run down her face. She and her husband came from the countryside. To make a living, her husband went out and worked. At the same time, she took care of the elderly and children in the house. Last year, her parents-in-law passed away and she brought her son to reunite with her husband. But her husband was having an affair with a young woman.

Her husband who had a successful career no longer fancied her. She was not young anymore and didn't know how to dress up.

To fight for the custody of her son, the couple resorted to legal actions and went to court. Her husband had financial stability, so she was disadvantaged financially. However, in order to keep her son by her side, she still needed to fight for the custody of her son.

At the discretion of the judge, he took pity on the mother and sought the child's opinion. He asked the child who he wanted to live with.

Her son replied, "I want to live with Daddy."

She was crestfallen at that moment.

Little did she know...

Dolores was thirsty so she came down to pour water. Seeing her sitting there while crying, she thought she was unaccustomed to the lifestyle here so she walked down, drew a tissue and handed it to her, "What's wrong with you? Is there anything wrong?"

Lucy hurriedly packed everything up and said, "Nothing."

She obviously did not look like she was fine. Dolores handed the tissue to her again, "Wipe it off."

Lucy stood up, took the tissue handed to her and wiped her tears away.

Dolores poured two cups of water and handed one of them to her, "Could you tell me why are you crying? If there is anything that you aren't used to here, you can talk to me."

"No, I'm fine to stay here." She lowered her head, "I just miss my son."

Dolores saw her holding the stationery box in her hand and understood well. She understood how the mood of a mother who missed her child was. She said before that after she divorced her husband, a son followed her husband. But even so, she as a mother should have visitation rights, "You can go to see her if you miss him. If your ex-husband doesn't allow you to visit him, I can find a lawyer for you."

She was also a mother so she could understand Lucy's current mood. While feeling sympathetic for her, she also wanted to give her some help.

**“No, no need.” She had visitation rights. Although she only had one chance per month which was not many, she did not want to cause trouble for others.**

**“It’s already afternoon, are you hungry?” Lucy asked after calming herself.**

**Dolores drank all the water in the cup, put it down and said, “It’s fine to make it now.”**

**When the meal was done, she would be hungry.**

**It was usually Coral who prepared the food. She said, “Let me make lunch today so Coral can take a break.”**

**After she came here, there was nothing that she was not used to. Everyone was very nice and Coral gave her a lot of help.**

**Dolores said okay.**

**She could not fall asleep anymore and intended to go to Theresa’s room to chat with her. Before she went in, she spoke to Lucy again, “You can tell me if there is anything you need.”**

**She did not mean anything else but simply wanted to give her help.**

**Lucy said, “Okay, thank you.”**

**Dolores said ‘no problem’ while smiling, turned around and went to Theresa’s room.**



On the other hand, the two people who came out of the club got in the car and left. Boyce drove the car to the entrance of the WY Group.

Boyce sharply saw the car parked at the entrance and said, "Isn't this Charles's car?"

Matthew raised his eyes and looked over. Charles's car was indeed parked in the parking space outside the tower.

"Why did he come here?" Boyce put one hand on the car window and looked like he was interested to know it.

After all, Charles understood better than anyone else how unwelcome he was to be in this place but he still took the initiative to come and look for something unpleasant for him. Was not this very rare?

Matthew originally wanted to go in but after knowing that Charles was here, he called Abbott to let him drive the car out of the tower.

Boyce looked at Matthew and said while smiling, "Don't be so stingy. He has already come here, why don't you give him a wedding invitation? Let him attend your wedding so that he'll give up?"

Matthew ignored him.

Abbott parked the car behind Boyce's car. He got out and handed the car key to Matthew, "Someone called Mr. White is here to see you, he has been waiting for two hours."

Matthew took the key and said, "Just say I'm not here."

After saying that, he took the car key and got in the car. He started the car engine and left.

“Is your boss particularly petty?” Boyce looked at the car that was speeding away and asked Abbott with a smile.

Abbott cast a look which meant that ‘you know better than me’, “You ask me about this? Are you sure?”

He initially was going to say that the two of them were so close that the only thing they had not done was sleeping together in the same bed. ‘Don’t you know Matthew’s personality better than I do?’

But he did not say it. He waved his hand, “I’m leaving.” He was very busy.

Boyce also did not waste time here. He drove the car back to the club and on the way, he received a video sent by his subordinate.

He had always sent people to follow Declan. He also specifically admonished today that they must record every deed of Declan.

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The video sent by his subordinate was about the scene when Declan threw John to the sea. It was shot very clearly and he was very satisfied. He messaged his subordinate to come back and not watch him anymore.

It was unlikely to topple Declan with the case in the past and such a case happened too long ago so it was not easy to find evidence. Therefore, he could only use the recent one to topple Declan.

This video was enough to prove that he instigated the murder.

However, his father was very powerful. Even if this was exposed, it would be suppressed. Now, he could only wait for the right time to do it and continue to dig deeper into the bad things he had done these years.

Once there was a suitable opportunity, they would give them a strike.

Just after Boyce went back to the club and sat for only a short time, Michael, who worked for Officer Miller came to call him, saying that Officer Miller wanted to see him.

He stopped doing the thing he was handling and immediately went to Officer Miller's office. When he reached the door of the office, he raised his hand and knocked on the door.

Soon, a voice saying 'come in' sounded inside. Boyce opened the door and went in. He saw that Officer Miller was on the phone. He waved his hand to let Boyce not make a sound and have a seat first.

Boyce understood what he meant and sat on the sofa in the area for serving guests at the front.

After waiting for a while, Officer Miller's call ended. He put down the phone, walked over and asked, "Are you free at noon?"

Boyce nodded, "Yes, what, are you letting me treat you to a meal?"

Officer Miller waved his big hand and said generously, "My treat."

**“That’s good.” He was certainly happy since someone treated him to a meal.**

**Officer Miller took off his hat and stretched his muscle, “Where is your little girlfriend? Bring her along to my house today.”**

**Boyce felt that he should not have felt happy too quickly. ‘Girlfriend, do I have a girlfriend?’**

**“Well, I’ll go alone,” Boyce said with a smile.**

**Officer Miller directly gave an order, “No, there must be two people. I’ll go first. You take your little girlfriend to go there later. You’ve been there before so you certainly know the address. Don’t be late.”**

**After saying that, he took the hat and left without giving Boyce time to find an excuse to refuse him.**

**Boyce was speechless.**

**‘He is really giving me a difficult task!’**

**He scratched his head and felt brain pain. He not only owed Officer Miller a debt of gratitude for promoting him but he had also always been giving him a lot of help. He could not refute Officer Miller.**

**After thinking about it, he thought that he could only ask Jasmine a favour.**

**He glanced at the watch. There was still enough time. He did not directly go to Jasmine this time but let her female subordinate go to her for him.**

The matter last time still made him shudder. If it was not because of Officer Miller, he would definitely not go to Jasmine no matter who asked him to do so.

After the previous matter, the colleagues in the club had acknowledged that Jasmine was his girlfriend. After all, they had kissed in public. If they were not a couple, what their relationship was?

Besides, the people in the club knew Boyce well. He was not someone who messed around with women casually. The reason why they did that must be because she was his girlfriend.

After the incident last time, Jasmine also did not dare to simply find Boyce anymore, fearing that she would cause trouble for him.

She had good impressions of Boyce. Boyce was honest, mature and reliable. This kind of man always had a unique charm. For a woman like her who came from such a family, she would be very secure to be with a man like that.

Seeing that he suddenly asked someone to come to her, Jasmine came out without hesitation.

The female subordinate led Jasmine to the club. When they went to Boyce's office, she remembered something and asked, "What does he want me to do?"

The female subordinate looked at her and said with a smile, "I don't know. You can ask him yourself after going in later."

Soon, she brought Jasmine to the door of Boyce's office and said, "He's inside. Go in yourself, I'll leave first."

After saying that, the female subordinate turned around and left, leaving Jasmine there.

Jasmine stood at the door and hesitated for a moment before raising her hand and knocking on the door. Soon, the door was opened from the inside.

























## Chapter 598 Naive Old Man

Seeing that the person who opened the door was Boyce, Jasmine was a little nervous, "What do you want me to do?"

The matter last time made her extremely nervous and she worried that she would cause him trouble again.

Boyce turned his body sideways, "Come in first."

Jasmine was carrying a backpack. The strap slipped down. She took it to the shoulder and stepped in.

Boyce asked her, "Are you thirsty?"

Jasmine shook her head, "No."

Boyce pursed his lips and said, "The reason that I asked you to come over is to see if you can do me a favour."

"Just say, as long as it is something that I can help, I won't reject." The matter last time still made her feel guilty now. After all, it was her who brought him trouble.

Seeing Jasmine was so polite, Boyce was a little embarrassed, "Don't be like that, it isn't a big deal. My boss asked me to go to his home for dinner and he asked me to bring you along. He is Officer Miller, you've seen him last time. He thought we're a couple and he gave the order without allowing me to explain. I have gratitude for receiving help and encouragement from him so I can't retort him. That's why I asked you to come over."

Jasmine was a little disappointed. So, it was not that he took the initiative to find her but because he was forced to do something and only then he remembered her.

'Is it that he has forgotten her?'

"If your boss hadn't asked you to do that, would you have forgotten me?" Jasmine asked half-jokingly.

Boyce said, "I didn't forget you. I won't forget such a cute younger sister."

He would never be in a relationship with Jasmine no matter what Armand said. He would never do that no matter what others thought of them.

She was too small.

He could not do that. He was afraid that other people would comment something bad about them when he was in a relationship with such a young woman.

Boyce still had a very traditional mind-set.

Jasmine instantly understood what Boyce meant. 'Is he treating her as his younger sister?'

She had now not yet graduated from university and did not have a good career so she was naturally not worthy of him. However, if she was given enough time, she would definitely be a woman who was worthy of him.

She smiled, "Alright, it is incumbent on me to help my elder brother. It's almost 12 o'clock now, shall we go now?"

Boyce said 'yes', took the hat and put it on while being dressed in a uniform. He said, "Let's go."

"If I had known that I was accompanying you to meet others, I would have dressed up well and worn better-looking clothes before coming," said Jasmine.

Boyce closed the door and looked over. He sized up her. She was wearing black wide-legged pants, a tight white V-neck T-shirt which accentuated her waist outstandingly, white sneakers and a backpack. It was just a simple outfit but she looked youthful and energetic.

"You're already looking good like this."

Jasmine looked down at herself and could not see which part of her looked good. She smiled and said, "You aren't deliberately lying to me, right?"

Boyce pressed the button that unlocked the car. The car headlight flashed and with a beep, the car was unlocked. He opened the door of the passenger seat, turned his head to look at Jasmine and said, "I didn't lie to you. You look really good, get in."

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**Jasmine smiled, bent over her body and buckled up. Boyce got in the driver's seat and started the car engine.**

**“Since you treat me as a younger sister, should I also call you elder brother in the future?” Jasmine asked with a smile.**

**Boyce also smiled, “You may call me that way if you want to.”**

**“I don’t want, I feel like you’re deliberately making yourself sound young.”**

**Boyce was speechless.**

**He did not. He knew very well how old he was and totally never thought of trying to sound young.**

**“With your current age, you obviously can be my uncle but you let me call you elder brother. Don’t you want me to call you in a way that makes you sound younger?” Jasmine joked.**

**Boyce coughed lightly and said with a smile, “I didn’t mean that, or maybe you can just call me uncle?”**

**Jasmine covered her lips and laughed even more happily.**

**She felt that he was really cute. ‘How come he gets upset so easily?’**

**Boyce did not understand and asked, “Did I say something wrong?”**

Jasmine shook her head, "No."

"Then why are you laughing?" How come he felt that there was something wrong?

"You're too naive," Jasmine commented.

It was Boyce who laughed this time, "Do you think it's appropriate to say that an old man is naive?"

"This word suits you well. Being naive has nothing to do with age." Jasmine was serious. She really thought that Boyce was naive at love relationships. He was slow to react and was somewhat like a woodpile that did not know the joke. But, he was very attractive.

She did not like men who were too good at talking. She liked someone like Boyce whose reaction was a bit slow, needed a longer time to get along with someone and did not sweet-talk. She felt that those men who sweet-talked were not reliable.

Boyce did not refute her. Since she said he was naive, then he would just accept it.

At this time, the car was parked in an area next to the Government Building. Boyce first got out of the car, followed by Jasmine.

"Don't have to be too formal, we're just having a casual meal," Boyce said.

Jasmine nodded but she was still jittery inwardly. After all, he was a big official and when he got angry last time, he looked quite frightening.

"He is very nice, he won't give you a hard time, don't worry." Boyce noticed Jasmine's nervousness

and comforted her.

Jasmine nodded. Boyce went to the doorman to say hello and told him whom did he want to meet.

Boyce had come here before but nobody was allowed to go into this area at will. It was only after calling before the doorman opened the door.

At this time, another car stopped at the entrance. Charles did not manage to see Matthew in the company so he could only come back first. He did not expect that he would meet Boyce at the entrance.\_

Chapter 599 Too Dull

"Captain Shawn, do you have a friend here?" As he spoke, Charles's eyes fell on Jasmine, and he asked with a smile, "And this is?"

Boyce couldn't say he liked Charles or disliked him. He just didn't think he should have a married woman on his mind.

He thought that was immoral.

"I should be the one to ask you that, right?" Boyce naturally knew what kind of people were living in the neighborhood.

Charles had some influence in White City, but there were so many big shots in City B that he was nothing.

It was very unusual for him to know the people in this neighborhood.

He soon figured it out again, glanced at Tiana, smiled, and said, "Mr. White, you're impressive."

Tiana might not be very smart, but she did have a good family background, and it was awesome for Charles to marry her.

Charles did not continue to talk nonsense to him, but said in a solemn voice, "Captain Shawn, may I have a word with you?"

He didn't know that Boyce was now a deputy officer, so he still referred to him as the captain.

"What do we have to talk about?" Boyce didn't mean to embarrass him. He just felt that he shouldn't be close to him, much less involved, because of his relationship with Matthew.

"I have an appointment. I'll go first." After saying that, he turned to greet Jasmine, "Let's go."

"Captain Shawn, do we have a grudge?" Charles frowned. Should he be doomed just because he liked Dolores?

Boyce gave him a look, "We don't have a grudge. I'm only friends with decent people. I don't like people who covet other people's wives with bad intentions."

After saying that, he and Jasmine walked away.

Charles could not retort. He also knew that this was not right, but who could control the feelings?

If feelings could be controlled by the brain, and he could stop loving Dolores just as he said, he might have given this command to his heart long ago. He told himself countless times that this was not right, to let go, but the feelings were still there.

He had tried not to think about her, or create opportunities to meet with her. What more did he want him to do?

"Some people are quietly hiding precisely for love. It's her you're hiding from, but it's the silent love that you can't hide from. Charles, it's not your fault." Tiana put her hands over his shoulders and said comfortingly, "Just like my uncontrollable feelings for you. If feelings could be put down so easily, they wouldn't seem precious.

Charles held her hand and smiled, "Actually, I'm very lucky."

God sent her to his side.

This was the luckiest thing in his life.

She was simple and kind and understood all his helplessness.

He wished that he had never met Dolores, but what had happened could not be reversed, and the heart that had throbbed could not be restored to its original state.



"Maybe Dad can help us." Tiana knew that he was trying to get justice for Tom.

Charles shook his head. He knew that Alan did not like people from the Bailey family and did not want to get involved with the Bailey family. After all, Mrs. Meyer was related to the Bailey family.

He couldn't put the Meyer family in a difficult situation.

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"Don't talk to Dad. I'll take care of this myself." Charles explained to Tiana.

"But Tom is in the hospital and you don't have anyone around ..."

"You have to trust me." Charles patted her, "Let's go home."

Tiana lowered her eyes. He could only listen to him and pushed him home.

Boyce led Jasmine to the front door of Officer Miller's house. He raised his hand to ring the doorbell, while Jasmine stood aside and clutched her hands nervously. After all, it was a stranger's house, and not just any stranger's house, so she was uneasy.

Boyce patted her shoulder, "We'll leave after a meal, and they're all very nice to get along with. Don't feel constrained."

Jasmine forced a smile, "It's my first time here, so I'm nervous."

There was a click and the door opened. The person who opened the door was Officer Miller's wife, Boyce called her Mrs. Miller.

Mrs. Miller was smiling, but when she saw Jasmine, her smile slightly stiffened, "Who is this?"

"My ... girlfriend." Boyce felt it was too much trouble to explain, and if he said it wasn't his girlfriend, Officer Miller would have to lecture him again. To save trouble, he said so.

The smile on Mrs. Miller's face completely disappeared.

"Mom, why don't you let him in?" Wendy walked over and smiled when she saw Boyce, "Come in quickly."

Wendy was Officer Miller's daughter, and Boyce was familiar with her. So he said, "You're here too."

With her apron still tied around her body and a piece of ginger in her hand, she smiled and said, "Of course, this used to be my home too. But it's still my home, too."

It used to be her home, it wasn't her home after she got married, and it was still her home after the divorce.

Wendy and Boyce were of similar age. A few years ago, Officer Miller asked Boyce to come to his home for dinner, but it was actually a blind date for them, and Officer Miller always had a high opinion of Boyce.

He also felt that after his daughter married Boyce, Boyce would take good care of her. However, her daughter did not agree and had to marry a doctor who came back from studying abroad, and some

time ago, the two suddenly divorced.

It was because the man cheated.

Mrs. Miller remembered Boyce again, so she pestered Officer Miller to call Boyce to their home for dinner, trying to set up her daughter and Boyce.

Officer Miller had no choice but to ask Boyce to come to the house. He knew in his heart that his daughter and Boyce were not meant to be. If there was a destiny, they would have become a couple, and would not wait until now.

And he knew his daughter had married, and Boyce was still unmarried, so the two would be more inappropriate. He was devoted to Boyce and loved him, so he didn't want to make things difficult for Boyce.

So he deliberately asked Boyce to bring his girlfriend over so that his wife could give up that thought.

"Come in." Mrs. Miller turned sideways. She was excited to prepare a lot of good dishes, but now the plan went down the drain, so Mrs. Miller was not very happy.

Seeing Jasmine, Wendy smiled, "Yo, you have a girlfriend?"

Boyce smiled and said, "Yes."

"I thought you would be a bachelor. You are too dull." Wendy and Boyce were not distant when they talk, but rather as close as family. \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 600 So You Like The Younger One

Boyce smiled and didn't answer. Just as Armand said he didn't know how to be affectionate, he couldn't refute it.

"Come sit down." Officer Miller sat on the sofa reading the newspaper. Seeing them enter, he put down the paper.

Boyce came over while Jasmine just followed him.

"Boyce, you guys sit down for a while. Lunch will be ready later." Wendy said with a smile.

Boyce nodded, "Thank you for your hard work."

Wendy joked, "Since you think I worked hard, why don't you do it for me?"

"Don't mind me for being stupid!" Boyce stood up and really wanted to help. Wendy hurriedly waved her hand, "I'm just kidding. Yet you take it seriously. "

"You guys sit down." After saying that, she turned around and went into the kitchen.

Mrs. Miller stood aside, looked at Jasmine, felt upset, and also turned around and went into the kitchen. She wanted to set up Boyce and her daughter together, but he brought a girlfriend instead. Of course, she was not happy about it.

Seeing that her daughter was still cutting vegetables, she came over and grabbed the kitchen knife from her hand, "You go outside to accompany the guests. I can do it alone here."

"There are no outsiders. Dad is here." Wendy did not understand her mother's intention.

It wasn't that she didn't understand, but she was surprised that Boyce would bring a girl here, and she didn't know what to do for a while.

Her mother stood aside and sighed, "When your father asked you to marry Boyce, you did not. Look at him now, he is already the deputy officer, and there is no other woman around him these years ..."

"Mom." Wendy did not want to listen to her mother's nagging, "Let bygones be bygones. Don't say it again, okay?"

There would be no coming back. What was the point even if she regretted it?

"Alas." Mrs. Miller sighed again and came over to help her daughter, "I don't know when he had a girlfriend."

Wendy didn't say anything. The oil in the pot was hot. She put the chopped ginger in the pot and stir-fried it over low heat to get the fragrance, then put the peppercorn and aromatic leaves, and finally poured the chopped chicken into the pot.

With a prickly sound, the fragrance of the condiments came out at once.

"It's your dad who made Boyce what he is today." The more Mrs. Miller thought about it, the more unpleasant she was, "That girl looks too young, and she doesn't match Boyce at all."

"Hey, mom, what exactly do you want to say?" Wendy looked at her mother helplessly, "Boyce is dull. We should be happy that he found a girlfriend. Look at you, why do you look unhappy?"

"It should be you who sit next to him. Don't you ever regret it?" Mrs. Miller felt that her daughter was too heartless.

She was blind and chose the wrong person at the beginning. Now that she saw Boyce had a girlfriend, she didn't even react at all.

"What's the use of regretting? He and I have already missed out." Wendy pursed her lips, "Will you just stop saying that?"

Mrs. Miller quickly got over it, "It's hard to find a two-legged toad, but there are two-legged people everywhere. And you are still young and have no children. It is not difficult for you to find a good man. It's not like Boyce is the only person in the world."

Wendy pursed her lips and didn't say anything.

Mrs. Miller turned to walk out and Wendy called out to her, "Mom, what are you doing?"

"I'm going to get them a glass of water." Mrs. Miller said.

"I'll go. You watch the dishes in the pot." Wendy put down the spatula in her hand.

Mrs. Song felt that their young people had more to say, so she walked in, took the dishes her daughter had stir-fried, and asked, "Did you put all the spices in it?"

"Yes, all of them." Wendy washed her hands, took out a water glass and poured three cups of fresh juice and brought them out, then placed them in front of each other. She put the empty tray on the table and sat down on the single sofa next to Jasmine, "You look young, I guess you're younger than Boyce?"

Jasmine said, "Yes."

"What place do you work at?" Wendy plucked a grape from the fruit plate and put it in her mouth.

Jasmine didn't hide it, nor did she feel anything wrong, and replied, "I'm a freshman."

Wendy froze for a moment. She felt Jasmine was young but didn't expect that she was still a college student. She turned her attention to Boyce and said with a smile, "You like such young girls? I used to think you didn't like women."

Boyce smiled awkwardly, "I'm a normal person too."

Wendy nodded, "Yes, too. You're not a monk with no feelings or desires."

She thought he was too boring, unromantic, and uninteresting. After she had been married once, she realized that such a man was more reliable. This kind of character was more dependable than those men who could only talk sweetly.

Mrs. Miller asked her if she didn't regret it. How could she not regret it?

She regretted. What she used to think was a disadvantage was now an advantage.

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**"Come often with your girlfriend when you have time. By the way, what's your girlfriend's name?"  
Wendy asked with a smile.**

**Boyce glanced at Jasmine and said, "Jasmine."**

**Jasmine didn't say anything and sat very quietly.**

**"Let's all get on the table. The food is ready." Mrs. Miller stood in the doorway of the dining room and smiled.**

**Officer Miller stood up first and said, "Okay. Let's talk while we eat."**

**Everyone got up from the sofa and headed to the restaurant, and Boyce held Jasmine's waist. He was afraid she would be uncomfortable in an unfamiliar environment, so he took care of her feelings.**

**Jasmine tilted her head to look at him, and the corners of her lips curled up in a gentle smile.**

**Although he was very dull, his occasional hint of thoughtfulness would make her very warm and reassuring.**

**Wendy took a look at them and silently withdrew her eyes.**



This man should have belonged to her before, this tenderness should also belong to her, but now it belongs to another woman. She didn't feel very comfortable in her heart.

Mrs. Miller adjusted her emotions and smiled at Jasmine, telling her not to treat herself as a stranger, "Make yourself at home."

Jasmine smiled and said yes.

Officer Miller asked his daughter to get a bottle of wine, "Drink with me?"

Boyce said, "I drove here. I'll drink with you next time."

"Have a drink with my dad. I'll drive you back." Wendy poured Boyce a drink and deliberately lowered her body and whispered in his ear, "He's not happy that I got divorced. You just have a drink with him."

She leaned too close to Boyce, looking ambiguous, and Boyce leaned back a little and said, "Then have a drink."

Wendy's body stiffened for a moment. It seemed that Boyce's distance and detachment made her a little uncomfortable for a while, or she was disappointed and felt uncomfortable with his coldness towards her. She quickly adjusted her emotions back to natural, as if nothing had happened, and looked at Jasmine with a smile, "Can you drink?"

Jasmine saw her behavior just now. Her hand under the table clenched tightly. It was obvious that she was deliberately approaching Boyce. Perhaps being women, they could sense each other's intentions.

She shook her head, "I can't drink." After that, she smiled again and said to Boyce, "You also drink less. You have to take me back to school this afternoon."

**"I can drive you." Before Boyce could say anything, Wendy replied.**

**Jasmine smiled and said, "Don't bother. Actually, I don't have much time and I want Boyce to keep me company."**

**She couldn't see that Wendy was intentionally approaching Boyce, and was deliberately having an affair with Boyce in front of her. She was definitely up to no good.**

**If the one who came today was really Boyce's girlfriend, she would definitely misunderstand.**

**The good thing was that she was not really Boyce's girlfriend, and she was able to look at this matter with a clear mind as a bystander.**

**She could truly understand that it was not Boyce's fault and that this woman was deliberately approaching him and deliberately trying to make a misunderstanding.**

**If she was really blessing Boyce, she should have kept her distance from him knowing that he had a girlfriend, rather than intentionally approaching him.**

**Officer Miller gave a cheerful laugh, "Then we won't drink today. I'll drink more at your wedding banquet some other day."**

**Wendy put the wine bottle down and poured herself a glass. Then she said, "There are many men and women who fall in love and break up. Some people have different personalities, some people have different habits, and some people are because of the age gap. No one knows what will happen until the last moment."**

**Boyce naturally heard the meaning of her words, and his expression was a little unnatural, thinking**

that she said this on purpose to him.

"I'm happy to have Boyce over for lunch today. What the hell are you talking about? I know you are in a bad mood, but don't affect others. If you're not hungry, don't eat yet, and go inside for a while." Officer Miller reprimanded his daughter in a deep voice, "You're spoiling the mood."

"Dad, I'm your daughter, right? Why are you kicking me out?" Wendy bit her lip, "Forget it. I won't eat."

After saying that, she stood up and looked at everyone, "Sorry, I'm not in a good mood, so don't mind if I speak harshly."

"We don't care. You just sit down and eat." Boyce felt uncomfortable in his heart but did not show it. For Officer Miller's sake, he couldn't say anything.

Officer Miller didn't look well, "Sit down."

"I was in a bad mood after the divorce and said the wrong thing. Just forget about it. Boyce isn't even mad at me. How come you're angry?"

Officer Miller broke her hand, "Don't try and deny it. Today it's Boyce, but if it's anyone else, they would definitely be unhappy."

"I know. There is no next time." Wendy sat back down and looked at Boyce with a smile, "You don't care, do you?"

Next chapter