

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 601 Don't Force It

Boyce denied.

“Okay, let’s eat. This issue is resolved.” Miller knew that his daughter was exposed by his wife and regretted it.

But there was no use to cry over spilled milk. What was fated to be will be and nothing can be forced.

One cannot force fate. Although he had wanted Boyce to marry his daughter but at least today his wife can finally abandon her hopes.

As for his daughter, she could only look for another man.

Miller liked Boyce and hoped that he could become his son-in-law but that was not to be.

Now that his daughter was also a divorcee, all the more he could not hope for it.

He would be satisfied if his daughter could find someone decent.

“Come, let’s eat. Don’t stand on ceremony.” Miller said to Jasmine, “Cat’s got your tongue? The last time you were so chatty. What happened to you today?” Miller liked Jasmine because she had moxie and confidence.

Jasmine smiled, "The last time I was too anxious and was worried that you would punish him."

Miller smiled and asked, "It must be you who asked Boyce out first." He knew Boyce very well and even when there was a rumor about Boyce, he never believed that Boyce was guilty of it.

"No, I was the one who asked her out first." Boyce quickly replied.

He wanted to protect Jasmine's dignity.

Furthermore, it was her who was helping him today.

He could not let others think that way of her.

Miller laughed heartily, "So your icy heart finally thawed?"

The Boyce he knew was very reserved.

Boyce must have liked her a lot to initiate the relationship.

Miller looked at Jasmine.

She was young, beautiful with an interesting personality.

She looked like someone independent and confident.

“Boyce doesn’t have any relatives here. So you need to take good care of him.” Miller said to Jasmine.

Jasmine smiled and replied, “I will.” As she looked at Boyce. She truly hoped that she would be the one to take care of Boyce.

“Boyce, look at how concerned my father is for you. He treats you like you are his son.” Wendy said sarcastically and continued, “My father doesn’t have a son. Why don’t you become his son? He can even help you in your career.” What Wendy said was inappropriate.

Miller’s expression changed and said sternly, “Eat or leave. Don’t stir any trouble here. You’ve divorced. Do you expect others to always give in to you?”

“Why are you so worked up? Wendy didn’t say anything. Why must you be upset?” Mrs. Miller tried to ease the situation and continued, “She’s affected by her divorce and didn’t choose her words carefully. Don’t be angry because of her.”

Miller was upset and did not speak.

Boyce felt that the atmosphere had taken a turn for the worse. He stood up with Jasmine and said, “I just realized that I have something to attend to. Please excuse us.”

Miller replied solemnly, “Please don’t be offended.”

“Think nothing of it. I’m truly grateful for your continued guidance.” Boyce bowed at Miller respectfully. Regardless of what Wendy said, he would always be grateful for Miller’s continued mentorship. Nothing would change his respect for Miller, much less what happened today.

“That’s because of your own capabilities. If you have none, I won’t even take notice of you. Give me a treat another day.” Miller and Alan Meyer were upstanding men and would not allow their

professionalism to be tarnished by nepotism. If Boyce did not have the right capabilities, he would never have promoted him. Miller was impressed with Boyce's talents.

Boyce replied, "Come over to my place and I'll cook for you."

Miller chuckled, "Oh? You can cook?"

"I had been single for such a long time. As long as you are not picky, I'll ensure that you'll enjoy my cuisine." Boyce joked.

"Can't wait. See you!" Miller waved goodbye.

Boyce bade his farewell to Miller and Mrs. Miller before leaving with Jasmine.

When Boyce had left, Miller's expression turned for the worse and demanded, "Speak up, what were you up to?"

Wendy grabbed her hair in frustration and was speechless.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Angelina Jolie Health Struggles - Talk About A Dramatic Change

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

"You were the one who wasn't satisfied with him. Based on my understanding of Boyce, he would have treated you very well and taken very good care of us. But you refused to listen to me. So now, after all that you've gone through, you are regretting now?" Miller huffed furiously and continued, "Don't you know how much harm you've caused to you and your father's dignity by what you had done? How would Boyce think of us now?"

He clarified once again, "All of Boyce's achievements were due to his own capabilities and not because I had favored him." It was true that Miller recommended Boyce to become the assistant superintendent but he was definitely capable to take up that position. What his daughter had said that night seemed to suggest that Boyce could not rise to that position without his support. Miller was extremely upset because she seemed to suggest that Miller had engaged in nepotism and hence was unprofessional.

"Okay, it's because of her divorce..."

"So she's using divorce as an excuse?" Miller interrupted his wife as he knew that she was trying to find excuses for his daughter. But even if she was in a foul mood, she must not harm others with such sinister comments.

"Preposterous!"

Mrs. Miller kept quiet and did not respond. She knew that her husband could read a person well and saw that Boyce was honest and ambitious. It was her daughter who did not cherish the opportunity and now she could not blame anyone.

"When did Boyce start a relationship? Why hadn't you mention it previously? Mrs. Miller asked.

Miller was frustrated and slammed his chopsticks on the table and stood up furiously, "Why? Do I now have to report to you?" Thereafter he stormed out of the dining room.

Mrs. Miller asked Wendy, "You weren't interested in Boyce so why did you speak to him in this manner? Look at how much you've upset your father!"

Wendy apologized, "I'm sorry Mom, I don't know what caused me to do that." In fact, she felt that Boyce's achievements had been due to her father's influence so Boyce should be grateful to them. Thus, she felt that she always stood a chance to be with Boyce. When Boyce brought Jasmine for dinner, she suddenly felt slighted and became frustrated.

“You’re upset because he brought his girlfriend?” Mrs. Miller asked. She was not sure about how Wendy felt about Boyce. If she was interested in Boyce, then why did she reject him in the past but if she was not, then why did she react this way tonight? Mrs. Miller was dumbfounded.

“No.” Wendy denied.

Mrs. Miller could not bear to question Wendy further as she knew that Wendy was still in a bad mood because of her recent divorce.

“Go and apologize to your father so that he can calm down.” Mrs. Miller advised her daughter.

“Why does father like Boyce so much? Could Boyce be his illegitimate child?” Wendy joked.

“What are you talking about?” Mrs. Miller immediately reproached her, “What if your dad heard that?” Mrs. Miller was certain about her husband’s character. He was not a womanizer who fooled around.

“I’m just joking. He definitely treats Boyce better than me.” Clearly, he did not spare any thought for her feelings tonight.

“Of course your father loves you. He indeed likes Boyce but he was so concerned for you that he could not sleep the entire night when you divorced. Alright now, ask your father to come to continue his dinner.” Mrs. Miller glared at Wendy to make peace with her father. Wendy obediently stood up and went to comfort her father.

Boyce and Jasmine got into the car and drove off immediately. He was solemn as he drove the car. Jasmine asked as she was curious about the relationship between Wendy and Boyce, “Do you know her well?” They seemed to be so.

Boyce replied, "I suppose."

"Then she likes you that's why..."

Boyce interrupted Jasmine as he knew what she was wondering, "She doesn't like me. We were introduced but she didn't think that I was suitable for her." Even he was perplexed as to what happened tonight.

"Really?" Jasmine still felt that Wendy liked Boyce.

Boyce smiled, "Don't you believe me?"

Jasmine denied and then asked, "Where are we going now?"

"Back to your University." Boyce calmly said.

Jasmine asked curiously, "Aren't you treating me to dinner? After all, I helped you tonight and pretended to be your girlfriend for the entire afternoon. I'm famished."

Boyce snapped back to his senses and replied awkwardly, "What do you like to eat? My treat."

"You decide since you're paying for it." Jasmine laughed.

"Okay." Boyce hardly went to the high-end restaurants unless he was with Armand and Matthew. He was a civil servant and whose standard of living was incomparable with the two of them. However, since Jasmine had helped him, he wanted to choose a nice place to dine with Jasmine.

As they entered the restaurant, Boyce said to Jasmine, "Go ahead and order whatever you like, it's my

treat.”

“Great, thanks!” Jasmine replied excitedly.

“I hardly splurge.” He chuckled as he seldom went to such nice restaurants on his own.

Previously Jasmine had been to such high-class restaurants as a waitress but never as a diner.

They were led to a quiet corner by the server and the server presented the menu.

“She’ll order,” Boyce told the server.

Chapter 602 Fortunately For You, It Is My Loss

Jasmine frowned as she browsed the menu carefully. A plate of bean curd appetizer cost 15 dollars. It had a fancy name such as Emperor's Icy Jade in thick broth. But it was still bean curd! She felt that it was a rip-off! She continued to browse the menu and the rest were the same.

The cabbage puree was just cabbage and cost 20 dollars.

The French roast duck was 55 dollars each!

The sweet and sour pork ribs were 18 dollars a plate!

Jasmine could not continue and felt that it was clearly a rip-off. The dishes were fancily named and the ambiance was high class but that was no reason to have such outrageous prices!

She closed the menu and gave it back to the server and said, "We won't be ordering."

Boyce was startled and asked, "Don't you like it?"

Jasmine nodded, "There isn't anything that I like here. Let's go somewhere else."

Boyce stood up and said, "Fine, let's go somewhere you like."

Jasmine smiled. The server kept quiet as Boyce was in his uniform and he was obviously someone with authority. She also noticed the age difference between Boyce and Jasmine and figured out that Jasmine would be spoiled by Boyce.

Once out of the restaurant, Jasmine spoke freely, "That was a rip-off! How can a bowl of bean curd cost 15 dollars? What kind of bean curd would cost that much?"

Boyce did not expect Jasmine to be upset because it was expensive and chuckled, "That was your only chance to have a fancy meal with me. You won't have another opportunity."

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

15 Celebrities With Terrible Personal Hygiene

Jasmine looked at him and scoffed, "Fortunately for you, it's my loss."

"You can still change your mind," Boyce said. Boyce meant it. He wanted to give her a nice treat.

"Fine, I'll pick the place." Jasmine dragged him to the car and continued, "I know a place that serves delicious food. Drive!" Boyce looked at her hand as she grabbed onto his. He could feel that her palm was full of callouses. She must have been used to physical labor. He knew that she was struggling to put herself through university.

"Remember to look for me if you need anything. I promised your mother that I would look after you." Boyce said.

Jasmine's smile waned as soon as she remembered her mother.

Boyce immediately noticed her reaction and quickly apologized, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have mentioned."

Jasmine shook her head, "It's alright."

She wrung her hands and said, "My mother was very pitiful. I was hoping that once I can earn some money, I would save her from that household, but..." Her mother was imprisoned because of murder.

"My father loved to gamble. Whenever he won, he would spend extravagantly with those hooligans but when he lost, he would demand money from my mother. If my mother didn't give him the money, he would beat her up. My mother was a housewife and the family income depended on the several acres of lily. She could only work some menial work to earn some meager amounts. The family savings had long been gambled away by my father. He will force my mother to earn money to feed his gambling habits and beat her up when he lost money. I saw this over the years and I wanted so much to take my mother away from him. When I managed to get into this University, I thought that she could endure for a few more years and I would be able to get her out but she did not wait for me."

She shuddered when she recalled the way her father beat up her mother. There was once he took a wooden stool and slammed it against her mother and she collapsed onto the ground and was motionless for a long time. There was yet another time when her father pinned her mother on the ground and repeatedly slapped her until her mouth bled profusely. She tried to pull her father away but was kicked off by him.

"My father is worse than an animal. He deserved death. I never pitied him and this was too easy on him. Sometimes I hate the law. My father was clearly the aggressor so why must the law punish my mother?" _____

Chapter 603 Become The Woman That Can Help Him

Actually, she understood that society would be in chaos if legal constraints didn't exist.

However, when she thought of what happened to her mother, her heart was aching.

Boyce didn't know how to comfort her. Even if he had seen many seamy sides of lives, it was hard for him, as an outsider, to empathize on this matter.

In reality, things that had happened to Jasmine's parents were a norm in many places. Every person is an individual, and their actions and thoughts are all independent. Therefore, every individual is different, and some people are much more absurd than others.

The only thing he could do was care a little more for this pitiful girl.

Now he only knew why her mother was sent to prison. The last time when he read the case file, he knew it was a homicide, but he didn't read about the murder motives. And now he knew that the murder was an act of resistance due to oppression from long-term domestic violence. It was indeed sympathizing. However, a murder is still a murder, no matter what the motives were.

If anyone could anyhow punish bad people, wouldn't this society become chaotic?

Jasmine also didn't know what was going on with her just now for telling him her story, "I'm very sorry. I shouldn't have told you."

"No, it's okay. I don't mind. Do you know why some foreign countries are in disorder?" Boyce said.

Jasmine said she knew, "Because their law is incomplete. I heard that some countries even allow their citizens to own weapons. You can't even sleep peacefully at night if you live in that country."

"That's why it's important to have the law. Other than protecting the personal safety of people, a complete set of laws is also important for the continuity of society. No matter what the reason is, or who did it, everyone is equal and should get punished for committing a crime." Boyce said.

"I understand. It was just a momentary sigh of emotion." Jasmine lowered her eyes. She could only blame her own immaturity at that time, and that she should have reported to the relevant departments. For now, the government has already introduced many laws about women, and there were some good solutions for solving domestic violence.

"Where are we going?" Boyce asked.

He didn't know the way.

"I'm not familiar with this area. Drive to the west of the city." Jasmine laughed and said, "I've almost forgotten that we are going to eat. You should be hungry by now, right?"

Boyce told her that he was still okay.

After he said that, the two of them did not speak again, and the car fell into silence.

Jasmine worked part-time around this area; therefore, she was very familiar with the place.

"Turn right at the intersection in front."

Boyce followed her instructions and turned right at the intersection in front.

"Just follow this road and drive straight," Jasmine said.

Boyce turned and glanced at her, "What is there to eat here?"

"You will know when we reach there. If I tell you now, there won't be any surprise." Jasmine said playfully, letting him guess.

Boyce smiled and did not ask anymore. Even though Jasmine did not have a good childhood, she was optimistic and tough. Furthermore, although she lived alone in the city, he could tell that she was hardworking, and was not pessimistic, which was very rare.

"Stop the car in front of the red sign," Jasmine said.

Boyce drove the car and stopped in front of the red sign. Jasmine pushed open the door and got out of the car.

She stood in front of the restaurant and waited for Boyce, and said, "I used to work part-time in this restaurant, and I know the owner. Their special roast duck is super good."

Even though the restaurant's location wasn't ideal, the place was big, and their decorations were unique. Additionally, the place was quite clean too.

"We're a little late. It will be full of customers if we came at noon. Let's go in." Jasmine smiled and said.

Boyce nodded and went into the restaurant. Because it was past the peak lunch hours, there were a lot of empty seats. Jasmine chose a table close to a French window.

"Well, look who's here. Welcome back, Jasmine." The waiter came over and greeted her.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

Jasmine smiled and said, "Yeah, employees can get discounted rates for eating here, right? Remember to give me a discount later."

"No problem." The waiter glanced towards Boyce, then threw an ambiguous wink at Jasmine, "And this is..."

"My uncle." Jasmine quickly interrupted her.

"I thought he's your boyfriend. Here, what do you want to order?" The waiter passed them the menu.

"Let me order. I know what's good here." Jasmine volunteered.

Boyce put down the menu.

"This, this, this and this. That's all." Jasmine returned the menu to the waiter.

"Alright, I'll serve you the food in a short while." The waiter smiled and said to Jasmine.

After the waiter walked away, Jasmine went to pour a glass of water and put it in front of Boyce,

"Drink some water first."

Boyce took a sip. After a while, the waiter served the dishes up. Jasmine only ordered four dishes, but the waiter brought five of them, and said, "The owner knows that you've brought guests, so he gave you an extra."

After serving all the dishes, the waiter put away the tray and said, "Enjoy your meal." Then, she walked away.

The specialty of the restaurant was the crispy roast duck. The roasted skin was crispy, and the meat was tender and juicy. Jasmine took a piece of duck meat, wrapped it with bread, and asked, "Which one do you prefer, sweet or spicy?"

Boyce said, "I prefer it to be spicier. Girls would probably prefer the sweet sauce more."

"Who told you that? Nowadays, girls can also eat spicy food." Jasmine dipped the spicy sauce, wrapped the duck meat in bread, and put it beside Boyce's mouth, "Try it."

Boyce looked down at the duck meat that was put beside his mouth. He felt that it was too intimate, and it felt a little inappropriate, "You eat it. I can wrap one myself."

"Why? Is it because of my hands? I washed them when I went to get water for you." Jasmine did not compromise, smiled, and said, "Just eat it."

Boyce had no choice but to open his mouth. When Jasmine put the food inside his mouth, she accidentally touched his lips, and it felt quite soft. She quickly withdrew her hands and put them under the table.

She looked at Boyce in anticipation and asked, "How is it? Is it good?"

Boyce nodded. He could feel the brief touch too, but he pretended as if nothing had happened, "It tastes good, and it's not greasy."

It was really not bad. Generally, the skin of the roasted duck will be oily. But for this restaurant, the skin of their roasted duck was very crispy, and they could still maintain the tenderness of the meat inside. After dipping it with the spicy sauce, every bite was a unique experience. The fusion of the meat and the bread made it so that you could not only taste the greasiness of the meat, but also the aromatic crispiness of the skin.

"Try the sweet sauce. It's very nice too." Jasmine put the sweet sauce in front of him. Following how she did it, Boyce took a piece of bread first, took a piece of duck meat, dipped it in sweet sauce, and wrapped it with the bread. Then, he put the whole thing into his mouth. The different sauce gave him a different sensation. It was both delicious.

"You are quite good at finding nice food," Boyce commented.

"I only knew about it because I worked here, I don't have that kind of money to eat here." Jasmine smiled and spoke. Then, she changed the topic suddenly, "Do you have any kind of requirement for your future wife? Like having a good family background, or having a decent job?"

At Officer Miller's house, the woman mentioned that Boyce was successful now, was all because of her father.

But Jasmine felt that Boyce deserved what he had today because of his hard work.

She really wanted to become the woman that can help him.

"As long as she is about the same age as me and looks decent. I don't have any requirements for family backgrounds or job status, as long as we can get along well." Boyce said gently. He did not have any yearnings to find another half. For him, getting married was just an obligation. He would not even consider marriage if it wasn't for his age.

His requirements were not high, but for Jasmine, it was considered high too. Firstly, Boyce and she had a huge age gap.

His requirements were not high, but for Jasmine, it was considered high too. To begin with, Boyce and she had a huge age gap.

Jasmine put some food on his plate, "I want to change my major. I'm thinking of going to the police academy." _____

Chapter 604 Grab Your Trouser Leg And Beg You

"Why? You don't like the previous major that you've picked?" Boyce raised his head, looked at her, and asked.

Jasmine lowered her head, poking the bread in her bread, "Of course I like it. Otherwise, I wouldn't have chosen it in the first place. But..."

"But what? You've regretted it?" Boyce didn't understand what she meant.

Jasmine laughed in a poised manner, "It's just that I have other thoughts now."

"Do you mind telling me?"

Jasmine dipped the bread that she had poked into the spicy sauce and put it in her mouth. Then she slowly said, "I've already told you. But you didn't understand what I meant."

"I didn't understand what you meant?" Boyce felt that he had heard her right. Did he misunderstand or misheard anything?

"It's fine. Come, try this." Jasmine put some food onto his plate, deliberately changing the topic. She knew that he would not think much about it, but she was also afraid that he might know what was on her mind.

Boyce did not continue to dwell on this matter.

After eating, the two of them left the restaurant. Jasmine smiled and said, "I helped you save a lot of money, right? This meal is only slightly over a hundred yuan."

If they had eaten in the previous restaurant, ordering a few dishes would already be a few hundred yuan.

The main selling point of the previous restaurant was not their dishes. It was more about their atmosphere from all the high-class decorations.

Boyce said, "Let me send you back."

"It's close to school here. I can just go back with a taxi." Jasmine looked at him, "You should be very busy."

"I have the time to send you back." Boyce unlocked his car, "Come on up."

Jasmine smiled at him, "Then, thank you."

Boyce looked at her, started the car, and said, "You don't have to thank you. You've helped me today."

Over here, he knew the road to the school. Therefore, he could drive to the school without Jasmine's giving him the directions.

He stopped his car a short distance away from her school, "I'll let you off here."

After what happened last time, Boyce had to be careful. He wasn't afraid of his reputation or anything else but was afraid that it might bring trouble to Jasmine. After all, she was a girl.

If some bad words spread out, it would do her more harm.

Jasmine unbuckled her seat belt and got off the car, "Drive safely."

Boyce said, "Call me if you need anything."

Jasmine nodded, stood beside the road, and watched Boyce drove off.

When Boyce's car was further away, she turned around and went into the school. However, she didn't realize that a road, that had stopped beside the road, witness her getting down from Boyce's car.

From her father, Wendy heard that Jasmine was a student from HQ University. Coincidentally, the daughter of the headmaster was Wendy's friend. They used to visit her at her house.

After she was rebuked by her father, Wendy felt that Jasmine was the one who had sabotaged her. She knew Boyce very well. He was a total blockhead, and he was old-fashioned. How could he fall in love with a freshman student? Jasmine must have seduced him first.

She quickly drove her car, passed Jasmine, and entered the school before her.

After Jasmine went back to school, she went back to her dormitory and washed her clothes first. Her class starts at 3 p.m., so it will be too early for her to go to school now.

After she washed her clothes, she took a nap. She went to school at around two in the afternoon, and once she reached there, she was called into the office by her teacher.

"Did you offend anyone recently?"

Jasmine shook her head, "No, I did not."

"If not, why would someone bring up the matter from before, and even brought it up to the principal?"

"What happened?" Jasmine frowned. Wasn't that matter resolved? Who is spreading rumours again?

"You need to write a self-reflection report." The teacher was helpless too. But since it was an order from her superior, he couldn't do anything.

"Just write a self-reflection report?" Jasmine felt that it wouldn't be that easy.

The teacher let out a sigh. Jasmine would know about it sooner or later anyway. "After you write it out, you need to read it out in front of the whole school. The school blackboard wants to use this as material for a negative example."

"How could they do this?" Jasmine clenched her fist. "This matter has long passed. I can accept it if they want me to write a self-reflection, but putting it up the school's blackboard news, and read it out in front of the whole school..."

"I know it's difficult for you to accept it. But if you want to graduate peacefully, you should listen to them obediently." The teacher couldn't do anything as it was an order from his superior.

Jasmine clenched her fist, not saying anything.

"Go back to class. Just endure it for the sake of your studies." The teacher comforted her.

Jasmine understood that this society had always been like this. People can do anything they want if they are rich and famous.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

Make Your Own Product For Your Scalp

She had vaguely guessed that Elisa must be behind all this shenanigan.

The last time was her too.

However, she would not back down. She could do anything for the sake of completing her studies!

If she wanted a better future, she must graduate from this university. Only by then, she could have a chance to be matched with Boyce.

She would not be defeated by this matter.

The teacher patted her shoulders, "Go back to the classroom, your class will start soon."

Jasmine lowered her head, gritted her teeth, and strode out of the office. It was as if she was a fish swimming upstream; even though it was hard, she was still swimming with all her might.

The teacher let out a sigh. Jasmine had been excelling in her studies, so someone might be jealous of her. However, this was an order from his superior, and he could not change their decision.

Fortunately, she was able to endure this. Every cloud has a silver lining. Hopefully, everything will work out for her in the end.

At the villa.

Matthew went to the villa after he got out of the company so that he could avoid Charles. He thought of bringing his daughter to the pet shop, but they had already gone there in the morning. Since he was free for the rest of the day, he stayed home and accompanied Dolores.

He also talked to her about the wedding.

Dolores was half-laid on the bed, looking lethargic and unenergetic. She half-squinted her eyes and said, "You can just decide on it."

Matthew moved her head, put it on his lap, and played with the hair beside her ear, "Are you not

happy?"

"Then can you make me laugh?" Her eyelashes fluttered, opening her eyes slightly.

Matthew was speechless.

It didn't seem hard. He reached his hand out and tried to tickle her. Dolores stopped him in time, "You are not allowed to use your hands. You can only tell me some jokes to make me laugh."

Matthew was speechless.

"You're bullying me." He pressed his body down on her. Dolores pushed his face away, "You're not allowed to get so close to me, you haven't made me laugh yet."

"You're making it difficult for me." Matthew thought hard, but he couldn't think of any jokes. After thinking for a while, he said seriously, "How about I grab your trouser leg and beg you piteously, can you laugh now?"

"Poof!" Dolores laughed.

Matthew didn't understand, "Was this funny?"

Dolores wanted to tell him yes. Suddenly, Matthew's phone, which was in his pocket, rang. He took it out and saw Armand's name on the screen, "It's Armand."

Dolores said, "You can answer it."

Matthew answered the call. However, Armand's voice didn't come from the other side of the phone. It

was a woman's voice, "Hello?"

Matthew frowned, "Who are you?"

Why was there another woman beside Armand? Did he not want to win Theresa's heart back?

Dolores realized something was not right. She got up and put her ear to his phone, trying to hear what the other party was saying.

"Hello, this is the TY Bar. This gentleman is drunk. We saw your number on his phone, so we call you. Can you please come and pick him up?"

Matthew furrowed his eyebrows even deeper. It was hard for him to find time to accompany his wife. Armand really knew how to pick the perfect time to disturb him.

"You should go." Dolores touched him.

Matthew hung up the phone and looked at her, "Have you asked Theresa? Is there any possibility for her to get back together with Armand?"

Obviously, Armand was drunk because of Theresa.

If there was no hope for Armand, he would try to persuade him to give up on Theresa. There was no point dragging on like this.

Dolores sat up, but she didn't tell Matthew about how Theresa felt about Armand, "I don't think there's anyone at Armand's house who can take care of him. Why don't you bring Armand back to the villa and let Theresa talk to him about this?"

Matthew thought it was a good idea. It was not up to them to interfere in their relationship issues, so it was a good idea to let the two of them talk it out among themselves.

"My wife is so clever." Matthew cupped her face and kissed her forehead, "I'll leave first."

Dolores replied to him with an "um". After Matthew had left, she went downstairs and saw Lucy helped Theresa out of her room.

Seeing Dolores came down, Theresa smiled at her and said, "I feel bored in the room, so I was thinking of coming out and get some air."

Dolores knew that Matthew would be bringing Armand back to the villa later, so it wouldn't be good if Theresa could see Armand in that drunken state. _____

Chapter 605 Like Plucking A Chicken

"I'll accompany you," Dolores walked downstairs. She took out some fruit from the refrigerator and washed it. After that, Dolores cut it up and put it on a plate. She brought it out on the table and sat next to Theresa. Dolores looked at the scabby wound on Theresa's foot, "It's getting well."

Theresa said, "I'm going to die of boredom if it's not getting well."

"I don't think you're idle either," Dolores got Theresa a piece of cantaloupe with a fork, "How many orders uncle has taken recently?"

It was not a proper way to close down the store for a long time because they would lose their customers after a long time. The dropping of popularity was a natural part after the exhibition. The store was closed for a long time, and it was normal that customers would forget about the store. So

Dolores thought of a solution. They opened the business online during the period that they could not go back to City C. They could design the dress style that the customer wanted according to the customer's request. After that, they could pass the drawing to Oscar, and he would issue the embroiderers and lathe workers to make the dresses.

“We have three or four orders now,” Theresa ate the fruits while said, “I can handle it alone. I drew two sketches of the design when I was free last time. Then, I showed them to two customers, and it just so happened that they like it. So I have two orders left now. To tell you the truth, this is a good idea. Now that we have resolved the hiatus of the shop, we can keep our customers. Besides, I’ll be bored to death if I were to stay at home all the time. Hence, this is indeed killing two birds with one stone.”

She turned her head to look at Dolores, “Didn't Matthew come back at noon? Where is he? Didn't he accompany you? By rights, you should not have time to accompany me.”

Dolores looked a little awkward and avoided Theresa's gaze by the action of eating fruits. She said indifferently, “He took a phone call and went outside. I don't know what's going on.”

Dolores did not directly tell Theresa because she was afraid Theresa was not ready for that. If Theresa still had affections for Armand, she should have had some emotional changes when she saw Armand. Otherwise, she probably did not have any feelings for Armand.

Theresa's mouth twitched, “Coral purposely took the child to play outside to give you two some time to get along. Matthew was so busy unexpectedly. Money doesn't grow on trees, sure enough.”

Dolores shoved some fruits into Theresa's mouth, “Shut up.”

Theresa laughed.

After chatting for a while, Theresa asked Lucy to take her sketch of design out of her room, and she showed it to Dolores. According to the customer's request, she asked to embroider red flowers pattern on green fabric. If the dress style did not look good, it would look oldish with such a color combination. So Theresa wanted to discuss it with Dolores.

“The customer who customized the dress was a lady in her fifties in City C. Do you think it's appropriate to make a suit or a dress?”

Dolores looked at the two versions of Theresa's design, and each had its characteristics and shortcomings. She asked, “What's the identity of the lady?”

“The wife of the business owner. We've made a video call earlier, and she's a lady who looks quite elegant,” Theresa replied.

“Let's make her a suit,” Dolores pointed at the suit sketch Theresa designed, “Let's make a three-piece suit with a pure white blazer. The green and red colors create a visual effect. There will be different and complex colors of flowers embroidered. So the suit will look messy if with a fancy blazer.”

Theresa nodded, “I think so too. The lady looked quite good taste in clothes. How come she like green with red flowers? What an odd taste! As the saying goes, green and red, sick the dog. What does she think?”

Dolores did not think it was something odd, “Everyone has their tastes and preferences of something, and don't judge it. I heard earlier that someone likes to smell nail polish. It's like a paint smell. How come someone thinks it's good smelling? Everyone has different looking and also different tastes and preferences.”

Theresa agreed.

The doorbell rang at this time. Dolores got up to open the door, while Theresa turned her head to look at the door because she thought it was Coral who took Andrew and Amanda back home.

However, when Dolores opened the door, they saw the driver and Matthew were carrying Armand, who seemed unconscious, instead of seeing Coral and the two children.

Theresa thought, 'What happened to him?'

'How come he was carrying by them?' she pondered.

Dolores turned her head to look at Theresa, and as it turned out to see Theresa's eyes rolled with worries when she did not hold back.

"He seems to be drunk," Dolores spoke to Theresa.

Theresa moved her eyes away, "It's not my business."

She sat on the sofa and continued to eat.

It seemed like she did not care about Armand at all.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

Jared Kushner & Ivanka Trump Dropped Off The Planet

Dolores sighed, "Send him to the guest room."

"I still want to drink," Armand got blasted. He still wanted to drink some more even though he could not open his eyes.

Dolores went to make a cup of honey water and handed it over to the driver, "Give him a drink of the honey water. He seems got so blasted. Sir, buy him some anti-alcoholic drugs from the pharmacy."

"Just let him have a sleep, and he will be fine," Matthew handed Armand over to the driver, "Take Armand to the room."

Lucy walked over to help and said, "I'll cook some hangover soup tonight."

Dolores nodded, "Please take care of him."

Lucy said, "Sure," she took the honey water and helped the driver to carry Armand to go to the room.

"Do you smell the alcohol on me?" Matthew raised his arm to Dolores's nose.

Dolores said yes. Indeed she smelled light alcohol on him.

Dolores was pregnant, so she was sensitive to smell.

"I'll go have a shower," Matthew could not stand dirty, and he was even more afraid of Dolores smelling alcohol.

Dolores knew his habits. Although he had no fetish for cleanliness, he could not stand any smell on his

body. She replied, "H'm."

Matthew did not show affection with Dolores since there was someone in the living room. He turned around and went upstairs to take a shower. After the shower, he knew Dolores did not go upstairs, and Theresa was downstairs too, so he went to Coral and wanted to play with the two children.

Coral took the two children to the bamboo grove in the mountain behind their place. They were all on a picnic mat spread on the grasses, with some food on it. Cotton was lying on the side while Andrew was reading a book about chess, and Amanda was drawing.

When Coral saw Matthew coming, she wanted to greet him, but Matthew stopped her with a gesture, signaling that she went back to the villa and he would take care of the two children.

Coral gently got up and left. She thought, 'Matthew rarely has time to spend with the two children. They will be happy for sure when Matthew accompanies them.'

After Coral left, Matthew went closer to Amanda with his noiseless steps. Amanda did not go to drawing class for learning, and it was Dolores and Theresa who taught her how to draw. Fashion design was essential for basic training in drawing. Since Dolores and Theresa were fashion designers, they had learned professional design and drawing skills. Both of them would teach Amanda drawing when they were free.

Amanda also liked to draw, so she learned it well.

She drew bamboo because she was in the bamboo grove. She was earnest in painting and did not notice the color stains on her white skirt, and she even did not notice Matthew was right behind her.

It was summer. They did not feel hot in the bamboo grove but felt refreshing when the wind blew.

Matthew stood behind Amanda and lowered his eyes to look at her drawing. Although she had not yet finished the drawing, it had a pretty good rough sketch. So he did not disturb her and quietly paid

attention to Amanda and looked forward to her finished the drawing.

Amanda was so focused that she did not notice someone was behind her. She asked suddenly, "Andrew, what do you think you would do if daddy betrayed mommy?"

Matthew was speechless.

He thought, 'What's she thinking?'

Same as Coral, Andrew saw Matthew walked over to them, but he did not say anything. Andrew glanced at Matthew, smiled, and asked in reply, "What about you? What would you do?"

Amanda tilted her head and thought about it. She seemed to have seen such a plot in a drama, so she recalled the lines at the time and replied to Andrew, "If it's me, I'll pluck all the hair from the mistress' body like plucking a chicken until she has no more hair on her body, so that she will have no way to seduce others."

Chapter 606 Nonsense Words

Andrew concealed his smile and asked, "Will you pluck her fine hairs too?"

"Of course, all the hair should be plucked, like a hairless chicken that is very ugly. Nobody will like it," Amanda said seriously.

Andrew gave a little cough and thought, 'The first thing to be considered is whether a plucked chicken can still be alive instead of considering whether it looks good or ugly.'

"Do you think daddy will be angry when he heard your words?" Andrew suppressed his smile, and he could know that Matthew was pulling a long face even if he only looked at Matthew's back.

“Daddy won't hear it as long as you don't go and tell him,” Amanda assured as if she knew Matthew very well.

Andrew pressed his stomach so hard so that he did not laugh out loud, “How can you be so sure?”

“How can daddy have time to care about us when he's busying with his business every day? I'm wondering if we're not his children.” Amanda thought, ‘If Matthew is our father, how come he doesn't have time to spend with us?’

Andrew could not help but burst into a laugh.

Amanda did not understand why Andrew laughed at her, and she turned her head and asked, “What are you laughing at?”

She did not finish her words and saw the man standing behind her. Amanda's little cute countenance fell, “D-d-daddy...”

Amanda was anxious, and she could not even speak the words clearly.

Matthew asked sullenly, “Where did you learn all these words?”

“Y-y-you heard it all?” Amanda thought, ‘When did daddy come? How come I didn't notice it?’

She certainly would not have said those words if she had noticed he was there.

“Daddy,” Amanda hugged Matthew's leg and pouted, “When did you come? How come I didn't hear your steps?”

“Can I still hear you say those nonsense words if you heard my steps?” Matthew still pulled a long face.

Amanda put up a smiling face to please Matthew, and she hugged his legs more tightly with her arms and said in a baby's voice, “Daddy, I love you so much. I'm just afraid of losing you, and I'm afraid someone will take you away from me.”

He could not get angry anymore after looking at Amanda's pretty face. However, he wanted to teach her a lesson, so he was still pulling a long face, “Tell me, where did you hear all that?”

Amanda lowered her head and rubbed her fingers. She pouted and said, “I heard it all in dramas.”

“Don't watch those nonsense dramas again from now on,” Matthew said solemnly.

“Alright, I promise you that I'll never watch it again. Don't be angry, daddy,” Amanda stretched out her two little arms, “Daddy, it's been a long time since you have hugged me. I miss you, and I want you to hug me.”

Matthew was annoyed and amused at the same time, “Don't we see each other every day?”

“I'm still missing you even though we meet every day. Daddy, I'll first draw a portrait for you in the future, but you have to wait for my skills to become better,” Amanda said earnestly.

Amanda's serious expression successfully erased the little bit of displeasure in Matthew's heart.

He bent over to pick up Amanda and patted her bottom, "Don't you try to soap me up. You're not allowed to watch TV anymore from now on."

"Is cartoons okay?" Amanda asked in a low voice.

"Will you stop watching TV if I say no?"

"I won't watch it if you say no. I'll watch it without letting you know," Amanda playfully kissed Matthew's face, "Daddy hates to beat me up, right?"

Matthew was speechless and smiled, "You're getting more demanding."

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Angelina Jolie Health Struggles - Talk About A Dramatic Change

15 Celebrities With Terrible Personal Hygiene

"Daddy, get me down. I haven't finished my drawing yet," Amanda was in high spirits and wanted to finish the drawing.

Matthew pinched her cheeks and got her down.

Amanda ran to the drawing board and picked up the brushes to continue her unfinished drawing. Andrew put down his book, "Daddy, let's play chess."

Matthew stood with his hands behind his back and looked at Andrew, "I'm afraid you'll cry if you lose."

Andrew felt embarrassed and rubbed his head. He was angry earlier because he could not accept losing the chess game.

However, he got over it.

Although his skills were not good enough, he understood that he would become better in the future.

"I won't cry," Andrew said firmly.

Matthew walked over to Andrew and sat on the mat, "Let's get started."

Andrew was happy and opened his newly purchased chess set. One of them held white pieces while the other held black pieces.

Andrew lost again this time, but he had improved and was able to last for a few rounds of the game.

It was getting late, and it was also time for dinner. Amanda finished her drawing while Matthew and Andrew stopped playing chess. They packed their things and took them home.

Dinner was ready at home. Coral was about to go out of the house to ask them back to dinner. When she saw them coming back, she took the things from Matthew's hand and said with a smile, "Remember to wash your hands before dinner."

Lucy and Dolores prepared dinner together. Theresa did not return to her room while Armand had not yet woken up. Lucy kept the food for him in the kitchen. She also cooked hangover soup. Armand could drink it when he woke up.

Amanda showed her drawing to Dolores and asked her if it was good.

Dolores thought Amanda had improved a lot in drawing indeed, and she gave her kind words of praise, "The drawing is lifelike. Your drawing skills are getting better. It's great! Go and wash your hands and eat."

Amanda was in a good mood after being praised. She put down the drawing and went to wash her hands, then she climbed up the chair and sat by herself and waited for dinner.

Dolores made a soup especially for them. She ladled soup into the bowls and handed it over to Andrew and Amanda. Matthew looked at the soup and asked, "Where is mine?"

Matthew was not gluttonous, but it was because he heard that Dolores was the one who had made the soup.

Dolores was about to serve it to Matthew. When she heard Matthew's question, she could not help but roll her eyes. She put a bowl of soup in front of him, "How could I forget about you?"

Matthew smiled faintly.

Theresa's legs were getting better, so she was eating at the dining table. However, she was out of her mind. Dolores placed the bowl of soup in front of her, "What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing," when she returned to her senses, Theresa was about to spoon out the soup. Dolores quickly stopped her, "It's hot. Let it cool down before drinking. Why are you out of mind?"

"Not at all," Theresa denied.

Dolores had seen through her but did not unmask her. She smiled and remained silent.

After they finished dinner, Lucy cleaned up the dining table while Coral helped the two children to bathe. Matthew pestered Dolores to go upstairs right after dinner. He merely wanted to hold her in his arms without doing anything.

At midnight, Armand woke up blearily, and his mouth felt dry. He got up and poured a glass of water. Armand was in a trance because of drinking. He seemed to be a lot soberer after drinking a glass of water, and he noticed where he was.

Soon he thought of Theresa was also there. He looked at her room and put down the glass. He could not help but walk over to her room. Perhaps it was late and too quiet, Armand subconsciously thought that Theresa must be asleep, and she would not know that he went to see her. So he quietly opened her room door.

Chapter 607 Her Heart Had Already Sunk

It was a quiet night. The room was unlit and only a ray of moonlight shone in through the window. The furnishings of the house were vaguely visible.

He walked in gently.

Theresa had just laid down but she could not fall asleep. So, she drew the diagram and only stopped drawing when her neck hurt as she kept lowering her head. She knew it as soon as the door was knocked. However, she just did not make any noise and pretended to sleep with her eyes closed.

Armand did not notice it at all since the light was not very bright and clear. He could not see Theresa's expression, so he could not notice it.

He gently moved the chair beside him to the bedside. Then, he sat down and just looked at her quietly.

He wanted to say many things deep in his heart to her, but he did not know how to start.

He did not know how to express his feelings.

He reached out and grasped her hand in his palm. He rested his head on her. Late night, all living creatures fell into a deep sleep, only he was still awake and was able to hear her breathing clearly as well as gazing at her.

No more repentance could penetrate one's heart as deeply as this moment of peace.

He was imagining her appearance in his mind quietly.

Although her appearance had changed, he knew clearly that it was still her and she remained the same deep in his heart.

Everybody made mistakes and so did I.

I did not ask for your forgiveness, but I just hoped that I could see you from time to time.

Theresa, I felt sorry as I was the one who hurt and upset you. I was suffering too since you lost your baby. If it was not for my fault, I would become a father now.

Whenever it was late at night, I often thought if only I could lose my memory, I would not feel so sad too.

God gave me the chance but I did not appreciate it.

If I had the chance to start all over again, I would take good care of you and not let you get any hurt.

I would hold your hand until we were old.

If you still hated me, please continue to do so. At least then, you would still think of me in your heart.

Theresa, you were the one who let me understand what it meant to be engraved in my heart. Even though you had hurt my pride, I still wanted to have you back with me guiltily.

Even if you always scolded me, my heart was still warm.

Theresa, I had told you many things in the past, but I had not kept a single promise.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This AppTheresa,

I was upset, really upset.

It was inexpressible to describe how I felt at this moment.

He stayed here until 5 a.m. Although his eyes were closed, he did not fall asleep as there were many thoughts in his mind.

He was worried that she would notice him. Even though he was reluctant to let go of her hand, he still let go of it as his palm was full of sweat after clutching it for so long.

He approached her and kissed her forehead gently, "I love you and this lasts forever."

He got up after saying that and looked at her for a few seconds. He did not realise any signs of her waking up. After putting the chair back in its original place, he left the room quietly.

When the door was shut, the woman opened her eyes. Armand thought that she was sleeping soundly. However, she moved her fingers and the warmth was still left on her hand.

She opened her eyes and looked up at the ceiling above her. Tears were rolling down from her eyes unconsciously and flowing to her hair at her ears.

It had been a torturous night for her. She could not share her bitterness in her heart with anyone else, but she could only endure and suffer silently.

This was her destiny and she could not change it. The only thing she could do was to overcome it and continue living.

As for her relationship...it was afraid that she did not have the courage and strength to accept it anymore.

She told Dolores before that she still believed in love, but it seemed to be an excuse to keep Dolores from thinking too much.

How could she still have the courage to deal with her relationship?

Her heart had already sunk for the loss of her child and her physical disability.

The day was getting brighter while the darkness had passed. It was another wonderful day as the sun rose.

Theresa closed her eyes slowly. She did not want to be noticed by anybody that she had not slept for the whole night.

At six o'clock, Coral and Lucy had already got up. Lucy was a good cook while Coral retired from the kitchen. The breakfast was prepared by Lucy, but Coral would tell her some of the family's habits.

Andrew woke up early but not Amanda. She would still lie in bed even if she woke up after taking a nap.

Dolores was already awake upstairs. As she thought of Armand was still there, she was about to get up. When she just lifted the blanket, she was held by somebody with his leg pressing on her body, "Sleep a little longer."

Dolores turned her head and looked at him, "It is morning and move your leg away." _____

Chapter 608 Do You Want to Scold Me

Matthew pretended that he did not hear her and continued sleeping while hugging her.

Dolores frowned, "I really want to take a picture of your rogue appearance and show it to the staff in your company."

Matthew approached her and said in a hoarse voice just like somebody who had just woken up, "Do you want me to take off my clothes and then only you take a picture of me?"

Dolores was speechless.

The word 'shameless' could no longer describe him.

"Stop making fun, I really need to get up." Dolores said seriously, "I'm going down to see if Armand was drunk all night yesterday. Not sure whether Theresa was asleep."

Previously, Theresa looked quite firm. But yesterday, it seemed that she was not as heartless as she appeared to be when facing Armand.

She sighed while wondering how she could help them so that they were both fine.

"Why do you sigh?" Matthew raised his head and looked at her. The day had just dawned and it was not good to sigh early in the morning.

"I'm wondering if there is something in Theresa's mind that she didn't tell me. It doesn't feel like she has completely lost hope in Armand. Hey...what are you doing?!" She was saying something when Matthew actually bit her.

“Can you stop thinking about other people’s business all the time?” Matthew was not sleepy anymore as he reached out to caress her stomach, “For the sake of our daughter, you should worry less.”

Dolores lifted her shirt and looked at her waist. Fortunately, there were no marks left. Matthew pinched her cheek, “I have a sense of proportion.”

“I thought you...never mind. Get up.” She lifted the blanket and got down from the bed. Matthew sat still, “What do you want to say next? Do you want to scold me?”

She put on her slippers and walked to the wardrobe to find the clothes that she wanted to wear today. She said without looking back, “Well, I want to say that you’re so childish.”

Matthew looked at her back. He held his chin while admiring his wife’s delicate body that was very slender even though she was pregnant. She was wearing a camisole nightdress with her white and fair arms exposed. Her long black hair was scattered at the back of her head, but it did not look messy even though she had not combed it yet.

He told Dolores that Jayden would come back from White City in the next few days. He must return for their wedding since he also missed the children.

Dolores asked if Kevin was coming.

Matthew said that he would come.

“That’s good. Let him stay here too in the future. He is already old and doesn’t have anybody around him. We will take care of him in the future.” Dolores took out the clothes she was going to wear today and looked back at him, “Do you really want to hold the wedding?”

Matthew nodded, "I have chosen the venue. You don't have to do anything. I will arrange everything."

Dolores could only nod her head, "I will have to invite my uncle to come over at that time."

Matthew got down from the bed. He approached her and hugged her, "We will invite whoever you wish."

Dolores pushed him away, "I'm going to wash up."

Matthew kissed her cheek, "Go ahead."

She changed her clothes after washing herself. She could not go downstairs in her pyjamas as there were outsiders in the house. She came out after dressing herself neatly. As she walked past the cloakroom and saw Matthew tidying his shirt sleeves, she walked in and looked at the colour of his trousers. She then took a suitable tie, "Let me help you."

She reached up to him and flipped up his collar to insert the tie. Then, she folded it back down and made a tie knot gently. Matthew lowered his head and looked at her serious expression. He said, "Your daughter complained that I didn't accompany her."

Dolores looked up at him and asked, "When?"

"Yesterday." He reached out to caress his wife's stomach, "I really wish he would be born quickly. So, we can go for a honeymoon after the wedding."

Dolores also lowered her head and looked at her big belly, "Forget about the honeymoon. You should spend more time with the two children if you're free."

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

Jared Kushner & Ivanka Trump Dropped Off The Planet

She had already given birth to two children and she was still pregnant now. She was not very eager for their wedding. After all, they were already living a married life.

"I'm actually very young, but I feel like a middle-aged person." She chuckled and mocked at herself.

Matthew disliked this remark and reached out to lift her chin, "Well, what nonsense are you talking about?"

Dolores pushed his hand away and turned around to get her suit, "Come and put in on."

He slipped his hand into the sleeves while remembering the nonsense his daughter had said. He said, "What has your daughter been watching at home every day?"

"School hasn't started yet. She doesn't go to preschool anymore since you came back. Except for taking Cotton around, she rarely goes out. She just watches the television at home." Dolores straightened his collar and raised her head to ask, "What did she say again?"

"Let her watch less television in the future. It is not beneficial. I see she is quite interested in drawing, why don't you go and enrol her in a drawing class." His brain hurt every time he thought of what his daughter had said.

Dolores said, "I will consider it. I'm going downstairs now."

Matthew responded 'sure'.

Everybody downstairs was already awake. Even Amanda who wanted to continue sleeping was awakened by Coral.

Dolores came down just as Armand was about to go back home.

“Have breakfast before leaving,” Dolores called and stopped him.

Armand stood at the doorway, “I caused trouble to you guys last night.”

“Nothing troublesome, just that you need to drink less since it is not good for your health,” Dolores said caringly as having excessive alcohol was unhealthy.

Armand lowered his head, “I will keep in mind in the future.”

“Come in and have your breakfast before leaving.” Dolores asked Lucy, “Is breakfast ready?”

“The breakfast is ready. Do you want to eat now?”

“Well, serve it then.” She let Armand in, “I will go and see if Theresa is awake.”

She walked over and knocked on the door of Theresa’s room. Theresa was already awake and also neatly dressed. She put on make-up as she was afraid that her dark circles were noticed.

Dolores approached and assisted her, “Getting up so early. Didn’t you sleep well last night?”

“I slept well, otherwise I wouldn’t be able to get up so early,” Theresa said while smiling.

Dolores did not say anything. It was not good asking her anything in the early morning.

Lucy served the breakfast on the table. She helped Theresa sit on the chair in front of the dining table. She asked as she saw Armand had not come over yet, "Why don't you come in? Aren't you hungry?"

"I haven't changed my clothes and I still seem to have the smell of alcohol." Armand could not withstand the smell and was afraid that they would smell it.

"We don't mind." Amanda held his hand, "Come in quickly and eat."

Armand followed the little girl to the dining table.

Amanda raised his head and looked at Theresa, "Renee, do you dislike Armand?"

Armand instinctively raised his head and looked at Theresa. _____

Chapter 609 Familiar Strangers

However, Theresa didn't look at him, she just supported her chin with one hand indifferently, "I'm not familiar with him."

That one sentence made a clear line between their worlds.

Armand felt sad at heart but he could still hold it on the surface as he smiled, "Are we familiar strangers?"

Theresa also smiled as she asked him back, "Have we ever been familiar? Why can't I remember?"

In comparison to Theresa's indifference, Armand couldn't be as indifferent as her, his lips were tightly pursed as he pulled the chair and sat down, "If hurting me can make you happy, just hurt me."

"You're not worth it for me to hurt, you're nothing to me, I won't use any bit of feelings on you, so there's not even hatred, I just find people like you annoying."

When saying that, the hand that Theresa put below the table was tightly clenching, her nails nearly sunk into her palm, only pain could make her keep calm.

Actually, she really wanted to slap him several times.

When Dolores took the milk and went out, she coincidentally saw her little movement... Even if she stayed calm, her body's little movements were clearly saying that she wasn't as calm as she looked on the outside.

If she really had no feelings towards Armand, how could she act like that?

What was actually hidden in her heart? If she could really let it go, why should she hurt others and herself?

She took a deep breath, acting like she didn't see anything, and then she asked when she poured milk into Armand's glass, "Is Mrs. Leslie okay?"

She found a topic on purpose, trying to relieve the atmosphere.

“She needs to be taken care of.” she couldn't take care of herself anymore, the only change was she could talk, she couldn't even talk before.

Dolores nodded, “Take good care of her.”

Armand nodded, “I will, she's my only relative, I'll definitely take good care of her.”

Matthew walked in, pulled the main chair and sat down, he then glanced at Armand but he didn't say anything.

Armand smiled, “Next time I'll call Boyce and won't disturb you anymore.”

Matthew lifted the fresh milk that Dolores poured for him and glanced indifferently at him, by then he felt that Armand deliberately came there.

Well, Theresa was there, it would be strange if he didn't use all possible means to go there.

Matthew didn't expose him either, he just asked, “Were you drunk yesterday?”

Armand was stunned, he did drink a lot but his mind was still clear, indeed, he deliberately let the waiter call Matthew's cellphone number.

Otherwise, how could it be such a coincidence... After all, there were so many numbers in his cellphone, how could the waiter call Matthew?

“Could that be a fake?” Armand wouldn't admit it.

Matthew glanced at him meaningfully, "As long as you know it clearly at heart.", he had no time to think about his problem, he stretched his hand out, took the egg on the plate, peeled it, and handed it to Amanda, "Do you want to study drawing?"

Amanda immediately nodded, "I want to."

She was really interested in that, seeing that her drawing was the same as the real one, she would feel very accomplished.

"Today I'll take you to someone who specializes in drawing, will you go?"

"Really?" Amanda didn't dare to believe it.

He even asked if she would go or not, she was simply overwhelmed by his unexpected offer, Matthew was a very busy man, how could he have time to take her there?

"Of course." Matthew already called Abbott saying that he wasn't going to the company that day, he also told him not to contact him if there was nothing extremely important.

He was going to accompany his children that day.

"Whoa, I'm so happy." she slid down the chair in excitement, ran over and hugged his leg, "You're so great."

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

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

Matthew rubbed Amanda's head, she was really easy to satisfy, from that onwards he would take more time to accompany them.

The happiest person that morning was Amanda, because Matthew was going to take her out.

After the breakfast, Armand drove Matthew's car out of the villa.

“Come with us.” Matthew leaned by the door and looked at her.

Dolores helped the kids put on clothes and sunscreen, she then looked up at him, “Just go, I'm a bit tired, I don't want to go outside.”

If the children went out, she would have the time to have a good talk with Theresa.

The child in her belly was gradually growing bigger, it was normal for her to feel tired, even if Matthew really wanted her to come with him, but he wouldn't force her since she said she was tired, he didn't want to tire her out, “Do you want to buy anything? I'll bring it back for you.”

Dolores gave it a thought, “I want to eat watermelon.”

“Anything else?”

“Nope.” she shook her head and explained, “Since you have time, play with the two children more.”

Matthew said yes.

He didn't go with anyone else, he just drove the car with the children, and Dolores sent him out... Seeing their car leaving, only then Dolores turned around and walked in.

Lucy and Coral was doing chores in the house, the place was too big, there were so many places that nearly should be wiped everyday, otherwise there would be dusts, it wasn't comfortable to talk in the living room either, she supported Theresa and went back to the room.

Theresa who just sat on the bed asked, "What do you want to say to me?"

Otherwise, she wouldn't find an excuse to stay at home, that was a rare day where her whole family could go out together.

"Tell me, what actually happened to you?" Dolores looked at her in seriousness.

Theresa rubbed the blanket, feeling uneasy, "What could happen to me?"

"Speak while you look into my eyes." Dolores was very serious, "If you're not hiding anything from me, look at me."

He didn't want to force Theresa or anything, she was just afraid that she was hiding something in her heart, suppressing it for a long time wouldn't be good for herself.

Perhaps she could feel better by talking it out.

Theresa didn't dare to see her, she kept saying, "I'm really fine, you're overthinking."

"I hope that I'm overthinking too, but your behavior made me feel so restless." Dolores stretched her hand out to grab hers, "Can't you trust me?"

Theresa lowered her head.

Her eyes were red, she couldn't say anything because she didn't know how to start.

Recalling when she got the news back then, she could still feel the sadness she felt back then... Back then, she was desperate, she didn't even have the courage to live anymore because her life no longer had any meaning.

After the most unaccepting and most painful process, she learned how to persist, that was the reason why she could be so indifferent, restrained, and forbearing when she met Armand again.

She was confident about her behavior in front of Armand but she neglected Dolores.

She slowly looked up, there was pain in the depths of her eyes because she had lost the qualification of being a woman.

"You know, I was pregnant before." she spoke in a hoarse voice.

Dolores nodded, "I know."

"I.." she couldn't force herself saying that it was okay, she still felt sad at heart when she was about to say that. _____

Chapter 610 No Children is Good Fortune

She was trembling all over because she was too nervous, Dolores came over and hugged her as she

kept stroking her back, "I won't ask anymore."

Dolores couldn't bear seeing how she was so.

"I asked you because I don't want you to suffer alone, if saying it makes you suffer more, then don't say it." Dolores had pretty much guessed in her heart, she said that she couldn't be a woman anymore, was there any defect on her body?

But the doctor didn't say anything to Dolores.

"I'm not scared that you'll know." hugged her

Theresa hugged her and cried in her embrace, "When I think of it, it feels painful like getting cut by a knife."

Every time she mentioned it, it was like opening the wound in her heart, she once again felt the helpless despair that she had felt back then.

"From now on, I am unable to get pregnant anymore... I can't give birth anymore in my whole life, do you know? I hate him so much, he made me become like this..."

Dolores couldn't believe it at all, how could she possibly be unable to get pregnant?

How was that possible?

"How...how's that possible? The doctor didn't say that to me, aren't you mistaken? Miscarriages won't

cause pregnancy inability..."

"I was the one who told the doctor not to tell anyone, that's true, my body is... defective." Theresa used up all her courage to say that.

"How could it be like this..." her voice also became hoarse, as a woman, the inability to give birth was a very cruel thing.

"Was your womb injured, so..."

"No." Theresa let her go, wiped the tears, "I don't have it anymore."

Dolores was shocked, she felt sorry and sympathized with Theresa at the same time.

She didn't know what she should say to console Theresa, she had been silently bearing the pain for so long and she even had to act like nothing happened in front of everyone.

She had never experienced it on her own, she also knew how sad this matter would be.

"How can I console you?" Dolores' tears flowed out and it would still flow out after wiping it, "Seeing how sad you are, I feel so sad too."

"Don't cry." Theresa wiped her tears, "There's my Godson in your belly, you know."

The saddest moment had gone, it was still sad at that time but she could still hold on, she wiped her tears and sniffed, "Keep it a secret for me, don't tell anyone."

“I will.” how could she say it to others.

“It's just that, you're so pitiful that I feel so sad.” actually, she didn't want to be sad in front of Theresa, but she really couldn't hold it.

People who had never become a parent wouldn't know, how sacred the moment of becoming a mother was... Even if she had no feelings towards the man who made her pregnant but she would still love the life who was living inside her.

She understood that Theresa and Armand were in an emotional crisis back then, she didn't hesitate to choose to give birth to that child, thus one could see that she had the same state of mind.

However, she lost the child.

She even lost the qualification to be a mother, that was too cruel for her.

Perhaps some people would say that there were so many women that were unwilling to be pregnant, what was the big deal of the inability to give birth?

INTERESTING FOR YOU[Adskeeper](#)

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

Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

Unable to give birth and unwilling to give birth were two different things.

Especially for those who had ever been pregnant and experienced the feelings as a mother.

People nowadays often said that, not having children was good fortune, it would take a lot of things to raise a child, a lot of time for their studies, and a lot of money... They would choose not to give birth so their life could be easier.

Some people who were open minded, the people who really didn't give birth for all their life were the minority after all, many of them regretted in their middle age, even if they gave birth at an elderly age, they still wanted to be a parent for once.

The era was changing, so did the human's thoughts.

As a woman, she had only been a daughter for all her life, only when she had bear and raise children she can truly appreciate the meaning of life and inheritance.

Some people also said that children were their parent's fruit of love, the proof of their love.

Even if raising children was not easy and looking after them was not easy either, but watching they slowly grow, hearing them calling 'Mom' for the first time, how exciting would that feel?

She couldn't imagine how Theresa could hold on when she knew that she couldn't give birth for all her life.

It would be very hard for Dolores to accept it if that had happened to her.

"I'm fine now, don't worry about me." Theresa smiled faintly, her eyes were still red.

Her strong act made people feel distressed.

But she didn't want to let Theresa see her sad look, that way, Theresa would be sadder than her.

She endured the sadness in her heart, stretched her hand out and stroked her cheeks, "You need to be graceful and beautiful since you are going to be a Godmother."

"Of course, I'll be the prettiest Godmother." Theresa smiled.

Dolores didn't say anything else, she changed the topic and asked about work.

"Today is Monday, Uncle is definitely so busy because he's the only one there." said Theresa.

He was originally running the company, he had to help her keep the store, and he should also keep an eye on the Gambiered Canton Gauze Factory.

"Yeah." Dolores really wanted to go back too, but she knew that Matthew would disagree.

"Look at what I drew yesterday." Theresa showed her the drawing she finished last night like she was changing the topic and all her feelings were suppressed in the bottom of her heart.

That day, HQ University held a teachers and students meeting.

Using Jasmine and Boyce's matter as the negative example to warn everyone that they shouldn't do immoral things and ruin the school reputation.

The matter that had been cleared up was brought up again, everyone felt that it was so strange and very confusing.

There were some who wanted to watch the fun too... After all, based on human nature, there were many who had the manner of watching the fun.

Jasmine sat in the classroom and the teacher sat on the opposite side of her, not sure what they could talk about, there were so many students by the window, wanting to see what the teacher would say to Jasmine.

When it was 8:30, the teacher stood up and said, "The time is up, let's go."

There was no expression on Jasmine's face, she was holding the written

Chapter 611 Is It That You Don't Trust Me

All the teachers and students were standing in the field, they would gather only if there was any activity to be held.

This was the first time to gather all the teachers and students, just because of a student doing a 'mistake'.

Although Jasmine had a strong heart, she still couldn't calm down seeing that there were so many students giving cold-eyed stares at her. She couldn't help clenching her fists, the paper in her hand became wrinkled followed by her action.

The teacher turned and looked at her, sighing, "You must have offended someone, if not this issue wouldn't be raised again since a long time had passed already."

Jasmine couldn't think of anyone that she had offended, who wanted to frame her, she couldn't think of anyone but Elisa who had put obstacles for her in the public.

Thinking carefully now, it seemed like Elisa didn't have the power to do so. Only the principal could make this decision, she still didn't have the ability.

'Then who else wanted to frame me?'

She couldn't think of anyone.

"I can't help you too." The teacher had no choice, "Please go in front."

Jasmine knew that since there was someone who wanted to frame her, the teacher would have no choice too.

She couldn't help trembling, she was aggrieved, but she understood that her studies might be hindered if she didn't do so. She couldn't stop her studies, this was the only platform for her to stand out, she must graduate normally.

Even though she had so much aggrievement in her, she should keep it.

She walked to the front, there were already some murmurs coming from the students. Last time everyone in the school had known her, although it had passed but they already had impressions on her, and this time she had become totally famous in the school.

Definitely it wasn't the good reputation, it was the bad reputation which showed negative example.

There was a teacher saying, "You may start."

The students became quiet automatically, waiting for her self-criticism.

Jasmine looked at their sneering or curious eyes, she felt so down. She hadn't done anything which breached the morality, but she was going to apologize for something fictitious in front of all the teachers and students.

She was extremely depressed.

She repeated breathing, she could only lift the report that she had written after repeating for many times. There were cold sweats all over her palm, her face was pale, she said the word with slightly quivering voice in front of the microphone, "Self-critique."

"...Dear teachers... Students, I have written a self-critique with regret today, to admit that I've realized my fault on my misconduct at the school gate last time, and to express my determination that I will never commit this again..."

The quiver in her voice became more and more obvious, her voice had almost become hoarse when reading to the end.

"So, I think that I must, and I should write this self-critique for the teachers, to let me reflect deeply on my fault..."

"What's going on?" The police who came together with Boyce Shawn were a bit confused.

'Can a university insult someone in this way?'

She was saying in front of all the teachers and students.

One of the colleagues continued, "This student is so brave."

There were some fluctuations in Boyce's eyes, he lowered his voice and told the person beside him, "Bring them there."

He would come today because of the matter related to Jasmine's mother, but actually he didn't have to come, there would be people coming to inform the family members. He would come because he knew that it was the matter related to Jasmine's mother, and since they knew each other, but he didn't think of this...

He looked up at the skinny girl standing at the front, she was wearing a simple ponytail and lowering her eyes. Although her face expression couldn't be seen clearly, but it could be seen from her standing pose that she was a strong girl, she was still standing straight even under this situation.

The police officers beside him went in front to talk with the teachers, normally they only needed to call and notify the family members if the prisoner was having any trouble inside.

However for this time, the prisoner had passed away inside the prison, so they should give the family members an account.

The medical examiner had examined the cause of death, it was caused by the sudden death due to disease.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Make Your Own Product For Your Scalp

They should communicate with the family members even if they didn't have to bear the

responsibilities.

The sudden arrival of police in their uniforms had let everyone become more curious in their eyes. The police looked serious, they walked straight and proudly toward the teachers' seats, "We're from the Public Security Bureau, may I know is there a first-year student named Jasmine over here?"

Jasmine's teacher stood up, feeling worried when looking at them, "You..."

There was a student pointing at Jasmine and said, "It's her."

The police officers turned and looked at the girl who was reading the self-critique in front of all the teachers and students just now, one of them asked, "Are you Jasmine?"

Jasmine looked at them too, she then answered, "Yes, I'm Jasmine."

The teacher immediately went there and stood in front of Jasmine, asking, "Did she commit any mistakes? Is it that you've gotten it wrong? She is actually a good student..."

"No, she didn't do anything wrong, we're looking for her because of something."

The teacher breathed a sigh of relief, thinking that luckily nothing had happened, if not Jasmine would definitely be destroyed.

After all, if a case had caused the Public Security Bureau to interrupt, a conviction would be recorded.

"Please come with us." Their tone was serious.

Although Jasmine didn't know what had happened while walking there, she felt quite worried also,

but she didn't retreat, "I'll go with you."

She turned and looked at her teacher's worried eyes, then she smiled, "Don't worry, I'll be fine."

She didn't do any illegal things, some more they had said that it was just because they had something to do, perhaps they wanted to know something from her.

The teacher was not as optimistic as her, since there was already someone giving her a hard time for this issue that had happened at school, and now there were police coming, how could he not worry about her?

"Let's go."

A few police officers brought Jasmine away in public, they didn't explain the reason of bringing her away directly to everyone, to avoid them from spreading the rumors about Jasmine.

"The reason of bringing this student away is not because that she did something wrong, it's just that we have a case related to her and we need to get some information from her."

They brought Jasmine away after saying these.

Jasmine felt worried all the way, she didn't face any special things during this period of time, so she had asked immediately after coming out from the school, "What can I do for you?"

One of them said, "We'll talk about it later when we arrive at the police station."

Jasmine could only suppress her anxiety and follow them into the car. When the car's door was opened, she saw that Boyce was here too.

“Why are you...”

“Get in.” Boyce moved beside to give her a seat.

Jasmine got into the car and closed the door, she then asked, “Do you know why are they looking for me?”

Boyce didn’t answer her question, but talking about another thing, “Isn’t it that the matter last time had come to an end? Why did you still need to do the self-criticism in front of all the teachers and students today?”

Jasmine lowered her eyes and said calmly, “It’s okay.”

She didn’t wish to bring trouble to Boyce.

Boyce frowned, it was obvious that she was not telling the truth, he looked at her and asked, “Is it that you don’t trust me?”

Jasmine shook her head immediately, “No, how will I not trust you... Last time I had brought troubles to you and I felt so sorry for you, I just don’t want to trouble you anymore.” _____

Chapter 612 What’s My Style

Boyce pursed his lips tightly, he didn’t know how to answer her. Although this girl was young, but she was attentive and kind, just that the fate was not treating her friendly.

Jasmine turned and looked at him, “Why are you feeling unhappy?”

It seemed like he was having something in his mind, this was the first time seeing this kind of face expression from him, ever since she knew him.

Boyce didn't answer her from the beginning to the end.

Jasmine sat properly and didn't ask him anymore, she thought that he was a human too and he would also have something bothering him, it was inappropriate for her to keep on making noise beside him.

Maybe he wanted to be in silence.

They didn't talk all the way, Boyce was thinking of how to tell Jasmine about her mother's matter while Jasmine thought that he was having something in his mind.

When the car had arrived at the station, Boyce let them go inside first while he wanted to chat with Jasmine alone for a while.

They got out of the car and left, but Boyce and Jasmine didn't get out of the car.

"What do you want to tell me?" Jasmine finally felt that there was something wrong, usually he wouldn't be so hesitated to do something.

'He seemed to be unhappy today, what trouble he is having now?' She suddenly thought of something.

“Uncle?” Jasmine deliberately wanted to amuse him, she then laughed and joked, “You’re so old already, but you still want to behave like a young person and be in a mood?”

Boyce looked up at her face, she was grown up in such an unfortunate family since young, but she didn’t give up on her life, nor did she lose the enthusiasm for life. She had worked hard to get into a top university while taking care of her mother who was serving the prison sentence.

He stretched his arm and patted her head, he didn’t have other thought, he just felt that she was so pity and he wanted to comfort her.

Jasmine was shocked, her body froze, she had never thought of him to touch her.

After all he was a serious person, he had always kept a distance with women.

‘How would he...’

“You...” Jasmine was talking incoherently, “Are you okay?”

“Your mother...”

“Why?” Jasmine blinked her eyes, ‘Although mum is inside the prison, but she is healthy, what thing can happen on her?’

So Jasmine didn’t think of the negative side at all.

“Why don’t you talk? Is it that she wants to meet me? I had just visited her a few days ago, I didn’t

hear of commutation as well, what happens on her?" Jasmine continued asking.

"She had suffered from a sudden disease in the prison... And passed away."

Jasmine's face turned livid in a moment, she couldn't believe what she had heard. It was like the sudden thunder which struck someone's head on a sunny day, as well as someone pouring a pail of cold water from her head to toe. She was numbed all over the body, she was adrift and she looked at him, "What, what, what are you saying?"

Boyce repeated again, "Your mother had passed away."

"You're lying!" She suddenly interrupted him loudly, "I had just visited her a few days ago, she was fine, how could it be possible?"

'This is definitely fake, am I dreaming?'

'Yes, this must be a dream. For sure this is because mother misses me, so she had given me a dream to let me go visit her.'

'This must be the case.'

"I'll visit her tomorrow." She kept on repeating these words, she opened the door and got out of the car while saying these words. Boyce followed her and got out of the car, he grasped her arm, "Please calm down."

"How can I calm down!" She was her only loved one, but he was telling her that even her only loved one had gone already.

How could she accept this.

“You’re lying to me, right?” Her eyes swelled and became red, she didn’t know how to pose her limbs, the limbs were shivering continuously.

Boyce said cruelly, “No, I’m not lying to you, it’s true.”

Jasmine cried, then she laughed after crying, like a maniac.

“Please calm down.” Boyce didn’t know how to console her, so he emphasized to let her hear his voice.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Jared Kushner & Ivanka Trump Dropped Off The Planet

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

Jasmine was a strong girl, but her mother was her only sustenance. Now she had really become an orphan, her only loved one had also abandoned her.

“I want to see her.” She couldn’t speak properly, her voice sounded hoarse.

Boyce looked at her, he was worried, “Are you okay?”

She nodded vigorously.

“Okay, I’ll bring you there.” Boyce looked at her after saying, “Do you need my help to go there?”

Jasmine shook her head.

Boyce walked in front and brought her there, he told her the situation, "It happened too sudden, she had passed away when we had not even had time to treat her. There is a report with the medical examiner, I'll bring you there later, there will be expert explaining to you."

Jasmine didn't say anything, she just followed him.

Boyce turned his head, it seemed like she was not willing to listen to these at this moment, so he didn't talk anymore. When they arrived at the place, Jasmine said, "I want to go inside by myself, please tell me the location."

"No. 203., there is a name written above it," Boyce said. Although this was pain, but she should meet her mother alone.

"I got it." Jasmine walked inside alone after saying. She passed through the corridor and the heavy door, the cold air hit her immediately. It was like entering the winter, but she didn't feel the coldness at all, she wasn't feeling cold on her body, but her heart.

Soon, she saw no. 203 and the name above it. She walked there, when she just wanted to stretch her arms and opened it, her hands stopped. At this moment, she didn't dare, she didn't dare to look at the face of the person inside.

She could still tell herself that maybe they had mistaken this if she didn't see her mother, but even her fantasy would be damaged if she did.

"Mum, you won't abandon me, right? You won't be willing to let me live alone in this world, right? You won't, even under dad's violence, you had persisted for so long for me. How will you leave so suddenly, you won't be willing to abandon me, right? It's fake, it must be fake, it's a joke by someone. It must be the case." She pulled open the mortuary refrigerator, followed by the cold mist, a familiar face appeared.

Although the face had become bluish grey in colour, but she wouldn't mistake the looks.

At this moment, all her fantasies were damaged. It was true that her only loved one had abandoned her.

Suddenly, she knelt down and cried out loud, "Mum..."

Boyce could hear her cry even if he was outside, he sighed and stood beside the wall, he didn't go inside to disturb her.

"She goes inside alone?" A subordinate walked here.

Boyce hummed.

"This girl is quite brave, there are dead bodies stored in this place," that person said.

"Perhaps she has no time to think about these," Boyce said.

'She is so upset, how will she have time to fear.'

That person pondered, "It seems true."

The person also stood beside the wall, and said, "This girl is so pity."

Boyce didn't answer him, but he asked, "Do you have cigarette?"

That person nodded and took out a cigarette box from his pocket, then he shook a cigarette out from

the box for him. He then took out a lighter to light the cigarette for him.

The corpses storing place was out of the way and it was very quiet here, they stood in the corridor and smoked the cigarettes silently.

“What’s the relationship between you and her, are you really in a relationship with her? It seems like she’s not your style,” that person said suddenly.

Those who worked with Boyce should know his personality, he was really virtuous, but he had a pedantic mind.

Boyce looked up and asked, “What’s my style?”

“Maybe you like someone who is about the same age with you, for sure you feel that there will be people gossiping about you if you stay with a girl who is too young. We’ve worked together for a long time, I know you.” That person put his hand on Boyce's shoulder while talking, “It’s modern time, don’t be fuddy-duddy, the age is not a problem at all. There are so many May-December romances now, some more your case is not counted as May-December romance, you’re just about ten years older than her, this is really not a problem...”

“Are you so free?” Boyce interrupted him suddenly, “She just lost her loved one, do you think it’s appropriate to talk about these?”

That person neglected, he gave a mild cough to disguise his awkwardness, “Sorry, I’ll go first as I still have things to do.”

He wanted to go away after telling the excuse, but the cry from inside suddenly stopped at this time. The person who had just walked away for a few steps, turned and looked at Boyce, asking, “Why is there no sound anymore?”

Chapter 613 She Disappeared

The two looked at each other, and at the same time, they thought that she would do something to herself silly. They walked in quickly together and found Jasmine Burke fainted on the ground.

Boyce Shawn checked her condition. Fortunately, she wasn't out of hand, but maybe she fainted because of too much sadness.

As he picked her up and headed out, he looked back at that person, "I might have to take her to the hospital. Call me if something happens at the office."

That person said yes.

Boyce went out of the office holding her. He put her in the back seat of the car parked in front of the door, sat on the driving seat and started the car.

On the way to the hospital, Jasmine woke up to see where she was, and asked with a hoarse and weak voice, "Where are you taking me?"

Boyce looked back at her and said, "To the hospital."

"I'm fine, I don't want to go to the hospital." She propped herself up to sit up and Boyce pulled over to the side of the road and turned to look at her, "So where do you want to go?"

Jasmine was lost. Except for the school, she didn't have any place to live outside. She suddenly realized that she had nothing. She tried her best to make a living, but life was too hard for her.

Even the last of her family had been taken away.

“I think that in my past life I must have been a horrible person. I hurt so many people, that’s why I’m receiving so many punishments now. Otherwise, how could God treat me like this?” She sobbed, and tears ran down her cheeks.

Boyce didn’t know how to comfort her, “Don’t say like that.”

She clasped her hands around her knees and curled up, “If not, then why has God treated me in that way?”

“There are many people who are less fortunate than you. You have been admitted to a good university, so after you will have a good life,” Boyce persuaded.

Jasmine chuckled in a daze, “What does this mean? Before I wanted to go to a good university, have a good job after graduation, make a lot of money and let my mother have a good life. But after, why should I still work so hard to make money? Who should I give it to?”

Boyce pursed his lips.

‘She definitely must feel very lonely, but she still should make efforts to keep living.’

‘You can only live once. No matter what’s the reason, you can’t give up.’

“If you have no place to go, then come to my place. I wait for you to calm down, and after I’ll bring you over.” Boyce was afraid that she wouldn’t be able to get over it alone, so he wanted to take her back to his place to watch her and prevent some accidents to happen.

“I don’t want to,” Jasmine refused. She just wanted to be left alone. She pushed open the car door and got down.

Boyce followed her, “Where are you going?”

“I want to stay alone, don’t follow me.” Jasmine walked quickly because she was afraid of being stopped by Boyce. She didn’t notice the steps under her feet so she accidentally tripped on them and almost fell down. Boyce grabbed her arm with a quick movement, so that she didn’t fall down. When he was about to speak, the phone in his pocket rang.

He took out his cell phone and answered. It was Officer Miller, who wanted to see him.

He looked at Jasmine and said, “I’m outside...”

“No matter if you are outside, come back as soon as possible.” Officer Miller’s tone was very solemn.

Boyce had to go back immediately. “Just ten minutes.”

He murmured and hang up the phone. He didn’t want to leave Jasmine alone, so he decided to take her with him. “Let’s go back to the office together, then we’ll come out again.”

“I don’t want to,” Jasmine refused again.

Boyce said patiently, “Where are you going alone?”

She didn't reply.

Because she had nowhere to go.

Ignoring her refusal, he pulled her forcefully into the car and stuffed her inside, then he quickly locked the door. "You can't stay outside alone. It's too dangerous. We already know each other, so I can't ignore you."

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Angelina Jolie Health Struggles - Talk About A Dramatic Change

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

And with that, he started the car.

Jasmine didn't cry, but nestled quietly in the back seat, without saying a word.

Boyce looked back at her and, seeing that she didn't refuse, he stepped on the accelerator and drove the car away.

Back to the office, Boyce took her to his bureau, poured her a glass of water and put it on the table. "Wait for me a moment."

Jasmine didn't speak, but looked dumbly at that place without focusing, like an inanimate puppet.

Boyce knew that she couldn't listen to him, but didn't say anything, turned out of the room and closed the door softly.

He went to the office of Officer Miller, knocked on the door and opened it only when he heard someone inside saying to come in.

Officer Miller saw him coming inside, put down his things, walked out from his desk and asked him, "Do you want to drink something?"

"No," Boyce said.

Officer Miller went to the reception area in front and said, "Come here and sit down."

Boyce came over and sat down. "Why did you call me?" he asked.

Officer Miller pondered a while and asked, "Are you going to get married with that Jasmine?"

Boyce looked at Officer Miller surprised. Although he cared about him like his father, he found strange that he could suddenly ask such a question. "Why do you ask me this?"

"I'm going to get a glass of water." Officer Miller stood up, picked up a cup from his desk, brewed a cup of tea and sat back, watching Boyce. "I didn't know until today that Jasmine's mother was a criminal."

"She doesn't have any background and it's no benefit for you to marry her."

"I know" Boyce said.

"Even so, are you going to go out with her?" Officer Miller asked.

Officer Miller did it purely for Boyce. According to his abilities, he would definitely not be limited to hold a deputy's position, but he would go further in the future.

'If he married Jasmine, a girl without any family background and who had such a mother, his official career would be affected.'

'If his wife had a strong background, he would go easier in the future. If that wife is Jasmine, that is to say, she would not be helpful to him and it would be harder for him.'

Boyce got what Officer Miller meant. He never thought to rely on his wife to carve out a niche for himself.

Although he was very ambitious, he just wanted to rely on himself.

"I don't have so many requirements for my wife. As long as two people get along, the family background is not so important."

'Officer Miller was not very surprised. He already expected that answer. If Boyce broke up with Jasmine because of that, he would not value him so much.'

He stood up and patted Boyce's shoulder, "Get prepared."

Boyce gave a hum.

"I have always admired you. I wanted you to be my son-in-law but we don't have that kind of connection. But regarding the professional career, I will always fight for you as far as I can."

Officer Miller took his hand back, "Okay, just do your stuff. She has been suffering a lot. Try to comfort her, be nice to her."

Boyce looked up to Officer Miller to clarify his relationship with Jasmine, but at that crucial moment, he preferred not to talk about that, but only said, "I know, I'll go then."

Officer Miller waved his hand, "Just go."

Boyce went out of the room back to his office, opened the door and realized that Jasmine who had been sitting on the sofa before disappeared. The office was empty and the water on the table had not been drunk.

Chapter 614 Doll Machine

Where did she go?

Boyce turned around and left, he saw that someone was coming towards him so he asked, "Did you see anyone leaving from my office?"

The person shook his head and said, "I haven't seen."

She had no place to go, did she go back to the school?

When Boyce thought of that, he went towards the door with big steps, he almost ran into Wendy who came inside.

"In a rush? Where are you going?" Wendy was wearing a flower dress, white sandals and her hair was open, she was wearing make up and looked at him laughing.

Boyce answered, "Nothing."

"Since you got nothing to do, why don't we have some tea together, I wanna talk to you." She curled her lips, "Let's find a place, or should we stay in your office?"

"Wendy, actually I don't have something..."

"Didn't you just say there was nothing? Or are you trying to hide from me? Because of what happened in my apartment the other time?"

"No..."

"So what is it? We have known each other so long, don't you understand me? I am here to apologize, I got divorced to Corey because he cheated on me, I have my opinions to men, that is why I always show an unpleasant face to everyone, these days I really regretted it, I want to say sorry to you in person."

"No need, it's okay, I didn't take it to heart, I really got something to do, I have got to go." After Boyce said that, he nodded apologetic and left quickly."

"I am here."

Just as Boyce walked out of the gate, Jasmine called out for him.

She didn't leave, she only wanted to find someone to get more information on the situation, she wanted to take her mother away to bury, when she walked pass the main department office, she heard Officer Miller talk to Boyce.

Even though she wanted to be the person who was able to help Boyce, but she knew, even if she finished her degree, she might not be the person who could do that. Even now he already had a high position, he was such a good person, he should be able to get better.

He should marry a woman who was able to help him.

Boyce frowned, "Where did you go?"

"I went to someone who was on the case, I got the information I needed, I want to bury her soon."

Wendy was smiling, "You guys talk, I won't disturb you."

In that moment she was again the person that seemed to be of good character, but in her heart she wasn't thinking that at all.

But to save the impression that Boyce had of her, she had to do that.

After saying so, she left.

In the moment she turned her back to them, the smile on her face vanished.

"If you need my help, let me know." Boyce said.

Jasmine shook her head, "There is nothing, I will take her home for the funeral."

Boyce looked at her, "You, are you good?"

Before she looked as if she wasn't able to take it on anymore, why did she seem fine now?

How could she be okay? She was only hiding it, she was a strong a person all along.

"People cannot come back from the dead, I will have to do my best to live my life well, I think my mother wouldn't want to see me sad."

"It's good that you think like that." Boyce sighed, he was afraid she wouldn't be able to walk out of it.

"Boyce." Armand came inside, he saw that Jasmine was there and smiled while greeting her, "Oh, Jasmine, you are also here."

"You guys must have something to talk about, I am leaving now." Jasmine nodded towards them, turned around to leave, she already got the explanation to the process, after getting everything done she could take the body home.

Armand put his arm around Boyce shoulder, "Are you fighting? Why does she seem upset? Her eyes are swollen too, did you bully her?"

Boyce didn't want to mind him, he only looked at him, "What do you want?"

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Angelina Jolie Health Struggles - Talk About A Dramatic Change

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

Armand laughed, "Nothing major."

"Since you got nothing, then leave." Boyce went towards his office, Armand followed him, and curled his lips, "Look at you, forget about your best mate when you have a girl."

Boyce didn't say anything, but had a cold face on, clearly he wasn't in the mood to argue with him, Armand bumped him with his shoulder carefully, "Are you and Jasmine fighting...?"

"Are you done?" Boyce interrupted him coldly.

Armand cursed inside, he was really not in a good mood, he didn't continue, and said seriously, "I am here for something."

Boyce opened the door and asked, "What is it?"

"It's... Matthew wants us to go to the villa, I think he is inviting us for dinner." Armand didn't look at Boyce.

He came to see Boyce because he wanted him to join for the dinner at the villa, actually he was going to see Theresa, that was his goal.

But now that Boyce was not in a good mood, if he told him the truth, Boyce would never want to go with him, so, he had to tell a lie, saying that Matthew wanted them to go.

He couldn't find an excuse for himself to go, he could only find someone to go with him.

Boyce didn't doubt anything, he humphed, "Got it."

Armand didn't make himself a stranger, he took a cup and poured himself some water, "It is already four o'clock, I will wait here for a while for you, then we can go together."

He grabbed his water and then laid down on the couch.

Boyce put down the case in his hand and looked at Armand, "If you have time, why don't you go to the villa first, Theresa lives there."

Armand talked big, "I am not like you guys, I don't put women before my friends, I am a good person."

"If all the good people disappeared in this world then it would be your turn to be called a good person." Boyce looked as if he saw right through him, "You are afraid of Theresa, right?"

Armand was determined, "Why would I be afraid of her?"

Even if that was true, he couldn't admit it, otherwise he wouldn't be taken serious anymore.

He couldn't lose his masculine face in front of his brothers.

Boyce had already guessed him right, "Go on then."

Armand pretended as if he didn't hear that, he put his feet on the table and wiggled.

When it was five o'clock, Armand couldn't sit anymore, he was rushing Boyce to finish his work, "Time to go now."

Boyce was pulled out of the office by Armand.

"Let's drive the same car." Armand pulled Boyce to his car.

Boyce pulled his arm back, "Why are you in such a rush?"

"I am hungry." Armand said randomly.

They drove the car to the villa, at this time, Matthew just got home with the two kids, Dolores was sitting with the kids on the couch eating watermelon, Matthew was covered in sweat and went to take a shower.

"Mommy, look at what we got." Amanda was showing off, "We went to the amusement part in the mall, there are so many things to play with, we went through all of them, it was so fun."

Dolores put another few pieces of watermelon in her mouth, "That's why you got home so late?"

"Yes, I want to go again." Amanda was already longing for the next time, she grabbed the furry doll and didn't let go of it anymore, she even threw Cotton to the side.

Andrew looked at his sister, "How much money was this doll that you got from the machine?"

Amanda looked as if he stepped on her feet, and suddenly got furious, "What do you care how much money it was, I didn't use your money, Daddy said as long as I am happy it is okay. Why do you wanna tell Mommy how much money I spent? Don't you also need money to race car?"

"We are different, when I place car racing, I lose the money in the beginning, but later I win it back, but you, you used about 150 dollars to get one doll, every time it only takes one coin, how many times did you play to spend a thousand? It basically means that this doll cost 150 dollars."

Dolores turned around to look at the doll in her daughters arms, it was just a normal furry doll, it might only be about 10 or 15 in a toy store, but she spend 150 dollars to get it from the machine?

Chapter 615 Not Better Than A Dog

Dolores frowned, mainly because this was not worth of the money, but she didn't scold her daughter, because she knew this was a game, it wasn't about what the doll cost, it was the process that was fun.

She padded her daughter on the head, "Was it fun?"

Amanda nodded her head heavily, "I was so happy, anything I wanted Daddy bought for me."

As she said so, she took out a luxurious bag from the plastic bag she took home, she put it on, and showed it to Dolores, "Mommy, does it look good?"

She turned a few circles.

"Yes."

Dolores said that it looked good, she reached out for the bag, there was another one inside, Amanda ran over, "Mommy, this is a pair of bags for mother and daughter, this one is yours, next time we will wear it together."

Dolores took it out, it really was the same as her daughters, the newest Hermes bag with stitchwork. No matter which kind of product, the newest edition was always expensive, especially this one was Hermes, it couldn't be cheap at all.

The bag she bought the last time she hadn't even used yet, "It's a little wasted."

"Mommy, don't you like it?" Amanda asked.

"I like it." No woman could stand against that, even though she thought it was a waste of money, but she was still happy in her heart, especially it was bought by her husband.

At this time the door bell rang, Lucy was preparing a meal in the kitchen, Coral went in the room to help Theresa, she heard that the two kids were back, so she called Coral to help her, nobody was free to open the door, Dolores got up to do it.

It was Boyce outside with Armand.

"Dolores."

Dolores turned to the side to let them in.

If they came at this time it was clearly for dinner, Dolores called for Lucy and told her to make a little more.

"Did you go shopping?" Armand saw that there were many things on the couch.

Dolores didn't get to answer yet when Amanda already started showing off, "Sure, Daddy took us to play."

Armand laughed, "Really?"

"Sure." Amanda smiled, she put her things back into the bag, as if she thought of something, she patted herself on the head, "Right, we bought something for Cotton."

It was a light blue dog suit with a cap.

Amanda put it on Cotton happily, Dolores stood on the side and watched how happy her daughter was, and couldn't help but to laugh.

"What do you two want to drink?" Dolores asked Armand and Boyce.

"I am not thirsty." Boyce said, Armand also said he wasn't going to drink anything, because he already had water at Boyce office.

"You even bought something for your dog, didn't you get anything for me?" Armand said to Amanda after sitting down on the couch.

Amanda looked up with big eyes, "Why would I buy anything for you?"

He humphed, Andrew couldn't help but to laugh.

"Armand even..." He stopped talking.

Armand looked at Andrew who held his hand on his mouth, and asked with squinted eyes, "What do you want to say? Why did you stop talking?"

He wasn't stupid, clearly he knew what he wanted to say.

Andrew shook his head, he didn't dare to say it and also couldn't.

Amanda didn't know what her brother wanted to say, so she asked, "What did you want to say? Why are you not saying it? How can you just leave it half sentence?"

Andrew said, "I cannot say it, Armand will hit me."

"What do you want to say, why would he hit you?" Amanda kept asking, she had the attitude of wanting to get to the ground of it.

"What your brother wants to say is that he is not even better than a dog." Theresa, who was held by Coral came out, heard their conversation and answered Amanda's question.

"Oh so that was it." Amanda seemed to understand after thinking about it, she even bought something for Cotton, but didn't get anything for Armand, so he wasn't even as worthy as a dog.

"Next time I will get you something, what do you like?" She looked up.

Armand looked at her cute big eyes, and felt very warm in his heart, he reached out to pinch her face, "Thank you, why are you so cute?"

"So do you like me?" Amanda laughed and asked.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Jared Kushner & Ivanka Trump Dropped Off The Planet

Angelina Jolie Health Struggles - Talk About A Dramatic Change

Armand didn't even hesitate to answer, "Of course, there are no people who don't like children."

"Do you like children?"

"Of course, I will be a daddy in the future." Armand said.

When she heard that, Theresa couldn't breath, she sat down on the couch, "Coral bring me something to drink."

Coral brought a glass of water for her, she drank it and could help her emotions a little.

Armand saw that she wasn't looking so well and asked caringly, "Are you not feeling well?"

Theresa laughed and said, "Which eye of yours saw that I wasn't well?" She reached out to pat Cotton's head, then she looked at the dress it was wearing, and looked at what Armand was wearing, it was the same color so she asked laughing, "Are you wearing a partner look?"

Boyce was speechless.

Armand only looked at Theresa without saying anything.

Theresa leaned into the couch, and laughed, "Oh sorry, my fault, Cotton has the same gender as you, you cannot be a couple."

Dolores knew that Theresa was feeling bad in her heart, if she used to think that she was sarcastic, but now she didn't think like that anymore.

Compared to the ugly words she said, did those pain on her body and heart count?

She cleaned up the bags on the couch and went upstairs.

The atmosphere downstairs was still very tense, Armand looked at Theresa, only after a long time he laughed, "Why, can't you stand me at all?"

"I am just telling the truth, don't get excited." Theresa also laughed.

"I wasn't." Armand pretended to be casual and smiled, "If you mock me like this, it will make me think that you care for me, actually I really like it when you do that."

Theresa looked at him with cold eyes, "You're overthinking."

"Then just take it that way." He bent down to comb Cotton's fur, "I don't know if you have a heart, if you don't I don't mind having you as my brother."

When hearing that, Boyce also raised his brows, what did that mean? Didn't that mean that he would also become brothers with Cotton?

Armand was thinking, if there was no heart, then there were no emotions, if there were no emotions, then there would be no pain.

"You and cotton being brothers makes you a dog." Amanda didn't understand what Armand meant.

Armand laughed, "Theresa really hates me, didn't you notice? If I can make her happy, not just only being a dog, I would even also be a slave."

Boyce wasn't in a good mood because of the thing with Jasmine, so he didn't talk all the time, but what happened here he all noticed.

To give Armand and Theresa some space, he said to the two kids, "Why don't we go outside for a walk."

The two of them shook their hands, "We want to go to our room to take a break."

They had been outside the whole day and were tired, Boyce said, "I will come with you."

Even if they didn't go back to the room it was fine, as long as they weren't in the living room.

"Boyce, are you also tired?" Amanda asked.

Boyce answered, "Yes, I am tired, so can I please rest in your room too?"

"Of course you can." Amanda took her things, and grabbed Boyce hand to go into the room.

Andrew naturally went back to his room as well, he bought some things, some car race tracks, he wouldn't rest when he was in his room, he would open the box and start putting it together.

Boyce was lying on the couch close to the window, Amanda was on her own bed playing with her dolls and bags, the atmosphere was very peaceful, totally different than in the living room.

Armand looked at Theresa and wanted to ask what he had to do to make her forgive him and give him a new chance.

He knew that wasn't logical, even if he asked, with Theresa's attitude towards him, now she would say that she would never forgive him.

She was very determined towards him.

"Do we have to be like this? Can't we just talk calmly?"

Theresa laughed, "I only talk calmly to people I like, sorry, you are not someone I like, but you still like to appear in front of my face, my mood is really bad. I haven't yelled at you in such a state, and that is the calmest way I can do for you."

Chapter 616 Stop Crying, You Make Me Sad If You Do

"You..."

"Mr. Bernie, please stop talking nonsense in front of me, I have no time for that," Theresa Gordon said before calling Coral, who was busy preparing dinner in the kitchen.

Armand Bernie clenched both his fists and smiled, "Are you trying to avoid me? If you have really let go, then it should be easy for you to face me, right? It's easy to make others misunderstand the way you're behaving," he said.

"Oh, don't be ridiculous!" Theresa said coldly.

Armand suddenly stood up, both arms pressed on the sofa arms. He lowered his gaze and said "Yes, I am being ridiculous!"

Theresa pretended to be calm and replied, "Please get out of my way!"

Coral poked her head out when she heard Theresa's voice, but quickly retracted when she saw Armand and acted like she hadn't heard anything.

Lucy saw that Coral did not go out and said, "Didn't Theresa call you just now? Why didn't you go then?"

Coral hastily made a shushing gesture to Lucy and whispered, "I can't go out now."

"Why?" Lucy said. She didn't know the relationship between Theresa and Armand, but Coral knew about it and explained to Lucy. "She's having a fight with Armand right now, so it is not right to bother them right now, it's better to give them some space."

Lucy whispered back, "Ah, so they're lovers."

Coral nodded.

In the living room, Theresa turned around but there was still no sign of Coral coming out, feeling a little flustered, she wanted to call out again, "Co..."

Before Theresa could finish, Armand quickly covered Theresa's mouth. "Since you no longer have feelings for me, then there is no need to avoid me."

Theresa forcefully pushed him away and said, "Are you crazy?"

The force pushed Armand back two steps and his calf hit the tea table. He swayed for a bit before steadying himself, "I wished I could be crazy too, but I can't!"

He took a step forward and squatted in front of Theresa, "Theresa, can you please stop torturing me like this?"

Theresa held the armrest of the sofa tightly and her body trembled slightly, "You're so funny, I'm torturing you? Who do you think you are...?"

Before she could finish her words, she was blocked by Armand again. This time with his lips instead of his hands.

Theresa's eyes widened.

Armand ignored her and continued to kiss her forcefully.

Theresa was stunned for a second but recovered and pushed him even harder, "Armand, you bastard!"

"I am indeed no longer a human, and you can punish me any way you want. But you must give me an answer," Armand said while holding her hand. "You said you would punish me, and if I made it, you would give me a chance to start over again."

"That's impossible!" Theresa refused without any hesitation.

Theresa vowed that she will no longer be with any man in her lifetime. Just being alive was hard enough, where will she have the strength to talk about relationships?

“I will marry anyone no matter how ugly or short they are, as long as it is not you, Armand,” she said firmly and with no emotions.

Armand’s heart faltered.

No matter how much feeling one could have would still have been washed away with these words.

“You ... you ...”

“I’ve already repeated this many times, haven’t I? You’re the one who keeps pestering me, do you know how annoying you are?”

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Angelina Jolie Health Struggles - Talk About A Dramatic Change

9 Times Meghan Markle Dressed Just Like Princess Diana

“Theresa, your words are really hurtful. You’re going to make me give up if you keep going like this,” Armand said, his eyes turning red.

“Have you ever been kind to me? I would actually be thankful if you were to give up on me. I’m troubled and disgusted by your pestering and I would really be thankful for letting me go!” Theresa said. She quickly stood up from the sofa, ignoring her incompletely healed wound and stared at Armand. With tears brimming her eyes she said, “You have no idea how much hatred I have towards you. I really want to slap you right now, do you know how much I hate you!”

‘She hates me.’

‘She hates me.’

Armand repeated in his head

Theresa's words were sharp as knives, Armand's eyes flared up, his lips trembled, as if he had been hit by a strong gust of wind. Armand paused for a while before saying, "I'll do it for you then."

SLAP!

Armand slapped himself with all his might. "Is this enough for you?" Armand asked, looking at Theresa.

Theresa never expected Armand to actually slap himself. She stood there looking at Armand, dazed and confused.

"If you feel that slapping me will calm you down and make you feel good, then it's alright for me," Armand said. He forcefully took Theresa's hand and swung it to his face again with force. Theresa's palm felt numb from the impact.

When Armand tried to go for a second swing, Theresa balled her fist and pulled her hand away. "If you want to be mad then do it alone! Don't drag me in with you!" Theresa said.

"No, I must drag you into this! Even if you've stabbed me many times, I will still hound you. Let me tell you this, Theresa, you'll never be able to get rid of me!" Armand said, laughing. "Call me crazy or even lowly, it wouldn't bother me at all. If you want me to stop pestering you, there are only two ways. First, I lose my memories and forget about you. Or the second which is my death!"

Theresa could no longer control her emotions and began weeping profusely. Her heart had evidently been broken, but she still stayed strong. "If you think that saying and doing these things will give you a second chance then keep dreaming!" she said.

Theresa then limped back into her room.

Armand was at a loss for a second, but quickly recovered and chased after Theresa, hugging her tightly. "The injury on your leg has not fully healed yet, walking like this can lead to further injury. Let me carry you instead," he said.

This time her weight was much lighter than before.

"Let go of me! I don't need your help!" Theresa struggled, continuously beating Armand's chest.

"If you don't care about causing trouble for others, then keep struggling," Armand said. Despite Theresa's protests and struggling, Armand never let go.

Upon entering the room, Armand closed the door and placed Theresa on the bed. No matter how hard Theresa struggled, Armand tightly gripped Theresa's hand. "You can hate me, think I am annoying, I don't care, I have already made up my mind that I will no longer listen to you. Instead, I will follow my own way to pursue you. If you want to reject me, that's your business, if I want to pursue you that's my business. I might not be able to make you accept me, but you can never convince me to give up on you," Armand said.

Theresa's tears rolled down her cheeks, she could still vaguely see the finger marks on Armand's face. "Do you really think that doing it this way, I will accept you once again?" she said.

"I'm not asking you to accept me, but I still have the right to pursue the person I love, you have no control over that!" Armand said.

Armand stood up and tidied his crumpled clothes. He straightened his back and smiled, "I'll introduce myself once again, my name is Armand Bernie, and I am currently running a law firm. I can't guarantee that my future wife will live a wealthy and lavish lifestyle, but she will never have to worry about food and clothing. My parents are sadly no longer around, but I have an elderly grandmother. My conditions are not the best, but they are certainly not the worst."

“Miss.Gordon, I like you very much, and I have decided from this moment onwards that I want to pursue your love. The pursuit of love and happiness is everyone’s right, you may refuse, but you can never stop me from pursuing you.”

“You might think I am shameless or have no dignity, but I don’t care. I am just following my heart and I do not wish to have any regrets, therefore no one has the right to prevent me from pursuing my love.”

Theresa could no longer speak at this point and just kept on crying.

Armand gently wiped away her tears, “Please stop crying, you’ll make me sad if you do.”

"Why are you forcing me!" Theresa yelled.

“I’ve made myself very clear, I just want to follow my heart, and no one should interfere!” Armand said. He gently touched Theresa’s face, while wiping her tears away. “Seeing you crying like this will make me misunderstand that your heart has softened.” _____

Chapter 617 A Man That Was Seduced by an Elf

“Get out!” Theresa Gordon didn’t care about the place where she was. She was acting hysterically towards him since a long time ago.

Armand Bernie didn’t move as he looked at her, “Theresa...”

“Do you want me to die in front of you before you stop doing this?!” Her hand was placed on her chest as she could hardly breathe.

It was so painful. She felt like she was going to die.

Armand didn't dare to force her too much and he slowly stood up, "I will give you some time."

After saying the words, he walked out of the room and closed the door of the room. Theresa's crying sound seemed to be louder as no one else was in the room and she didn't suppress herself anymore. Dolores Flores was standing on the stairs on the second floor. She saw that Armand took a deep sigh when he walked out.

Just now, they had made a big commotion downstairs. Everyone had known about it. However, everyone was very sensible and they didn't come out of the room.

Matthew Nelson hugged her, "Stop looking."

Dolores followed him back to the bedroom, "I want to ask you something. You have to answer me honestly."

"Okay. You say."

"If I couldn't give birth to a child, would you still treat me as good as you are now?" Dolores raised her head and looked at him.

Matthew looked at her, "Why are you saying these?"

'Their kids are not that young anymore. There is no reason to answer such hypothetical question.'

'Why is she so strange today? Why is she asking such childish questions?'

She was like asking a question as childish as a woman who asked her boyfriends, who would they save first if she and his mother fell into the water at the same time.

"I am asking you. You have to answer me honestly." Dolores didn't let him go as she grabbed his collar. He had to give her an answer.

Matthew lowered his eyes to look at the small hands that were grabbing his collar. He said, "No. Even if you couldn't give birth to a child, I would still love you. However, I will have some regrets."

If two people who loved each other were living together without a child, they would have some regrets. When he thought about his life without Amanda Nelson and Andrew Nelson, he couldn't accept it.

Dolores slowly let go of her hands. 'Yeah, they could love each other. However, there would be regrets for sure. Giving birth to a child is a process that every couple should go through. It is also a stage of life when a woman becomes a mother. It will also let the man experience the joy and excitement of becoming a father.'

She lowered his eyes, 'What should Theresa do in the future?'

Matthew realized that she was not in the right mood, "What's wrong with you?"

She shook his head, "Nothing."

However, her look didn't seem fine. Matthew lowered his head to kiss her lips. Dolores frowned as she stared at him.

He smiled, "You look ugly when you have something in your mind. Stop frowning."

Dolores hit his chest, "You are the ugly one!"

"How am I ugly?" He frowned.

Dolores said, "You looked ugly everywhere."

After saying that, she quickly walked into the room and tried to close the door to lock him outside the door. However, Matthew moved quickly to block the door but he didn't dare to apply much force as he was afraid to hurt the baby in her belly. Dolores also didn't dare to close the door as she would hurt his hands.

"You get out." Dolores pretended to be angry.

"I am not going out." Matthew was also determined, "Stop playing around."

"Who asked you to say I am ugly?" Dolores continued to pretend to be angry, "I have decided to draw a line with you. This is my room. You are not allowed to enter."

Matthew was speechless.

He immediately conceded, "You are not ugly. I am ugly. I am ugly."

Dolores laughed because of his behavior. She slightly dissipated her force on her hands and Matthew took the opportunity to push the door and walk into the room. He hugged her and laid on the bed. He held her head with his hands and let her look at him as he was still thinking about the fact that she said he was ugly, "Am I really ugly?"

Dolores felt funny. He could be upset because of something like that. She smiled as she said, "I don't dislike you for being ugly."

Matthew was speechless.

"Do you really think that I am ugly?"

Dolores said with bad intentions, "Yes."

"Do you think that you are handsome because many people like you? Actually no. It is because you are rich. Nowadays, women dislike the poor and love the rich. I am also the same. I love you because you are rich."

Matthew was provoked until he laughed, "Doesn't your heart feel painful after belittling your husband?"

Dolores laughed and asked, "What is a heart? I might not have one."

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

Angelina Jolie Health Struggles - Talk About A Dramatic Change

Matthew pinched her cheeks and hugged her in his arms. He laughed and said, "Naughty."

Dolores's face pressed against his chest. She said with a low voice, "Thank you for making me happy."

Matthew sighed. He still didn't let her forget about the matter that bothered her. He said, "Tell me. What is the matter that makes you have so many thoughts in your mind?"

Dolores uneasily grabbed his collar. She could imagine that how sad she would be if she couldn't give birth to a child for Matthew.

She was a woman and she could understand Theresa's feelings. Theresa wasn't willing to face her shortcomings. She was not willing to face Armand too.

Matthew lowered his eyes to look at her hands that were grabbing his collar. He patted her butt, "What a torturing elf."

Dolores glared at him, "What are you if I am an elf?"

He said the words without thinking, "You are an elf. Then I am a man who is seduced by an elf." As he said that, he lifted the hair around her ear. He seemed to know why she was so upset. He asked, "Is it because of Theresa?"

Dolores nodded.

Now Matthew understood everything. He understood that why she suddenly asked him that kind of question.

He comforted his wife, "Every person has his own fate. Don't worry too much."

Dolores knew that this was an irrecoverable matter. She could only accept it but she still felt bad in her heart.

She felt bad for Theresa.

Knock...

At this moment, Coral came up and knocked on the door, "Dinner is ready."

Dolores was lazy and she didn't want to get up.

"Do you want me to bring it up for you?" Matthew noticed that she was tired.

Dolores smiled. How could she let him bring food to her when there were guests at home, "Cook for me personally next time when no one is around."

"Okay. I will wash my hands to make broth for you in the future." Matthew smiled gently. He looked like he was spoiling her as he couldn't do anything to her.

'No choice. She is my wife. She also has my baby in her belly. I also love her.'

'Therefore, I accept my fate.'

Because Coral had called them, Boyce Shawn also brought the two kids out. He looked at the slap mark on Armand's face. He touched his nose and thought in his mind. 'What is this guy thinking? There is an obvious slap mark on his face. Why is he not leaving yet? Why is he not embarrassed?'

Armand noticed his unusual look. He touched his face and laughed naturally, "I have someone to slap me. You don't even have someone to slap you. You should be embarrassed."

After saying that, he held Amanda's hand, "Let's go. Let's go to wash hands and have dinner."

Boyce was speechless.

Matthew patted his shoulder, "Why do you come here today?"

Boyce showed a strange expression as he stared at Matthew, "I thought that you asked me and Armand to have dinner today?"

Matthew clearly showed an expression that he never called him.

Boyce reacted immediately. He smiled as he said, "That guy lied to me."

He was really trying hard to go after Theresa.

Lucy Poole started to serve the dishes. Everyone sat in front of the dining table. When Dolores hesitated whether she should go to see Theresa in the room, Armand spoke, "Dolores."

Dolores came back to her senses, "Is something wrong?"

"Theresa definitely doesn't want to come out to eat. Could you help me to prepare some food? I will bring it to her."

Dolores looked at him and said, "Come in with me."

Armand followed her into the kitchen.

Dolores asked Lucy to leave first. She wanted to say a few words to Armand.

After Lucy washed her hands and left the kitchen, she only spoke when no one else was around, "Armand."

"Yes, Dolores." Armand was showing a good attitude. He had guessed that why she called him here in his mind, "You want to ask about the matter between me and Theresa, right?"

Dolores nodded, "Armand." She wanted to say something but she didn't. She was thinking about how she should talk to him in her mind.

Armand said, "Your relationship with Theresa is like close relatives. I call you Dolores as I have never treated you as an outsider. Therefore, feel free to say anything."

Chapter 618 I Will Disappear from You Forever

Dolores Flores looked at Armand Bernie. She almost said Theresa Gordon's current situation to let him know how suffering was Theresa now.

However, her rationality still suppressed her urge. She had promised Theresa that she wouldn't tell Armand.

"Theresa had suffered a lot. You are a man. No matter how she scolded or hit you, you have to bear with it."

"I know." Armand lowered his head, "It was all my fault before..."

“Armand.” Dolores stopped his words, “I didn’t mean this. No matter what she did because of any reason, you have to tolerate her unconditionally. Could you promise me?”

Armand’s heart was slightly uneasy, “Dolores, you could just tell me what you want to say. You are making me a little panic as if you are hiding something from me.”

“Just promise me.” Dolores kept the promise that she made with Theresa. This matter still needed Theresa to have mental preparation. When she could face the matter, it was better for her to tell Armand personally.

Theresa had to personally tell him about her situation no matter whether they could get back together in the end.

Theresa only had his child in her life. Although the child couldn’t be given birth, he still existed.

Dolores took out the bowls and plates from the cupboard. She took the soup and rice and took another empty plate. She didn’t spare the dishes at first, so she had to take some dishes from the dining table.

She took a tray and passed it to Armand to let him carry it.

Armand obediently followed her as if he was a child who did something wrong. After all, Theresa encountered that torturing and tough matter because he didn’t properly settle Phoebe Lewis’s matter. He owed Theresa forever. He could only compensate her in the future.

And he could only properly love her.

Dolores took three dishes that Theresa liked and put them into the tray, "Send them to her."

Armand said okay, "You don't have to wait for us."

"Who will wait for you? We will finish the dishes." Boyce Shawn didn't raise his head as he put the food into his mouth with a pair of chopsticks.

Armand laughed, "You eat. Don't choke yourself."

Upon saying that, he turned and left.

Amanda Nelson who was beside laughed, "Mr. Shawn, did you get dissed by Mr. Bernie?"

**"You have heard it and you still said it. It feels worse than being dissed by him. Don't you know?"
Boyce looked at the little girl.**

Amanda laughed more cheerfully, "I know. That's why I asked on purpose. Hehe."

Boyce was provoked until he laughed, "You little child, when did you become a smooth talker? Later no one would marry you when you are older."

When Matthew heard that Boyce said the words, he raised his head. He looked at his cute daughter. She was still young and her childish face looked like a doll.

Suddenly, he put down his chopsticks. After thinking that his daughter was going to marry someone

when she grew up, he felt so depressed.

'No one is fit for my daughter!'

He felt worse after thinking about it. Matthew got up and left the dining room. Boyce was completely clueless. He looked at Dolores and asked, "Dolores, what happened to him? Did I say something wrong?"

Dolores looked at Matthew and said, "It's fine. You eat first. I will have a look at him later."

Boyce nodded and continued eating. Sometimes, he bickered with the two kids.

In the room, Theresa laid on the bed and didn't get up. Armand had called her a few times and she ignored him.

Armand sat beside the bed, "Even if you dislike me, you still have to eat. Why are you torturing yourself to make me feel heartbroken?"

"Yes. I dislike you a lot. So, please leave." Theresa was tired of his nags.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

Jared Kushner & Ivanka Trump Dropped Off The Planet

"It is fine to dislike me. I will teach you how to like me." Armand wanted to lift her blanket to ask her to eat. However, Theresa was angry.

“Get lost!” She couldn’t bear with him anymore.

“As long as you eat, I will get lost for you.” Armand showed a smiley face, “Please get up.”

Theresa got up. At this time, Armand only clearly saw her eyes that were swollen and red as she had cried for a long time. He felt so heartbroken. He wanted to reach out his hand to touch her but Theresa hit his hands away after she noticed it, “If you keep bothering me, I will disappear from you. You will never see me again. Armand, I will definitely do what I have said.”

Armand didn’t dare to speak anymore. He stood up, “I will leave. Your injury hasn’t recovered yet. You just recuperate here at ease. You eat. I will leave now.”

After saying that, he immediately left. He was afraid that Theresa would hide from him and he couldn’t see her anymore.

Boyce had already finished eating. After seeing Armand walking out, he said, “Let’s go.”

Armand still wanted to stay here for a while. He was afraid that Theresa wouldn’t eat.

Boyce noticed he had something in his mind, he reached out his hand, “Give me the car key. Later you ask the driver to send you back or you drive Matthew’s car. He has a lot of cars.”

Armand thought about it, “Let’s go together. She doesn’t want to see me.”

Boyce smiled, “Then, let’s go.”

“Dolores, we will leave first.” Two of them greeted Dolores.

Dolores said, "Okay. Drive slower at night."

Armand said okay.

Two of them left the villa. When they got into the car, Armand asked, "Send you home?"

Boyce agreed with it with a soft sound. Then he said again, "It is better to send me back to the police station."

"Why are you going back to the police station so late? Are you so busy?"

Boyce looked at him, "My car is still at the police station. I have to work tomorrow morning. Are you going to fetch me?"

"I don't have the time." Armand started the car and drove out of the car park.

Soon, the car reached the police station. Boyce got out of the car.

"I will leave first." Armand lowered the car window and said the words.

Boyce waved his hand and walked towards the police station. When he went to the office to take his car key, his subordinate who worked overtime just finished his work. Boyce looked at him and asked, "Just finish your work?"

"Yeah. I just finished saving the files."

Boyce simply asked, "Which files?"

Then, his subordinate said, "The prisoner who had a sudden death. His body was collected by his family members. I have saved the files. Don't you know? I thought you..."

"When did she collect the body?" Before the guy finished his words, Boyce interrupted him and he took out his phone to call Jasmine Burke.

'Why did she collect the body so quickly?'

'She didn't even inform me.'

However, the phone number he dialed showed that her phone was off._

Chapter 619 Framing Him

He frowned and thought to himself, 'Why is her phone turned off?' She had no other place to go to other than the campus, which was already empty by now. He looked at the man and asked, "Did she say where she was going?"

The man shook his head, "But I think she probably went to the crematorium first, otherwise where would she put the body?"

Boyce looked at the time. The crematorium was already closed by now. He replied, "Okay."

While pushing the door to his office open, he thought of something and called the man again, "Is there a record of her hometown's address in the file?"

“Where’s that?”

“J county.”

Boyce asked again, “Is there a detailed address?”

The man doesn’t remember, “It should be there.”

“Bring me the file.”

Then, Boyce walked into the office while the man had to go and get the file for him. When he came back, he passed the file to Boyce.

“You can go home now.” Boyce took the file over and looked at the address section of her record. J county, which was a mountainous place, was quite a distance away from City B. Initially, Boyce wanted to send his men to accompany Jasmine back to her hometown when she came and claim the dead body since he didn’t have the time to spare.

She was a girl and needed to be taken care of.

But it looked like she left already.

Boyce closed the file, feeling uneasy as he sat back in his chair.

Public transportation required the passengers to purchase tickets with their IDs now, so if it wasn’t this late, Boyce could’ve found out how she traveled back home.

However, he was fidgeting from his worry for that girl.

In the end, he couldn't sit still anymore. He took his keys and left the office. Once he got into the car, he used his phone to navigate the way to J county. After planning his route, he drove on the road according to the navigation.

Actually, Jasmine hadn't left yet. She wasn't planning to return anymore after leaving, so she was still settling her school matters for dropping out.

That was why even after the sun came up the following day, Boyce couldn't find any of her traveling records after getting his people to check on it.

"She didn't purchase any train, high-speed rail or plane tickets? There's no record at all?" Boyce's heart skipped a beat. 'How did she go back then?'

"Yeah, there's nothing. If she took a cab or bus, then we cannot be sure about this. A lot of buses don't pick their passengers up at the stations, and no IDs are required, so we can't find anything from that."

Boyce said, "Got it."

Then, he hung out. As he was still worried sick about Jasmine, he decided to head to J county.

Jasmine settled her schooling matters and came to the police station to bid farewell to Boyce. She wasn't coming back, and they wouldn't have a chance to meet each other anymore.

"Boyce isn't here."

“Where did he go?” Jasmine asked.

“I’m not sure either. Why don’t you go to his house?” The police officer suggested.

Jasmine thought for a moment, “Could you tell me his address?”

The police officer told her Boyce’s address, and Jasmine left in a cab after saying her thanks.

When she arrived, she knocked at the door but no one came to it. Then, she just sat outside and waited.

When it was time for Jasmine to leave, Boyce was still nowhere in sight. She turned on her mobile phone, which she switched off yesterday, not wanting anyone to disturb her as she locked herself up in the hotel room. She was not feeling good as her mother just got cremated.

The main reason she was turning her phone on now was to give Boyce a call. Initially, she wanted to bid farewell to him in person, but it seemed that she couldn’t wait anymore and had to say her goodbyes through the phone.

She made a call, but the other person’s phone was turned off.

Boyce’s phone ran out of battery after he used it for navigation the whole night. Currently, he was buying a phone charger.

After driving for one night, Boyce finally arrived at J county. With the help of the locals, he managed to find Jasmine’s house. Her house was empty, deserted, and her neighbors said they had not seen her come home.

Boyce did not leave immediately but asked a little about Jasmine's family. It was pretty much the same as what Jasmine had told him.

After her father's death, her mother served a sentence. There was no one else at home after she went to college, so it got deserted.

It was a tile-roofed house and looked to be in bad condition after being deserted for a long time.

The house seemed like it was inhabitable for now.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

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

Boyce only left the village at noon. He rested in a motel in the county for two hours before rushing back to City B.

Driving for a long time had worn him out, so he went home to rest right away instead of going to the police station.

He was in deep sleep when his phone rang, awakening him.

He grabbed his phone and picked the call up. Officer Miller's voice came through, and he sounded rushed, "Where are you?"

Boyce replied, "Sleeping at home."

“How are you still in the mood to sleep? Come to the station now.”

Boyce was more clear-headed now, and realised something must’ve happened from Officer Miller’s tone. He hung up the call and went to get ready right away.

On the other hand, Officer Miller was dealing with people from the supervision department. He vowed to them, “This is absolutely impossible. I know what kind of person Boyce is. He would never take bribes.”

“We are investigating this matter because our superior received a report. We are unwilling to believe that any public officials have such a rumour too. Please trust us to investigate this matter thoroughly.”

Officer Miller served them some drinks, “Of course I believe you guys, but I trust Boyce too. I mentored him all these years, and I’m sure you guys are clear about what kind of person I am.”

Officer Miller was known for being upright and honest. He had a good reputation in the field and was respected by many.

“We know that. Don’t worry. We’ll investigate this through. We won’t accuse Boyce of doing the things he never did.”

When Boyce arrived at the station, he headed right to Officer Miller’s office without going into his own first. Upon seeing the room which was filled with uniformed officers, he was stunned for a moment. He knew who they were, but who were they going to investigate here?

“Come here, Boyce.” Officer Miller called him. Boyce had a hunch that this situation involved him. If it were about somebody else, Officer Miller wouldn’t call him here with such urgency.

Boyce walked over. Officer Miller pulled him closer, mumbling lowly in his ear, “You got reported for bribery. These people are here to interrogate you, be prepared.”

Something exploded in Boyce's mind. 'Bribery?'

"You're Boyce Shawn?" A uniformed officer from the supervision department stood up.

Boyce replied, "I am."

"You got reported for taking bribes. We are the investigators of this case, and this is the investigation order." The man placed the paper in front of Boyce, "We need your cooperation for the time being. Also, you are not allowed to work until this case is clear."

Officer Miller frowned, "Since this matter hasn't proven to be true yet, why can't he work?"

If Boyce wasn't allowed to work, that was equivalent to being suspended. Suspension was serious in their field.

"It's a must for him to be suspended from work, and he can only resume working after we settled this case." The officer insisted in a business-only tone.

Officer Miller wanted to retort, but Boyce stopped him, "I accept all sorts of investigations."

"Great. During this period, please ensure that you can be contacted at all times. We'll need to be able to find you right away when we need you in the investigation."

Boyce just nodded.

After the officers from the supervisions department left, Officer Miller asked Boyce, "What happened?"

Boyce thought for a moment, "Perhaps someone is trying to frame me."

"Have you offended anyone?" Officer Miller asked.

Boyce thought of all the people he had contact with in his mind and came up a wild guess. Declan was the only one who could cause such a big fuss.

"I guess I did," He said.

Officer Miller had a headache from anger, "What can I say now? You're not one to be impulsive. How is it possible for you to offend anyone?"

Boyce stayed silent.

That only made Officer Miller sigh, "I'll do all I can to help you."

"Thanks." Boyce thanked Officer Miller sincerely.

"Pfft. What's the point of thanking me? I'm not from the supervision department. I can't do much." Officer Miller took off his hat angrily. He knew Boyce best, and he knew Boyce wouldn't take bribes. Someone was clearly trying to frame him for it, and the worse thing was that 'someone was someone of power.

There was a limit to what Officer Miller could do.

If this matter was not handled well, it would definitely affect Boyce's career.

Chapter 620 Goodbye, Forever

Officer Miller told Boyce to sit, "Tell me, who did you offend?"

Boyce took a seat and said, "I'm guessing it's Declan Bailey."

That confused the elderly man, 'Declan Bailey?'

He had never heard of such a person before.

Boyce explained that it was Declan Bailey from the Bailey family of City B.

Only then did Officer Miller understood the situation better, "You offended Old Mr. Bailey's youngest son? The one he spoils without any bottom line? The rebellious one?"

"Yeah." Boyce lowered his gaze.

"You're not a troublemaker, so how could that happen?" Officer Miller knew Boyce well. Boyce was not a competitive person, and he did not have any contact with Declan due to work. Also, Declan wasn't a public official, so there wouldn't be any conflict of interest between the two. It must've been for a personal reason.

Boyce did not hide the truth from Officer Miller either, "Remember the incident at the temple the other time? He captured my friend's girlfriend. I'm investigating him for that. He probably found out and tried to frame me for bribery."

Officer Miller felt dejected. Old Mr. Bailey had a well-established reputation and network, and he helped many capable individuals in their careers. It wasn't difficult for him to crush someone.

"I'm fine. I can just quit this job," Boyce said casually.

Surely, he had his regrets, but if he couldn't continue working, he would accept reality too.

His words made Officer Miller widened his eyes. He couldn't agree to what Boyce just said, "Do you remember what you said when you came under my wing? How dare you say you won't work this job anymore?"

Boyce wouldn't want to quit too, but it was a serious matter to get investigated by the supervision department.

Officer Miller was silent for a moment before he assured Boyce, "I'll find someone to help."

"You don't need to spend too much time on me." Boyce did not want to trouble Officer Miller.

This made the elderly man upset, as he felt that Boyce wasn't serious about his future. He couldn't help but lectured him sternly, "What are you talking about? How could you not care about your career? Where have your previous ambitions gone to?"

Boyce looked down, staying silent. It had always been his biggest wish to contribute to society and to make his existence purposeful. This wasn't what he wanted at all, but since it happened, he can only be prepared for the worst.

He wasn't going to tell anyone about this, especially not Matthew. He was preparing for his wedding now, and Boyce wouldn't want to trouble him during this period.

"No matter what, we must do all we can to prove that you're innocent and solve this case. Don't show your pessimism in front of me ever again, you got it?"

Officer Miller was serious.

Boyce felt sorry for disappointing Officer Miller, who had so much trust in him, and cultivated him all along.

Officer Miller suddenly stood up and grabbed his hat, "I'm going to find out more about this case."

Boyce didn't know what to say. Officer Miller was like a father to him.

"Thanks." This one word was not enough to express all of Boyce's feelings, but it seemed to be the only thing he could say now.

Officer Miller patted him on the shoulder, "Cheer up. We don't need to be afraid of all these made-up stories. And what are you thanking me for?"

A smile appeared on Boyce's face, "I'm grateful for your trust and cultivation, but I don't know how to repay you for everything you've done."

"Being diligent in your work is the best gift for me." Then, Officer Miller left the office.

Boyce sucked in a deep breath, following behind Officer Miller and went out of the office. He entered his own office, and saw the file of Jasmine's mother on his desk. He picked it up and sent it back to the achieves room. On his way back, he ran into one of his subordinates.

"Boyce, I have your letter here."

"What letter?"

"It's on my desk, let me get it for you." The man quickly went back to his desk and passed the letter to Boyce, "Ms. Burke told me to pass it to you."

Upon hearing her name, Boyce's heart raced for a moment.

When Boyce took the letter, he asked, "When did she send it over?"

"Yesterday."

Boyce frowned, "Yesterday?"

"Yeah, yesterday. She came to look for you but you weren't around. I gave her your address, but I guess she didn't meet you, so she got me to pass this letter to you."

Boyce got the story, held the letter in his hand and went back to his office. He closed the door behind him, then sat down by his desk. He stared at the letter for a moment and did not open it right away. It was kept in a pink envelope.

Instead, he wondered what Jasmine would have written to him.

After a while, he slowly tore the envelope open.

Lines of sentences written with black ink came into his sight. She had neat handwriting. Rather than starting the letter formally, she went straight for the content.

I wanted to say goodbye to you in person initially but I couldn't find you. I guess we're not really fated to meet.

It's just like our age. You already have a career of your own while I'm still a university student. There's too much of a gap between us.

I actually quite liked you, perhaps it's because I lack fatherly love. I like men who are mature and stable, and you're a man like that. But I know we can't be together. You need a wife who can help you in your career, and I'll never be someone of such.

I'm leaving. I plan to leave City B and not return anymore. We probably won't have a chance to meet again.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

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

Thank you so much for taking care of me all this while. I'm truly grateful for you.

By the way, hurry up and find a partner, otherwise, you'll really be old and alone.

When you find a woman you like, you must be brave enough to chase after her, okay? You're too reserved. Don't miss the woman of your life just because of that.

Lastly, I'd like to wish you happiness. Stay happy always.

Goodbye, forever.

From 'Jasmine Burke'.

Boyce lowered his gaze, not showing any emotions on his face. One couldn't tell what he was feeling at the moment after reading the letter.

He folded the letter, put it back into the envelope then onto his desk. Pulling out his phone, he dialed her number, but it wasn't in use anymore.

Before Jasmine left City B, she canceled her mobile phone contract which she had signed here. She really did make up her mind to leave.

Boyce went back to his contact list and called Armand.

Right now, Armand was giving Mrs. Leslie a massage. Although she had regained her speech ability, it was unlikely for her to be able to walk again as she was already old.

Mrs. Leslie didn't want to leave this world yet. She hadn't seen her only grandson get married.

"When are you going to bring Theresa back?" Mrs. Leslie asked. She still liked Theresa the most.

"You were at fault the last time. Apologize, or kneel before her if that's what it takes for her to come

back." Mrs. Leslie was determined.

Armand replied, "I know."

"Sigh, I was going to have a great-grandson. My biggest wish in life is to see you and Theresa reconcile, then give birth to your own children. Then, I'll have no regrets and can rest in peace when I die."

"You're going to live till a hundred years old." Armand held his grandmother's hand tightly, "Don't worry, I'll definitely get Theresa back then give birth to tons of grandchildren for you. You need to take care of my children next time, so you must take good care of yourself now."

Mrs. Leslie smiled. At this time, Armand's phone rang. He took it out. It showed Boyce was the caller.

Armand answered the call, "Boyce?"

"Are you free now? Come out for a drink with me."

Armand sensed that Boyce seemed to be in low spirits, "What's wrong?"

"If you have time, come and drink with me. Don't ask so much."

Armand took his phone away from his ear to take a look at the caller ID again. 'It is Boyce Shawn. What the hell is wrong with him?'

'What's he so mad for?'

"I'm free. Where are you?" Armand asked.

"I'll wait for you at the bar we usually hang out at."

"Okay." Then, Armand hung up and looked at Mrs. Leslie, "It's Boyce. He sounded upset and called me out to have some drinks with him."

Mrs. Leslie sighed, "He doesn't have a girlfriend too?"

"Yeah."

"Sigh, all of you give us headaches. How could you guys not be married yet at this age?"

Armand patted his grandmother's hand, "Don't worry about it. I'll be leaving now."

Mrs. Leslie waved her hand, "Just go. Don't drink too much, and tell Boyce that too. Alcohol isn't good for the body."

"I know that. You have a good rest at home." Armand took his car keys and told the servant, "Take good care of my grandma."

The servant replied, "I will."

After Armand left home, he drove in the direction of the bar they usually frequent.

When he arrived, Boyce had already started drinking. He walked over to Boyce's side.

Picking up a bottle, Armand then filled up the empty glass in front of him while asking Boyce, "You got something on your mind?"

Boyce said it was nothing, "I'm just in a bad mood."

Armand took a sip of wine, obviously not believing Boyce's words, "You're not one to drink just because you're in a bad mood. Tell me, what's the matter?"

Boyce filled up his glass again and looked at Armand, "Just drink. What's with all that nonsense?"

"Pfft." Armand chuckled. 'There's nothing on his mind? Just listen to that tone.'

"You fought with your girlfriend?" Armand continued to ask.

Slowly, Boyce turned his head to look at Armand and spoke in a cold tone. _____

Chapter 621 My Enemies Never End Well

Boyce slowly turned his head around, and his tone was a little cold.

"Armand Bernie, I'm not in a good mood, so don't joke with me."

Armand looked at his face carefully. He didn't seem like he was joking, so he also became serious, "Tell me what happened to you."

Boyce drank another gulp of alcohol. He didn't want other people to worry about his own matter, "It's nothing. I'm just suddenly in a bad mood."

He put down his wine glass and said, "I'm feeling better now."

However, Armand didn't think so, "We're friends, so don't try to hide anything from me."

"Who's friending with you? You only care about women," Boyce pretended to be relaxed and teased him.

"Hey, what the...If I only care about women, would I excitedly run over with just one call from you? Do you think I'm not busy?" Armand poured him a drink, "Didn't you want to drink? None of us can go home if we're not drunk today!"

Boyce didn't want to drink, so Armand took the wine glass and chugged it into his mouth, "Alcohol is the essence among foods. The more you drink, the younger you will be."

"Be young by yourself," Boyce pushed his hand away and stood up, "I'm leaving now."

Armand followed him and put his arm around his shoulders, "You're really boring. You asked me to come and have a drink, but you already want to leave when we haven't even started drinking yet. I'm never going to trust you again. You always lie to me."

Boyce got goosebumps all over his body. He shuddered in chills, "What the hell, be serious."

"How am I not serious? I'm not even asking you to have sex with me. I'm straight as a stick."

Boyce was speechless.

He really regretted calling Armand over. He must have gone crazy to give him a phone call and asked him over to accompany him. He must have gone mad.

He had definitely gone mad.

How could he forget what the hell kind of a guy Armand was?

At this moment, the waiter walked over and gave them the receipt for the alcohol. Armand pointed at Boyce, "Give it to him."

"The total is seventy six dollars," The waiter handed the receipt for the alcohol over.

Boyce handed over four pieces of red bills he took out from his leather wallet and said, "Keep the change."

After saying that, he walked out. Armand quickly followed after him.

When they got out of the bar, Armand asked, "Where are we going?"

Boyce said, "I'm going home to sleep."

Armand's eyes widened. He couldn't believe that Boyce said that. He was the second busiest man next to Matthew Nelson. He struggled so hard when he was the captain. Shouldn't he be busier now that he was the assistant officer?

But he actually told him that he was going home to sleep?

Did he hear him wrong or did he say it wrong?

He picked his ears and asked, "What did you say a while ago?"

Boyce ignored him. He got in on a taxi he hailed on the roadside and went away.

Armand was speechless.

He stood on the roadside in a mess. What did that mean? He called him to have a drink, but he left him all alone.

"I'll never forget what you did, Boyce," Armand was extremely angry. However, after giving it a thought, he felt that something seemed to be wrong with Boyce. He rarely took the initiative to find him to have a drink together. He was also very busy. He worked seriously and very hard out of his strong sense of responsibility. But he actually said that he was going home to sleep?!

Didn't he need to go to work?

Was he acting strangely because something happened?

He drank two glasses of imported wine, so he didn't drive his car. Instead, he sat down on a rest bench on the roadside and dialed Matthew's number.

In WY Group, Abbott Baron took a few important documents. These were supposed to be signed yesterday, but Matthew didn't come to the company. So they were all backlogged.

Abbott said, "These can't be delayed anymore."

Matthew raised his eyes and looked at him, "Are you ordering me around?"

Abbott immediately became nervous. He shook his head hard, "I wouldn't dare."

It wasn't that he didn't want to. He just didn't dare.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Jared Kushner & Ivanka Trump Dropped Off The Planet

Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

He really wanted to push him around, so that he could experience how tiring it was to work all day and night.

At this time, the phone on the table rang just when Matthew opened the document. He glanced at the displayed caller ID, but he didn't answer it. Instead, he directly pressed on the red icon and hung up.

On the other side, Armand's expression changed as he looked at his rejected call. What was happening?

One by one...

Did he hang up on him because he was making out with Dolores Flores?

Armand thought, Matthew was the most successful one now. His wife and children were all around him. He also had a good relationship with his wife. So, he evilly thought, 'Since you didn't want to be disturbed, I'll insist on disturbing you.'

He dialed his number again.

He was like, if you didn't want to answer my phone call, I would keep on calling until your phone blew up.

His phone on the table rang again, and Matthew raised his eyes. The number displayed was still Armand's.

He pressed the answer button and turned on the speaker mode, so that he could free his hands and read the documents without any delay.

He asked, "What's the matter?"

Armand didn't expect him to answer it so quickly. He was already prepared to take more phone calls.

He wasn't able to react right away. He took a breath for two seconds and said, "Why did you hang up on my phone call a while ago? Did I call at a wrong time or did I disturb your moment?"

Abbott lowered his head and scratched it. He wondered what was going in this guy's mind.

Matthew didn't lift his head up. He closed the signed document and put it on the other side. Then, he said, "Do you have so much time on your hands?"

Armand was speechless

It did seem like he had the most time.

He didn't want to go home anymore after he was called out by Boyce for two drinks. And he most certainly didn't want to go to the firm, so it did seem that he was very free.

He smacked his lips, "Did something happen to Boyce? He doesn't seem to be in the right mood. He called me out to have a drink with him, but he didn't want to drink anymore before even drinking. So I asked him what he was going to do, and he said that he was going home to sleep. He's such a hardworking person, but he actually said that he's going home to sleep. Isn't it unusual?"

This was indeed so not like him.

Matthew turned off the speaker mode, picked up his phone, and asked, "Where is he right now?"

"Probably at home," Armand said.

"Go find him and bring him to the company."

"Alright. Then I'll hang up now."

Matthew hung his phone up and put it on the table. At this moment, the secretary's voice echoed from the doorway, "You can't enter."

The people outside seemed to not pay any respect to the secretary. She was pushed away, "Get out of my way!"

Because the secretary couldn't stop him, the office door was pushed open. With one hand on his pocket, Declan Bailey smiled and said, "Mr. Nelson."

"I couldn't stop him," The secretary lowered her head.

But Matthew didn't scold her. He said, "You can leave now."

He handed the signed documents to Abbott, "You can also leave now."

Abbott walked out with a stack of documents in his arms.

Declan walked toward the office table and removed the sunglasses from his nose. He looked around, then he smiled and said, "You have a good taste, Mr. Nelson."

Matthew leaned back on his chair, "Did Mr. Bailey rudely barge into my office just to compliment that I have a good taste?"

Declan laughed and pressed one hand on the table, while his other hand played with the sunglasses, "How is it? The only competent person you have, Boyce, don't have any power now. If I just played a little harder, his reputation would immediately be wrecked. He might even be imprisoned, so do you think I should play a little harder?"

He put his glasses back on, "I've said it before. You can't beat me."

Matthew narrowed his eyes.

"Don't be surprised," Declan pressed both of his hands on the table and leaned over as he looked at him, "No matter who it is, my enemies never end well."

Chapter 622 His Brain's Messed Up

Matthew Nelson could probably guess what he did. His eyes turned colder as he stared at Declan Bailey, "Really?"

"Is this still not a good example? John Kinney? Boyce Shawn?" Declan mockingly laughed, "You still have a chance right now. Just beg me. Beg me. Then maybe I would show some mercy and spare him. What do you think?"

He became more and more shameless. He also laughed wildly, "Just say, I was wrong, Mr. Bailey. I was too blind to go against you. Please have mercy. Then maybe I would just let Boyce go."

Matthew narrowed his eyes and stared at him. Extreme anger poured out of his eyes. However, it was quickly hidden in his poker face, "I'm afraid I'm going to disappoint you, Mr. Bailey."

Declan suddenly stood straight, "Can't you still see what's happening?"

"Mr. Bailey, you've taught very well. I just haven't learned it yet. Perhaps, you can teach me again?" Matthew was very calm. He didn't pay attention to his mockery at all.

Declan was furious, "What do you have to be so arrogant about, Matthew? Isn't it just that you're richer than me? But when it comes to connections and power, you're not better than me."

Matthew laughed, "How do you know that I'm not better than you?"

There was always some sort of secretive and deceitful calculation in his laugh. This made Declan's skin crawl.

However, after thinking carefully, the most competent person he had was Boyce. He never talked to the Harris family. Besides, how could Jeffery Harris help him when his own reputation was already broken?

And what use could that Armand Bernie have?

His father and the husbands of his so many sisters were all not ordinary people. He had connections everywhere, so it would be easy for him to do what he wanted.

With that thought, Declan immediately gained confidence.

"Don't try to fool me!"

Matthew was still calm, "Do you know what the difference is between us?"

Declan asked, "What?"

"You do have connections and a lot of ways, but you forgot that it's easier to deal with those on the plain sight, just like how you framed Boyce. However, you don't know what connections I have and how powerful I am."

Declan felt nervous from Matthew's strategic confidence, "What, what do you mean?"

There was a saying that says it would be easy to dodge a spear in the open, but it would be hard to avoid a hidden arrow. It was obvious that what Matthew said meant that he has a power nobody else knew.

“Mr. Bailey, don’t you have any comprehensive ability?” He mockingly said.

Declan had always been an impatient person and never a poised man. So he was provoked by just a few words from Matthew.

“You just meant that you have connections,” Declan didn’t believe him, but he didn’t completely doubt him.

It was very contradicting. He didn’t know if what he said was real or he was just lying to him.

“Even if you have connections, you won’t necessarily be able to win against me,” Declan wasn’t as confident as before, but he still threatened him as usual, “Let’s wait and see.”

He angrily walked out just when Armand brought Boyce over, so they bumped into each other at the door.

“Hey, isn’t this Mr. Bailey?” Armand glanced at him from top to bottom and sneered, “What’s with that long face? Did you dad die?”

Declan grabbed Armand by the collar and ruthlessly said, “Do you want to die?”

Armand wasn’t afraid at all. He smiled and said, “What would you do to me if I want to die? Look

clearly where this place is.”

Declan came alone. If he really fought with Armand, he wouldn't be at the advantage. So, although he was feeling extremely angry inside, he still let go.

“I won't let you get away with this!”

Armand dusted the non-existent dust away from his body, “I'll wait for you. Bring it on!”

They stared at each other. If eyes could become weapons, then they were definitely killing each other at this moment.

“Boyce,” Declan sneered and strode out.

Armand was dumbfounded. Why did he suddenly call out Boyce's name?

‘Is his brain messed up?’

“Why did he call you?” Armand turned his head to Boyce and asked.

Boyce said, “He's crazy. Don't mind him.”

INTERESTING FOR YOU [Adskeeper](#)

[A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City](#)

[What Happened To The Actors Of The Cult Saga 20 Years Later?](#)

“Really?” Armand didn’t doubt him, but he felt that what Declan said was cryptic. It didn’t seem like he just casually blurted it out.

Boyce didn’t argue with him. He walked into the office and asked as he looked at Matthew, “What is he doing here?”

Matthew walked out of his office desk and asked in a gloomy voice, “Why didn’t you tell me that something happened to you?”

Boyce sat on the sofa and said, “Aren’t you preparing for your wedding? I don’t want to add to your problems.”

Matthew was a bit annoyed. He snorted coldly, “What do you plan to do?”

Could this kind of matter be kept secretly? What should they do if it turned into an irreversible consequence?

Did he still want his future?

“What are you guys talking about?” Armand walked over and asked as he looked at Boyce, “What happened to you?”

Boyce lowered his head and stayed silent.

Matthew tugged his collar, “Do you still not plan on saying it?”

“Officer Miller called me into the police station early in the morning today. I saw the people from the investigation office as soon as I came to the police station. They said that I was taking bribes, so I’m suspended right now and under investigation,” Boyce lowered his head as he spoke.

“Bastard!” Armand cursed out loud, “This scumbag Declan is really fucking shameless.”

Matthew had a guess in his mind. He knew that he was using this kind of fatal sin to frame Boyce, but he was still uneasy.

After all, being investigated for bribery would affect his future as a public official.

Just like what Declan said, if he pulled a trick inside and his bribery became true, then Boyce would be finished.

“What should we do now?” Armand asked anxiously. This was connected to Boyce’s future. If it wasn’t handled properly, his reputation would be ruined.

Matthew was afraid that Declan would come out and make trouble when he decided to hold a wedding. So he already made preparations for it.

Declan was merely relying on Roger Bailey. His brothers-in-law were just giving Declan some respect out of respect for Roger.

If Roger fell, what else would Declan still have?

In ancient wars, it was known to take down the leader first to destroy the thieves. So why would he keep on pestering Declan?

"Just go home. I'll take care of this matter," Matthew stood up and prepared to go out as he took his phone on the table.

“You have a plan already?” Armand looked at him doubtfully.

Boyce was also very shocked.

Both of them looked at him.

However, Matthew didn't explain what he was going to do. As he looked at their shocked gazes, he raised an eyebrow and asked, "Why? Don't you believe me?"

Armand nodded, and then he hurriedly shook his head, "Of course, we believe you, but do you have any connections to use?"

After all, he was a businessman and not a government official. How would he deal with Declan?

Matthew smiled and gave a riddle, "I don't have connections, but my wife has."

Oscar Adams' cellphone number was saved into Matthew's phone back when Dolores Flores received a phone call from Oscar. She told him to find Oscar if there were matters he couldn't show up in.

Actually, Dolores also didn't know what kind of person her father was. However, she didn't want to know either.

Just like what Jolene Harris said in the letter, it was enough to know that he was a good man.

Armand and Boyce looked at each other. They seemed to have read the answer from each other's eyes.

They knew that this doesn't only refer to Dolores, but to the power left from her parents' generation.

Armand felt a little relieved after knowing that Matthew already had a counterplan. However, his hatred toward everything Declan had done had reached its peak.

He just wanted to curse at Declan whenever he thought of him.

Chapter 623 Your Cousin Must Be Ugly

Not only did Armand think like this, but he did it too, "What does Declan have? Doesn't he just have a powerful dad? If he didn't have his dad, he would be nothing! Whenever I see that smug look on his face, I get angry. I can't wait to beat him to death."

Boyce was still depressed. Looking at Armand's childish behavior, he thought he looked very funny.

Matthew told them to go back, while Boyce had nowhere to go. And he had been very busy. Although he didn't have to go to work now, he found he didn't even have a place to stay.

Armand put his arm around his neck, "Will you go to the villa with me?"

Boyce said, "No."

Armand was going after his wife, so what was Boyce going to do at his villa?

"All you think about all day is your woman. Can't you do anything else? Since you're so idle, aren't you afraid you'll become retarded?" Boyce complained to him mercilessly.

Armand clicked his tongue, "I don't make any less money than you do, so how am I idle? I just see it more clearly than you do."

"How do you see it more clearly than I do?" Boyce asked.

"Tell me, why do we work?"

Boyce replied, "We work for a living, obviously."

"And what do we need in life?" Armand asked again.

"Water, fire..."

"Pfft..." Armand nearly spat out the water he had just had. Then he glanced at Boyce in disgust, "I'd like to crack open your brain and see what's inside. Water and fire are the necessities of life, but those things are not life. If a person wants to have a good life, he must have a successful career and have a partner who can be with him through thick and thin and never leave him. Although we have the former, we do not have the latter. It's natural for me to go after the latter now."

Boyce looked at him lightly, "I have nothing now, so as long as I'm alive, I'm fine."

He stood up and walked out of the office after he said that.

Matthew had already left for a while. The two of them had been talking nonsense for half a day, and it was time to leave the office.

Armand chased after him, "How about this? I'll give you a ride to college to find your girlfriend?"

Boyce got a headache from hearing him talk.

"Stop following me. I want to be alone."

Armand followed him, "No way. I have to be with you. What if you get depressed and try to kill yourself? Just give me your time today. I'll sacrifice my time to stay with you."

"You're the one who's going to kill yourself!" Boyce walked to the other side in disgust and pulled away from him, but Armand approached him again, "What's wrong with you? Why do you look like you are heartbroken? You look depressed."

Boyce looked at him, said nothing, and stood at the curb to call a cab.

"Where are you going?" Armand sensed that something was wrong with him, "Didn't Matthew have a plan? Why are you still so depressed?"

Boyce bowed his head, "Jasmine is gone."

Armand was confused. She hadn't even graduated from college yet. She was gone? Where could she go?

"I'm not sure." Boyce said.

Armand was even more confused, "What could have happened to make her give up on her studies?"

Boyce told Armand about Jasmine's mother. If he told Armand, he would feel better.

Armand looked at him cautiously, "So you're upset because she's gone?"

At that time, the car stopped. Boyce waved his hand, and the car quickly pulled over. And then Armand followed him in the car, "I asked you a question!"

"I don't know." Boyce replied impatiently.

He really didn't know. He had felt something in his heart when he received her letter mentioning that she liked him.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

He didn't know if he liked her either.

Armand fell silent. And he finally knew why he was so depressed.

The cab driver asked them, "Where are you going?"

Armand looked at him and told the driver of a location.

He had heard from one of the lawyers at the law firm the other day that there was a blind date party at the east end of town today. It was said to be organized by some major dating website, and a lot of single girls would be there. And Boyce was just right to go to this blind date party.

The party seemed to be widely publicized. The cab driver even knew about it, "Are you guys single too?"

Armand pointed at Boyce, "He is."

Boyce was not in the mood and ignored him.

The cab driver sneered, "This is the fifth time I'm driving to that party today."

Armand was surprised, "So many people are going there? Are they men or women?"

"Both." The cab driver said, "But there are still more guys. I heard that the male-to-female ratio is imbalanced at the moment. Even women who have been married twice are popular in the dating market. My cousin joined the army some years ago. He was a little older after he was discharged. After he had gone through many failed blind dates, he then got married to a woman who had been married three times."

Armand blinked, "Your cousin is ugly, isn't he?"

There were a lot of girls who like military men these days.

The cab driver laughed, "You're pretty straightforward. My cousin's condition is really bad. If his family didn't have connections, he wouldn't be able to join the army. He is short and dark. And he's old. He would be lucky to have a wife. I have a neighbor who has two sons in his family. Their parents spent a fortune buying a house and a car so that their sons could find wives for themselves. For crying out loud, the new car has become an old one, but they haven't found wives yet. And since the eldest son does not get married, their parents don't dare to find a wife for the second son. Because they are afraid that after the second son has a wife, the eldest son will be more difficult to find a wife."

Armand couldn't help but stare and look sideways at Boyce, "You better take this chance! Look! How many men can't find a wife these days? You still don't cherish your girlfriend. If you meet the right person this time, you should go out with that girl. Don't become a leftover man."

"Fuck off!" If it had not been for the fact that the driver was driving, he would have pushed the door open and gotten out.

Armand wasn't mad either. He knew Boyce was in a bad mood, so he tried to cotton him up, "I'm just concerned about you, okay? Don't be mad."

"Driver, stop the car." Boyce said to the driver.

The driver pulled over to the side of the road and stopped in a lot where he could pull over. He paid the cab fare and got out.

Armand followed him out of the car, "Hey, what are you doing? What's wrong with going on a blind date?"

" You can go if you want." Boyce walked along the road.

Armand stood still, "You've gone too far."

Boyce didn't say anything and kept walking. Armand got angry too, "Fine! Who would care about you?" He said as he stopped the car at the side of the road and got in. He wanted to go to the villa to find Theresa, but he was still very worried about Boyce, so he asked the driver to follow Boyce from a distance.

Boyce found a small store and bought a box of cigarettes. When he paid, someone put a bottle of water on the checkout counter.

"Boyce?"

Boyce turned his head to look over.

"I thought I had the wrong person. What are you doing here?" Wendy asked with a smile.

"I..." Boyce didn't know why he was there either.

"You must be in a bad mood, right? I heard all about it from my dad. I believe you." Wendy said.

Boyce was expressionless, then he handed the money to the owner, "That bottle of water is on me too."

The two of them went out of the shop together after paying the bills. Boyce asked her, "What brings you here?"

Chapter 624 A Man Worth Marrying

Wendy said, "I came here to run some errands. Do you have anything else to do? If you don't have anything to do, why don't we find a place to sit and talk?"

Boyce had nowhere to go, so he agreed to that idea.

"Did you drive here?" Wendy asked.

"No." Boyce replied.

Wendy pointed to the parked car and said, "My car is parked on the side of the road. Take my car then."

Boyce did not refuse.

"Dickhead!" Armand watched Boyce and a woman get into the car. And he couldn't believe his eyes.

He asked the driver in front of him, "Did the man who just came out of the store get in the car with a woman?"

The driver said, "Yes. And she is a pretty woman."

Armand let out a laugh. 'Since Boyce has a woman, he's still pretending to be depressed in front of him. Also, who was that woman just now? What is her relationship with Boyce? Could it be that Boyce has a girlfriend? And has Boyce been hiding this from him? But Boyce didn't have to hide this from him, right?'

Armand was puzzled. Unfortunately, no one could give him the answer.

The driver glanced back at him, "Shall we go?"

He couldn't keep the car parked without picking up other passengers.

He felt relieved to see Boyce with someone, so he told the driver the address of Matthew's villa.

Wendy drove the car downtown and then found a nice cafe, "Let's have a cup of coffee."

Boyce didn't really want to go to a cafe, but given that he had just agreed to her offer, he pushed the car door open and got out.

"I just want to have a cup of coffee with you, but why do you look so reluctant?" Wendy said with a smile.

"I..."

"I'm just joking." Wendy deliberately interrupted him. She knew he was probably still upset about Jasmine.

Jasmine had visited her before she left.

Jasmine could sense that Wendy had feelings for Boyce. And Wendy was also Officer Miller's daughter, so she could benefit Boyce in his career. No matter how much Officer Miller appreciated Boyce, Boyce was his subordinate after all. However, if Boyce was his son-in-law, then he would do his best to support him.

Therefore, before Jasmine left, she confessed everything to Wendy.

The decoration of the cafe looked very cozy and a little romantic. And there were many couples who came here for coffee.

Wendy took a seat in front of the window. The sycamore trees outside the window blocked the

sunlight, so it was not too bright. There was a white vase on the table with some daisies in it.

"What would you like to drink?" She asked, looking at Boyce.

Boyce said, "Green tea."

" We'll have a cup of green tea and a cappuccino with milk." Wendy said to the waiter.

"Okay."

After the waiter left, Wendy smiled and said, "Isn't it true that men don't like sweet stuff? And you don't even drink coffee with sugar and milk?"

Boyce said, "Just my personal preference, I guess."

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

"I've heard about what happened. I didn't realize you had moments when you acted like a child."
Wendy said.

Boyce was confused by what she said. And he didn't know what she meant by that, "What did you know?"

" Take a guess," Wendy said with a smile.

Boyce said, "I can't figure it out."

"You're really not funny. But you're really the kind of man worth getting someone to marry you. Actually, I kind of regret it. After all, my dad kinda wanted me to marry you in the first place..."

"That's all in the past now." Boyce interrupted her. And he didn't really want to talk to her about it.

Wendy asked, "Do you hate and detest me?"

"No."

Boyce answered her bluntly. If Wendy had wanted to, he would have agreed to marry her. Moreover, he didn't have any regrets, because he didn't marry her for love but for not hating her. And he simply thought she was about his age.

At that moment, the waiter brought up the coffee, "Please enjoy it."

Wendy picked it up and took a sip. After the waiter walked away, she said once again, "Do you hate me now?"

Boyce frowned and didn't say anything.

Wendy laughed to herself, "After all, I was married once."

"It's not a serious matter that people have been divorced now." Boyce wasn't trying to comfort her. It was just the way society was. And the divorce rate goes up every year. And there were a lot of divorced men and women, which meant nothing.

Wendy fiddled with this coffee cup, "When I was young, I used to believe in romanticism. And I would love for my partner to say he loves you. And I also wanted him to send me a bouquet of bright red roses once in a while. I thought only a man could do that would make me feel passionate and have fun. However, as time passed, the passionate life became a dull one. And when there are only trivial things left in daily life, most people can't stand loneliness. For example, my carefully chosen husband betrayed me when our life got boring."

She lifted her eyes to look at Boyce, "If I had chosen you, we would have lived happily ever after. And we might even have children now. Boyce, I really regret it. I regret that I was so blind at that time."

Boyce didn't look at her, "It's not your fault. It's his loss for not appreciating you."

And they weren't meant to be together. They weren't before, and they were even less meant to be together now.

"Boyce..."

"It occurred to me that I've still got some business to take care of. I'll go first." Boyce stood up.

Wendy pursed her lips. She thought to herself that she was in no hurry. As God had given her a second chance, she must take it.

"I'll give you a ride." She followed him from behind.

Boyce refused her, "We're not going in the same direction."

"But we did come here in the same car." Wendy smiled, "Let's go. You're so cold to me, which makes me feel like you hold a grudge against me."

Since she said such words to him, Boyce couldn't find any more excuses. Because if he continued to reject her, it would make people think that he hated Wendy.

After leaving the cafe, they got into the car one after another. Wendy asked, "Where are you going?"

Boyce was about to say that he was going to the police station, but he then quickly realized that he had been suspended. Thus, he didn't have to go to the police station.

At that moment, the cell phone in his pocket rang. He took it out and saw Matthew's cell phone number on the screen. Then he immediately answered the phone.

Chapter 625 Marriage is Just for Show

Matthew Nelson spoke when the call connected, he wanted him to forward all researched information on the crimes Declan Bailey had committed.

Boyce Shawn heeded, "Understood."

He left everything at home instead of the bureau to ensure that nobody would find out about it, it was safer that way.

He hung up after ending the conversation and looked at Wendy, "I still have some errands to run, you can head home first."

Wendy said, "Alright then."

She got in her car and fastened her seatbelt, then winded down her window and assured Boyce, "About that issue, my father will do everything he can to help you, and I really trust you."

Boyce did not intend to bother Officer Miller with his problems, and he wasn't used to Wendy's sudden wave of enthusiasm.

Out of politeness, he thanked her.

After all, someone cared for him.

He waited for Wendy to drive off, then flagged for a taxi at the side of the road to get a ride home.

After he retrieved the important documents from his place, he gave Matthew a call to know where he was so that he could send them over to him, but Matthew advised him to mail the documents via internet instead.

Without a question, Boyce had forwarded every detail he possessed about the matter to him.

The next two days passed by peacefully with no sudden movements. Boyce wasn't allowed to work either as he was being investigated.

Matthew hadn't returned to the villa for the past two days as well, even Dolores Flores was clueless on what he was busy with. He only called to tell her that he had some matters to settle and won't be back for two nights, this made her worried.

Even though the days that passed seemed serene, there were some other things that happened. Jayden Nelson and Kevin Forbis arrived back in City B, Theresa Gordon's wound had healed much better and she could walk on her feet again. She was anxious to travel back to city C, but only when Jayden and Kevin returned did she learn that Dolores and Matthew were going to get married.

She decided to stay behind for a little longer, until Dolores' and Matthew's wedding was over.

"What will you be wearing?" Theresa asked.

Dolores froze for a moment, she was slow to what Theresa had asked her, "What do you mean by that?"

"Your wedding, are you going to be in a wedding gown, or will you wear a Chinese-style dress?" Theresa curled up in the sofa and gnawed an apple.

Suddenly Dolores answered, "I don't know, he's arranging everything."

Theresa was speechless.

"Aren't you looking forward to your own wedding?" Theresa expressed her confusion. Wasn't it every woman's dream to have a romantic and memorable wedding of their own?

Why did she not seem excited at all?

It's not that Dolores was unhappy or disliked getting married. As a matter of fact, because she went through so much, everything had already quiet down for her.

"If this was seven years ago, I would be so excited that I wouldn't get a wink of sleep. Marriage is a huge deal for a woman, but see, me and him have already been living like a married couple all these years. Marriage now is just for show and to announce our relationship to the outside world," said Dolores.

Theresa gave it more thought and realized where she was coming from. Dolores and Matthew were already spending their lives together like a married couple, not to mention they were also a father and mother of two children. Theresa gazed at her baby bump and touched it, "The two of you really resemble an old couple, you're already on your third child."

"Why didn't he ask me to design your wedding wardrobe, does he not think highly of me? Are my designs poor to him?" Theresa had wanted to be Dolores' designer.

Dolores looked at her, "I guess he didn't want to trouble you, and you're still wounded. I told him to take full responsibility of this."

"Alright." Theresa glanced at the time, "Why haven't the two kids come back yet?"

After Jayden and Kevin rested for a day from when they came home, they took the two children for a day out today. It was noon when they left, and now night had almost come.

"Will they be back for dinner? It's almost six o'clock," Theresa asked.

Dolores was none the wiser, they didn't leave her a note on whether they will be back in time for

dinner.

“Your husband hasn't returned home for two days. Did something happen?” Theresa asked again.

Dolores didn't think too much about this because she knew very well that even if something happened, she wouldn't be of much help. All she could do was to take good care of the family so that there was no need for him to worry. That was why she chose not to pursue the issue any further.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

جرمن ٹیول جو سائیز بڑا کرنا ۵۔

In fact, even if she didn't ask, she could predict that it had something to do with Declan Bailey. After all, this was the only matter that had not been completely resolved.

What she didn't expect was that Declan would frame Boyce, and he was under investigation.

That evening, the two children only came home after they had dinner, Matthew didn't return either. Only Dolores and Theresa had their meal together.

Theresa uttered, “Usually the two kids would be at home. It feels so quiet without them around.”

Dolores also felt that this villa was huge, but it became fully occupied now that Jayden and Kevin were home. The two children had moved to their rooms upstairs, so they were given the vacant bedrooms downstairs to stay in.

Jayden and Kevin initially planned to move back into the old house, but Dolores was afraid that Jayden would be affected by Victoria Forbis 'presence. In the end, she had let them live in the villa. With the

frequent company of the children, the two elderly would feel less lonely.

“Have you called Uncle?” Theresa ate a braised eggplant.

It was Dolores’ wedding, and Oscar Adams should be notified about this.

Dolores spoke, “I’ll call after dinner.”

Ever since a caretaker was hired, housework became much more manageable. The two children had grown up as well, there was no need for Dolores to bathe them and help them with other things anymore. Even though she was more relaxed now, but she felt more tired as the days went by.

Perhaps it was due to the growing months of her pregnancy.

After she showered, she laid on the bed and tried to called Oscar, but it didn’t get through to him.

She waited awhile before she rang him up again, but the line remained busy, and the call couldn’t connect.

She frowned and wondered why the call wasn’t answered, then she put down her phone and planned to call again tomorrow. It was possible that he had a bad signal in his area today.

She slept later during the two nights Matthew wasn’t around, she couldn’t get used to not having someone beside her.

Although she didn’t want to be a bother to him, Dolores couldn’t help but worry for his safety. She was afraid that he had met with some danger at his job.

No matter how long she laid in bed, she just couldn't fall asleep. She really wanted to give him a call but hesitated in the end as she didn't want to disturb him.

She rolled in bed until the late hours, when she eventually fell asleep, and woke up really early in the morning.

However, the day that had just dawned wasn't a normal one.

Something big happened in City B.

Many had gathered at the entrance of the city hall. Those people did not come from City B, but they were rural people who arrived from the mountainous areas.

The elderly people and mostly women were demanding an explanation from the Government and even held up banners.

It didn't seem like an incident that would just happen overnight, someone must've planned for this demonstration. These group of people tip toed their way into City B and assembled in front of the City Hall, even the media only reported such a happening when they learnt about this at first hand.

A major media channel conducted a live interview at the scene, and a female reporter held a microphone in her hand while she interviewed someone.

"Excuse me, where are you from and why are you causing trouble here?"

The interviewee was a middle-aged woman in her forties. The woman was thin and had a dark skin, two children stood beside her. The woman spoke with a strong local accent, "We are not making any trouble."

The reporter asked, "Then what are you doing here?"

The middle-aged woman explained, "We just want an explanation."

The reporter questioned again, "What explanation are you seeking for?"

The middle-aged woman replied, "I am from X province, N county, and my husband was an ordinary bricklayer. He was killed by a construction collapse fifteen years ago."

The reporter had a puzzled expression, "An accident that happened fifteen years ago should have been resolved by the party who was responsible for the matter exactly fifteen years earlier, why have you come here?"

"It is because this was settled fifteen years ago." this time the child who was who stood next to the middle-aged woman answered. She looked like a sixteen- or seventeen-year-old. She was only one or two years old when her father died, "The reason why we're here is to report a senior officer who visited N county fifteen years ago to the Government."

The reporter handed the microphone to the girl who was talking, "What on earth is going on, can you tell us why you want to report this officer?" _____

Chapter 626 An Unusual Day

"I don't think many people are aware about N county, it's a relatively undeveloped area. Fifteen years ago, the Government dispatched a group of officers to inspect the countryside. In order to pass the inspection, the count magistrate searched for a group of artisans to build a school. At the time, we didn't have a school in the area, the children in the village all learned from a sister who received education and they would go to her house. With no books or a blackboard, they depended on her knowledge that was delivered verbally, and they would just listen.

It was impossible to construct a school in such a short period, and everyone was unwilling to work under such time restrictions. They felt like they were doing more harm to their own children, a school is meant to be a place for them to learn after all. On the other hand, these officers couldn't care less

about their concerns, they would bring in their men to bash our homes and cause a scene. Thinking about how these officers would make our lives difficult, they were forced to start the project. The building materials that they had were of poor quality, and the scaffoldings and concretes collapsed halfway through construction. My father and four other constructors were killed in that incident.”

The reporter followed, “Why wasn’t there a school at the time? The higher ups would have funded for the institution.”

The teenager gave a crooked smile, “I think the funds ended up in someone’s pocket.”

What she said was vague but self-explanatory.

Everyone could tell what she meant by that.

The interviewer pressed on for more questions, “How was this matter handled during the time? Didn’t the inspectors resolve the issue on the papers?”

“It was already resolved. Not only did the inspector not take it to the papers, but even aided the culprit in concealing the truth.”

Up till that point, everyone already knew what this demonstration was all about.

“How was the issue settled then? Was there any compensation that was made to the deceased?” the reporter queried.

This time an elderly came up to the front and said, "Since when was there any compensation, and not only that, but they also forbade us from letting this news out. For anyone who opened their mouth about the matter, their houses would've been taken down."

The reported widened her eyes upon learning such news, that was too much!

Technology wasn't as advanced back then, there was no such thing as the internet. On top of that, they were in the mountainous areas, which was easily hidden from sight.

The elderly started to shed tears, "I only had one son, and his life was taken away in that accident. I want them to address this matter, apart from ignoring the issue, they punched and kicked us and threatened us with words."

As the old woman lifted her sleeves, there was a big scar on his arm about ten centimetres long, "They did this to me with a hoe."

Although the scar had healed, but due to improper treatment, it didn't heal smoothly and looked rather hideous.

"We are all family members of the deceased at the time. We didn't come to make any trouble or start an argument. Even though it has been a long time, we still want justice to be served for the ones who passed on." The old woman wiped her tears, her face was full of wrinkles, and the palm of her hand was rough. No one could bear such a sight.

After the publicity by the media, the incident went viral in a mere two hours, and it the higher ups were quick to notice.

Netizens were deeply involved in the news, and they wondered who the officer in charge of the inspection was fifteen years ago.

This was what everyone was most concerned about, even the county magistrate at that time did not pay much attention to it. People hated those who helped the evildoer even more.

Someone deliberately circulated the information about the officer in charge then over the internet.

The net today was well established, thus the news got out so fast that it caught people off guard, it was impossible to make any cover ups anymore.

Once people started to pick up on the officer's information, they would continue to dig deeper into the incident, they wanted to know about the wellbeing of that officer.

Everyone was more well informed now, they started to show indignance.

All kinds of thing had been said.

"Someone like that should just die already, how is this person worthy of serving the people? This is really the devil in disguise."

"How did such a person secure his or her position today?"

A random person responded, "This person has no guilty conscience at all!"

"Such people are better off dead, that poor elderly! If this happened fifteen years ago, those kids were only one or two years old when they lost their father. At the same time, the wife had also lost her husband and the mother, her son. This is really tragic."

“That’s right, I really want to kill these black-hearted bastards!”

“These people are not humans, but they are the devil. They oppressed the powerless and took advantage of them. They should have received punishment of the olden times, decapitation using five horse carriages.”

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Jared Kushner & Ivanka Trump Dropped Off The Planet

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Very quickly the county-level officials at the time were also discovered. When the matter went out of control and spread too quickly, the higher ups were swift to calm the people down temporarily. They then announced that an investigation will take place, if this was true, the relevant officers would be severely punished!

Everyone commented one after another

“I hope justice will be served!”

“I believe the Government will give us a satisfactory explanation. If this were to be true, I hope that person gets shot dead, this is detestable!”

Today was destined to not be an ordinary day, this incident has aroused the attention of everyone in the nation.

The Bailey family were also in a hot discussion on the matter.

Even the daughter and son of the Bailey family were not aware of such happenings.

“Is this true or false?” Declan asked his mother.

Mrs. Bailey’s face was ghastly, she trembled and nodded, “This is true.”

“How could father do such a thing?” with no hesitation, the fifth daughter stood up. She didn’t dare to believe that her father was someone this heartless.

They only knew their father placed more importance on boys than girls, but never did he come across as such a person.

“This is unthinkable.” the second daughter too, was in disbelief that her father was this inhuman.

Mrs. Meyer sat in the corner without uttering a word and made no comments either. As a daughter, she had to obey her mother whenever she was called upon, but she never once thought about doing anything for her father.

She even resented why she had to be born into this family.

“Someone must be framing him, otherwise how did this incident from such a long time ago resurface again? Everything was exposed in such a detailed manner.” Although Mrs. Bailey was horrified at the time, as a good wife she remained rather composed, “With the situation now unsalvageable, someone must be behind all of this.”

Those people showed up out of nowhere and exposed the incident through media channels, the interviews that happened on-site streamed how pitiful the victims were to garner sympathy from the viewers. Now the public demanded for an official statement by the Government and gave them immense pressure as the full story unravelled, which threw them completely off guard.

It would be unfeasible for this incident to spread like a wildfire if there wasn't a mastermind.

"Did father offend anybody?" Declan asked.

Mrs. Bailey shook her head, "I'm not too sure myself, it is inevitable to avoid conflicts in the officialdom. Even so, no matter how bad it may have been, it wouldn't drive someone to dig up such a past."

"We shouldn't be cracking our heads the cause of things right now, but we ought to find a solution. For a case gone wild, once the truth is verified, punishment will be unquestionable."

The authorities would take serious action for the matter to appease the hearts of the people after such a havoc.

"My sisters, our father is in trouble, we have to figure out some way to save him," Athena Bailey, the eldest daughter of the family, announced to her sisters.

"What can we do?" Breenda Bailey, the second daughter of the family, returned a question.

Her husband disagreed on letting her come over, when she answered his call, he even said to her, "How are you his daughter?"

The husband was clearly unhappy about this issue.

If the choice was given to her, she wouldn't want to be part of this patriarchal family.

It's not that she was cold hearted and didn't care for her father, but the fact that she didn't grow up in the Bailey family, it was natural for her to not feel so attached to them. Her parents paid very little attention to her, and she had never experienced the warmth of kinship. Her husband and Alan were no different, both of them were alpha males, and they never bothered to build a relationship with the

Bailey family.

“My husband is not a high-ranking official, I don’t think we would be of much help. I’ll be taking my leave, I still have some matters to settle at home,” Breenda had expressed her she felt.

Declan was infuriated and stopped her, “Breenda, you’re still one of father’s children, do you have any conscience left? You don’t even care about him.”

Chapter 627 An Express Parcel

“Conscience? What even is conscience? Tell me!”, Breenda had a strong temper and spoke straightforwardly, “A person with a conscience will never do such a thing!”

Declan was angry, but couldn’t refute it. He couldn’t find any words to refute it.

“You are Dad’s daughter; you have an obligation.” Declan could only find these words to refute after a long time.

Breenda laughed sneeringly, “What is my obligation? Is my obligation to protect someone who has no principles and no conscience?”

Mrs. Bailey slammed a hand on the table, “Look at how you are talking? He is your father!”

Breenda turned her head to look at her mother, “He is my father? Has he ever shown me fatherly love? Has he ever treated me as a daughter? I have grown up this much without ever feeling fatherly love, let alone the warmth of family.”

Mrs. Bailey was tongue-tied. Indeed, because their eldest daughter was born, they wanted to have a son the second time. However, another daughter was born again so she was placed in foster care at her older brother's house.

It was easily imaginable that her life could not have been good under someone else's roof.

"I don't have the ability to handle this situation. If you are willing to admit that I am your daughter then admit it. If you are not willing to do so, then act like you didn't give birth to me. In any case, you didn't raise me." She turned around and left.

As she walked to the door, she stopped for a moment and turned to look at her younger sisters sitting in the living room, "If you want to take care of this, I won't stop you. If you want to acknowledge me as your sister, then do that. If you don't want to do so, I won't complain. Call me as your sister when we meet and we will still be sisters. If you guys are not willing, then we can just be strangers when we meet, and ignore each other."

"Breenda..." Eunice Bailey, the fifth daughter of the family, wanted to persuade her.

"There is no need to say anything anymore! Even though we are from the same womb, and it is true that we are sisters, we cannot interfere with each other's personal thoughts and behavior. I have already made myself clear, if you cannot bear to see me, just treat me like a stranger and treat me like the one if we never know each other." The Breenda interrupted the Eunice.

After speaking, she continued to walk away, her footsteps straight-forward and decisive.

At this time, Maisy also stood up, "Alan is famous and known by everyone. I won't say much now. He is my father and I will not comment on what is right or wrong. Alan will definitely not be meddling in this matter and I should leave if I can't be of much help."

"Maisy, you also don't care about your dad?" Athena looked at her in disappointment.

Maisy said anxiously in a hurry, "It's not that I don't care, it's that I cannot take care of it. You tell me, how can I handle this?"

Athena had nothing to say. Everyone knew that Alan was famous in the circle.

After this incident, everyone's eyes were glued to these people related to the Bailey family and were paying attention to their every move. If there was even a slight mistake, they were going to be involved and criticized.

Athena had nothing left to say. However, children raised at home by their own parents naturally had better feelings for their parents than children raised outside.

She wanted to resolve this matter for the fear that their father was going to go to jail.

"These past few years, I and Alan have never been angry at each other. We also don't have a son, just simply have a daughter. He loves and cherishes me and his daughter very much. I won't do anything to embarrass him. Mom, I ask you and all the sisters to please forgive me." Maisy made herself absolutely clear. She was never going to let her husband get involved for the sake of her father.

"You are a brute! You don't even care about Dad's safety!" Declan threw the table angrily.

Several sisters couldn't help but look at him.

“How can you talk like that?” Daphne Bailey, the fourth daughter of the family, was very dissatisfied with this.

No matter what, they were all born from the same parents and were siblings. How could he curse her?

“Maisy has already made it clear why she cannot intervene; how can you curse her? You are such a spoiled son, don’t you even have any moral integrity?” Daphne was panting with rage and had already disliked Declan for a long time. He was the only younger brother who had no respect for his sisters.

INTERESTING FOR YOU[Adskeeper](#)

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

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

If it wasn’t for their father, she wouldn’t have been sitting here.

“All of you stop fighting!” Mrs. Bailey’s chest rose and fell quickly in anger. Although, she knew her daughter’s reason, she still felt angry. However, thinking about Alan’s identity, she extinguished her anger and talked nicely to her daughter.

“Maisy! Alan’s identity must be of a little help...”

Maisy interrupted her mother, “You must have heard about the way Alan is, he will not interfere. It will not be of any use even if I ask him. If you want to see us getting a divorce, then I will go back and argue with him. I will do as you say.”

Maisy deliberately left the decision with Mrs. Bailey.

As long as she cared about her daughter even a little bit in her heart, she wasn’t going to let her family

break apart.

Mrs. Bailey had no word's left to say.

Except for the eldest daughter and the youngest son, she had not fulfilled her responsibilities as the mother for the rest of the daughters. She merely gave birth to them, never shown them love and care.

"Leave, if you want to. Do you think we cannot save him without you?" Declan couldn't see his mother embarrassed like that.

Maisy bowed a bit to her mother and said towards her sisters who were staying, "What I did may be wrong, but please forgive me."

The sisters were all very reasonable and responded, "Go back. We know it is difficult for you. In fact, each of our families has its own difficulties. It's just that no matter what happened, he is our father. We may have a thousand complaints about him, but we can't disregard him completely. We will find a way, don't worry."

When her sisters said this, it insinuated that she did not care about her family. However, she still did not regret her decision.

She turned around and walked out of the house feeling indescribable.

She hated what her father did, but as his daughter she was not in a position to criticize him.

She returned home by car and composed her mood before entering the house. She didn't want to bring the negative emotions home because of her father.

Alan was still not home from work. The only person present in the house was their daughter. Maisy asked her, "How come only you are here, where is Charles?"

"I don't know. He went out after receiving an express parcel. I don't know where he went." Tiana said. She wrote the last word of calligraphy, put down the pen and looked up at Maisy's face only to find that her complexion did not look good. She asked, "What is wrong, Mom?"

Maisy shook her head hurriedly, "Nothing. I will go lie down in the bedroom for a while." Quickly, she thought about another matter, "Tiana, when are you guys going back to the White City?"

She didn't want her daughter to stay here at all because she felt like this place was not suitable for living.

Bad things always happened here.

Tiana said, "Wait, Charles still has some matters to attend to. It will still take a few days before we can go back."

Last time Charles went to Matthew with the intention of cooperating with him, but Matthew had avoided him and hadn't met with him.

Even if he couldn't cooperate with Matthew, he couldn't just quit otherwise people were going to treat him as a bully. Up until now, Tom had not been discharged. Although it wasn't life-threatening, but the injury was serious. How could he not get revenge for his own people?

He hadn't been idle these days. While sending people to investigate Declan, he exploited his relationship with Alan to get a few people with status connected.

He was going to find an opportunity to retaliate against Declan. However, at this moment he received a courier. _____

Chapter 628 Inheritance of the Evil Genes

This delivery did not indicate the sender's name.

It contained a document, and also a USB flash drive. The content of the USB flash drive was a video of Declan Bailey and some men at the seaside. The footage clearly recorded that Declan ordered someone to sink John Kinney into the sea. The document was also some evidences of Declan's crime.

He was investigating Declan in order to find the evidence of his crime; but now, it was sent to him spontaneously.

For a moment, he wasn't able to guess who gave it to him.

He didn't think of Matthew Nelson. He was well aware that Matthew wouldn't like to do things with him, so he subconsciously removed him as a possibility.

However, what he didn't expect would be that Matthew was the one who sent him the delivery.

Although he didn't like Charles White, he would take advantage of things when it's time.

Borrowing other people's hands to achieve his own goal was a common technique used by Matthew.

He wouldn't treat an enemy's enemy as a friend, but could be as a cannon fodder.

Knowing that Charles' men suffered from Declan last time, he understood that Charles wouldn't suffer

in silence.

If it was Declan who messed with his men, he also wouldn't just leave it alone.

Just like this time when Declan framed Boyce Shawn. Initially, the plan wasn't supposed to be carried out now, as the chance wasn't matured yet; however, he still did it.

Right now, Old Mr. Roger Bailey was definitely embroiled since the truth had broken out. Many people were looking at them, and it wouldn't be easy for him to run from the sanctions of the law this time.

At this critical point, if the evidence of Declan was revealed, it would undoubtedly worsen the situation.

He believed that Charles was a smart man, and knew what to do.

Just as he expected, after Charles received the delivery, he would be curious of the sender, but he knew better that this was good opportunity not to be missed.

Although it would be difficult for Old Mr. Bailey to emancipate himself for the time being, he could not allow miracles to happen, so he had to grab this opportunity.

After getting the evidence, he didn't blindly go to find the sender, but rather went to find those thugs in the video.

The thugs would be interrogated. Of course, they wouldn't tell kindly, but after using some means, they would confess, and the confessions would be recorded in order to prevent them from defecting when they would testify.

After the evidences were sufficient and preparations were well, he would then go find those who provided the information.

If it wasn't that something happened to Old Mr. Bailey, who would dare mess with Declan easily? This could be perceived as when a person faced setbacks, other people would grab this opportunity to attack him until he totally lost. They couldn't wait to make the situation worse.

Politics and market were the same; both were like war, as they were fighting for their own interests.

The next after the matter of Old Mr. Bailey got exposed, people from the prosecutor's office came and took Declan away.

However, this seemingly secretive matter had already been known by the big media; they waited outside of the Bailey family's house, and captured the first photo.

If yesterday's matter was already shocking, then today's was even more unbelievable.

The netizens started guessing that did his son do something bad like his father?

When everyone's curiosity reached the peak, someone on the internet posted a video of Declan sinking a person.

As things build up to this point, it was totally uncontrollable now.

Soon, the person handling the case of Declan provided a statement saying that Declan was to be detained and investigated after someone had filed a report.

The authenticity of the video footage remained to be verified.

Everyone must not guess malevolently.

The current state of internet was too advanced. Just a slight disturbance, it would quickly spread around. Not everyone could treat it rationally, believing what they had seen, but this was already the truth.

That's why on the internet, it became a one-sided situation.

They all condemned the Bailey father and son.

Netizens' comments were full of insults.

'Children will follow the example set by their parents. This saying must be made for this Bailey father and son in which both the father and son being conscienceless.' This comment was liked 500,000 times.

'This is the evil in the blood which must be punished severely. It's better to have the person be castrated in order to avoid the inheritance of the evil genes.'

Someone replied, 'There is nothing wrong with your thinking 'smiley face''

'He should be thrown into the sea and be fed to the sharks.'

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Make Your Own Product For Your Scalp

'This father and son duo is made for each other.'

'Hurry up and shoot this garbage.'

'I heard that Declan is his late son, very spoiled. Children truly shouldn't be pampered.'

'This Declan has six older sisters; he is the only male child. He is coddled very much and got used to it; he would rely on his father's influence and do anything. The nightclub at Central Road is his.'

Someone replied, 'How do you know?'

The original poster, 'I had worked at that night club before; of course I know some of the things inside.'

Replied, 'What else do you know? Let's hear about it?'

The original poster, 'There had been a murder case at that nightclub. It was a young lady. Since she was just new, she was disobedient. Declan ganged her up. They played particularly weird, and then killed her.'

Replied, 'Oh shit, that is so inhumane.'

Replied, 'Quickly cut this man a thousand times.'

Replied, 'Do you have proof?'

The original poster, 'Of course I have.'

Replied, 'Send it out, and let us have a look at it.'

The original poster, 'I dare not; I'm afraid to be revenged.'

Replied, 'We will protect you, so send out the evidence of his crime.'

The original poster, 'scared emoticon'

Replied, 'We support you.'

Replied, 'Yes, yes. Send it out quickly.'

Inciting everyone's curiosity to the highest level, the original poster replied, 'I will send it out, and then everyone please forward it to others to let more people see. When more people have seen it, they won't dare to get revenge on me.'

'We will, so don't worry.'

At this time, the original poster released a three-minute video. It had woman's thigh, and the video was very obscure, but the scene was faintly visible. It left quite some imagination to the viewers.

The more eye-catching the thing was, the faster it would spread.

After a series of incidents, some of the Bailey family's daughters, who were about to rescue their father, were caught off guard. The old father's incident had not yet been resolved, and now the

younger brother was also taken away.

Mrs. Bailey couldn't endure it for a while, and then she passed out.

Without the backbone of the family, the entire Bailey family became a mess.

The Meyer family.

As Alan Meyer returned, he called Charles to go to his study room, and didn't allow anyone to go in.

"You did the thing regarding Declan?" Alan asked. Although it was a question, it was in a very sure tone.

These days, Charles had been going outside. Leaving early and returning late, he was also close with some of his colleagues.

Charles didn't hide it, "You think I had done wrong, Dad?"

Alan didn't say anything.

"Because it's the truth, you can't refute it anymore, Dad?" Charles looked at him, and said frankly, "I won't hide it from you, but please don't tell mother."

Nevertheless, Declan was her little brother, and he didn't want the two of them to be estranged due to this matter.

Alan sighed, "I won't tell her."

Charles was also very sincere, "Dad, I am disabled person. To let my followers to be committed to me, I have to work harder than an average person; I cannot let them be disappointed in me."

"I understand." Alan couldn't say he's wrong.

A boss who knew how to protect his subordinates would make his employees feel safe and belonging.

"Declan cannot escape the sanctions of the law for what he did. If it wasn't, nobody would ever mess with him." Charles said.

Chapter 629 Love is not for Oneself

"After Tom's injury gets better, you guys go back to White City." Alan was afraid dragged him into this.

Charles knew he was doing for the good of himself, but how could he walk away reassuringly without seeing the result of this matter?

"You have done enough." Alan sat on the chair, "Superiors had created a task force to investigate on this incident. Once verified with conclusive evidence, even the reincarnation of God couldn't save them, so there is no need for you to stay in this mess."

After hearing the severity of this incident, Charles asked, "Are you in the task force?"

Alan shook his head, "All of them were sent from the top. I have relations with the Bailey family, so they wouldn't include me. This time, the superiors are very focus on this matter, as it has gotten bad. If the situation goes worst, I might also be investigated."

“This is so serious?” Charles frowned slightly, and had probably known the result of this incident.

“At this juncture, the superiors have been deliberately intimidating the officials below.” Making brutal examples for others to see, the government would also use such methods.

After all, the crackdown on underworld forces measures, issued by the government, had just come to an end, and then this sort of thing happened. This equated to a slap to their face, and had to be punished severely.

“This time, you have to listen to me. You have to go back as early as possible to avoid you being affected.”

Alan understood the seriousness of this incident.

“About those officials whom you have relations with, I will deal with them. You don’t need to worry about it and just take Tiana Meyer to White City and have a simple life.” Alan stretched his hand and patted his shoulder, “Don’t let me worry.”

Charles only thought about himself at that time, and didn’t take Alan into account. He knew Alan’s character and his relationship with Mrs. Meyer, so he didn't tell Alan. Instead, he did things behind his back to find people around him by using Alan and his identity as relationship. Now thinking of what he had done, it gave Alan quite a lot of trouble. After all, his personality was famous in the circle, but he had tarnished his name.

“I’m sorry.”

“We are one family; that phrase sounded like a stranger.” Alan appreciated Charles, and at the same time, loved him as a son-in-law.

Knock-knock——

The door was knocked this time; Tiana's voice could be heard, "Dad, Charles, it's time to eat."

"I hear you." Alan said to his daughter.

"Let's go out and eat." Alan walked up front to open the door for Charles to come out easily.

Dinner was prepared by Tiana. The news was so sensational that it's hard to keep Mrs. Meyer from knowing. Regardless, something happened to the people who were related to her by blood. She was in bad mood, and was just lying at the bed inside not coming out.

Alan let them eat first, "I'll go see your mother."

Afterwards, Alan walked inside the room. Mrs. Meyer was lying at the bed as if she was sick; she had not much energy, and looked entirely weary.

Alan sat by the edge of the bed, "The kids are here; get up and eat something."

"I don't have the appetite. I cannot really eat anything." Mrs. Meyer said softly, and her voice sounded weak.

Alan sighed, "How about I quit my job, and let's go with the kids and live at White City?"

Mrs. Meyer immediately sat up, "How can you do that?"

She knew clearly that her husband was someone with aspirations and ideals, and that was also what she admired.

An honest person willing to do work with integrity was now hard to find. She held her husband's hand, "Did I affect you?"

Alan stared, "You and I are a couple. There's nothing to be affected."

Mrs. Meyers wasn't stupid. This incident was very serious. Whoever had relations with the Bailey family, they would probably be implicated.

"Mom, Dad, can I come in?"

Tiana was knocking the door from the outside.

"Come in." Mrs. Meyer let go of her husband's hand and spoke.

Tiana opened the door, and took the tray from Charles' hands then walked in. On the tray was food, "Mom, you eat something. You didn't eat lunch, so you have to eat dinner or you would starve."

Mrs. Meyer reluctantly smiled, "It's better to have a daughter."

Tiana placed the food on the table by the bed, "I cooked what you like to eat, so hurry up and eat."

Mrs. Meyer first drank water.

"Mom, you come live with us in White City." Charles said.

Mrs. Meyer knew that he was caring about her; she felt warmth in her heart, and was relieved, "I will not be going. If I leave, your dad will be alone. I have to accompany him. You guys are going, right? When will you guys go? If you want to leave, go quickly; this whole place now is a mess."

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Jared Kushner & Ivanka Trump Dropped Off The Planet

9 Times Meghan Markle Dressed Just Like Princess Diana

Mrs. Meyer also hoped them to quickly return to White City.

Charles said, "We'll leave in two days."

He understood that Tiana was her father-in-law and mother-in-law's beloved daughter, so he was willing to take Tiana with him.

Tiana looked at Charles, "Why did you decide to leave? You didn't even tell me?"

Charles laughed, "Are there still things you haven't done?"

"There is." Tiana thought for a while, "Before we go, I want to bid farewell with Dolores."

"Which Dolores?" Mrs. Meyer was confused for a while.

She didn't know who she's pertaining to.

However, Charles immediately knew who she was referring to, and his eyes fell down, "Let's not go."

Tiana didn't understand why Charles wouldn't want to go, "Don't you want to see Dolores?"

Charles said in contrary to his will, "I don't want to."

"Who are you guys talking about?" Mrs. Meyer looked at them, and the appearance of Dolores Flores flashed in her mind. Last time, when something happened to Charles, her daughter also stayed there overnight. She suddenly realized, "Oh, you guys mean her."

Tiana strongly nodded, "Dolores has daughter at home. She was very beautiful and cute. I really like her."

"Do you like kids?" Mrs. Meyer asked.

Tiana nodded thoughtlessly, "Yeah."

Mrs. Meyer looked at Charles and smiled, "Then you two hurry up and have a baby. I will then take care of the baby for you."

Charles was uncomfortable like a young man who hadn't grown up, scratched his head and said, "You eat first."

Tiana knew that Charles still liked Dolores, and said, "I don't want to have a baby."

Mrs. Meyer felt that this was not good, 'How could they not have a baby?'

"I don't want to have a baby now." Tiana explained. Mrs. Meyer glared at her, "You scared me."

The next day, Tiana let Charles bring her to bid goodbye with Dolores.

Charles now wanted to restrain his feelings, and tried not to go; however, Tiana was very determined, so he went.

They chose the time at afternoon. The time during afternoon was much longer, and could also prevent having lunch.

After arriving at the mansion, he didn't get off the car, and let Tiana go by herself.

Tiana pulled him, "We were able to successfully find someone to exchange you. Dolores also helped out. Aren't you going say at least thank you to her?"

Charles looked at Tiana helplessly, "Tiana, you clearly know that I like her, and you still want me to make contact with her. Won't you be jealous?"

Tiana said, "I would be envious of Dolores. You like her so much. I know that you wanted to see her, but you are just holding it. I like to see you happy. If you're happy, so am I."

Charles suddenly realized that he wasn't as straightforward as her, 'Seeing the person you like being happy, isn't that happiness?'

'Why does it have to forcibly take possession of others for it to be considered love?'

He reached out his hand and held her in his arms, "Promise me to stay with me all along."

Tiana also hugged him, and said, "I will always stay with you, watching your hair turning white and becoming an old master."

Charles pinched her face, "If I grew old, won't you grow old as well?"

"I won't grow old; I'm probably going to be like this forever." Tiana said laughingly.

"Let's get out of the car." Tiana pushed open the car door.

Charles said okay.

When they had gotten off the car, some cars drove to the side of the road.

Chapter 630 Diamond Crown

The car stopped at the roadside and three black luxury cars also came to a halt. There were seven or eight people getting out of the cars.

“What are they doing?” Tiana who stood behind Charles White looked at those people and asked.

Charles shook his head as he also had no idea who they were.

They carried some small and large boxes from the carriage and one of the boxes looked like the kind of metal lockbox that was used to load the valuable things.

Each of them carried one box towards the villa.

“Let’s follow them in.” Tiana said.

Charles also wanted to see what these people were doing, so he nodded and followed them into the front yard of the villa. The person at the front rang the doorbell.

Coral was the one who opened the door. Because of yesterday’s news, Dolores Flores probably knew what Matthew Nelson went to do in the past few days, but he still didn’t come back. She was worried about him, so she didn’t sleep much at night and woke up early in the morning. She thought that he should be back, but he didn’t return until noon. After she had eaten something, she felt sleepy and went upstairs to take a nap.

In the living room, Jayden Nelson and Andrew Nelson were playing chess while Theresa Gordon and Kevin were accompanying Amanda Nelson to play poker game.

The air conditioner was switched on and it made the house cool. Lucy was washing fruit in the kitchen as they would eat fruit half an hour after having lunch.

When the doorbell was rung, everyone unconsciously glanced at the door as they thought Matthew was back since he didn't return for a few days.

Coral also thought so. However, the person standing outside the door wasn't the one they expected when the door opened.

"Who are you?" Coral asked warily.

"We are from insurance company." The man who wore a black suit stood straight and looked handsome, with white gloves on his hands, "We were entrusted by Mr. Nelson to deliver the things here."

"Insurance company?" Even though Coral was doubtful, she was familiar with the words 'Mr. Nelson'.

"We are LEO Corporation's staff," The other four people said.

Theresa reacted quickly as she immediately knew what these people were doing once she heard they were LEO Corporation's staff. Dolores told she was going to hold a wedding with Matthew, so there must be a lot of wedding supplies to be purchased.

Was her wedding gown being customized in LEO Corporation?

She put down the poker cards in her hand and patted Amanda, "Go upstairs and call your mommy to come down."

The little girl was obedient, she put down the playing cards and ran upstairs.

Theresa was afraid she would fall and instructed her to be slower.

There were a total of eight people and soon a dozen people came in, coupled with Charles and Tiana.

Luckily the place was big enough so it didn't look crowded.

"When do you come over?" Charles asked when he saw Kevin.

"It's Matthew wedding. How can I be absent?" he said.

Charles was suddenly enlightened and seemed to know what these people roughly did in an instant.

"How come you came over?" Kevin asked him.

Charles was out of his mind and he just recovered his wits when Tiana touched him with her hand. Then he tilted his head to look at her and asked, "What's wrong?"

Kevin looked at him with doubts and curiosity, and said, "I'm asking you, how come you came over here."

He said, "I accompany Tiana over here and we're going back to White City. She is here to bade farewell to Lo ...Ms. Flores."

He was about to say 'Lola', but he promptly swallowed the word and changed it to 'Ms. Flores'.

Andrew also stopped playing chess with Jayden, then ran over and wanted to see what was packed in the box.

As Dolores was pulled by her daughter to come downstairs, she just saw so many people in the living room.

Amanda didn't notice Tiana before she went upstairs. When she came downstairs, she just saw her and shouted in surprise, "Tiana."

Dolores looked over and saw Charles and Tiana.

She greeted calmly, "You guys have come over."

Charles slightly tilted his head and watched her walking down stairs, holding her daughter's hand and holding the handrail of the stairs. She looked careful and her protruding stomach could be clearly seen as she wore a skirt.

Although she still looked drowsy, he could feel that she had a good time as her face was full of tenderness and happiness.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

Angelina Jolie Health Struggles - Talk About A Dramatic Change

"We come over to say goodbye to you. We have planned to return to White City initially and just heard coincidentally that you're going to hold a wedding. I think it might be delayed. You'll hand me the invitation card, right?" he said with a smile.

"Will do, we're friends." She also smiled, then walked over and asked, "What are these?"

Theresa said, "Of course they're all for you."

"For me?" she was still a little unconvinced.

"Are you Dolores, Ms. Flores?" One of the people who carried the lockbox asked.

She nodded, "Yes, I'm."

"Open them all." They stood in a row and opened each of their boxes one by one.

They put them in front of her.

Then everyone was stunned.

Only Jayden was extremely calm.

Inside the lockbox, there was a glittered crown, which was placed in a black velvet.

Theresa pointed on it, "Are, are these diamonds on it?"

If it was all real, it would be too luxurious.

"Of course it's real. This is what I bought from an auction in Country Y more than twenty years ago."

"It's a royal crown, and in 1959, Farrah who was just twenty-one years old married with the prince, Charlie Windsor. It was created for the wedding ceremony and it took six months to make the crown. It weighted one thousand six hundred grams, with one thousand four hundred and sixty-nine diamonds and thirty-six precious stones on it. The largest diamond in front of the crown reached one hundred and fifty carats, making it luxurious and valuable.

In 1983, this crown was sold to the auction house in Country Y and was auctioned off in 1990s. At that time, it was taken by an anonymous person in China at a price of fourteen million four hundred thousand dollars. The news was even spread and many people were speculating who was that person.

Due to the secrecy, the outsiders didn't know exactly who had bought it, they just knew he was a local person. There was even a speculation, which the person was a female tycoon.

He had intended to give Victoria Forbis this crown as he bought it. Even though two of them were couple, he never confessed his love to her.

This was the biggest regret in his life.

He stored the crown in an insurance company abroad and he asked someone to send it back when he knew that Matthew was going to get married with Dolores.

Jayden also entrusted someone to find out the necklace and earrings that were matched with this

crown, but the other party wasn't willing to sell them. In the end the owner was persuaded in an unknown way to sell them.

"Tsk-tsk."

Theresa couldn't help but smack her lips.

"I also like it." Amanda blinked her eyes as it was indeed shining.

Jayden stroked her head, "Ask your mommy to pass it on to you and wear it when you get married."

"Wow, so happy." She was full of excitement and wanted to grow up immediately, so she could put on this crown.

It was really beautiful.

The other box contained the necklace and earrings.

Inside the box of the LEO Corporation's staff, there were wedding dress and gowns.

As Matthew knew LEO Corporation was the place where Dolores grew up, he specially asked Mrs. William to design the wedding dress for her.

Mrs. William was certainly willing.

At that exhibition last time, he had seen the beauty of Chinese wedding dress and he was impressed, but he felt that Dolores was more suitable for the flawless white as red colour was too flashy. She owned a more sedate personality, thus white colour suited her more perfectly.

There were a total of four sets, including Matthew's suit, Dolores's wedding dress and two sets of gowns.

They were all specially tailored as she was pregnant now.

"More than thirty of our masters rushed out them together within this half month." LEO Corporation's staff said.

As they knew Dolores, they spoke more cordially.

"Mrs. William gives you a letter also."

Chapter 631 No Wonder Your Husband Likes You So Much

Dolores took the yellow envelope from her. Mrs. William didn't know the language of this country and the letter was written in the language of Country A. But as Dolores had lived in Country A for many years, she was quite familiar with the country's language.

She did not immediately tear it open and read it but looked at the wedding dress. Because the wedding dress was stacked in a special box, and it was impossible to see what it looked like.

Theresa was so eager to see Dolores in her wedding dress, "Try it on and see if it fits."

Dolores looked at her, "It will fit."

She had been at LEO Corporation for so many years. Mrs. William knew her figure well and had long been familiar with her preferences.

"Gee, we want to see how you look in the wedding dress. Mommy, just go ahead and try it on." Amanda tugged on Dolores' skirt and pouted, "Mommy, you'll look great in the wedding dress. Just wear it for us to see."

"Mommy, just try it on." Andrew was also looking forward to it.

"Dolores, just try it on. I want to see it too." Tiana said.

Dolores was helpless. If she didn't try it on, she would let them down. She could only nod and say, "Okay."

Theresa took the box and said, "I'll help you."

Dolores went to Theresa's room to try on the wedding dress. Theresa pulled the curtains closed and said, "Take the dress off your body."

They had lived together before and were close, and Dolores didn't feel embarrassed. Except for her underwear, she was wearing just a long dress, so she took it off easily.

Theresa picked up the wedding dress and turned around to see her in just her underwear. Her skin was very fair, and her body glowed in the light. Except for her bulging stomach, she had no excess fat on her arms or thighs and her whole body was slim. Her breasts were very erect, like two round white buns. Even if wrapped in underwear, she could see the attractive outline. Her buttocks were curved

and rounded, and her groin was connected to her spine. Her shoulders and back were also exquisite as if they were painted perfectly, and even her waist had no extra fat growing out of pregnancy. She brought the wedding dress over, "No wonder your husband likes you so much."

Dolores looked at her speechlessly, "What are you talking about?"

Theresa leaned over to her ear, "I said you have a great figure. Even if you're pregnant, you still make people sexually aroused and impulsive. I'm a woman and I just love you, let alone a man."

Dolores was speechless.

The wedding dress was strapless with a large hemline that took up the entire room when spread out. Because she was pregnant, the wedding dress was not designed to accentuate her figure, but to be more ornate.

Below her breasts were layers of lace, covering her bulging belly. The edges of the dress were dotted with intricate patterns woven from soft satin and no superfluous decorations, looking simple and exquisite, luxurious and elegant.

"It looks good. The white really suits you and it fits." Theresa looked at her with light in her eyes, "Hurry up and go out and show it to your son and daughter."

Dolores looked down at the wedding dress she was wearing, and suddenly, the same mixed feelings she had when she was getting married welled up in her heart.

She had thought that she would never wear a wedding dress in her life.

But she was with the person she had thought she could never be with.

And they even had children.

It was true to the saying that things were hard to predict.

Theresa went to the front and opened the door, then returned to help her hold the skirt of her dress. The skirt was too big to get out of the doorway well.

Hearing the sound of the door opening, everyone turned their eyes over and tried to get a glimpse of Dolores.

And, Dolores did not disappoint the crowd in her wedding dress. She looked like someone who came out of a fairy tale.

She looked quiet and generous, gentle and beautiful.

Charles watched her walk out of the house, imagining that she was walking toward him, and his eyes were filled with unconcealed amazement and joy.

Tiana didn't notice him but was focused on Dolores. Because she was so good-looking that she forgot about the people and things around her.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

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

Kevin, however, noticed Charles's strange gaze. He was out of his mind for no reason when he just

found out Dolores was getting married to Matthew. At that time, Kevin had a suspicion. He didn't expect that Charles really liked Dolores.

Otherwise, why would he have that look on his face?

"Mommy, you're beautiful." Amanda pounced over and touched the wedding dress, "When can I wear it?"

Her words made everyone laugh.

Because the wedding dress fit her well enough, Dolores did not try on the other two dresses.

The size was very accurate.

Dolores changed out of the wedding dress and put it back in the box.

All the stuff was temporarily put in the study. The rooms downstairs were full, so it was too much trouble to take them upstairs.

Theresa went to see the people who came to deliver the stuff out and had a few words with the people from LEO Corporation.

While Amanda was pulling Tiana to talk, Kevin called Charles aside, "Do you like Lola?"

Charles denied it, "I have a wife."

He didn't want to bring distress to others. Since they weren't meant to be, he just gave up on that idea.

Kevin looked at him for a moment, as if he was pondering whether his words were true or not.

"I hope you'll remember your words that you have a wife." Kevin didn't want him coveting his own nephew's wife.

And Dolores was his apprentice.

Andrew kept holding Dolores' hand and was afraid that if he let go of her hand, she would run away. He also kept lamenting, "It's too bad that your husband couldn't see you in the wedding dress."

Dolores knocked him on the head, "How dare you say so?"

"Isn't he your husband?" After saying that, Andrew ran away for fear that she would hit him.

She sighed. Andrew was really getting disrespectful.

Charles had decided to attend Dolores' wedding, and he would be in White City for the next few days, so he stayed at the villa for a while in the afternoon and then left.

There were too many people and he didn't get a chance to talk to Dolores alone.

To avoid arousing suspicion, Dolores also deliberately did not make contact with him.

She couldn't pretend to know what he was thinking and still be in contact with him.

After all, they both already had their own families, and it was better for them to be distant.

And Tiana was such a simple child. She did not want Charles to hurt her.

On this day, Matthew still did not come back. Dolores lay in bed and thought of the letter Mrs. William had given her. She took it out and tore open the envelope.

She knew Mrs. William's handwriting very well. The letter opened up and the handwriting inside immediately caught her eye.

She leaned against the bed and read the letter.

_____ Chapter 632 Make A Wish

'Dolores, long time no see. I feel like time has passed so fast. My memory is still stuck in the way you were when you first joined LEO Corporation. It's been a long time, and you've found your lover. Congratulations. Mr. Nelson is a great guy. I'm very happy for you. I designed the wedding dress myself, and I hope you like it. If I wasn't so old and unwell, I would have gone to your wedding. I hope we will have the chance to meet again in the future. Wish you a happy wedding!'

Looking at the letter, Dolores also thought of the time when she first went to LEO Corporation. Because Mrs. William gave her a chance, she thought she could stay at LEO Corporation forever. But she didn't expect that she would not only return to her home country, but also create her own studio.

She thought she would never have love and happiness, but now she was going to walk down the aisle.

How incredible was that!

She folded the letter and looked out the window. Matthew's face suddenly appeared in front of her eyes, and she suddenly missed him so much.

She didn't know when he would be back. In order not to cause him any trouble, she had not contacted him. Today, she suddenly couldn't stop herself from wanting to contact him.

She picked up her phone and scrolled through the screen to find Matthew's phone number. She hesitated for a moment. Just as she was about to dial it, her phone suddenly rang.

The number on the screen turned out to be the one she wanted to dial.

With little hesitation, she picked it up immediately.

"Hello."

Matthew was very busy these days. Through Oscar, he had gotten to know the officer from the same period as Old Mr. Bailey.

He also got information from him that Old Mr. Bailey had committed a crime a long time ago.

After he knew exactly what was going on, he sent people to verify, check, and find the testimony of a witness and material evidence. Before things were exposed, he even personally went there, fearing that there was a mistake.

He didn't let Oscar get involved and just used his connections to know some unknown past events. Then, he did all the rest.

He brought all the victims to City B while liaising with major media through his own connections. Instead of getting someone to take over the case, he let the media report the story to make it bigger and put pressure on the government.

People were biased towards the weak. Most of those who came were old people and children, so people naturally favored them.

The government had to give the public a statement.

At the same time, he then exposed the story about Declan, and brought things to a point of no return.

Although he was not in the official world, he knew very well about people's minds. No matter what position you were in, there would be people who were jealous. As long as there was a slight mistake, there were bound to be people adding fuel to the fire.

Things were going well as he expected, and the government was taking it seriously. As far as he knew, the government had already set up a task force. Once the evidence was conclusive, he would certainly be sentenced.

It was supposed to be the truth, and it was just a matter of time.

He had the people Abbott hired to keep exposing stories on the Internet and creating buzz to keep the hype going and get more people to know about it.

After he finished his appointment with the heads of the two big media, he hurriedly headed for the villa. He had been running outside these days and had no time to come back. Today was the end of it, and he just had to focus on how things were going next.

As he parked the car and tried to head inside, he suddenly wondered if Dolores had missed him.

She hadn't contacted him in the last few days.

He leaned against the car door and dialed Dolores' number.

To his surprise, the call was answered as soon as it was dialed.

He couldn't help but freeze for a moment and quickly reacted.

"Are you playing with your phone?" Otherwise, how could she answer the phone so quickly?

Dolores answered, "Yes, are you okay?"

She was going to say, "I missed you and wanted to call you."

Matthew tilted his head to look at the sky. It was a beautiful day, and there were so many stars in the sky. He curled his lips, "Did you miss me?"

Dolores got off the bed, walked to the sofa in front of the window, and sat down. She leaned back slightly, and said, "If I say I miss you, will you appear in front of me immediately?"

"How about I make a wish to God and have him bring me to you immediately?"

Dolores smiled, "Then you can make a wish."

"How am I supposed to make a wish when you haven't even said you miss me?" Matthew laughed softly. He just wanted to hear her say she missed him.

Dolores didn't hide her feelings, and said very gently, "I miss you, a lot."

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Angelina Jolie Health Struggles - Talk About A Dramatic Change

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

"Then I'll make a wish to God right away." He turned and walked toward the villa. He did not ring the doorbell but opened the door of the villa by code. Everyone seemed to have rested at this hour, and the living room was quiet with only a dim night light on.

He changed into slippers and stepped on the stairs. He walked very gently, for fear of alarming others.

"Count down 10 and see if God can send me to your eyes."

Dolores couldn't help but feel amused, "You still believe in God, huh?"

"A man without faith has no soul. Count quickly."

Dolores thought he was so childish but cute at this time.

"So I'm counting?"

"Yeah."

Dolores said yes and counted, "10, 9, 8 ... 3, 2, 1 ..."

Click, as she counted to the last number, the door to the room rang, then the door was pushed open.

She turned her head to look over.

In the dim light, she saw an upright man, who she missed so much.

"Matthew?"

Her voice trembled a little, and she couldn't believe he would show up.

Matthew smiled, "It's me ..."

Before he could finish his sentence, Dolores then pounced on him and hugged him. She buried her head in his arms, "I've been so worried about you the last few days."

Matthew looked down and kissed her forehead, "Why didn't you call me?"

"I was afraid of getting you into trouble and distracting you." Dolores tilted her head to look at him. Through the dim light, she looked at his face and asked, "Did you miss me?"

"Yes."

Dolores pursed her lips, "Me too."

After saying that, she stood on her tiptoes and kissed his lips. Matthew responded by wrapping his arms around her waist.

Dolores was very passionate today.

Matthew said, "I'm going to take a shower."

He hadn't rested well over the past few days and had always been out.

Dolores could smell the faint smell of sweat on him, but she didn't find it unpleasant. She smiled, "I don't mind whatever you look like. Even if you're bearded and unkempt, it doesn't matter. I still like you."

"Don't you know that I have very little resistance to you? The way you're acting makes me think you're seducing me." Matthew stroked her face, then her ear, and rubbed his fingers over her neck.

Dolores reached up and unbuttoned his shirt, "So what do you want?"

He looked down at her hands, leaned down, and whispered against her ear, "Take you to bed."

Being close to her like this, he could smell the faint aroma of her body. It smelled good, like a tempting delicacy, giving him the urge to taste it.

He thought so, and he did so.

He picked her up by the waist and laid her on the bed.

Dolores didn't stay still, but got up and pushed him down, and rode him on his crotch. She just lay on

top of him, "Let me just hold you like this."

Matthew was speechless.

He wanted more than a hug.

"Honey." His voice was husky. _____

Chapter 633 Let Me Dress You

Dolores moaned and asked, "What are you doing?"

"Do you plan to keep holding me like this?" Matthew blinked, raised his brow, and looked at her passionately.

"You don't like me hugging you?" Dolores acted like she didn't know what he meant.

Matthew wrapped his arms around her waist lightly, not daring to use too much force, "Let's do something else."

"Like what?" Dolores asked.

"Something that a husband and wife do." His hands began rubbing her waist against her clothes.

Dolores looked up, "I like it when you are serious."

Matthew was speechless. 'You are the one that seduces me and now rejects me? She wants to torture him, also what's the problem of doing things that a husband and wife do?'

Dolores moved aside and sat up, "Go shower and sleep."

Matthew didn't move, lying on the bed, "Didn't you say you don't mind my sweat?"

"If you can fall asleep without a shower, I don't mind either." Dolores pulled the blanket under his body and was ready to sleep.

Matthew sat up and looked at her, "Shower or not is not the reason I can't fall asleep."

Dolores pretended that she didn't hear him and told him Jayden and Kevin were here.

Matthew nodded and went to shower. a

Dolores remained awake, waiting for him to finish.

Half an hour later, Matthew came out of the shower with bathrobes on while Dolores got downstairs to get his pyjamas.

"I'm not wearing pyjamas," Matthew said.

Dolores looked at him, "You want to sleep like this?"

Matthew nodded.

"Have you no shame?" She didn't know what to do with such a man.

"I have no shame in front of you," he said as he rubbed her belly, "Otherwise, you won't be pregnant."

Dolores was at loss for words. She threw the pyjamas on the bed, "Up to you."

And she climbed onto the bed, pretending to be angry.

Matthew leaned in and looked at her, "Are you angry?"

Dolores turned her head and remained silent.

"All right, I will put it on." Matthew took the pyjamas and stood in front of her, "Can you take off the bathrobe for me?"

"You are such shameless..."

He cut her off using his kiss.

"Are you angry?" Matthew asked as he kissed her.

“Are you going to make it up to me if I’m angry?” Dolores asked.

"Yes." He replied without hesitation as he walked to the cupboard and took out Dolores' pyjamas.

“Why are you holding my pyjamas?” Dolores was confused.

“I’ll put this on.”

Dolores couldn’t imagine him dressing in her pyjamas, but it was funny, she smiled, “Stop the nonsense, and don’t break my pyjamas.”

“You smile.” Matthew walked over.

Dolores took away the pyjamas in his hand, “I wasn’t upset.”

INTERESTING FOR YOU[Adskeeper](#)

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

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

“You lied to me then?” Matthew teased.

“It wasn’t intentional, you are the one...” Dolores tried explaining while Matthew interrupted. “I don’t care, you need to be punished.”

He sneaked into the blanket holding her in his arms and removed her pyjamas.

Dolores bit her lower lips while Matthew was on top of her.

He was careful due to her pregnancy, it was a long night.

...

The sun rose earlier during the summer, the morning light shone through the window, shining the room through the gaps in the curtains.

Matthew couldn't feel the woman in his embrace and there was no one beside him when he stretched his arms reaching the empty spot beside him, it was not even warm. He opened his eyes and found that Dolores was gone.

Dolores woke up early since there were guests, she couldn't sleep until late as the lady of the house. Although Matthew mentioned nothing about what happened, she knew he must but exhausted these days, so she was careful not to wake him when she woke up, she wanted him to rest more.

Since Coral retired from the kitchen, Lucy was the one making breakfast while Coral was in charge of the household chores.

Dolores was busy helping in the kitchen too as there were guests, they needed to prepare more food, it would be too burdensome for one person to do it all.

The breakfast was ready at seven in the morning. Everyone woke up one after another. As usual, Amanda was the last one, she never liked to leave the bed.

Dolores walked out but didn't see Matthew, 'Maybe he hasn't wake up. He was sound asleep last night, he must be exhausted this few days.'

She went to her daughter, she was lying lazily in bed, with messy hair.

“Wake up for breakfast,” Dolores said as she put the clothes on the bed, “Wake up and let me dress you.”

“I don’t want to change and I don’t want breakfast.” She then covered herself with the blanket again.

Dolores pulled the blanket but she gripped it tighter.

Andrew stood by the door, “Leave her alone, she will wake up when she’s hungry later.”

Dolores looked to her son, “Have you washed up?”

Andrew nodded.

Dolores was helpless against her daughter, she decided to give up and let her sleep.

She then went into her bedroom and saw the man was still in bed. She didn’t wake him but went into the washroom and began to pick up his clothes. The suit needed to be sent for dry cleaning while others can be washed at home.

Matthew was awake on the bed, he indeed had not slept much these few days and last night he slept well. He thought she would wake him up when she came in, but she didn’t.

He then woke up and walked to the washroom. Seeing her cleaning up the sink, he hugged her from behind, “Let the maid or Coral do this.”

“We have lots of people at home, they are busy too. The villa is huge and needs to be clean every day to prevent dust from accumulating. Some rooms need to be cleaned both upstairs and downstairs, and it’s tiring. I can handle some chores as a form of exercise, it will help with the birth later.”

She turned to him, "Why didn't you sleep longer? I didn't wake you seeing that you were sound asleep."

Matthew rested his chin on her shoulder, "I've had enough sleep, should we hire one more maid?"

"No need, will you be going out today?" Dolores asked.

Two maids were enough, too many strangers at home were not comfortable and it was not easy to find a suitable one.

"Yes, but not so early." He asked for the cloth from Dolores and offered to wipe the mirror, "Let me wipe it for you."

Dolores didn't give it to him, "I'm done wiping. Wash up and come down for breakfast. Since you are home, you should go down and greet your father and uncle, don't just stay in the room."

Matthew kissed her on her cheek and said, "Okay."

While he was washing up, his mobile on the side table rang. Dolores picked it up and saw that it was an unknown number. She didn't answer but handed it over to Matthew who was in the washroom, "Someone called."

"Answer for me," Matthew said as washed his face.

Dolores pressed the answer button, "Hello."Chapter 634 You Are The Shiniest

Dolores pressed the answer button, "Hello."

The other side hung up soon a female voice was heard.

Dolores looked at the mobile in bafflement.

Matthew finished washing up and glance at her, "Who was it?"

Dolores shook her head, "I don't know, it was hung up right after I answered it."

Matthew didn't concern, "Wrong number perhaps."

Dolores wasn't sure but it did not seem like it, it seemed like it was hung up after hearing her voice. But she didn't think much.

"Breakfast is ready, come down when you are ready." Dolores put the mobile on the table and walked out.

Amanda stood at the door in her pyjamas and messy hair, she looked up at Dolores and asked, "Mommy, I heard Daddy's voice, is Daddy back?"

Dolores said, "Go wash up and change and I'll tell you..."

“Daddy!”

She saw Matthew came out of the washroom while Dolores was still speaking. She dashed up to him at once, hugged his leg, and looked up, “Daddy, when did you come back?”

Matthew bent to carry her, “Let’s see if you’ve gained weight.”

“Did I?” Amanda wrapped her arms around his neck.

“Yes.”

She liked eating and sleeping. She had gained weight but not fat, she was just slightly heavier and taller than before.

She now looked like an elementary school kid.

Amanda looked at him, “When did you come back?”

“Last night,” Matthew answered, “Let me wash you up.”

“Sure,” Amanda said, giggling.

She was happy to have Daddy washing her up.

When Matthew walked past Dolores with Amanda in his arms, she said delightfully, “Mommy, Daddy

is going to wash me up.”

Dolores shook her head and slapped on her bottom lightly, “Such a lazy bug.”

Super lazy bug.

Amanda wasn’t upset, she was giggling.

“I’ll go down first,” Dolores said to Matthew.

He nodded and brought Amanda to the washroom.

Dolores instructed Lucy to set the table for breakfast, everyone was awake and it was time for breakfast.

While everyone was seated one after another at the dining table, ready for breakfast, Matthew came down the stairs holding hands with his daughter.

“When did you come back, Daddy?” Andrew asked.

It was a question that everyone wanted to ask.

“Last night,” Matthew said as he put Amanda on the chair.

He sat next to Amanda and greeted Jayden and Kevin briefly, "I wasn't home for a few days due to some issues."

They didn't ask more as they knew they couldn't help much so not asking was wiser.

Jayden had full trust and confidence towards Matthew, he believed he took every step with careful thought and would not act impulsively.

"Let me know if you need anything from me." Although Jayden had retired he still had a broad network.

Their relationship was not close due to Victoria and he had never come to him no matter what.

Now that the truth was revealed, he hoped their relationship would improve.

Matthew said yes.

"Let your father and I do your wedding preparation if you are busy," Kevin said knowing he was busy while wedding preparation needed someone to make arrangements.

Matthew was okay to let Kevin handle everything, he only had one request that the wedding needed to be grand.

He wanted to announce to the world that he was married to Dolores.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

"Don't worry," Kevin continued, "Consider it done."

Matthew went upstairs to change after breakfast while Dolores helped him with his necktie, "Don't you think it's a little too much?"

"What?" he looked at her.

"The wedding, those jewelry are too eye-catching..."

"It's sent here?" he asked.

Dolores nodded.

"No jewelry matches you, to me you are the shiniest," he said as he held her hand.

Dolores smiled. All women liked hearing sweet words from their partners, she was no different. "Since when did you become such a sweet talker? Did you do something wrong behind my back?" She said flirtatiously.

'Is it wrong to be sweet to her?'

"Should I prove my love by beating you up three times a day then?"

Dolores stopped and put the tie on his neck, "Do it yourself."

Matthew hugged her, "You beat me three times a day then."

Dolores stared at him, "I'm no match to you, you are way stronger."

"I'll let you win," Matthew whispered in her ears.

It made her itch and struggled slightly, "Stop the nonsense."

"Do it for me then."

Dolores said yes and continued making his necktie, "Be careful," she couldn't stop herself and reminded.

Even the tamest dog bite in desperation, not to mention humans. They might seek revenge regardless if they found out he was the mastermind behind it.

Matthew nodded.

Dolores sent him to the door after finish making his tie, "I'll be waiting at home, come back early."

Matthew smiled, "I don't feel like going anymore."

He wanted to stay home with her but he needed to solve this to provide a safe and stable home for them.

"Goodbye."

Dolores watched as he left.

Although Boyce was not involved, he knew it was Matthew, so he called him yesterday to arrange for a meet-up today.

Their meeting was arranged at the office.

Boyce and Armand were already waiting when Matthew arrived.

Armand was excited, "Such delightful news, who would have guessed that Old Bailey did so much crime during his young age."

He was ecstatic when he saw the news that Declan was detained by the police, he deserved it.

Boyce knocked him slightly with his elbow, "Quiet."

Armand looked at him, "I didn't say anything."

"You may continue then." Boyce sipped on his water.

He put down the glass and stood up when he saw Matthew approaching, but Matthew waved for him to remain seated.

"Why hadn't you tell me anything? I could have helped," Boyce said.

Armand continued, "Yes, you don't trust us enough?"

Matthew ignored him.

His purpose of meeting up with Boyce today was to discuss the Baileys' fall and Boyce's opportunity since the Bailey had no time and energy going against Boyce now.

Anyone who had been close or depended on the Bailey would try their best to stay the furthest they could now.

This case had a huge effect and was a big issue, so everyone tended not to get involved.

Boyce knew Matthew's intention, "I'll take care of this," he said.

He had his networking after a long time in his field, no one dared to help before because the Bailey was powerful, but things were different now.

Chapter 635 I Didn't Like Men

Boyce was reliable. Matthew wasn't worried about him at all, "Call me if you need anything."

Boyce replied, "Sure. Talk to you later."

Then, Boyce stood up. At the same time, Boyce's mobile phone rang in his pocket. He took out the phone and saw the call was from Officer Miller's office. Boyce didn't pick up right away. Instead, he looked at Matthew, "It's Officer Miller. He might need me for something. I've got to go."

Matthew nodded.

Armand stared at Boyce, who left, and then he looked at Matthew, "It's done?"

Armand didn't seem to understand what was going on yet.

However, nobody replied to him. Matthew headed to his desk and glanced at Armand, "Aren't you leaving?"

Armand wanted to stay here and do nothing?

"My sweetheart is at your house. Where should I go? Your house?" Armand approached the desk and stared at Matthew, "Tell me the truth."

Matthew flipped open the document Abbot put on his desk. He asked without raising his head, "What truth?"

"How did you get Dolores to forgive you?" Armand blinked his eyes. He had done everything he can for Theresa, but she didn't seem to be forgiving him any time soon.

Not even a single sign of forgiveness.

All Armand wanted was to get his wife back. Why was it so difficult?

It was more difficult than going to space.

Matthew was distracted from the documents in front of him. He raised his head and looked at Armand, "Show her your charisma."

Armand was speechless.

What was his charisma?

Armand approached Matthew with a thick face, "Teach me how."

"You're stupid," Matthew insulted Armand without hesitation.

Armand went speechless again.

Armand stood up straight and chuckled, "Don't think I didn't know that you didn't get Dolores to forgive you after several attempts of trying."

Matthew glared at Armand coldly, "Then why do you bother to ask me?"

Armand choked on his words. After a long pause, Armand laughed and said, "I was panic. Help me, please? At least give me an idea."

Matthew said, "I've no time."

Matthew made Armand speechless again.

"I'll go to Dolores if you don't help me. I'll ask her to help me out," Then, Armand headed to the entrance.

Armand didn't really want to bother Dolores. He knew Matthew too well. He said that just to trigger Matthew.

Matthew loved Dolores too much.

He wouldn't allow Armand to bother Dolores.

Armand purposely slowed down the speed he turned the doorknob.

"Wait up!"

Matthew stopped Armand before he stepped out of the room.

Armand put up a straight face. He turned around and asked, "What?"

Matthew pressed on his temple. He didn't really have any courting experience. As for Dolores, he forced her at first, then slowly accepted her. It was a process.

Just like the need for time in any relationship. There wasn't anything like love-at-first-sight. Instead, people saw the good or bad in another person, then slowly got attracted.

Matthew knew exactly what Armand was thinking.

But he didn't call him out. Armand was going to hang out with him as long as he didn't get Theresa back.

It was not a good thing. It wasn't good either for Theresa to keep Armand waiting.

"Tell me, what do you want me to do?"

Armand laughed and walked closer. He leaned on Matthew's desk and got really close to Matthew.

Matthew backed off, "Stay away from me."

What was the need of getting so close to him?

Armand frowned and thought, "Who wants to get close to you? I didn't like men."

"Get Dolores to get Theresa out of the house. It's too crowded. I can't even tell Theresa what I wanted to tell her. I want to see her outside," said Armand.

Matthew stared at him. He didn't promise Armand right away as he was thinking if it could work and if it could get Dolores involved.

Theresa might blame Dolores if Armand did anything overaggressive.

That wasn't what Matthew wanted to see.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Angelina Jolie Health Struggles - Talk About A Dramatic Change

Christie Brinkley And Her Age-Defying Secrets

"Let me make a call."

Armand quickly stopped Matthew before he dialled numbers, "Would Theresa come out if you tell them now?"

“You’re wimpy,” Matthew shook off Armand’s hand, “How would I get them out if I don’t call them?”

Armand didn’t say anything. He lowered his hand.

Matthew gave Dolores a call.

But Matthew told Armand earlier that if Dolores didn’t want to do so, he wouldn’t force her.

It was important not to offend Dolores.

Armand curled his lips and thought, “Gals before Pals.”

Armand only dared to secretly think about it. He didn’t dare to say it out loud.

Armand was afraid that Matthew wouldn’t help him.

Dolores was discussing the design of an order with Theresa. It was a Chinese wedding gown. They were asked to use the mandarin ducks as a theme of the gown.

The symbol of mandarin ducks was great, but they needed to put on their thinking hats and see how to put it in the gown. The mandarin ducks must blend into the design of the gown, and also brought out the symbolism of it in the design.

Theresa was thinking of a two-piece gown with a coat.

Dolores was searching for pictures of mandarin ducks, and deciding which of them suited to be embroidered onto the gown.

Dolores's phone was put aside, and it rang. Dolores picked up without looking at the caller ID, "Hello."

"Is it convenient for you to talk now?"

It was Matthew. He went out not long ago. Why was he calling now? Dolores looked at the screen of her phone and confirmed it was Matthew's number. She put the phone up to her ear, "Yes."

Theresa was near to Dolores. She could hear Matthew's voice from the phone. She leaned over to another side of Dolores' ear and whispered, "Matthew wanted to have a private conversation?"

Dolores pushed Theresa away lightly.

Theresa wanted to make fun of Dolores. She put her arms around Dolores' shoulder and tried to listen to what Matthew said to Dolores. But of course, Theresa wouldn't listen to what she wasn't supposed to. Theresa was teasing Dolores at first, but then she heard Matthew said, "Armand's with me."

Dolores heard Armand's name. She didn't try to hide it away from Theresa. Dolores asked, "What did he want?"

"He wanted to see Theresa."

Dolores looked at Theresa and asked over the phone, "So?"

"He needs your help to get Theresa out of the house. Do you think it is feasible?"

Matthew respected Dolores' opinion.

After all, they were a couple. Matthew can't lie to Dolores and tricked her into getting Theresa out of the house.

Dolores couldn't decide for Theresa either. She turned and looked at Theresa, then asked for her opinion.

Theresa nodded.

Dolores then replied, "It is."

"Then, shall we have lunch together?" Matthew asked.

"Sure. You decide where to eat then," said Dolores.

Dolores hung up the phone after Matthew agreed with her suggestion. Dolores stared at Theresa, "What were you thinking?"

Theresa paused for a while and said, "I wanted to make things clear."

"Are you sure?" Dolores was uncertain.

Dolores felt like Theresa and Armand still had feelings for each other.

"His grandmother wanted a grandchild so much, and I'm infertile. You see, he likes children too. We'll get into endless fights for not having children even if we stayed together now. Might as well end it as soon as possible," Theresa sounded determined.

"Can't you see it? Armand loves you dearly, or else he wouldn't keep coming back for you. You kept

giving him a cold shoulder, but he never gives up. He is determined. Why not tell him the truth and see how he would react to it? Then only decide what to do based on his reaction.”

Theresa shook her head, “I can’t. I don’t like myself for being like this, and I can’t accept a flawed marriage.”

No matter what people said, Theresa felt like marriage wouldn’t be complete if a couple couldn’t have children of their own.

The proverb has it that a child is a pledge of the love of a couple.

What did they have?

They had nothing.

“So you planned to stay single?” Dolores was worried for Theresa.

Theresa shook her head, “I won’t be,” Theresa smiled at Dolores, “Didn’t Oscar say that he’s coming?”

Dolores nodded, “Yes, his flight is at ten o’clock.”

Wait, what did this have to do with Oscar? ___

Chapter 636 Be A Coward?

“What do you planning to do?” Dolores felt like something wasn’t right.

But she was uncertain.

“The only way to get him to give up on me is for me to have another man,” Theresa opened up to Dolores.

Dolores frowned and looked at Theresa in an unbelievable expression, “How can you do this to him? You should tell him...”

“Tell him that I’m flawed?” Theresa stopped Dolores. If she could, she would.

She wouldn’t have waited until now.

“Oscar is single, and I’m single. We could be a match. It sounded not bad.”

Dolores was speechless.

“Are you for real?” Dolores couldn’t believe what she heard.

Theresa nodded, “Yes. I wanted to do it for a long time ago, but I haven’t recovered yet, and Oscar wasn’t here, so...”

Dolores was caught off guard. She didn’t know how to persuade Theresa. She stood up, “I need a time-out.”

Then, Dolores walked out of the room.

Theresa knew Dolores was worried for her. Theresa drove herself up the wall and shut off all possibilities between Armand and her.

But Theresa had made up her mind. Nobody could change her mind.

“Don’t worry about me. I would rather live lightened up than to live with burdens.” Theresa stopped Dolores.

What can Theresa do even if she fell in love with another man that wasn’t Armand?

A flawed person like Theresa would always felt guilty for the person she loved. It was better to let go than to live in guiltiness.

To live alone or to live with a person that won’t pressure her.

As long as she didn’t live with the person she loved.

Dolores stopped. She didn’t try to convince or stop Theresa. Theresa was a grown woman. She knew what she was doing. Dolores was in no position to interfere with her decision.

“You still have time to think this through. You’re really pushing Armand away if you did it,” Dolores didn’t say much. Theresa had to go her own way, and nobody could decide for her what she should do. The only thing Dolores could do was to warn her.

"I know. I've thought it through," Theresa had thought about it. She can't be burdening another person with her flawed body, and she didn't want to go against her will as well.

The best lifestyle for her was not to be emotionally involved with anyone.

"You better."

Then, Dolores walked out of the room.

Jayden and Kevin went out with the children. It was quiet in the villa. Dolores got upstairs, and she felt emotional.

Dolores thought Theresa made a reckless decision, but she had to respect her choice. She understood the pain a woman felt if she couldn't bear the child of her loved ones.

So, Dolores couldn't say anything. Perhaps, Theresa and Armand weren't meant to be.

It was destined to be a stormy night.

People started to tell the dirt on the internet from time to time. The topic kept heating up, and it became more interesting every minute.

Mrs. Bailey woke up from unconsciousness in the hospital. She had seven children, and only two of them, Athena and Emma, stayed beside her. Breenda, Maisy, and Eunice basically drew the line with the Bailey family, while Declan was in jail. Eunice had three kids to take care of and couldn't come to visit. Furthermore, Eunice's husband wouldn't want her to be involved with the Bailey family. She couldn't do much, even if she wanted to help. She was a woman, and she couldn't offend her husband for her children. If her husband became unhappy and divorced her, her children would have to live without a father. It would be a tragedy. So, it was best for Eunice to stay away from the Bailey family.

Only to keep her family together.

Emma was different from her sisters. She was raised outside, but she went studying overseas after she was legal. Her academic result was excellent, and she got a wonderful job after graduation. Emma was a vice president in a multinational company. She was an iron lady.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

15 Celebrities With Terrible Personal Hygiene

And Emma was emotionally attached to her parents.

Emma and Athena were busy visiting people, but those who visited them previously didn't welcome them. All of them gave several excuses not to see them.

It was all made-up excuses. They were drawing lines because the Bailey family was waning.

It was the reality. People loved to play up to powerful people, but not many would assist when you were waning.

It was easy to see the truth in adversity. The Bailey family used to be buttered up, but everyone tried their best to avoid any of the Bailey family members now.

As if they had seen a ghost.

Roger was locked up in a secret place. Emma and Athena didn't manage to see him at all. They put quite an effort to see Declan instead.

Declan's head became clearer after a night in the jail. He was so confused at first, but now he had thought things through.

His only enemy was Matthew.

The only thing he didn't understand was how Roger's old deed got dug out.

Declan told his sisters his assumption. He told them that Matthew was involved, and he might be the mastermind behind it.

"Did you offend him?" Emma asked.

Declan replied casually, "We've had conflicts."

"What conflicts?" Emma sneered. She didn't buy Declan's story. Matthew wouldn't have spent his time and did all these just to drive the Bailey family up the wall if it was a small matter.

"What did you do?" Emma raised her voice, "Nobody could save you if you don't tell the truth."

Declan had six sisters, and only Emma could scare Declan.

Declan looked down, "It was a small matter at first. I helped Jeffrey in a kidnapping case, but it became a car accident, and someone got killed. You knew her. It was Matthew's stepmother. Then, he framed me. How can I withstand that? So, I decided to fight back. I kidnapped his wife's friend, and I framed his friend..."

"Are you stupid?" Emma couldn't help to scold Declan. Did he get himself into trouble because of another person? Wasn't that what a stupid person do?

“The Bailey family is waning because of you. Why did you make him your enemy? You kidnapped and framed his friends, and you expect him not to fight back? Did you think he was a coward?” Emma wanted to slap Declan so much.

“Didn’t you know who he is? Haven’t you heard of how he dealt with things? Did you think that he was an easy target to bully?” Emma put her hand on her chest. Her face turned pale out of anger.

Emma was furious.

Declan lowered his head and remained silent.

Declan regretted it, but he felt like it was unacceptable back then.

“Who knew father did those when he was young? That got him into jail...”

Emma slapped Declan before he finished his sentence. She scolded Declan, “Didn’t you see it? You’re the reason why Matthew dug out what father did in the past.”

An officer walked over to inform them the visiting hour was over.

Declan was sacred. He pulled his sister’s sleeves, “Athena, Emma, you have to get me out of here. I can’t stay here any longer. This is not the place for me.”

“We’ll get you out of here,” Athena choked back tears. Declan didn’t know how it was outside. They were behind the eight balls.

The police were investigating the case by the book, and they formed a special team for the case. Nobody could interfere with the case now. It would be a waste of effort even if the brothers-in-law

helped out. They might even get in trouble for helping. The police's stand was clear. Severe punishment will apply to everyone involved in the case once the police have solid evidence.

After Emma and Athena left the police station, they immediately use their connection to find out Matthew's contact number.

Emma dialled the number right away, but a woman picked up after the call connected. Athena took Emma's phone away from her and hung up the phone when she was about to speak.

"Do you think it would help to talk to him now? Do you still think things would change?" _____

Chapter 637 It Is Difficult to Restore a Broken Relationship

'Yes, it has come to this point. It's obviously irreparable, unless time can be turned back, or a miracle occurs.'

"What do you think, what shall we do now?" Emma looked towards Athena.

The Bailey family seemed like a large family, but when something happened, only a few people could lend a helping hand.

The children were not raised together. Their bonds were not strong. The daughters were quite critical of their parents, so it was normal that they were not united when something happened.

"Maisy..."

“Don’t think about it, didn’t Maisy make it very clear the other day? We have to blame our parents when they don’t want to help. If our parents gave more care and love to them, they will not be so determined. In our parents’ minds, the son is the most important. He’s spoiled. He only knows how to get into trouble.” Emma understood her sisters’ minds, “We have to prepare for the worst. If we can protect Declan, we shall try our best to protect him.”

Athena thought the same, “Let’s go to see mum and discuss it with her.”

Emma nodded.

At ten o’clock at noon, as Dolores prepared to go out, Theresa asked her, “Are you going to pick up Uncle?”

Dolores nodded, “He’s just come over, he’s definitely not familiar with the environment here, I’ll go and pick him up.”

“I’ll go, you just tell me where the location is, when the time comes, we’ll go there straight.”

Dolores looked at her and asked again, “Have you really thought about it?”

Theresa nodded, “Yea.”

Dolores had no choice but to agree with her, “Alright. It’s at YD restaurant which is not far from the company.”

Theresa smiled at her, "The way you're frowning is not cute. Don't frown, I've thought about it and will be responsible for my actions, so don't worry about me."

Dolores reached out her hands to hug her, "As long as you feel comfortable."

'In fact, she has a point, life doesn't put pressure on her, if being with her lover makes her feel stressed, it's better to be a little more relaxed by being apart.'

After Theresa left, Dolores also left the villa afterwards and went to the company to look for Matthew.

However, Matthew was not in his office. He was in the reception room, talking to someone else. Although the commotion was big and the head paid a lot of attention to it, he still could not take it lightly. He had to make observations and keep a close eye on the progress.

Dolores did not ask his secretary to inform him. She waited for him in his office.

When Matthew came back from his discussion, his secretary told him that Dolores had come over. He quickened his pace and walked into the office. He pushed open the door and saw that Dolores was sitting in front of his desk, reading the documents on his desk.

In fact, she could not understand a lot of the professional vocabulary. She was just bored.

Hearing the door-opening sound, she looked up and seeing that it was him. She asked, "Are you done?"

Matthew closed the door and walked in, "Yea. Why didn't you let the secretary inform me that you are here?"

"Aren't you busy?" Dolores tried to stand up, but Matthew held her shoulder to stop her from moving. Dolores laughed, "You don't let me get up, do you want me to sit in this seat?"

Matthew leaned against the edge of the desk, bowing his legs, keeping a not too far distance from her, "It's yours originally, isn't it?"

During New Year, Jayden had given all the shares to her two children and asked her to keep them. Now, she was the largest shareholder.

Dolores reached out her hand and grabbed his tie, pulling him towards her. They looked at each other. She hooked her lips, smiled and said mischievously, "So, are you working for me now?"

Matthew looked at her slender fingers which were wrapping around his tie, looking helpless as if there was nothing he could do about her, "I'm all yours, from now on you sit here and I'll serve you."

Dolores smiled, but the smile soon subsided. However, she did not let go of him. Matthew was cooperative and just bent over.

"Was it Armand who pestered you to ask Theresa to come out today?" She asked despondently.

Matthew reached out his hand to touch her face. He used his fingers to smooth her furrowed brow, "What's wrong? Theresa doesn't agree?"

She shook her head, "No. Do you still remember that I once asked you, if I am unable to conceive, would you still love me?"

Matthew fluttered his eyelashes, everything made sense, he had guessed it when Dolores asked.

"The miscarriage was caused during that explosion. She is unable to conceive now. She wants to draw a line with Armand. She comes today, probably to make it clear with Armand."

“Actually, there’s nothing wrong with it this way.”

‘When it’s clear, everyone will settle down and go to find the right person.’

‘It can’t be considered a bad choice, after all, it is difficult to restore a broken relationship, even if you try to fix it again, there will still be scars.’

‘It’s better to let go.’

Dolores tilted her head to look at him, “Shall we talk to Armand, so that he can prepare himself mentally?”

She was afraid that Armand would be embarrassed by then.

“You shall just leave it alone.” Matthew bent his body even lower and said in a warm voice, “Are you going to keep tugging at me like this?”

Only then did Dolores realize that she had pulled him all the way and his tie had been pulled outside of his suit, she let go and helped him to tidy up his tie and collar, “It’s about time, shall we go over there now?”

“Yeah,” Matthew responded.

He wanted to go over first and buy some food for Dolores. He was afraid that she would lose her appetite later on.

“Let’s go.” Matthew wrapped his arm around her waist. _____

Chapter 638 There Is Nothing That Can Be Done About It

The two of them walked into the restaurant. Since they had made a reservation, the waiter led them to a reserved seat after they said their names.

“The desserts here are good.” The pastry chef of this restaurant was hired from F country. The desserts were famous and many people came here for the desserts.

Dolores frowned, “They haven’t arrived yet, shall we eat first?”

“You eat a little first,” Matthew said.

Knowing that Dolores liked to eat sweet food after she was pregnant, he arranged the meeting here, just to let her try the desserts here as they rarely came out together.

Dolores did not refuse. She found the environment here elegant and relatively quiet. The customers coming in and out were all very polite.

The place was full of male waiters, who wore black waistcoats, white shirts and black neckties. They stood in front of the tables to deliver the menus.

Matthew flipped through the menu and asked, “Is there anything in particular you want to eat?”

Dolores shook her head, “You order.”

Today, she did not have much appetite and did not want to eat anything right away.

Without seeking her opinion, Matthew ordered two desserts and a glass of goat milk.

He closed the menu and handed it to the waiter, "That's all."

"We will bring your meal to you soon." The waiter bent down and retreated after saying that.

As she waited, Dolores fiddled with a freshly blooming red rose on the table in boredom.

Matthew looked at her quietly, feeling that she was like a child at the moment, a little childish, a little cute.

He reached out his hand to smooth her hair, "Be careful not to prick your hand."

'A rose is beautiful but it has thorns.'

'Those who want to get it will always have to suffer a little.'

Dolores withdrew her hand, feeling that the rose was like Theresa, covered in thorns, but her thorns would only prick Armand.

Not long after, the waiter brought them all the desserts.

There were two desserts. The first one was a lemon tart. The lemon tart was the signature dish in F country. The authentic way was to make a tart filling with the juice of a yellow lemon, cream, sugar and egg, plus a little bit of yellow lemon peel shavings to add aroma. Strawberries and crunchy candies were made into a lemon shape as a garnish.

The combination of lemon and cream was sweet but not overwhelming, with the flavour of lemon and the fluffiness of cake, a delightful shape and excellent flavour, making it a very popular dessert.

Another dessert was the F-style mille-feuille, where the puff pastry had to be made by folding it six times over and over again to produce a crispy pastry. Each layer was brushed with a little wine. Interleaved was a layer of puff pastry and a layer of custard sauce with vanilla seeds. Finally, sprinkle the top layer with icing sugar, dried fruit and a glass of goat milk to make it nutritious and delicious.

“They look delicious.” Dolores picked up a spoon, probably because she was so greedy due to her pregnancy.

Furthermore, the desserts looked delicious. She cut a small piece of lemon tart and put it in her mouth, the texture was soft and with a strong lemon fragrance, sweet with some acidity, not too prominent, just the right amount, not too sweet, not at all cloying, it was a very tasty dessert.

The mille-feuille tasted good too.

It might be because it was noon now and she was hungry, so she ate very quickly.

“Slow down, no one is grabbing the food.” Matthew took a tissue to wipe away the cream at the corner of her mouth.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Jared Kushner & Ivanka Trump Dropped Off The Planet

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

Dolores took a piece of lemon tart and passed it to his mouth, "Taste it."

"I don't like to eat sweet things." Matthew did not open his mouth.

Dolores pestered him and acted coquettishly, "You take a bite."

After that, she delivered it to his mouth. The cream stuck on his lips. He had no choice but to open his mouth and ate it.

"Take some back to let the two kids eat when we leave," Matthew said as he swallowed the food.

Dolores nodded. The portion was small, just nice for one person to eat it. Dolores ate both the two portions. She picked up the 'milk' next to her. She felt that something was wrong when she tasted the milk. The milk was different from the milk she usually drank.

She frowned, "What is this?"

"Goat milk."

Dolores was speechless.

Compared to cow milk, goat milk is more nutritious for pregnant women. The volume of fat particles in goat milk is one-third of cow milk, which is more conducive for absorption. Furthermore, long-term consumption will not cause fat. The vitamins and trace elements in goat milk are also higher than in

cow milk. For pregnant women, goat milk has a higher content of vitamin E, which can stop the oxidation and decomposition of cells and fatty acids in the body, delaying skin ageing and increasing skin elasticity and lustre.

Dolores put the cup down.

“Drink it.” Matthew picked it up and handed it to her.

She did not take it and just looked at him.

Matthew was helpless and said, “It’s nutritious, let’s change the milk at home to this kind of milk in the future.”

“No.” Dolores decisively refused.

“What do you not want? Does Matthew bully you?”

Armand walked in and heard Matthew’s voice. He looked at the cup in Matthew’s hand and then looked at Dolores, “What are you doing?”

Dolores took the cup in Matthew’s hand. In front of other people, she had to give face to Matthew.

“Didn’t Theresa come with you?” Armand pulled out a chair and sat down after looking around and did not see her.

Dolores did not like the taste of goat milk. However, when Armand asked her this question, she subconsciously drank it. It was like a shield to hide the fact that she did not know how to answer his question.

After drinking it, she frowned.

“Theresa doesn’t want to come out with you?” Armand asked, forcing down the loss inside him.

“She will come over later,” Dolores said as she put down her cup.

Hearing that Theresa would come, Armand smiled immediately, “Dolores, you have to help me, I’m really at my wit’s end, both soft and hard approaches don’t work.”

‘She’s like a cold stone which cannot be warmed up.’

“Armand.” Dolores hesitated for a while, but still could not find the right words.

Armand looked at Dolores who was hesitating and he suddenly became uneasy, “Dolores, what do you want to say? Theresa doesn’t love me anymore?”

Chapter 639 Do You Want to See a Hot Scene?

Dolores didn’t say anything.

She had no idea how to tell him or use what kind of words to tell him.

“Dolores, just get to the point. The more you stammer, the more uneasy I am.” Armand Bernie was on tenterhooks.

If it was a good thing, she wouldn’t be so tangled.

Then there was only one answer as what was unspeakable wasn't something good.

She looked at him, "Theresa Gordon has her reasons for whatever decision she makes, you shouldn't ..."

When she spoke, his gaze stared out the glass window. She followed his sight and looked out, then she saw the scene of Theresa holding Oscar Adams's arm and getting out of the car.

She sighed as she thought, 'She still do it'.

"Dolores." He averted his eyes and looked at her, "The thing that is unspeakable is that she is actually having another new love, right?"

Dolores said, "Calm down a bit."

Armand laughed and leaned back in his chair, "Are she going to protest about me since she gets an old man?"

"I'm not protesting about you, I just don't want you to bug me like a dog."

When he said this, Theresa and Oscar walked in together, so she answered after she had heard his words.

Armand looked at her for two seconds and suddenly got up to grab her wrist, "I've something to talk

with you.”

“Say it right here if you’ve anything to say.”

Theresa tried to break free from his hands.

He forcefully pulled her away despite her rejection with red eyes.

She struggled all the way, but there was a disparity between the strength of men and women. She couldn’t break free from his grip and was taken by him all the way to the street outside the restaurant.

“Armand, quickly let go of me!” she shouted and seemed to have some signs of anger.

He threw her against the wall in the alley, “Say, what do you really want?”

“As you can see.” She stared at him without hiding.

As if to show how frank she was at this moment.

He squinted, “That old man?”

“I think man who is older is much better than you. There is a saying which elder man is more caring, right? It just so happens that he is very loving, better than you do.” She was so eloquent and what she

said hurt him so much.

His face was as red as if it had been burned by fire.

She rubbed her red wrist, "He can give me a sense of security and can also take care of me. We don't have any conflicts except for the age difference. Besides, age is nothing in front of true love."

She ignored his furious face and continued saying, "What I regret most is that I can't give him my pure body, but he doesn't mind. This makes me very happy ..."

Suddenly, he grabbed her neck and pinned her against the wall.

He roared at her with a low voice, "You lie to me!"

She was still being heartless, "If you don't believe, I can call him out and kiss him in front of you, or I can prove it to you if you want to see a hotter scene.

Armand just kept his eyes on her and his red eyes gradually filled with tears, he cried hoarsely, "Theresa, if you do so, it would really be the end of us."

"I've done with you long ago, it's just you who isn't clear about it." Her hands which hung at the side, tightly clenched into fists.

Her fingernails almost sank into the flesh of her palms. Only pain could keep her awake and make her look calm.

"I, Theresa, wouldn't look for you anymore. You and I, are absolutely no longer possible!" she said word by word. At the meantime she hurt Armand, she was hurting herself, as if she was poked by a knife.

“Good, good, good, very good.” He slowly withdrew his hands, every time he said the word ‘good’, he told himself in his mind, ‘Just give up, give up, give up’. He quickly turned his head as he didn’t want her to see his tears rolling down his face.

He turned his back to Theresa, “I’ll not bug you again. You and I ...are done!” After saying that, he took a step to leave.

Theresa leaned against the wall motionless and looked at his back. She was inexplicably sad, as if there was a large ball of cotton stuffed in her throat and made her breathless. She could only breathe by opening her mouth, with her tears gushing out.

Armand didn’t leave but went back to the restaurant, more like proving to Theresa that he really didn’t love her and wouldn’t show any feelings to her anymore.

Oscar was complaining to Dolores, “I’ve no choice but to promise her.”

Dolores knew that she had decided and would definitely pester him in various ways to help her in acting.

He shook his head, “I’m really unwilling. As the saying goes, everything could be damaged except marriage. You see, I’ve turned to be a bad person.”

INTERESTING FOR YOU[Adskeeper](#)

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

Make Your Own Product For Your Scalp

“Since she has decided, you just help her,” Dolores said with a sigh.

He blinked his eyes, "You don't even persuade her?"

"I can't do it." Dolores also wanted her and Armand to sit down and talk properly.

However, she had a knot as her physical defects made her unwilling to face the relationship at all.

Not to mention Armand, even she had met an outstanding man, she wouldn't open up and have a relationship with other too.

That was unsolvable.

Unless she figured it out herself as outsiders couldn't help.

"It's too bad. I think that young man is quite good." Oscar also made an evaluation of Armand. Even though he didn't know his ability and personality, he felt that Armand looked quite handsome.

"There's no other way." Oscar said helplessly, "What happened to Theresa that made her to do such a ..."

Dolores saw Armand come in and patted Oscar. Then he immediately knew what she meant and stopped talking.

At this moment, Armand had calmed down himself, as if nothing had happened just now and pulled back the chair to sit down.

He showed a heartless and cavalier look, "Don't you order?"

Dolores looked at him for two seconds. Although he seemed to look fine, the aura exuded wasn't relaxed.

He beckoned and called the waiter, "Order."

Soon the waiter came with a few menus.

He took one of the menus and asked without looking up, "Matthew Nelson, is this your treat?"

Matthew glanced at him and said, "Um."

"This, this, this and this." As he said, he raised his head to look at Dolores, "What do you want to eat? I'll order it for you."

She looked at him and said, "Whatever, any will do."

He added a few dishes, then looked at Matthew, "What about you? I know you prefer bland taste, I'll order for you."

He ordered two more dishes. Everyone at the table knew he was lovelorn and was in a bad mood, so they leave him be.

"What about you, this buddy?" he called Oscar.

Oscar was speechless.

He thought in his mind, 'Who is your buddy?'

However, he didn't say it as he had 'stolen' his girlfriend.

"I'm just guest, anything you order will do." He tugged his collar, and it was still his favourite style of flowery shirt with short sleeves, beige pants and white lace-up leather shoes. These were the standard style for his outfit.

His beloved dress-up.

"I'll order it for you then," He told a few more dishes to the waiter.

The waiter took note and asked, "Is there anything else you want?"

"That's all." He closed the menu and handed it to the waiter.

Theresa came in very late and the dishes were all served before she came in. She had fixed her makeup, but it could still be seen that her eyes were red.

Armand didn't look up at her.

Theresa thought he had left and soon the emotions that had been suppressed were triggered when she saw him there.

She couldn't pretend that nothing had happened and sit there to eat. She was afraid that she wouldn't be able to control herself, so she reached out to pull Oscar's arm, "I don't want to eat, you accompany me back."

He tilted his head to look at her and noticed she had obviously cried before. Then he immediately stood up and said, "Let's go."

When he spoke, he took the initiative to put his arm around her shoulders. Since they were close to each other and he had always treated her as his relative, thus he didn't shy about anything on purpose.

Since she called him uncle, then she was his relative.

He also wanted to comfort her as he knew she was feeling bad right now.

Armand suddenly raised his head and asked, "Is it because I'm here, so you can't even eat?"

Chapter 640 Ungrateful

He smiled, "Don't worry, I've no covetousness to you. If you're really afraid that I'll bug you again, I'll go and you stay here."

He took off the napkin, put down the knife and fork and stood up, "You sit down and eat. In order to reassure you and let you eat at ease, I'll go first."

After finished saying that, he beckoned Dolores, "I'll leave first."

Dolores couldn't say anything but could only watch.

After he left, she pulled Theresa and told her to sit down.

Even if they had sat down, they couldn't have their meal too. She handed a tissue paper to her, "Just cry if you want. Maybe you'll feel better after that."

Matthew and Oscar left while Dolores caught a glimpse at them and didn't ask anything as she thought they probably felt it was inappropriate to be there.

In fact, apart from this reason, there was also something Matthew wanted to say with Oscar.

Last time Oscar did him a favour, but both of them were busy and had no time to sit down and talk properly.

After this incident, Matthew knew that Dolores's father wasn't simple in the past, otherwise this relationship wouldn't exist.

Although he didn't do anything, the clues he provided were indeed commendable. After all he couldn't even look into things in the remote past.

"Did it go well?" he asked.

When he didn't grin cheekily, he gave other a bluffing impression, which was the kind of person who would make the children cry when looking at him.

However, he was an approachable person when he grinned and didn't act seriously.

He was rarely unsmiling as he mostly grinned and laughed.

Matthew said, "The task force has been set up to investigate. The case will certainly be strictly investigated as it had turned into such a big deal."

Oscar nodded, "Just tell me if you need help."

In his opinion, Matthew wasn't an outsider as Dolores's husband would be her brother's son-in-law.

Matthew didn't want to trouble him much and it was enough for now.

"I'll take Theresa back first." Dolores came over. She couldn't eat anything here and it wasn't the right place to sit for a long time. As Theresa didn't want to return to villa, Dolores took her outside for a walk.

Matthew said, "Let me accompany you."

He was worried about her and afraid that she would be too tired as she was pregnant and still had to take care of Theresa.

Right now, Theresa certainly didn't want too many people around, so she refused, "We're not going home now, we might walk around outside. I've booked a room for uncle in the Narada Hotel. You fetch him over to have a rest."

She initially planned to let him live in the villa, but there was no more room as all the rooms were used by two maids, Jayden Nelson, Victoria Forbis, Theresa and the children. The rest of the rooms were the utility room and study room but they couldn't be cleaned up, so she booked a nice hotel.

Oscar waved his hand, "Tell me the place, I'll go myself. I'm not young now, there's no need for you to fetch me there and treat me like a child."

She smiled, "Uncle, you didn't eat well in noon, order something to eat in the hotel if you're hungry. I'll prepare a feast for you tonight."

"Don't worry, I can take care of myself, you go and take care of Theresa. You guys just do your own things. Don't worry about me." He seemed to get along all right anywhere, "Just tell me the address of the villa, I'll go there by myself at night."

His character had always been like this. After Dolores told him the address, she left with Theresa.

As for whether Matthew drive Oscar, or he returned to the hotel on his own, she had no idea.

"Let's watch a movie, okay?" she said.

Theresa didn't speak.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

15 Celebrities With Terrible Personal Hygiene

جرمن ناول جو سائيز بڑا کرنا ۵۔

She sighed, "I'm pregnant now and I can't have a drink with you. If you're very upset, I'll go and talk to Armand."

Theresa shook her head, "No, I won't regret the decision I made, it just hurts somewhat to part with it."

She sighed, "I can understand your feeling, but I don't know how to comfort you."

“Walk with me.” She held her arms.

Dolores nodded. It wasn't so hot when walking under the leafy phoenix trees even though the weather was hot at noon.

As she had made the decision, she had enough preparation in her mind and she just need some time to let go.

She believed that she could endure it since she could persevere through the painful times before, and now she would be able to do so.

Compared to her pain, Armand wasn't much better.

After leaving the restaurant, he went to drink alone.

He himself had ordered a few bottles of wine. Since he often came here, the manager was familiar with him and asked when he see him drinking alone, “I call a woman to accompany you?”

Armand continued to pour wine into the glass, as if he didn't hear what the manager said.

“It's so boring to drink alone, I have girls who can drink a lot, it's better to call one or two of them to accompany you rather than drinking alone.”

Armand felt him like a fly as he still buzzed in his ears when he was in a bad mood.

“What the fuck! Are you nuts? I come to drink and you ask me to find a girl. I've cleanliness, okay? Fuck you, get as far away as you can from me, don't bother me here!”

He finally couldn't hold back and cursed the manager who was babbling.

"I see you drinking alone and looked poor. Why don't you understand my goodwill? You're indeed ungrateful "...

"What the hell are you talking about? Who is a dog? "Armand stared at him and the veins at his temples bulged, "You're a dog. Bark for me to hear!"

The manager gave him a frosty look, "You've drank too much."

When he was about to leave after he finished his words, Armand dragged him, "You want to leave after scolding people? What do you think I'm? A coward?"

The manager looked at his hands that grabbed his clothes and looked back at him, "Don't make trouble here, otherwise don't blame me for not being polite."

"Heh, how are you going to be ungracious to me? "he was just being unforgiving deliberately as he was in an unpleasant mood and was about to suffocate.

"You want to hit me? Do it if you dare! "Armand grabbed his collar and growled at him.

The smell of alcohol came and the manager frowned, "You better let go of me, I don't want to hit you."

"You fucking hit me if you've the guts to do so. Are you a wimp? Don't bark like a dog "...

The manager couldn't stand it anymore and called someone over, "Take this crazy person away!"

“You’re the one who is crazy! ”he was roaring drunk.

The manager looked at him angrily and squinted, “You want to get hit?”

Armand nodded, “Yes, I want.”

At this moment, he really wanted to fight with someone as he felt like he was dying.

**The manager felt what he said was provocation, then he squinted and called the two security guards,
“Beat him!” _**

Next chapter