

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 841 Their Thoughts

"You better not regret what you've said," said Theresa. She was worried that things would return to how it was before once Armand's grandmother woke up.

Armand hugged Theresa and said, "I won't"

And he will prove it to Theresa.

"Come take a nap in my arms," Armand stroked Theresa's face, but she pushed his hands away. She didn't like Armand to goof around regardless of the occasion.

Armand acted like he was in pain as he pretended that Theresa had touched his wound. Theresa immediately looked nervous, "Did I touch your wounds?"

"Yeah," Armand nodded.

Theresa felt guilty as she was why Armand got injured. It needed more than ten stitches to seal his wound. How would it be healed in just two days? "Come, let me have a look."

Theresa wanted to see if Armand was still bleeding.

Armand said, "I'm fine. Let me lean on you."

Theresa soon realized, "You're pretending it?"

Armand quickly shook his head, "No, my wound is here. Why would I pretend?"

"Did I touch your wound?" Theresa purposely pressed on Armand's wound. It really hurt this time. Armand moaned a little.

Theresa didn't press too hard. She scolded Armand a little, "Lie to me again, and you shall die in pain."

Armand leaned on Theresa's shoulder, "You'd let me?"

"Why not? I wanted you dead," Theresa purposely answered rudely and unreasonably.

Armand laughed and whispered to Theresa, "I'd die in your hands."

Theresa glared at Armand, "Why can't you stop joking around?"

Armand blinked his eyes and said, "Fine. I'll go back to sleep now then."

Armand was telling the truth. Why did Theresa think he was joking around?

Well, since Theresa didn't like it, then he might as well go back to sleep.

Theresa nodded and said, "Sleep."

Armand and Theresa arrived in City C three hours later. Oscar got Theresa's call earlier, and he knew she was coming back to City C today. So, he waited in the arrival hall for Theresa way before their flight arrived.

Oscar wasn't wearing the colourful shirt he used to wear every day. He even had less than three colours in his entire outfit. It was a minimalistic look for Oscar.

Oscar was stunned when he saw Theresa and Armand walked out of the arrival hall together. Theresa told him that she was having a divorce when she left. It was the second time Theresa and Armand split up. Oscar thought Theresa and Armand were going to break up for good. He didn't expect to see Theresa and Armand come back to City C together.

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Oscar would never let Theresa know that he had a thing for her if Theresa didn't tell him that she was having a divorce with Armand.

After all, Oscar was way older than Theresa.

Oscar was a little lost.

"Uncle," Theresa waved at Oscar when she saw him standing at the entrance.

Oscar hid his embarrassment with a cough, and then he smiled at Theresa, "You're back."

Perhaps it was Armand's sixth sense. He felt that Oscar was uncomfortable. Well, perhaps Theresa was the reason why.

Armand had doubts that Oscar might have a thing for Theresa earlier. He confirmed his doubts now.

"Uncle," Armand reached out his hand, "Thanks for taking care of Theresa when she was here."

Oscar shook Armand's hand, "It's my job as an elder."

"I need to thank you for helping me to take care of her," Armand emphasized the word 'helping me'.

"The car's outside. Let's go," Oscar walked in front of Theresa and Armand.

Armand held Theresa's hand and followed Oscar.

"Why are you holding my hand so tight?" Theresa wanted to get her hand out of Armand's.

Armand subconsciously did that. He was afraid that somebody might take Theresa away from him. He loosened up and apologized, "I didn't do that on purpose."

Armand helped to put their luggage on the boot when they arrived at the car. Theresa was already sitting in the car when Armand got into it.

Oscar said, "Let's go grab a bite."

"Sure," Theresa replied, "You have a good taste in choosing restaurants."

It was because Oscar always brought Theresa to good restaurants when she was here earlier.

“Hey uncle, why didn’t you wear your colourful shirt today?” Theresa suddenly noticed what Oscar was wearing today. Oscar used to love colourful shirts, but today, he was wearing a white shirt and a grey casual coat.

Oscar held tight on the steering wheel, “I’ve changed my preference.”

Armand pretended that he didn’t see Oscar’s nervousness. He told Theresa that he felt tired, then he leaned on Theresa’s shoulder to rest.

Theresa didn’t notice what these two men were thinking. She continued, “You’ve loved your colourful shirts for all your life. Why the sudden change? I’ve been asking you to change your habit of wearing a colourful shirt for so long, but you insisted. What’s the trigger?” _____

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Chapter 842 A Different Future

Oscar didn’t dare to look around at all. He didn’t dare to look at Theresa with Armand watching. He was afraid that Armand would find out that he had a thing for Theresa.

It would be a shame to let people know that he fell in love with a young girl at Oscar’s age.

“It’s no news,” Oscar tried his best to come out with an excuse, “Just like how some people didn’t like spicy food at first, then they fell in love with it out of a sudden. Preference changes.”

In fact, Oscar didn’t change his preference. He changed because Theresa told him that he didn’t look

good in colourful shirts. Oscar didn't dare to let Theresa know that he liked her, but when he learned that Theresa was going to have a divorce, he wanted to change for her. Who knew...

Oscar regretted.

"Should I send you back?" asked Oscar.

"I thought you said we're going to grab a bite?" Theresa was confused.

Oscar was stunned, and then he replied in an embarrassed manner, "I remembered that I have something to attend to. Ask Armand to bring you to eat if you're hungry."

Oscar would be nice to Theresa and take care of her if Armand wasn't here, but now that Armand was here, there were things that Oscar shouldn't do.

Theresa smiled and said, "Armand isn't familiar with the area. You are. Please recommend some nice restaurant to us."

Oscar then gave Theresa some restaurant names and told her, "These restaurants are nice."

"Thanks, uncle," Theresa thanked Oscar.

Oscar remained silent.

Oscar drove away after he dropped Theresa and Armand at their place.

At City B...

In the Nelsons' Mansion...

The whole family moved into the Nelsons' Mansion from the villa. All the empty rooms were taken, and they fitted exactly the numbers of the Nelson family members.

Jayden insisted that he didn't want to stay in the hospital. Old people were always stubborn. The Nelson family had no choice but to ask Jayden's doctor to come to the old manor for Jayden's body check.

Matthew didn't go to the office these few days. Dolores didn't ask Matthew about his arrangements. She knew Matthew wasn't in the mood to handle anything at work. Matthew had some other thoughts in mind.

Matthew walked the doctor out of the house after the doctor had completed Jayden's body check. The doctor told Matthew, "He's getting worse. We couldn't even operate on him now, even if he wanted it. We can only stick to the hormone therapy and try our best to extend his time."

Matthew looked worried, "Please, do whatever you can. The old folk is stubborn. He didn't want to go to the hospital at all."

The doctor said, "Do anything as he pleased. What's the point of getting a few months extra if he's not happy at all?"

The doctor had seen so many cases of life and death. He was used to it already. It is a matter of the utmost importance for a patient to feel happy. The doctor can only try his best to extend a patient's time.

"Don't worry. I'll do my best," the doctor was used to life and death, but the family of the patient wasn't. They always wanted to stay with their family as long as possible.

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It was a norm as a human.

"I'll come again tomorrow," said the doctor. He then got into the car and left the place. Matthew stood by the roadside for a while before he returned to the house.

Dolores was carrying Joshua in the living room. She was trying to lull him to sleep.

Matthew took Joshua away from Dolores and said, "Come with me. I have something to tell you."

Then, Matthew carried Joshua upstairs and went into their room, and Dolores followed. She shut the door and asked, "What is it?"

Matthew sat Dolores down beside the bed.

He told Dolores, "Our son looks like you."

Dolores felt that Matthew was strange today. She didn't say anything. Dolores knew Matthew had something else to tell her.

But Matthew remained silent for a very long time.

Dolores held Matthew's hand, "We're a couple. You can tell me anything you want. There's no need to play riddle between us."

Matthew looked at Dolores, and there was a flash of reluctance in his eyes for a second. Soon, it went away and was nowhere to be seen. "Armand told me that he's going to stay in City C with Theresa."

Dolores clenched her fists. She figured out what Matthew would probably say. Dolores leaned on Matthew's shoulder and said, "I have something to tell you, but I never got the chance. Theresa...she couldn't have her own child. If we send Joshua to her, she's going to take good care of him."

Dolores knew Matthew didn't know how to put it in words for her. Looking at the whole situation, it was the best choice to send Joshua to Theresa and Armand, but it was a hard decision.

Dolores knew Matthew well enough to read his mind.

"He is a Lennon. Uncle had given me all his shares in JK, and I planned to transfer all the shares to Joshua. It'd be good...if he lives in City C. Armand and Theresa had been through so much. It's a shame that they couldn't have their own child. If they have a child, they'll get to enjoy some blissful family time."

Dolores slowly looked up, "Uncle's still energetic now, but he couldn't help me to take care of the company for long. He'll have to pass it to somebody someday. If we send Joshua to Armand, he's going to take good care of him."

Matthew held Dolores' hand. She spoke out what he wanted to tell her. Dolores was always sensitive. She knew what Matthew was thinking even before he said it out loud.

"We can't close down the textile factory. It's the family business of the Forbis family. Now, uncle wanted to keep father accompanied. We needed someone there to take care of stuff. It's the best choice for Armand to stay in City C. Plus, we have Amanda and Andrew by our side."

Dolores stared at Matthew and said, "Let's send Joshua to Theresa and Armand."

Matthew lowered his head and looked at Joshua. Joshua was asleep. He looked so much like Dolores.

"They say it's a blessing for a boy to look like his mother. He is blessed to have so many people who love him," Dolores stroked Joshua's face.

Dolores felt reluctant to send Joshua away, but she knew Joshua was meant to have a different future from Amanda and Andrew, starting from the moment when Joshua became a Lennon. Joshua carried so much more on his shoulder. ___

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Chapter 843 Are You Pregnant?

Amanda and Andrew got back from school at night. Amanda sat beside Jayden's bed and folded a paper crane with a piece of colour paper, "Our art teacher taught us this."

"Yeah?" Jayden stroked Amanda's hair, "Did you master it?"

"Not yet. Our teacher's is nicer," Amanda looked concentrated in folding her paper crane.

"I believe you're going to master it."

Amanda looked up and said, "Grandpa, I'm going to fold a lot of these."

"Why?" asked Jayden.

Jayden was leaning on the bedside. He looked pale and weak.

“Legend has it that if we fold a thousand paper cranes with all our heart, it will bring blessing and good luck for the person we love. I wanted to give you a thousand paper cranes so that you’d recover faster.” Amanda said earnestly.

Jayden felt warm. Amanda had been getting better at making people happy, “Where did you hear it from? Don’t learn all these nonsenses.”

“Our art teacher told us when she taught us how to fold paper cranes. Is she teaching nonsense? Then, I won’t listen to her, and I’m not going to do my homework anymore.” Amanda was smart. Jayden said in a loving tone, “No, I was wrong. It’s not nonsenses.”

Amanda blinked her eyes and looked at Jayden earnestly, “Grandpa, I’ll pray hard for your fast recovery.”

Jayden had nothing that he couldn’t let go of. Three of his grandsons were his only concern. Victoria wanted to see them going to school and Victoria giving birth when she was alive, but she didn’t get to see all of these events.

“I’ll go hand hang it up,” Amanda used a thin thread to hang the paper cranes onto the curtain.

Dolores walked in with Joshua in her arms. She quickly came to help Amanda when she saw her stepping on the chair to hang the paper cranes onto the curtain, “Be careful.”

“I’m fine. I’m all grown up,” Amanda got down and asked Dolores, “Mommy, did you bring Joshua to come and see grandpa?”

Dolores nodded, "Yes, your little brother misses his grandpa."

"Hey," Amanda pinched Joshua's cheek, "His cheeks are soft."

Dolores patted away Amanda's hand, "Don't pinch his cheek. He'll drool all over."

Amanda pouted and left the room.

Amanda saw Matthew when she walked out of the room and was about to shut the door. She called Matthew in a sweet tone, "Daddy."

Matthew answered her and said, "Go play with your brother in the living hall."

"I don't want to play with him. He's a bore," Amanda then headed back into her room.

Andrew was a clever child. There were only two people in the house who didn't know what was going on with Jayden- Amanda and Joshua. Andrew felt sad. He used to be a quiet person, and now he didn't even want to speak at all.

Amanda said Andrew was acting to be mature.

Andrew ignored Amanda's comment.

Matthew shut the door and walked towards Jayden's bed. He pulled a chair over and sat beside Dolores.

Jayden didn't like to carry Joshua after he got sick. Jayden's illness wasn't contagious, but he still felt worried that the bacteria on him would affect Joshua's health.

Joshua was so tiny, and he had weak immunity.

"Why did you bring him here. Stay away from me," Jayden stopped Dolores.

Dolores said, "Matthew and I have something to tell you."

"What is it?"

Jayden looked at Matthew.

"Matthew and I have decided to send Joshua to Armand and Theresa. They'll adopt him," said Dolores.

Jayden looked down for a while. Then, he looked at Joshua. Jayden said, "He's your child. You should make the decision. I've no comment."

Jayden reached out his hand, and Joshua caught his finger immediately. Then, Joshua laughed.

"It's for the best."

Jayden was ill, but he knew better. He understood why Matthew and Dolores made that decision.

"You're their only daughter. Joshua took your father's surname, and he's going to take over your family business. It's a good thing. I didn't get to meet them when they were alive, but I could help you to give them a message if I meet them in the afterlife."

Jayden sounded soft and weak.

Gloominess filled the air in the room, especial when Matthew and Dolores heard the last sentence Jayden said. They chatted for a while until Jayden told them that he felt tired. Dolores and Matthew then left the room for Jayden to rest.

In the middle of the night, Dolores turned over, and she found out that the other side of the bed was empty. Dolores opened her eyes, and she saw a man standing on the balcony through the sheer curtains. Dolores got off the bed, wore her slipper and took a jacket over to the balcony. She put the jacket on Matthew's shoulder, "Why weren't you in the bed?"

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Dolores could see Matthew's face under the soft moonlight. He had a complicated look on his face.

Matthew took off the jacket and put it on Dolores. He held her hands and said, "I can't sleep. Keep me accompany, please."

Dolores promised Matthew. They stood at the balcony without saying anything. They were showering by the moonlight.

"You felt reluctant to send Joshua away?" Dolores looked at Matthew, "If you like kids, we can have another one in the future."

Matthew held Dolores' hand tightly and said, "You can't afford to have another one. I don't need another child. Andrew and Amanda are enough for me. They're our firstborn. I've no regret."

Having a boy and a girl was already the best thing that happened to them.

“I know what you did was for me. You agreed with Joshua to take the surname of Lennon, and allowed him to take over JK was to keep my family business running. So that everyone would still remember my family,” Dolores looked down and stroked the back of Matthew’s hand, “Getting Armand and Theresa to adopt Joshua would only add them to the list of the people who love Joshua. It’s not a bad thing.”

It was always easier to say than done.

“Let’s go back to bed,” Matthew led Dolores back into the room.

It was hard for Matthew to fall asleep even when he laid on the bed. Things about Joshua and Jayden kept lingering in his mind.

There was another person who couldn’t sleep as well.

Jasmine kept feeling nauseous these days. She didn’t have much food for dinner, yet, she felt nauseous. Jasmine wanted to try vomiting, but it won’t work. The nauseous feeling kept lingering, and she couldn’t sleep with it.

Jasmine went to a clinic earlier in the morning. The reason why she didn’t go to the hospital was that there was always a long queue in the hospital. Plus, she was hired as an intern by a company, and she can’t be late for her job, or they might deduct her salary. Furthermore, it would also leave a bad impression on her for being late for work.

There weren’t many people in the clinic this early.

Jasmine told the doctor about her symptoms, “I’m feeling nauseous these days, but I wasn’t vomiting. I also have a loss of appetite, and I didn’t feel like eating.”

The doctor asked, "Have you experience this before?"

Jasmine shook her head, "I've always been healthy."

"Have you stay up late lately?" asked the doctor.

"No."

"It might be the nauseous and loss of appetite caused by Gastroenteritis," the doctor said, "I'll give you some meds."

Jasmine replied, "Sure. Thanks, doctor."

The doctor prescribed a few kinds of medicines for Jasmine, and she stuffed them into her bag. She bought a cup of warm soymilk on the way to the office and took medicines with it.

Jasmine wasn't late to work.

Jasmine just started her internship, and she got assigned some simple tasks like photocopying documents and pasting forms. However, she didn't feel better after taking the medicines.

Jasmine thought maybe it was because she just took the medicines, and it hadn't taken effect on her yet. So, she continued to take those medicines after lunch.

Jasmine's condition didn't get any better in the evening when she got off work. Elaine called her to invite her to dinner.

Jasmine felt exhausted after a long day of work. She didn't feel like going. Elaine said, "You're not my

best friend if you don't come."

Jasmine sighed. She knew Elaine well. Jasmine had no choice but to go, or Elaine won't be talking to her for quite some time.

"The noodles here are nice," Jasmine and Elaine met in front of their school. Elaine held Jasmine's hand and walked to a restaurant.

"I haven't been here for quite some time," Elaine pulled Jasmine into the restaurant and told the boss, "I want two bowls of noodles and a pancake."

"Sure. Just a moment."

After a while, the boss served them with two bowls of noodles. The noodles were thin. It had some shredded potato, thin-sliced beef, coriander and shallots. It became a delicious and fragrant bowl of noodles after pouring in the hot soup.

Elaine was almost drooling, "Ah, it's so tempting."

Jasmine used to love the noodles here. The fragrant bowl of soup, the noodles and the pancake were all delicious together. However, Jasmine didn't feel like eating them at all.

Elaine got some sliced beef and noodles into her mouth. It was such a satisfaction to be able to eat something she liked. She felt blessed.

"Jasmine, why aren't you eating?" Elaine took a bite on the pancake and asked Jasmine when her mouth was stuffed with food.

Jasmine replied, "I don't feel well. Loss of appetite."

Elaine swallowed her food and asked again, "What's wrong?"

"Nauseous. It didn't get better even after I took medicine," Jasmine covered her chest out of a sudden. She was feeling nauseous again.

Elaine widened her eyes, "Jasmine, you're feeling nauseous? Are you pregnant?" _____

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 844 Feeling Herself Like a Fool

Jasmine was stunned. She never expected it at all.

Jasmine started to look forward to Elaine's suggestion, but at the same time, she felt like it was impossible. Jasmine went to see a doctor, but the doctor didn't ask her anything about being pregnant.

Plus, she took medicines for her nausea.

Jasmine became a little panicked when she thought of the medicine she took. What if she was really pregnant?

Jasmine lost her appetite even more.

Elaine helped Jasmine to finish her food. She insisted on not wasting food.

Jasmine was still feeling woozy after the meal. They walked out of the restaurant, and Elaine went back to the hostel at school. Jasmine stood by the roadside and grabbed a cab.

Jasmine didn't even realize when the cab stopped in front of the gate of her apartment. The driver reminded Jasmine, "Hi Miss, we've arrived."

Jasmine then only recovered from the overwhelmed feeling. She paid for the cab and got off the car.

Jasmine walked into the lobby and got to the level of her unit. She realized the door was unlocked when she was about to take out her key to open the door. Jasmine remembered that she had locked the door before she went out. Why was it unlocked?

Jasmine opened the door, and she saw Boyce's luggage at the entrance. Her first reaction was to confirm if Boyce was back.

Jasmine quickly walked into the house. She saw Boyce was talking to somebody over the phone on the balcony. Boyce answered the person over the phone, "Sure. I'll be there on time tomorrow."

The person on the other side of the phone said something again. Boyce agreed with it. Then, he hung up the phone and placed the phone on the side table. After that, Boyce hung the last piece of cloth on the drying rack. Those were the clothes Boyce wore when he was at the outstation. Boyce didn't wash it until he came home. So, he hung the clothes on the drying rack after washing them in the washing machine.

"You're back," Jasmine stood behind him and asked with a hoarse voice.

Boyce turned around and saw Jasmine stood behind him with a pair of red eyes. He walked over and

asked, "What's wrong?"

Jasmine hugged him, "You didn't tell me that you're coming back."

Boyce came back out of a sudden. It wasn't the initial date Boyce said he was coming back, and he didn't inform Jasmine that he was going to come back early.

"My job's done there. So, I came back early," said Boyce.

"Do you still need to leave?" Jasmine placed her cheek on Boyce's chest.

"No," Boyce patted Jasmine's back and asked, "What's wrong? You didn't seem to be happy."

"No, I'm happy. It's the internship. I'm feeling a little exhausted at work," Jasmine didn't dare to tell Boyce that she might be pregnant. She hadn't gone to the hospital for a check-up. She wasn't sure if she was pregnant.

Jasmine planned to take leave tomorrow to go to the hospital to avoid any misunderstanding.

"It'll get better," Boyce consoled Jasmine, but she didn't feel related.

Jasmine let go of Boyce, "I feel tired. I'm going to bed."

"Have you eaten? Let's go and grab a bite."

"I've had dinner," Jasmine put down her purse and walked into the room.

Boyce had a strange feeling that something wasn't right with Jasmine, but Jasmine told him that it was because of the internship that just started. So, he didn't dig into it.

Boyce poured a glass of water and walked into the room after a while. Jasmine was already lying on the bed. Boyce sat beside the bed and put the glass of water on the side table. He told Jasmine, "Quit the job if you're feeling exhausted. I'll take care of you."

Jasmine turned over and looked at Boyce. Boyce stroked her face and said, "You don't look good."

"You've told me that only the successful ones can help more people. I won't give up. I'm not feeling sick of my work. I'm just...not in the mood."

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Jasmine held Boyce's hand, "Well, you've grown up. You could read the emotions on my face."

Boyce felt speechless.

Was that praise?

"So, what's bothering you?" asked Boyce.

"Stop asking. I'm tired. I really need to go back to bed," Jasmine let go of Boyce's hand and tucked

herself in. She even hid her face in the blanket, "Don't talk to me anymore. I need to sleep."

Boyce nodded. He let Jasmine go back to bed this time.

Jasmine said she was tired, but she couldn't sleep at all. She was still awake when Boyce went to bed.

Jasmine only fell asleep late midnight.

Jasmine woke up early morning to make breakfast for Boyce, but she didn't eat anything. She told Boyce that she had to rush to work and left the house quickly.

In fact, Jasmine didn't go to work. Instead, she took emergency leave and went to the hospital.

It was already two hours later after the registration and lining up. Jasmine got into the consultation room and told the doctor her symptoms.

The doctor jotted down what Jasmine said, and then he asked her, "Do you have a boyfriend?"

Jasmine answered, "I'm married."

The doctor raised his head and took a look at Jasmine. He told Jasmine, "You should go for an ultrasound."

Jasmine nodded.

Jasmine got the result of the ultrasound around noon.

The result showed that she was at the early stage of pregnancy of a baby.

Jasmine was happy and worried at the same time. She handed the result to the doctor and asked, "I've taken some medicine. Would it affect my baby?"

The doctor asked, "What did you take?"

Jasmine was well-prepared. She showed the doctor the medicine she took yesterday. One of the Anti-inflammatory medicine wasn't good for the baby.

The doctor asked again, "How long did you take these?"

"Just one day," answered Jasmine.

"It's not long, but this medicine is prohibited for pregnant mothers."

"So, I can't keep the baby?" Jasmine was down and upset.

She felt dumb.

Jasmine didn't expect this to happen. After all, Boyce and Jasmine only slept together twice, and now she was pregnant. It must be from the first time they slept together. However, Jasmine didn't expect the baby to come so soon.

"It's not necessary. If you've decided to keep the baby, then be sure to go for regular check-ups to prevent the baby from deformities. You can decide not to keep the baby if it shows any signs of deformities by then. But of course, you can also decide not to keep the baby now if you're afraid of the risk."

Jasmine understood what the doctor meant, but she can't decide by herself. She had to let Boyce know.

Jasmine gave Boyce a call once she walked out of the hospital. _____

Chapter 845 It Wasn't Your Fault

The call went through, but no one picked up.

Jasmine didn't hang up immediately. She waited until the answering machine said, "The number you've dialled is unavailable. Please try again later."

Jasmine kept her phone away and gazed into space at the staircase. She blamed herself for it. It was her ignorant that caused what happened today.

Sadness filled Jasmine's heart, and her eyes went red.

Jasmine didn't notice how long she had been sitting on the stairs. Her phone buzzed in her hand. Jasmine looked down and saw that it was Boyce. She had so many things to tell him at first, but now, she didn't know how to tell him what happened.

Jasmine sniffled and tried to adjust her emotions. Then, she took the call. Boyce asked, "What's taking so long?"

Jasmine remained silent.

Boyce reacted quickly. He asked, "Are you mad because I didn't pick up your call? My phone was in the

office, and I went out for a meeting. I immediately call you back when I saw your missed call.”

“I wasn’t mad at you. I’m mad at myself,” Jasmine looked down, “What time are you coming home today?”

“I might come home late tonight. I won’t be back for dinner. I’m having a gathering with my colleagues tonight,” Boyce got promoted. So, his colleagues wanted to treat him to a meal.

Boyce can’t refuse their offer.

“I’ll wait for you,” Jasmine pouted, “I’ve something to tell you tonight.”

Boyce said, “Alright.”

“Go back to work. I’m hanging up,” Jasmine hung up the phone after that.

Jasmine got herself together and left the hospital.

Jasmine waited for Boyce to come home since six o’clock in the evening, and Boyce only got back home at eleven o’clock at night. Boyce was wearing a shirt, and his uniform was on his shoulder. He pushed open the door.

Jasmine was sitting on the couch and curled up. She turned around when she heard the door opened. Jasmine could see Boyce’s face was flushing red under the dim lights. She walked over in slipper and got nearer to Boyce. Jasmine could smell the smell of alcohol on Boyce.

Jasmine frowned, "You had drinks?"

"A little. My colleagues insisted. I had to," said Boyce.

Jasmine helped Boyce to hang his uniform. Then, she helped him to get to the couch. Boyce said, "I'm not drunk. Didn't you have something to tell me?"

Jasmine handed Boyce a glass of water.

Boyce took a sip and placed the glass on the table. He asked, "What did you want to tell me?"

Jasmine stared at him.

Boyce held Jasmine's hand and told her, "Jasmine, I got promoted."

Jasmine would usually hug Boyce, looked at him in an adoring look and tell him, "Congratulations."

But Jasmine couldn't do that now.

"What's wrong?" Jasmine used to be lively. Boyce felt uneasy with the sudden attitude change, "You're mad because I came home late?"

Boyce would check and see if he did anything wrong when he saw Jasmine unhappy.

Boyce kept thinking, and coming home late was the only possible answer to why Jasmine looked unhappy.

Jasmine shook her head, "No."

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Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

"Then it's because I had a few drinks? It's my colleagues..."

"Boyce," Jasmine stopped Boyce, "I...I..."

It should be happy news, but Jasmine ruined it.

"What's wrong?" Boyce reached out his hand and hugged Jasmine.

Jasmine stayed in Boyce's arms and asked him in a hoarse voice, "Will you forgive me if I did anything wrong?"

"Sure," Boyce kissed Jasmine's forehead.

"I...I'm pregnant," Jasmine got up her nerves to tell Boyce what happened.

Boyce wasn't really paying attention, "Pregnant with what?"

Jasmine grasped Boyce's shirt and bit her lips, "I'm pregnant with your child."

Boyce was stunned by the surprise. Boyce didn't have the time to think about what he heard, and he couldn't even start to describe how he felt now.

Boyce asked carefully and softly, "When did it happen?"

Then, Boyce hugged Jasmine tightly. He seemed overwhelmed, "You're pregnant! I'm going to be a father!"

It was a piece of surprising news. Boyce couldn't control his emotions, "Jasmine, I'm so happy."

Boyce didn't know how to start describing his happiness.

Jasmine suddenly started crying in his arms.

Boyce was startled, "Why are you crying?"

Then, Boyce started wiping off Jasmine's tears.

Jasmine cried even harder. She choked with sobs, "I've taken some medicines."

Boyce was confused, "What medicine?"

Jasmine looked at Boyce with her teary eyes, "I...I didn't know I was pregnant. I wasn't feeling well, so I went to a clinic. The doctor said I had Gastroenteritis, and he gave me some medicines. I've taken them, but it didn't get any better after a day. So, I went to the hospital the next day. The doctor told me that I'm pregnant after some check-ups. But the medicines I've taken..."

Boyce took a few deep breaths and tried to calm himself down, "Why didn't you go to the hospital in the

first place?"

"It was troublesome..."

Suddenly, Boyce stood up. The good news and the bad news came too quickly. He needed some time to digest them. Boyce was usually quiet and calm, but he was pacing back and forth in front of the couch now. Jasmine thought Boyce was angry. She can't help but kept crying.

Jasmine was shaking. She kept sobbing, "It's all my fault."

Boyce looked at Jasmine, and Jasmine was heartbroken. He sat back on the couch and hugged her in his arms, "It's alright. It's going to be fine. It's not your fault."

Jasmine was young. She didn't mean for this to happen.

"It is," Jasmine blamed herself.

"We'll go to the hospital tomorrow and see what the doctor's going to say," Boyce wiped away Jasmine's tears, "Don't cry."

Chapter 846 The Quack

Jasmine sniffled, feeling guilty. She would hate herself for the rest of her life if she couldn't have this baby.

Boyce picked her up off the couch, "It's late. Go to bed."

In fact, Boyce was not as calm as he appeared, but he didn't show it in front of Jasmine. If he had panicked, Jasmine would have been even more upset.

Jasmine's eyelashes were wet, "Don't you blame me?"

She couldn't read Boyce's mind. The fact that he was so calm after his brief agitation made her very uneasy. She wondered what his true thoughts were like.

Boyce was patient and said, "I don't blame you, really."

He blamed himself. He had left right after they got married, leaving Jasmine alone. It was normal for her to be less than thoughtful sometimes. He really didn't blame her.

No matter whether he could have the baby or not, he didn't blame Jasmine. He blamed himself instead, feeling that he hadn't taken care of her.

She had married him at such a young age and he hadn't given her anything.

It was his fault.

He held Jasmine in his arms as she lay in bed and comforted her, "If we can't keep this baby, we can only say we don't have the destiny."

Jasmine nestled under the quilt and didn't say a word, except that the guilt and unease inside her didn't stop.

Neither of them slept soundly that night, but both of them pretended to sleep well.

In the morning, the two ate breakfast as if they were comforting each other, but in fact, both ate tastelessly.

"I'll take you to the hospital," Boyce said as he put on his uniform.

Jasmine nodded. Her eyes were a little swollen, which was probably because she had cried yesterday and hadn't rested well.

After she was dressed, she went out with Boyce. The two got into the car. Boyce started the car while the phone in his pocket rang.

He pressed the answer button and a voice came on the other end of the line, saying that he should come over, that someone from the government had an assignment for them. It was Boyce's first assignment since his promotion, and it was important to him. He had to do more than just get it done, but do it

beautifully.

"I'll be there later," Boyce said.

"How is that going to work? You've only just been promoted, and you're not there when someone from the government comes. What must they be speculating about you in their minds then?"

"I ..."

"Why don't you go back to the police officer and I'll wait for you at the hospital?" Jasmine interrupted him. She knew he was busy, so she understood.

Boyce said, "I definitely have to stay with you today."

Jasmine pursed her lips and said, "Then you take me to the police officer. I'll wait until you're done and then we'll go to the hospital together."

She'd taken the day off anyway.

Boyce thought about it for a moment. If he left Jasmine alone at home, she would inevitably be lost in various fancies and conjectures. So he said, "All right. I'll get it done as soon as I can."

So Boyce drove to the police officer. There were quite a few people in the lobby as if they were working on some case. Boyce took Jasmine back to his office and told her to stay inside and not to wander off.

Jasmine said, "I won't interrupt your work."

They had to meet the people from the government in the conference room. He and Bruno went to the

conference room to get ready.

Jasmine pulled out her phone to check if the baby could be kept if the pregnant woman was on medication. She found out that some medicines were okay and some were stronger and deadly.

Knock, knock, knock...

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There was a knock on the door. Jasmine put her phone down and turned her head towards the closed door. At that moment, the door rang twice more. She walked over and opened the door.

A man in uniform stood at the door with his hat in his hand. Seeing Jasmine, he smiled and asked, "Where's Officer Shawn?"

Jasmine said, "I'm not really sure. Is there something you want with him?"

The man nodded, "Yes. We got a case a while back and we've got it all figured out. I've come to submit the relevant documents to Officer Shawn. There's still the final process to go through."

Jasmine saw the pile of papers he was holding and said, "Why don't you leave it here? I'll tell him when he gets back?"

The man thought for a moment, "It's a bit urgent. The man is still here. I'll go and find Officer Shawn."

Jasmine said, "That's fine."

The man took the things and left, and as Jasmine was about to close the door, she saw a handcuffed man come out of a room in the corridor to the inside.

His face flashed past her, and Jasmine felt as if she had seen him somewhere before. She soon remembered that this was the clinic doctor who had treated her.

She walked over to him, fearing that she had been mistaken.

She walked out of the house while the man was escorted to the car. Jasmine got a good look as she ran over, and grabbed the doctor, "Quack!"

Soon Jasmine was pulled away by the police officer.

Jasmine was too excited, "You must put him in jail. No, shoot him. People like him only harm others!"

"You know him?" A police officer pulled Jasmine aside.

Jasmine nodded, "He's treated me."

"So that's it." The police officer knew why she was so agitated and said, "Are you okay?"

Jasmine said, "I'm fine."

"Okay. It's good that you're okay." He pointed to the people in the hall, "Look at those people in the hall. They're all family members of people who are dead because of him."

Jasmine's face instantly went pale. Dead?

"What, what's going on?" Jasmine asked incoherently.

She was so shocked!

As the police officer was about to say something to Jasmine, Boyce walked over with the man who had approached him, "What's going on?"

Jasmine leaned over to Boyce and pointed at the handcuffed doctor as she said, "This man! This is the quack who treated me."

Boyce turned his head to look at her.

Jasmine said with certainty, "That's him. I can't be mistaken."

Boyce said, "I know. You go in." He took Jasmine's hand and said to the escorting officer, "Take him away."

With that, he pulled Jasmine back into his office.

"Take a look." Boyce showed her the case file.

Jasmine looked up at him and reached out to take it.

Chapter 847 Avenge Him in the Name of Public Interests

Boyce was afraid she wouldn't be able to read it, so he told her.

This was a case that the police officer was working on while he was on a business trip. The person who came to report the case was a family member of the deceased.

The reason why the deceased died was that he had taken fake medicine and delayed his treatment.

The family of the deceased found that the pharmaceutical company marked on the box of the medicine taken by the deceased could not be traced, so they went to the relevant department for identification, and the test came out that the medicine was fake.

So the family of the deceased reported the case to the police.

Instead of alerting them, the officers investigated in secret and also went to consult disguised as patients. Most of the medicines they got were fake and harmless, but they couldn't cure the disease either.

These criminals were taking advantage of the human weaknesses of people who were greedy and then making a huge profit from it.

As the saying went, gold had a price but medicine had no price. You could bargain for anything you wanted to buy. The only thing that couldn't be bargained for was the price of medicine.

"He is not a quack. He is just not a doctor and all his documents are forged. The drugs are also made by him from cheap stuff that does not harm the human body. Those medicines don't hurt, but they don't cure. After an undercover investigation, we found that a lot of this fake medicine had made its way into the market. After investigation, we found it in quite a few pharmacies. But tracking down by following clues, we have destroyed the factory that made the fake medicine and the people involved have been arrested."

"Will they be shot?" Jasmine asked, looking up.

She was hoping that all these people would be shot.

Boyce said, "This will be vetted by the relevant authorities and the final conviction will have to go through the judiciary. They're definitely going to go to jail."

Jasmine felt that just going to jail would be too unfair for the people who had been hurt by taking the fake drugs.

The man who had just come to Boyce to sign the papers was just here to go through that process. They had investigated the case and were going to sign it over to the justice department for a conviction.

"Jasmine, I have things to do. I'm going to call someone and have him take you home. You bring the medication you took here and have it tested at the testing department ..."

"You think the pills I'm taking are fake too, don't you?" Jasmine's eyes widened. If, as Boyce said, they were all fake, then ...

Boyce was thinking that if the drugs she was taking were fake that did no harm, but also had no effect, then the baby in her belly would be fine.

Jasmine suddenly stood up, "I'm going back."

Boyce frowned, "Slow down."

Jasmine then realized she had gotten too excited. She scratched her hair, "I'll pay attention next time."

"Officer Shawn, people from the government are here and in the conference room." Bruno knocked on the door and came in while Boyce said, "I got it."

He picked up the hat that was sitting on the table and said, "You wait outside. Someone will drive you back."

Jasmine nodded. She was just about to stride out when she thought of what Boyce had just said about her moving too much, so she took a smaller step.

After about an hour or so, Jasmine returned home to get her medication. With the help of the man Boyce had arranged, she took the medication to be tested.

Jasmine waited in the room in the examination department.

After two hours, the test results came out. The doctor gave her the test results and said something to her, after which her expression was seen to go from nervous to relaxed.

Her nervousness and anxiety also turned into a grateful smile.

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She took the test results back to Boyce's office. He hadn't returned yet, so she sat on the sofa and waited

for him.

After a few more moments, the office door was thrown open and Jasmine turned to see Boyce enter. She then ran over to him and threw her arms around his neck. She was so happy that she forgot where they were now, then tilted her head and kissed him, saying excitedly, "It's fake. The medicine is fake. It's a pill made from starch and it's completely harmless."

Boyce didn't respond, just smiled and looked at her.

Jasmine soon realized that he was not alone. There were several people behind him who were looking at her at the moment.

Boom!

She instantly blushed and even her neck turned red.

Hadn't everyone just seen what she had just done?

This was too embarrassing.

Jasmine wished the ground could have swallowed her up. What must they think of her?

She was so unstable and in front of Boyce's subordinates.

Ah, ah, ah...

Jasmine wanted to rewind time.

Then Boyce spoke up, "My wife took the same fake pills in that fake medicine case we just handled. So I asked her to take the drugs to the inspection department for a lab test. The results came out to be harmless to the human body, so she was overjoyed. Please forgive her."

Jasmine bowed her head, feeling ashamed of herself.

"We didn't see anything." Someone spoke first.

Then everyone followed suit, "We're having poor eyesight today and we also didn't see it."

Even though everyone gave her an excuse, Jasmine felt so embarrassed. She whispered, "I'll go first."

Before Boyce could respond, she left first.

When Jasmine left, someone started to tease Boyce, "I used to think you were stubborn, but I didn't expect that you were quite open in private."

Boyce looked back at the person who had spoken.

The man immediately smiled, "Officer Shawn, are you angry?"

"Officer Shawn is not that petty. It's just that you saw his wife and him kissing each other. What's the big deal? It's not like you guys caught them sleeping. What are you guys so excited about ..."

"You all have nothing better to do, do you?" Boyce stared at the man who had just spoken, "You're in charge of this case the government has assigned. Find out within a month."

The man was speechless.

"You are avenging me in the name of public interests."

Boyce took off his hat and snapped it on his desk, then sat down at his desk, "Even if I am avenging me in the name of public interests, what can you do to me?" _____

Chapter 848 Aren't You Afraid of Being Laughed At?

The man was speechless once again.

He immediately wimped out, "Officer Shawn, you're magnanimous, so please don't take it personally with me."

Boyce was avenging him in the name of public interests, but he knew in his heart what this man was capable of, "I'll give you ten more days."

The man held up two fingers, "Two months. At least two months."

Boyce looked up at him, "You're pushing your luck."

The man knew in his heart that Boyce hadn't given him this case on a whim. They had worked together before, and he was giving him a chance.

"I don't care, you have to give me two months. It's a complicated case and I'm still halfway through it. There are a lot of things I have to look into from the beginning. Forty days is too short a time." The man said seriously.

Boyce said, "Add another five days. I want to see the results in a month and a half."

"That's not enough time." The man had a bitter face.

"Figure it out yourself."

The man was speechless again.

The man thought to himself that he should never joke around with his boss, otherwise he would be punished badly.

In the evening, Boyce called Matthew and Armand after work and asked them out to dinner.

He had returned from a business trip and was now well on his way to a promotion, so he had to tell them about it.

It was more scared than hurt this time. Jasmine had bought a lot of food and wanted to celebrate with Boyce, but then she got a message from him, saying that he was going out for dinner.

She had to put away what she had bought and go to the restaurant Boyce had booked. When she arrived, Boyce had not yet arrived.

She took out her mobile phone and was about to call Boyce and ask him when he was coming over. At that moment, a car turned up and parked in the parking space in front of the restaurant. Soon, the people inside got down. It was Wendy and a man.

They looked quite close. This was Wendy's new marriage partner, whom she had been introduced to by someone else. The man was divorced but had no children and was average-looking but had a good job. They were a good match.

Wendy agreed to go out with him only because the man had a good job and was a step up from Boyce in looks and social status. Now Boyce had become the Officer. At his age, he was really young and talented to be in this position.

This was also a credit to Officer Miller. When he retired, he highly recommended Boyce, plus Boyce was competent and did a great job on his last trip out of town. At that time, the government gave Boyce three months, but he finished the job ahead of schedule, so his superiors were very positive about his ability to do the job.

So as soon as he returned, he was promoted to the top and took charge of the job.

At this moment, Wendy saw Jasmine standing in the doorway and was very jealous. And she did not attempt to conceal her hatred.

Boyce had belonged to her. It was because of Jasmine that she had lost him.

"You know him?" Her boyfriend, who was dating her, asked.

Wendy curled her lips and said, "Of course I know her. She may be young, but she has a great way of seducing men. My last boyfriend was seduced by her."

The man looked towards Jasmine, "She doesn't look very old ..."

"She's not too old, but she is scheming." Wendy took his arm and said, "Come on, let's go inside."

Seeing them coming, Jasmine stepped aside and proceeded to call Boyce.

Soon the call was answered and Boyce's voice came on the other end of the line, "Jasmine."

"When are you coming over? I'm already here," Jasmine said.

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

"I'll be there in a few minutes."

"Well, I'll wait for you." Jasmine hung up the phone.

Wendy stood in the doorway, looked her up and down, and said sarcastically, "A crow cannot become a phoenix even if it flies on a branch. You still look like a poor girl. No matter how you play up to people of power and influence, you're still not going to make it to the top."

Although Boyce had given Jasmine his bank card, where he kept his savings, she did not spend it frivolously. She didn't buy designer clothes or bags just because she had the money. She still dressed the same as she always did, without going for brands or high-end.

She was dressed simply and plainly. The most valuable thing she had on her body was a necklace given by Dolores.

But to Wendy's eyes, it was bought with Boyce's money.

"You're so young to be seducing men and coaxing them to buy you things. You're worthy of being the daughter of a murderer, and you've got a lot of tricks up your sleeve." Wendy was almost gritting her teeth. If it weren't for the man around her, she would have rushed up and ripped her face off.

Her youth combined with her good looks naturally made her own kind jealous. Not to mention that Wendy hated her even more when she felt she had stolen Boyce from her.

Rather than start a fight with her, Jasmine pulled away from her and tried to avoid her. But Wendy took her by the arm, "What? You have the guts to steal my man and not the guts to admit it?"

Jasmine said very coldly, "I don't know you well, and I don't know what you're talking about."

"Huh." Wendy laughed in exasperation, "You're denying it?"

Jasmine struggled hard, "Let go of me."

Wendy's boyfriend pulled Wendy away, "Let bygones be bygones. This is a public place. You'll attract onlookers if you pull like that."

People coming in and out of the restaurant would look at them, and they had already attracted attention.

"I should have shown more people how shameless she is." Wendy's voice got louder.

Jasmine frowned. This woman was unreasonable!

"Just let go of me or I'll call the police?" Jasmine glared at her angrily.

She felt so unlucky to have met her today, and she was so annoying.

"Call the police? You just call the police. Let's wait and see." Wendy, relying on the fact that her boyfriend was with her at the moment and Jasmine was alone, became more and more reckless. She clutched her wrist hard and pulled her towards her, "Jasmine, you know in your own heart how you hooked up with Boyce. Don't you dare say you didn't seduce him on account of your youth?"

"Only nasty people have nasty thoughts." Jasmine glared at her, "Of course he wouldn't fall in love with a woman like you."

Jasmine didn't want to start a fight with her, but Wendy wouldn't let up. She was out of options and couldn't stand her saying those awful things.

"Who are you talking about?!" Wendy's face was a little grim.

"You know in your own heart what kind of person you are. If you were a good woman, Boyce wouldn't have failed to choose you, would he? In terms of family background, you're a thousand times better than me. But why did he choose a woman with a poor family background like me over you? Shouldn't you be looking at your own problems?" Jasmine was sharp in her words, "You come from a respectable family. But you're dragging me around in public like this. Aren't you afraid people will laugh at you?"

Wendy hadn't expected her to be so eloquent and she couldn't even find the words to retort her.

Her eyes widened, "Say that again!"

Jasmine ignored her and tried to break her hand.

Wendy looked like her sore spot was touched. She was already irritated, and with Jasmine trying to break her hand away, she raised her other hand, "You shameless bitch!"

With that, she was about to slap Jasmine across the face._____

Next chapter