

» **Covenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap** » Chapter 119: You Don't Like HimPREVIOUS

Chapter 119: You Don't Like Him

NEXT

On the other side, Samuel fell asleep in Dolores arms while returning to the villa.

One side of his face was still red and swollen. Dolores felt very distressed and wanted to touch him but

was afraid of hurting him.

She was really quiet and didn't say a word, just

silently wiped her tears from time to time. Samuel had never been hurt before; this was the

first time. As it was said, when the child gets hurt the mother

feels the pain.

Matthew looked at her in the rear-view mirror. He wanted to comfort her so that she would not be so distressed but when he opened his mouth, he didn't know what to say.

He had never been a parent and couldn't understand her feelings.

It didn't take long before the car stopped in front of
the villa. Matthew got out and opened the door for her. It
was not convenient for her to get out while holding

Samuel. He reached out to pick him up, "Let me hold him."

"No, I will hold him myself." Since Samuel was

rescued, she had not been able to let go of him. She kept holding him, not letting anyone take over.

Matthew looked at her for two seconds and couldn't stand her attitude. This was her child and she could feel hurt and love him but she kept blaming herself and feeling like all of this was her fault. This was difficult for him to accept.

"It wasn't your fault, you don't need to punish yourself." He stubbornly took Samuel in his arms. Dolores didn't want to let go, "What are you doing?"

"If you don't want him to be woken up, keep quiet!" Dolores lowered her voice and whispered, "He has an injury on his head, please be careful."

She was afraid that Matthew would hurt Samuel. He was a big man and had no experience in holding children. Matthew hummed lightly in response.

Dolores had lived here before and was not unfamiliar with it. It had basically not changed, was just like before.

After experiencing the events of the day, Simona was either very scared or really tired, she had fallen asleep right after Abbott had brought her here. She was still asleep.

Coral had met Jessica and Simona once, so when Abbott brought them, she was a little surprised but then quite quickly became acquainted with Jessica.

Abbott didn't tell her why they were here and Coral didn't ask. She knew that Abbott was Matthew's right-hand man and he must have been instructed by Matthew himself.

After seeing the two children last time, she had felt that they were like Matthew when he was a child. In order to see them again, she often went to that supermarket, hoping to see them and asked around about their mother and father.

She was not able to meet them even if she went every day.

Unexpectedly, they came by themselves.

She looked everywhere for them only to have them come to her themselves.

Coral used this opportunity to inquire about the two

children.

Jessica probably guessed what this place was, but she didn't want to say much about her daughter. She just said that they were her daughter's children.

She didn't mention anything else.

Coral couldn't find out anything.

"Why don't you sit down?" Coral got up and wanted to show Jessica a picture of Matthew, when the front door of the villa was pushed open. Matthew walked in with Samuel in his arms.

Dolores followed behind. Subconsciously, as if by habit.

she opened the shoe cabinet and took out slippers. She

knew which ones were Matthew's and placed them in front

of him.

Matthew lowered his eyes and glanced at her, "Still haven't forgotten."

Dolores paused. She had only stayed there for less than a month and she still remembered the shoes

She raised her head calmly and said, "I remember

everything I have seen."

Jessica got up from the sofa and glanced at Matthew, and then her eyes finally fell on her daughter.

Coral saw them both coming in, Matthew with Samuel in his arms and Dolores walking besides him. Her mouth fell wide open and she looked at Jessica, "This is your daughter?" Jessica nodded.

Carol seemed to understand everything in an

instant, and she found it odd why Jessica didn't want to talk about the children.

Because her daughter gave birth to her children. after a divorce, she must have felt angry that the father of the children left her daughter and must have not wanted to

mention it.

In Coral's mind, Dolores children are Matthew's

Coral remembered six years ago, she was pregnant. Although they got separated in the beginning, they

had slept in the same room the first night they got married.

Moreover, her time calculations seemed correct,

and the children are five or six years old.

The room downstairs belonged to Matthew. After Dolores left, he still used it but he didn't spend much time at the villa after it.

"I'll take him to the room to sleep." Matthew said.

Dolores hummed in response.

"Lola." Jessica had a lot to ask Dolores, she

couldn't stop herself from calling her impatiently. Dolores stood in the hallway, not entering the

house, "Let's go outside and talk."

"Okay." After all, this was not their own place and

there were other people present. She changed her shoes at the door and followed

Dolores.

The front yard of the villa was covered with a large lawn with green and soft grass. There was a rockery besides the plants, with water rushing through it. Below that was a pool filled with ornamental fish, peculiar looking green fish with long tails; they looked like some rare valuable species.

In the front, there was a round table, four rattan chairs and a parasol.

Dolores pulled up a chair for Jessica.

Jessica sat down.

"What the hell is going on? Why did Dr. Herbert suddenly kidnap us and why are you still with him? You guys are divorced, no longer related to each other, was it because Dr. Herbert found out about this that he became hateful and did all this?"

Jessica asked a series of questions in a breath, expressing her thoughts.

Dolores shook her head, "No."

She had told Sampson before that she was willing to try and be with him. Later, because of his sister she had made it clear that it was impossible for them to be together. Not only there was no love between them but also because of his mother and sister standing between them.

"Why is that?" Jessica suddenly thought of

something. "Did you tell him that his mother asked you about it?"

"No." Dolores clenched her hands into fists. She

didn't know how to tell Jessica what he did to her.

It was really hard to tell.

"Then why?" How could a person change so much so suddenly? Jessica was confused.

She had been continuously thinking about it on her way to the villa.

But she still couldn't understand why he became like that.

"Mom, you know that I don't like him at all." Dolores fists became tighter and tighter, her palms were wet with sticky with sweat. It was only after reaching this point with Sampson that she was able to tell the truth.

She told Jessica what Sampson tried to do to her.

Jessica stood up from her chair in shock, "What?"

"How can he do such a thing?"

Dolores also hadn't been able to believe it in the beginning, but after thinking about it carefully she could figure it out.

He liked her and Maria liked Matthew.

If he destroyed her, Maria would still have a chance to be with Matthew.

For his sister's happiness he was willing to do even such a thing.

Jessica sat down, shocked for a long time, then she said, "It's true that we can know a person for years but still don't know what is going on in his heart."

As the saying went, there really was no knowing

what was in someone's heart. "And what about you and Matthew?" Jessica asked

again after her emotions stabilized a bit. She looked at her daughter, "You don't like him?"

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 120: T

[Home](#) » [Covenant Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap](#) » [Chapter 120: They Are Your Children](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 120: They Are Your Children](#)

NEXT

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

I

Her heart was conflicted, she had to admit it. It wasn't that she didn't have some feelings for Matthew, it was that she didn't dare to admit it.

She didn't want to think about it.

What seemed near was not near, what seemed far was not far. She didn't want to break open such vague emotions and go to the bottom of whether it was love or not.

It hurt to think so much.

When Jessica asked her, she didn't know how to answer. Her heart seemed to be filled with all sorts of mixed emotions.

"Why aren't you saying anything?" Jessica's eyes were red, "Perhaps, now that he is treating you well, have you thought about to the future? Can Samuel and Simona accept it? Will you not think about it ever?"

"Mom, I don't want to think about it right now. By the way, we may have to live here for a while. I am afraid that our residence is not safe." Dolores deliberately

changed the subject. Jessica was unwilling to let go this topic, "Was it because of him that you wanted to come back from

abroad?"

If she hadn't come back, maybe these things

wouldn't have happened. Dolores bowed her head and said nothing, clearly

silently agreeing with Jessica. Jessica had wanted to say a few words to her, couldn't be blinded by the good in front of her.

Instead of saying what was on her mind, Jessica suddenly changed the direction and said, "Your life matters. are yours to decide."

She was an adult now and she had her own mind and ideas.

Too much interference could pressurize her.

Jessica sighed, "If it is for the safety for your children, then we must live here."

Thinking about what Sampson did, she still had lingering fears.

Dolores knew what she was worried about and

said, "Don't worry, I will protect myself."

Inside the villa...

Matthew laid the sleeping Samuel in the room downstairs.

Carol stood at the door, watching him. Since Matthew had come in, she had been

following him around, as if she had a lot to say. "Do you already know it?" Carol asked from the

door. Matthew pulled up Samuel's quilt, stood up and

looked at her, "Know what?"

Carol was anxious, "That they are your children!" Matthew's eyes became gloomy as Carol seemed to have stepped on a vein with this topic.

It was something he had deliberately ignored, suddenly she asked about it and he was forced to look at it directly and he was not happy.

Carol frowned. Matthew's attitude was very strange to her. Was she wrong? She thought.

Why was he looking at her like that?

Carol sighed, ran to bring the photo, walked to the bed and compared it to Samuel's face, "Look..."

Samuel was injured and his face was swollen, completely different from when she had seen him last time.

She stared.

"Why is he hurt?" Carol felt really distressed. He was so cute and smart when she saw him before.

Matthew didn't want to discuss this matter with others, "Don't mention his identity in the future."

"Can..."

No giving up, Carol tried to continue.

"She was pregnant before we got married. The children are not mine." Matthew interrupted her quickly.

He had never touched her. Wouldn't he know? The thought of her with someone else in bed made

him depressed and made it hard to breathe. So, he didn't want anyone to mention the identity of

these children to him. He didn't want anyone to talk to him about her past.

He didn't want to know about it!

"You... What are you talking about?" Carol was shocked Her hands were trembling and she was only able to speak after a long time.

Matthew married someone who had already been pregnant?

How was this possible?

"I didn't think of her as that kind of indecent girl with no self-respect. How could this be possible?" Carol couldn't believe that Dolores was pregnant before she married Matthew.

I know the truth and I don't want to hear other people's speculations about it." After saying that, Matthew

stepped out of the room.

This was Carol, he wouldn't have said this much if it was anyone else.

Carol's mind was a mess. She looked at the photos in her hands and at Samuel who was lying in the bed. Even though his face was swollen, she still remembered how he looked when he was not injured.

How could Dolores have conceived him before marriage?

How?

He clearly looked like Matthew did when he was a child.

Carol was still unable to come out of the shock of this incident.

She didn't know how to walk back to the room, she felt like she was floating in space.

Dolores and Jessica entered the villa. Jessica went to the guest bedroom to see if

Simona was awake. Dolores went to the kitchen to find some ice cubes in the freezer. She wrapped them in a towel and applied it to Samuel's face.

The sky gradually darkened and became red as the sun sank.

Carol had cleared up her emotions and went to the kitchen to prepare dinner.

Simona woke up, finding herself in an unfamiliar environment she stuck to Jessica and stayed in her arms.

Jessica was also unfamiliar with the place so she held Simona in the room and didn't go out.

In the study room, Matthew hung up the phone and looked at the time. It was five o'clock. He got up and walked out of the study room. The living room was quiet. Occasionally, the sound of Carol preparing dinner came from the kitchen.

Matthew opened the door to the bedroom and saw Dolores sitting on the chair by the bed with a towel

on the

table.

Samuel was still asleep.

It looked like Dolores was guarding him.

He walked in and looked at the child lying on the bed, his eyelashes spread on his cheeks. He reached out, held Dolores head and pressed it into his embrace. comforting her, "Don't worry too much."

She hummed.

Matthew was standing and Dolores was sitting. He held her head so that her face was against his abdomen. She could feel his abs through his shirt, hot and hard.

"Thank you." Dolores said sincerely as she stretched out her hand and wrapped it around his waist.

This time the incident had happened so suddenly, if it hadn't been for Matthew's help, she didn't know what would have happened.

Fortunately, both children were fine now.

Matthew's body froze, his thoughts became confused for a moment.

Dolores rarely took initiative to have physical contact with him. Did this mean that's he was slowly opening up to him?

He clasped her head softly, rubbing her ears and the skin behind her ears, occasionally kneading her earlobes.

It seemed that her earlobes were a bit more sensitive, she shuddered slightly.

Feeling her reaction, Matthew bent down and kissed her hair, forehead, the corner of her eyes, her cheeks...

"Hmm..."

There was a soft groan, followed by Samuel's slightly hoarse voice, "Mommy."

Dolores quickly drew back, pushing Matthew away and quickly looked around to see Samuel, "Are you awake?"

Matthew didn't know what to say.

"Yeah." Samuel looked at Matthew, put his hand under the quilt and held the bed sheet tightly. Actually, he had woken up when Matthew had walked in.

He had kept silent on purpose to see how he and Dolores get along.

He was not prepared to see that. They were divorced but he still wanted to kiss his mother.

He really hated him!

He looked at Matthew and grinned, hissing painfully as the corner of his lips stretched, "Thank you, really!"

Matthew frowned. Looking at his smile, he could smell conspiracy.

"Don't talk! There is a wound on your mouth." Dolores felt sorry for her son seeing the corner of his lips hurt when he spoke.

"Mommy, do you not know?" Samuel pretended to be surprised.

"Know what?" Dolores looked at her son blankly.

Matthew glared at him warningly.

Samuel pretended to not see it and said to Dolores,

"Mommy, I was kidnapped but it was intentional." "What?" Dolores couldn't stop herself.

Was his brain affected? Why was he saying he was

intentionally kidnapped? Samuel continued to pretend to be innocent, "Yeah, it was his idea to have me kidnapped by Sampson."

He pointed at Matthew.

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 121:

Home » Covenant Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap » Chapter 121: A Woman Who Have Given Birth to Two Children

PREVIOUS

Chapter 121: A Woman Who Have Given Birth to Two Children

NEXT

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

Matthew was rendered speechless. Dolores raised her head to look at him as if she was

asking him what the hell was going on.

Matthew finally understood why Samuel paused just now.

Samuel was so young, but how could he become

so scheming? "Kid, if you keep acting like this way, you'll not grow

tall,"

"I will grow taller than you. You'll not be able to grow tall. Samuel seemed to be emboldened due to the

presence of his mommy. Was this kid dropping his benefactor as soon as his help was not required?

"What the hell is going on?" Dolores suddenly stood to her feet. Judging from their tones when they were talking, it looked like the two of them were quite familiar with each other.

Didn't Samuel detest Matthew very much? How came that he they had contacts with each other?

Had Matthew secretly come into contact with her son without her acknowledgement?

What was his intention?

"Make it clear to me." Dolores pulled a long face and acted like she would not let go of them easily if they didn't give her an explanation.

"You, tell me." Dolores pointed at Samuel. Samuel blinked his eyes and told her the truth, "Mummy, I know that you were bullied by Sampson

Dolores' heart missed one beat. How... How did Samuel know about this?

"Samuel."

"He told me about that." Samuel pointed at

Matthew and added, "When Sampson went to our home and said that he wanted to take us out to have meal together, I felt that he was bearing some bad intentions. So I call Matthew for help. He asked me whether if I wanted to seek revenge for you. My answer was YES. Then he instructed me to be taken away by Sampson obediently because he would be able to find out the evidences of the crime that Sampson had committed in this way."

Samuel was clear that her mom cared about him a lot. So even if Sampson had bullied her, she would not seek revenge against him at the cost of her son's safety. Originally, he intended to tell Matthew about this,

but when thinking of that Matthew had dumped her mother before, he dropped the idea. He had expected that Dolores would get mad after learning about this.

"Is that so?" Dolores asked while fixing her eyes on Matthew with a gush of coldness surging from her heart.

Undoubtedly, Matthew had the courage to take the

blame for what he had done.

"Yes."

Although Dolores was very angry, she didn't fly into a temper in front of Samuel; instead, she asked Samuel to have a good rest, "Samuel, sleep for a more while. Mummy will come back home to bring your

clothes here."

Samuel obediently nodded his head and pulled the quilt. He stole a glance at Matthew with his lips curling up into a triumphant smile.

'Mummy is angry now. Will you be able to kiss her in such case?' Samuel thought to himself.

"Come with me." Dolores left the room after

finishing the words. Matthew threw a glance at Samuel and asked, "Kid,

you framed me?"

"I was just telling the truth. How could it be a frame?" Samuel pulled the quilt to cover half of his face and blinked his eyes that were exposed out of the quilt, "It was you who asked me to be caught."

When he was saying the last sentence, his voice fell to a whisper.

It seemed to be inappropriate to do so.

Matthew had helped him to punish a bad guy. But Matthew actually had done something wrong.

With such thoughts, Samuel felt more sorry to

Matthew.

"Well." Matthew curled his lips into a light smile, "I

lost. But..."

His smile became brighter as he said meaningfully, "Guess whether I can subside your mom's anger?"

"Nope." Samuel replied confidently because he

knew deep down that Dolores loved him so much.

"My mom gave birth to me and she loves me so

much."

Matthew was amused by the logic in his words.

He squatted down and looked into Samuel's eyes, "Kid, you can never give your mommy the things that I can give to her." "What?" When looking into Matthew's eyes with confidence in it, Samuel was flustered.

Matthew stood up as if they hadn't had eyes contact just now. He slowly stroked his collar that had no folds on it, "Your mommy is waiting for me."

"Make it clear!" Samuel sat up with a rush.

'He was angry?' Matthew thought to himself. But he just walked out of the room steadily and

completely ignored Samuel's shouting.

Dolores was waiting for him outside. When seeing him coming out of the room, she asked, "What are you doing inside? It has been a long while."

"I had a small talk with your son." Matthew pressed down the 'unlock' button of the car key and with a 'di' sound, the car that was parked at the entrance was unlocked.

"Let's go."

Dolores followed him and got into the car.

After driving for a short while, Dolores finally broke the silence, "Stop. I have something to take to you."

Matthew stopped the car by the roadside.

"You've really gone too far this time. Do you know?" Dolores turned her head to look out of the window because she didn't have the courage to look into his eyes. She was disappointed inside. She never dreamed of the possibility the he would love her children or accept them.

But she couldn't accept him taking risks with the children's safety.

"They're very important to me." Dolores put one hand on her chest. It felt like something had poked a hole in her heart and the wind was blowing through her incomplete heart, making her feel chilly all over.

"How could you use his life as your bait? What if there's an accident? Have you ever thought of that?" She added with her head lowered, "I was not you. You have many women who take fancy to you to choose when you're tired of me and you can have many children in the future. But I only have Samuel and Simona."

Matthew's expressions changed dramatically when he heard the last sentence.

He looked at Dolores gloomily, "Dolores Flores, dare

you to say it again!"

He seldom her by full name.

Matthew clutched her chin, forcing her to face himself, and said word by word, "Dare you to say it again!"

When perceiving the disappointment in his eyes, Dolores was a bit dumbfounded. She then sneered, "chased me because of novelty, right? There are various kinds of women in your world, and most of which are of your own class. Why do you take fancy to me?"

Her appearance?

There were numerous women who were much

more beautiful than her.

"There mustn't be a woman who has given birth to

a child by your side, right?" Her words were quite scornful.

Matthew was so furious, but he grinned instead, "Was I so good to you before, that you think that I'm an affable person? Huh?"

"Do you forget what you have promised me?" He approached her little by little and Dolores could see his sharp eyes and eyebrows clearly as well as feel his breathing. She held her breath and replied, "But you've promised me that you won't hurt my children." "Did I hurt them?"

"But you took advantage of them."

"So what do you want to do?"

Dolores looked down. Yeah, what could she do to

him? She had no power to fight against him.

She would swallow the grievance if it was her who was taken advantage of because she didn't care about it. But since this matter was related to her child, she would never make a concession!

"Dare you to take advantage of them again, I will kill you." She said in a resolute tone.

"Kill me?" Matthew had never seen a person who had the assurance to claim that she would kill him in front of himself.

And it was uttered by a woman.

He didn't get mad; instead, he chuckled. He praised her doggedness. Apparently she had

nothing, but she had the courage.

"All right. If this happen again, you can kill me." He loosened the clutch on her chin, reached out his hand to grasp her waist, and then exerted some forces on his hand

to carry her from the backseat to the driver seat. Dolores exclaimed in shock, "What are you doing?"

"Hiss. Keep your voice down."

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 122

[Home](#) » [Covenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap](#) » [Chapter 122: Let Me Hug You for a While](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 122: Let Me Hug You for a While](#)

[NEXT](#)

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

Dolores became silent as she thought someone

was nearby. But she then found that there was no one around;

instead, the surroundings were quite quiet.

"What are you doing?" asked Dolores.

Matthew looked down at her, his eyelashes shaking

slightly.

She was sitting on his thighs with a weird posture. The posture was quite ambiguous.

Dolores' face immediately became red and even her neck was blushed. She looked like a cooked shrimp.

"You... You..."

Dolores reached out in an attempt to cover her face, but Matthew grasped her wrist with his palm and confined her movements.

His Adam's apple popped up and down and his black eyes flashed a trace of light, making it misty.

He chuckled and said in a husky voice, "You're gonna kill me, so I can't die with regrets."

Dolores' mind had totally gone blank.

She didn't react at the moment as she had lost the

ability to think.

"When will you accept me?" His lips gradually approached hers and his breathing caused Dolores to shiver all over as if a torrent of electricity had pierced through her skin and spread to her legs and arms.

Her eyes were tinged with a thin layer of tears. "I don't know." "But I can't wait anymore." His loving eyes were like the scorching sun in a tropical desert that Dolores felt so hot and she couldn't find a word to reply for a long while.

"If you don't say something, I would regard it as a

silent approval.

One of his hand cruised all the way down to her

waist along her spin...

A harsh light reflected from the rear-view mirror happened to dazzle Dolores, which caused her to be somber immediately. She pushed away Matthew and said, "Nope. I haven't gotten myself prepared. You've promised me that you'll wait until I accept you."

"But you acquiesced it just now."

Dolores was rendered speechless.

"I didn't." She then denied.

"There seems to be someone." Dolores saw a black car that was parked behind Matthew's through the car window.

But Matthew just thought she was finding an excuse, "Don't try to fool me."

Dolores wore a serious look, "I didn't fool you. It's a

black car, and the license plate number is ZQ6668.*

Matthew paused and then looked back.

It was true that there was a black car behind them.

His face darkened slightly. And the romantic ambience in the car cooled down a bit.

"You know the owner?" Dolores had noticed the change of Matthew's expressions

Matthew confirmed with a nasal sound.

It was his father's car. How could he not know the car owner?

But why was he here now?

He buttoned Dolores' clothes and instructed her,

"Stat in the car.

Dolores nodded.

After helping Dolores dress the clothes, he pushed open the car door, got off the car, and then walked towards the car behind.

"He's really Matthew. Victoria talked to her

husband.

Jayden pulled a long face, "Why is he here at this moment?"

Why did he become more and more unruly recently?

Jayden originally intended to come out to find Matthew alone, but Victoria was worried that they would come into a quarrel, so she came with him..

Thomas got off the car and greeted Matthew respectfully, "Young master."

But Matthew just ignored him and stared at the persons in the car.

"Are you free now?" asked Jayden.

Matthew replied nonchalantly, "Any matters?"

"Can't I come to see you if I don't have any matters." Jayden had always tried to have a clam and sensible talk with Matthew, but the reply he got from him was always an indifferent and cold look.

Jayden would be angered every time.

Victoria grasped his hand to comfort him and let

him not to be angry.

Matthew chuckled, "Do you have time?" When Matthew was 20 years old, Jayden passed the company to him.

Since then, he had never bothered about any affairs in the company and had been courting this woman at

home.

Matthew often thought that if his father and this woman gave birth to a child in the future, he would definitely let the child take control of the company.

Although Matthew didn't give a shit to this matter, he could by no means accept the fact that his father had fallen in love with the other woman.

His brought this woman home less than one month after his mother's death.

Apparently, he had cheated his mother with this woman before her death.

"What's your attitude?" Jayden furrowed his brows.

It was really hard for Jayden to remain calm in the face of Matthew's blatant sarcasm.

Victoria stole a glance at her husband and sighed helplessly. This pair of father and son had always been eyeball to eyeball.

She pushed open the door and got off the car, and then said in an extremely humble manner, "Landon Herbert came to our home to find your father because of a piece of news."

"Don't intervene in my affairs." Matthew left after finishing the words.

"We're just caring about you." Tears welled up in Victoria's eyes as she stared at his tall leaving back. She added, "Although the Herbert family is now in crisis, it has accumulated its reputation and social connections after all. If we really offend them openly, I'm afraid that they would do something bad to you."

But Matthew just kept moving forward as if he hadn't heard the words.

"Stop!" Jayden shouted sternly. He took a deep breath and then asked, "Which woman are you together with now?"

Matthew was frozen on the spot for a short while. He then turned around slowly and stared at the grey-haired man who was standing under a street lamp, "Have I asked you which woman were you together with?"

Jayden trembled violently because of anger, "It has been so many years. You should let go of it!"

"Since I haven't intervened in your affairs, please don't horn in on my own business either." Matthew didn't utter any harsh words this time, but his tone was so cold. There was no emotion in his words and it sounded as if he was talking to a stranger.

He turned around again after finishing the words. After taking two steps, he stopped and said to the man behind him without turning around, "As for the news, I know what the propriety is."

Jayden felt sulky. "Go home."

Victoria didn't move. She just stared at Matthew's tall leaving back.

"Let's go." Jayden reached out to hold her hand. He was confident in Matthew's ability and believed that he would solve the matter.

When Matthew took over WY Group at the age of 20, he was just a university graduate, but now Jayden felt proud of the achievements that he had made.

"I just want to have a look at him." Victoria wiped away the tears from her eyes.

Jayden stood by her side, held her hand and also stared at Matthew's back, "You should feel happy"

Victoria was still a bit upset. Yeah, she should feel

happy now. Matthew went back to the car and started the car

without saying a word.

Dolores noticed that he was in a bad mood. She didn't raise any question and just sat by his side silently.

Matthew didn't know where to go and just randomly

drove in the urban area. Dolores reached out and put her hand on the back of his hand.

She could resonate with him now.

Coral had told her about the grudges between Matthew and his father before.

And she saw the persons who got off the car just now. As Victoria had come to find her before, she recognized him.

Dolores didn't have a poor impression of Victoria because she felt Victoria was different from other home-wreckers.

But she was a home-wrecker after all and was now Jayden's official wife.

"My father also cheated my mother. So I know how

you feel now."

Matthew fixated his eyes on the back of his hand, spun the steering-wheel and stopped the car by the roadside. He reached out to hug her. When her warm, soft body felt into his embrace, he found his heart not that empty.

He put his head on her shoulder and whispered, "Let me hug you for a while. Just a while."

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 123:

[Home](#) » [Covenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap](#) » [Chapter 123: Freemasonry](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 123: Freemasonry](#)

[NEXT](#)

[Click 'Setting' button to setting theme](#)

He would only show his weakness for such a short

while, in this quiet night, in front of this woman.

Someone said that if you didn't experience it, you

wouldn't resonate with other people's sufferings.

She believed that if she hadn't been abandoned by her father, she would not be able to understand his

feelings right now.

Maybe it was because they had similar experience,

they had freemasonry now. Dolores reached out to pat his back.

She didn't say too much and just console him in a

silent manner.

Matthew was not a person who liked to show his feelings. If the one in front of him was not Dolores, he would not have shown his weak self. "Come home?" His depressed voice sounded.

"I told Samuel that I'll come back home to bring some clothes. If I don't take the clothes, I'm afraid that Samuel would investigate into this. He's a sensible boy." When thinking of her son, Dolores' tone became more serious, "Don't take risk with Samuel's safety in the future. I'm serious."

"Okay." He never thought of what he should do if there was an accident.

Matthew started the car after calming down himself.

After a short while, the car stopped at Dolores' residence. Dolores got off the car and Matthew followed behind her. Dolores turned around and looked at him, asking, "Will you go upstairs too?"

"I want to see what your residence looks like." He had never visited her home.

Dolores led the way for him. When they arrived at the door, she produced the key and opened the door.

The house was not that big, but its decoration was very warm and made Matthew feel like he was in his own home.

Dolores went to Samuel's bedroom to take his clothes first and then went to her bedroom to pack up Simona's clothes

When she was packing up clothes, Matthew casually walked around the house. The house was not that big, and although she had two children, the house remained tidy and clean. There was a picture on the

bedside table, which was a group photo of Samuel and Simona.

Matthew picked up the picture. The picture was taken on a grassland and the children in the picture seemed to be two years old or more. With bubble toys at hand, they were blowing bubbles.

When Dolores saw the picture at his hand, she smiled, "This was taken right after they learned how to walk. Although Samuel was smart, he only knew how to walk at one and half and could only walk steadily at the age of two."

Lights flashed in her eyes when she mentioned about her children.

She was sending out the glory of motherly love.

She looked soft and gentle at the moment. Matthew put down the picture and thought to himself, 'She will only smile like this in front of her children, right?'

"Take a seat. I'll go to the other room." Jessica's bedroom was near this room and she needed to tidy up the room.

After Dolores' departure, Matthew sat down by the bedside. Maybe it was because she had to take care of the children, there was a cartoon sheet on the bed and the bed looked quite clean.

The drawer of the bedside table was half-opened and there was a pink book inside. Matthew opened the drawer and found that the book turned out to be a picture album.

He took it out and opened it and saw a picture of a little infant. She was wrapped by a pink blanket and was wearing a pink hat. Her face was tender, soft and pinky and she looked quite cute.

He turned to the next page and saw a picture of

Samuel. It was taken in his childhood. He was wrapped by

a blue blanket and was wearing a blue hat. His face was as pinky as his sister's. It seemed the pictures were taken when they were just delivered because they looked really small and young

in the pictures.

Dolores would take pictures for them every year, including pictures when they just learned how to walk, pictures when they started to teethe, and pictures when they could talk.

She had recorded all of these in detail.

Click

A picture fell down onto the ground from the picture album, Matthew picked up the picture and found that it was a group photo of Dolores and the two children. She was sitting on a carpet and the two children were playing building blocks on the carpet. Dolores was looking and smiling at them gently and lovingly.

He studied the picture for a while, but when he was about to put it back, he found that there were some words behind the picture through the light. Hence he turned over the picture and saw the words inscribed on the back of the photo that seemed to be written by a black fountain pen:

[Babies, my dear babies, mommy feels so sorry that I can't give you a complete home. You only have mommy and grandma at home. But I will love you so much. Thank you for coming to my world and bringing lights into my lifeless world. With you, I don't feel lonely or afraid. anymore.]

Staring at the graceful handwriting with his unfathomable eyes for a short while, Matthew was lost in his thoughts and only put the picture back into the album and the album back into the drawer after hearing the noise.

With a bag at her hand, Dolores poked out her head

from behind the door, "I finished." Matthew stood to his feet, leaving a large area of

dark shadows on the ground, and looked at the woman who was standing at the door, "You've packed up?"

"Yeah." Dolores nodded,

"Let's go,"

Dolores nodded. Matthew walked to her side and reached out to take her bag, "Let me carry it."

"No need. It's not heavy." There were only some clothes and some living supplies inside." "Just give it to me." Matthew took the bag.

Dolores looked sideways at him and then looked down. She didn't say anything and just walked by his side. They walked out of the door, locked the house, and then walked out of the community.

In the Herbert family....

A maid of the Herbert family went out to buy meat and vegetables, but when she came back, some people threw eggs at her.

"What's wrong?" Camilla looked at the messy maid with her eyes widened.

With her head lowered, the maid replied, "When I came back from the market and arrived at the entrance, someone threw eggs at me. She said there were many jobs, but... but.... why did I work as a maid in your family." The exact words were quite harsh and abusive. She

said there were many jobs, but why did she serve some

bastards who bullied children.

"Madam, in case that you may bump into some radical people, you'd better not go out recently. I'm afraid that they would do something bad to you."

Camilla took a step backward and the maid hurriedly walked over to support her, "Are you okay?"

Camilla shook her head. The maid was thrown eggs by them at the door, so the situation in the company would be even worse,

It was true that the situation in the company was even worse. Many of the company's outlets were boycotted. When the customers heard that it was an outlet of the Herbert Group, they would not step into the store, not to mention buying things in it.

The Herbert Group had outlets in every city in the country, and the situation was getting more and more serious

Its sales volume dropped by 20% in one day, which was a very horrible speed.

Warner drove Landon home, "I'll go to find Matthew and see which conditions he will require to suspend the deterioration of this matter."

Landon was also anxious. After all, reputation was an important thing in the business world. Once a company's reputation was damaged, the customers would not pay for its products any longer.

"If he refuses to help, you can prepare for the

worst. Indeed, if Matthew refused to give them a hand, it would be the worst situation.. Matthew was tough in this matter and left them almost no room to react, which showed that he was really

angered this time.

There was only one reason behind this - the things that Sampson and Maria did before had touched his bottom line.

Now that he wanted to punish them, he could just hand Sampson and Maria to the police. They didn't kill the boy after all and at most they would be interrogated in the police station and would be arrested for a few days. When Matthew cooled down, this matter would be solved.

"Dad, look, there are many people at the entrance." Warner was sitting on the driver's seat and therefore he saw many people surrounding around the entrance of his home from afar

They were swearing at them, most of which were about the Herbert family's throwing their weight around and bullying the weak or the distortion of the family's human nature, etc.

All in all, their words were so harsh and abusive.

"Go to the back gate. Landon said with a gloomy face Apparently, he was extremely furious.

"Matthew Nelson is too arrogant!" He didn't even inform them of this and just directly carried out his plan, leaving them no room to make preparations.

"This is his way of doing things. And it's well-known in the industry." Since Warner was also in the business circle, naturally he had heard about Matthew's way of doing things.

He was decisive, enterprising and resolute.

The car stopped at the back gate. When Warner walked into the house in a fury, Camilla was just about to give him a phone call and tell him that there were some people at the entrance and therefore he'd better come back from the back gate.

Seeing them come in, Camilla put down the phone and walked over to greet them, "Are you okay?"

"We're good. We come back from the back gate." Warner took a deep breath, "This matter has a great impact on us. I will not have dinner at home tonight. I have to go out.

"Where are you going?" asked Camilla.

"I should have a talk with him." Warner's voice gradually fell to a whisper because he was not confident in it inwardly.

"Then I'll leave this matter in your hands." Landon had been busy outside all day long and looked quite exhausted. Camilla supported him into the bedroom.

When seeing Warner, Maria walked downstairs from the second floor, "Warner, I'll go with you."

"What are you going for?"

Warner stared at her coldly, "You are the culprit of this matter. You go with me? You would only bring it to a worse situation."

Maria had been accustomed to his denials so she didn't get mad; instead, wearing a pair of slippers, she walked downstairs step by step and fixed her eyes on Warner, "I possess a thing. And he will be willing to negotiate with us even make a concession if he sees it."

"What thing?" Warner asked with uncertainty.

Maria appeared to be very confident, "You bring me together with you, and I'll show it to you. How's it?"

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 124:

[Home](#) » [Covenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap](#) » [Chapter 124: I Want Father to Hug Me](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 124: I Want Father to Hug Me](#)

NEXT

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

Warner's expressions turned even colder because he didn't like Maria to give him the condition, "Don't forget that you're the culprit of all these. So originally you should bear the responsibility to solve all these. Now you use it as your chip to bargain with me? If dad knows about it, he will be very angry.

Maria curled her lips into a smile, "Warner, I guess you're afraid that I'll steal your thunder, right?"

"What a joke." Warner felt bothered to talk with her, "Is it that easy to get Matthew's soft spot? If you have a chip, you can just threaten him to marry you. Why did you plan all those things? Could it be that you're insane?"

Warner had calmed down himself now and he didn't believe that Maria had gotten Matthew's soft spot.

If she had a chip, she could directly threaten

Matthew to marry her. Why would they cancel the

engagement and caused all these troubles.

"You're the insane one." Maria was angered, "Originally I want to help you. But since you don't give a

shit to it, then don't blame me for standing aside." She turned around and went upstairs after finishing

the words.

Warner sneered, "Just stay at home obediently, and don't anger dad."

Camilla happened to walk out from the bedroom. When hearing that Warner was shouting loudly, she reprimanded him at a low voice, "Your dad has been in a bad mood in these two days, so don't talk loudly at home in case that will anger him."

She had exerted great forces to console him and let him stay in the bedroom to have a

"I see." Warner walked into his bedroom to change clothes. He took out his clothes from the closet, but he was not in a hurry to change them; instead, he sat down onto the sofa, produced his phone to find out Abbott's phone number and gave him a phone call.

He cleared his throat and pondered what he should say when the call was received. Apparently, he contacted Abbott at this juncture because of the news, so Abbott might not be willing to receive the phone call, or he might refuse to meet him.

Abbott didn't pick up the phone call until the

ringtone was over. Grasping the phone, Warner was not discouraged. Instead, he put down his phone, unbuttoned his suit jacket and then walked into the bathroom. After taking a bath, he changed his clothes and went out. Maria, who was standing by a window of the

second floor, pushed aside the curtain with one hand and

watched Warner driving out of the mansion from the back

gate.

No matter whether Matthew loved her or not, no one could deny that since she had been by his side for long, she knew him quite well and was confident that

Matthew would definitely refuse to meet Warner. Maria curled up her lips, "Brother, I've given you a

chance, but you didn't seize it. Then don't blame me."

She produced her phone and sent a video to Matthew's phone as well as his private e-mail in case that he would not notice

In the villa...

Coral cooked a table of dishes as if they were celebrating a Jessica helped her serve rice and Simona was

playing in the living room alone. Samuel was still in his

bedroom, refusing to go out. He said he looked ugly now. and refused to see anyone.

Two streaks of white light streamed into the villa—a black car was coming from outside. Soon, Dolores and Matthew got off the car and walked into the villa together.

When Simona heard the sound of door opening, she hurriedly raised her head from sofa and looked towards the door. When she saw the man who was coming in, her eyes lit up.

Samuel had told her that this man was their father.

She swiftly slid down from the sofa and ran towards the door with her short legs. Dolores thought that she was coming to welcome her, so she squatted down and prepared to hug her, "Simona."

Nevertheless, Simona didn't jump into her embrace;

instead, she stopped in front of Matthew, raised her head,

blinked her eyes and fixed her eyes on the tall man. He was

so tall and so handsome.

"Daddy."

Both Dolores and Matthew were rendered

speechless. "Daddy." Simona reached out to hug Matthew's leg,

"Daddy, carry me."

Dolores coaxed her, "Simona, be obedient, come to

mummy"

Simona shook her head, "I want daddy to carry me."

Dolores felt both awkward and distressed. Although Simona had been in lack of paternal love, she never called others daddy randomly. "Simona, come to mummy. He... He's not your daddy"

"Nope, I want Daddy. Simona refused to accept what Dolores had said and hugged Matthew's leg even tighter. She stuck her face on his leg, raised her head, and blinked her big bright eyes, "Daddy, can you carry me?"

Matthew had been frozen at the moment Simona

stuck herself to his leg. He looked down to meet her watery, clear eyes with anticipation in them.

He stooped to pick her up. Simona's skin was so fair. Maybe it was because she was light, Matthew didn't use too much might.

Simona was dumbfounded when seeing him at such a close distance. 'Daddy is so handsome!' she

exclaimed inwardly.

She wrapped her arm around his neck tightly, as if she was afraid that he would put her down and nestled her head on his shoulder.

Dolores wanted to take her into her arms, "Simona."

"Mummy, I want daddy to carry me." Simona stopped her with a sobbing tone. She yearned for a father deep down and desired the embrace of her father.

She longed for a father. "Let me carry her." Matthew didn't feel her repulsive.

After all, no one would reject such a cute girl.

Dolores felt helpless and explained, "She never acted like this before."

Matthew glanced at her blandly and curled his lips into a scornful smile, "She doesn't have a father since her birth, so naturally she's lack of paternal love."

Dolores was nailed on the spot. Although she looked calm on the surface, she felt that her heart was grasped so tightly by an irony hand that she even couldn't breathe and could only feel the pain.

She walked into the house to put down the things with her head lowered.

Matthew carried Simona into the living room and let her sit on his thighs. He then studied her

appearance carefully. Simona looked like Samuel but was more endearing than him.

Her face was as fair as the impeccable porcelain. It was so soft that he had the impulse to pinch it.

With such a thought in mind, Matthew put into action. When he pinched her cheek, he felt it elastic and

tender, "Your name is Simona?"

Simona nodded and curled her pinky lips into a smile, baring her white teeth, "Mummy said Simona means tenderness and the sun in the morning and my name is a symbol of hope."

Dolores hoped her daughter could be tender and be as dazzling as the sun.

She hoped that there would be no darkness, but

only brightness in her daughter's life.

Simona blinked her eyes and looked at Matthew, "Is

it a good name?"

"Good."

It was not a perfunctory answer. Matthew really thought that Dolores had given her a good name,

Simona was all smiles and pounced into his embrace. She stuck her face onto his chest to listen to his heartbeat, "Daddy."

Matthew tensed up again. He had been living for thirty more years, but it was first time for him to hear someone addressing him 'daddy'.

He felt inexplicitly excited.

It was like throwing a stone into a stagnant pond and the stone caused waves of ripples in the pond, just like how he felt at the moment.

He couldn't calm down.

Simona dug into his collar and stroke his skin.

Matthew, "...".

He wanted to take away her hand, but Simona: refused to let go of his collar, "I want to drink milk.

Matthew was rendered speechless again..

He didn't have breasts!

"Mummy has milk." Simona blinked her eyes in curiosity. Why didn't daddy have it?

Simona continued to cruise on his chest randomly.

His chest was so flat and hard.

"Mummy's chest is so soft. Why don't you have milk?" Simona felt aggrieved.

Matthew's expressions became more tensed up. He panted for breath with his head raised.

Wasn't Simona and Samuel a pair of twins?

Why were their characteristics so different?

Apparently Samuel was an independent person while Simona was a very clingy child.

Right at this moment, the phone in his pocket rang. But Matthew didn't have the mood to check it.

Simona felt curious and reached out to his pocket while reminding, "Daddy, your phone is ringing." "I see."

"I'll take the phone for you." Simona played up to

him.

She wanted Matthew to like her; therefore, she had

to perform well. Simona produced the phone from Matthew's

pocket and saw a video message on the screen. She blinked her eyes and accidentally opened the video.

The video was soon displayed.

"Mummy, breasts." Simona recognized the persons in the video.

Matthew furrowed his brows and lowered his head to look at the video...

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 125:

[Home](#) » [Covenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap](#) » [Chapter 125: Got a Daughter without Effort](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 125: Got a Daughter without Effort](#)

[NEXT](#)

[Click 'Setting' button to setting theme](#)

In the video, Dolores was lying on a black sofa,

while Sampson was unbuttoning her clothes slowly... Her skin as well as her breasts was gradually

exposed.

"Mummy, breasts." Simona didn't know what it was and shouted again, because she saw her mummy and her mummy's breasts.

Matthew quickly grabbed the phone from her and Simona was dumbfounded for a moment. She blinked her eyes in disbelief with tears welling up in her eyes. With a look as innocent as that of a fawn, she asked in an aggrieved tone, "Daddy, you don't like me?"

Why did he snatch the phone so rudely?

Matthew's expressions became very gloomy. Apparently, this was videoed when Sampson planned to rape Dolores on that day. His neck and temples all tensed up with blue veins standing out.

Although Simona was pure, she could differentiate

whether one was in a good mood or in a bad mood. Obviously, her father was in a bad mood now.

Was it because he didn't like her?

She lowered her head and wriggled her fingers. A drop of tear fell down on the back of her hand.

She said in a soft yet husky voice, "I didn't mean to anger you, daddy."

Simona's little shoulders were trembling lightly when she was sobbing

She looked extremely pitiful and cried like a child who was abandoned by her father.

Matthew took a deep breath and then wiped away the tears from her eyes with his thumb, "Don't cry. I'm not mad at you."

When hearing the words, Simona abruptly raised.

her head to look at him and asked with anticipation, "Really?"

Matthew tried to be patient and replied, "Yes."

He had never been so patient to coax a child and this was the first time for him to do so.

Simona was as happy as a lark. Without even blowing her nose, she wrapped her arms around Matthew's neck and landed a kiss on his face.

Her movement was so fast that before Matthew

could react, her lips had touched his face and he felt the wet and sticky liquid.

Matthew furrowed his brows.

When Simona left his face, a transparent line was formed between her nose and Matthew's face.

Matthew felt numb immediately.

The sticky snot still felt warm.

Simona seemed to notice that her father was unhappy at the moment, so she hurriedly reached out to

wipe the snot, "Let me clean it, daddy."

It was fine if she didn't wipe it because she

smearred the snot all over his face.

When Dolores came out after putting down the things, she saw her daughter smearing on Matthew's face and Matthew was staring at Simona with a gloomy face.

Worrying that Matthew would really be angered, Dolores hurriedly walk over to pick up Simona. But Simona was unwilling to leave Matthew's. embrace. She reached out her two short arms and asked Matthew to carry her, "I want daddy."

She finally had a father so she couldn't leave him

easily because he would disappear if she didn't pay

attention.

"Be obedient, Simona." Dolores tried to coax her.

"Nope. Nope. I just want daddy." Simona continuously waved her hands, trying to catch Matthew, "I want Daddy."

Dolores' brows were knitted more tightly. What was wrong with this child today?

Jessica put down the bowl of soup, wiped her hand, walked over and then reached out to bring Simona into her arms, "We got some delicious dishes today."

But delicious food was not attractive to this little.

foodie today and she kept crying in an attempt to come

back to her father's embrace.

Simona fixed her eyes on Matthew and said with her tears falling down, "Daddy, you don't like Simona, right?"

Matthew had a feeling that he was now compelled by Simona.

When had he been forced by someone since his

childhood?

Simona regarded his silence as a silent approval and cried loudly with her tears streaming down. She hugged Dolores tightly and looked extremely aggrieved and sorrowful, "Mummy, daddy doesn't like me. What should I do? Is it because I'm not that obedient, or because I'm ugly?"

"Nope" Dolores rubbed her hair and consoled her, "It's not that so. Simona is the cutest and most obedient child..."

Before she could finish the words, she found herself under a dark shadow. It was Matthew who suddenly stood up. He reached out to hold up the little girl who kept crying and said, "Give her to me."

Matthew carried her into his arms and said, "Don't cry?"

He thought he had used all his patience on this little

girl.

Simona stopped crying immediately, but she still sobbed occasionally and tears and snots were all over her face.

"I'm obedient and I won't cry." Simona choked with sobs. There were still tears on her eyelashes.

Matthew sighed, "Let's have a washing."

He almost went crazy as it was really

uncomfortable to have snots on his skin. Dolores was froze on the spot and felt extremely

restless when thinking that Simona had never been so clingy to others.

Jessica also felt uneasy, "The two children don't have a father since childhood. It's normal that they yearn for a father. But "

But Matthew was not their father after all. How long would his patience towards the children maintain?

"How should I tell her that Matthew is not her father? If she knows about the truth, she would be very disappointed and sad." When mentioning about this, Jessica's eyes also got red.

It was a regret for the children to not to have a father.

They would naturally long for a father.

This was also what Dolores was worrying about.

After all, Simona had never addressed the other man as

'daddy' before.

And she hadn't expected that Simona would be so

clingy to Matthew at their first meeting.

"I'll go and have a look." Dolores then walked towards the toilet.

In the toilet, when Matthew was washing his face, Simona grasped his hand, "Let me help you, daddy."

She then stood tiptoe and reached out to get the

water. But because she was not tall enough, she couldn't reach the tap and could only jump up to get the water.

Matthew burst into laughter and felt helpless, "You mummy is a siren to entice me, and you're a little goblin brought by your mummy to torture me."

He held up the little girl and let her sit beside the wash sink. Simona beamed happily, baring her white teeth and looking so cute with her smiling eyes.

With some water in her hands, she reached out and wiped Matthew's face with her little hands and studied her father carefully. He had unfathomable eyes, Roman nose, prominent cheekbones and sexy lips. His outstanding features made him looked damn handsome!

"Daddy is so handsome."

Matthew was amused by this little girl. Gazing at his reflection and Simona's serious face in the mirror, his expressions gradually became relaxed and he then reached out to pinch Simona's cheek.

"Who said that your mummy had a bad luck?" She must have had done many good deeds in her past life that she now had such a cute child.

Simona didn't understand his words and just picked up the towel to wipe his face. When Dolores walked over, she saw such a scene.

She slowly walked over and stood at the door of the toilet while gazing at Matthew, "Sorry, Simona..."

"It doesn't matter." Stooped, Matthew seemed to be enjoying the little girl's 'service'. He joked at himself, "I don't lose as I get a daughter without effort."

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 126

[Home](#) » [Covenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap](#) » [Chapter 126: Endless Coldness](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 126: Endless Coldness](#)

[NEXT](#)

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

He was obviously teasing.

Fortunately, he hadn't refused directly and made

Simona sad, so his teasing was nothing. Dolores turned her head around, feeling a lump in

her throat, "Thank you." She turned to leave, but Matthew grabbed her wrist.

He bent over and looked at Simona, "Daddy has something to say to Mommy, can you go out first?"

Simona was obedient and nodded vigorously. She lay on her stomach and slid down the table. Dolores, afraid that she was going to fall, stretched out her hand to pick her up but she refused, "I'm fine. You don't have to hold me. Talk to Daddy."

After saying this she walked out with little steps.

Dolores looked at her daughter's little figure and her anxiety grew deeper. What would happen to her if she knew that the person that she had thought was her father was not her actual father?

Dolores didn't dare to think any further. How did she end up calling Matthew Daddy?

It was preposterous!

Dolores thoughts were drifting when Matthew pulled her and she suddenly fell forwards plunging right into his arms. Matthew wrapped his arms around her waist, making her body bump into his.

Dolores was startled, "This is your home. There are people outside."

Matthew ignored her words and reached out a hand closing the bathroom door. Dolores's heart began to beat loudly as the door closed.

"Wha... What are you doing?"

Matthew didn't answer her, only looked down at her.

She nonchalantly avoided his gaze, "The food is ready, it's time to eat." Matthew hooked his fingers under her chin, forcing.

her to look up at him. His eyes were like a dark ocean, full of ferocious waves.

Dolores heart skipped a beat She asked cautiously in a gentle voice, "Are you not happy?"

Matthew stayed silent.

Dolores became more upset, "Is it because of Simona? She has had no father since she was a baby and she might have mistaken you. Don't mind her, I will..."

"You really weren't taken advantage of that night?"

She didn't understand the sudden question.

She stared at him blankly for a few seconds. "You mean..." She suddenly felt nervous, knowing

what he was talking about.

That time, she had fainted and when she woke up, she wasn't wearing any clothes on the top part of her body

and her trousers were unbuttoned. The only thing she was sure of was that she wasn't raped. As for what exactly Sampson did to her, she didn't

know.

She looked into Matthew's eyes, not avoiding his gaze anymore and said calmly, "I don't know what he did to me, the only thing I am sure of is that he didn't touch me like that." To be precise, it was not that he did not touch her, but as he was about to touch her, she had woken up.

If she had woken up a few minutes later, she didn't know what the consequences would have been.

She lowered her gaze gently, hiding the tears that

pooled into her eyes, "I'm sorry." The video in which she was being undressed

flashed into Matthew's mind.

"I'm sorry?"

"I don't know."

She didn't know why she just said it, why she wanted to apologize to him.

She stretched out her hands to push Matthew away. Matthew did not only refuse to let her go but instead he grabbed her head and kissed her lips.

With her lip in Matthew's mouth, Dolores mind exploded turning her world upside down. She pushed him away, "Why did you suddenly ask me this?"

Did he know something about that day?

Something that even she didn't know?

Matthew didn't answer her, but held her head again and kissed her lips again. Dolores wanted to ask what happened so she pushed him back with both hands, "Uh..... Tell me... Do you know something?"

Her resistance resulted in a more brutal kiss from him. He stubbornly pressed into her lips, leaving no space for her to breathe, or to speak.

His passion was too much to handle in such a small space,

He came closer and Dolores had to step back. Suddenly she hit the bathroom door behind her, making a noise.

Coral and Jessica, who were with Simona in the living room, looked towards the bathroom at the same

time.

They were experienced people and seemed to

understand what was going on inside the bathroom. Coral smiled, "Ah! Young people."

Jessica was not as happy as Coral, she just felt disappointed and frustrated.

She picked up a spoonful egg custard and fed it to Simona, "They are already divorced, this is not right."

"So what? They can just remarry." Coral felt that they suited each other.

She had never seen Matthew being so patient with a woman before.

Especially after Dolores left, his mood was like a stormy day, and he would easily get annoyed and angry. She had never seen him behave so violently. Jessica said lightly, "It's not that easy."

The two children were the biggest obstacle. She didn't believe that someone like Matthew was

ever going to accept the children. Not just Matthew, most of the men were not going

to accept them.

It was not like all the women in the world were dead, why did he find a woman who had two children.

In all fairness, if her son was still alive and found a woman with two children to be his wife, she would have felt uncomfortable

Moreover, a family like the Nelson family was never going to agree to this.

They had a huge and powerful family business; they were never going to allow outsiders to come in.

Coral saw the disagreement in Jessica's eyes. She was angry that the divorce between Dolores and Matthew had ended up becoming a hurdle in Jessica's heart.

"Don't worry, it will be fine after a few days." Coral thought, after Samuel gets better, she will take him to meet Jayden and let him see and find out if these two children were Matthew's or not.

Carol still thought that the children were Matthew's as they looked very similar to what Matthew looked like when he was young.

Wasn't there some type of DNA test, that would be

able to give the answers. She had heard that it could be checked just by

getting a strand of hair. Carol looked towards the bathroom, "You fixed their

marriage, it was of course a good thing."

Hearing this, Jessica raised her head to look at Coral as if she wanted to say something but thought otherwise. She sighed softly, not wanting to mention the past and lowered her eyes again. She just quietly continued to feed Simona egg custard.

In the bathroom, Dolores panted heavily, her face flushed. She was about to be smothered to death by Matthew. She kept slapping him away but he didn't stop the wild kissing.

Dolores crossed her heart and bit down hard.

Matthew gasped in pain and his strength was loosened. Dolores took the opportunity to push him away, "We are at home." There were people outside and it was embarrassing if they found out.

Matthew didn't get angry because he was pushed away, instead he looked at her and asked, "Then I can do that when we are not at home?"

Dolores had no answer.

"You..." She was speechless for a long time and choked out three words, "I hate you."

Matthew smiled lightly and reached out to touch her red swollen lips, "When do you hate me?"

Dolores lowered her head. How was he so

shameless?

What about your image?

And reputation?

Did he not care about his reputation?

Was he a thug?

"I don't need it."

Dolores was speechless.

Dolores looked at him flabbergasted. How did he know what was she thinking?

Was he reading her mind?

Matthew cleared his throat and said solemnly, "It's written so clearly on your face."

"What?" Dolores asked.

"Smelly thug."

Dolores looked at him for the first time when he spoke seriously.

She quickly averted his gaze, not daring to look at him and denied, "No." Her voice was very low and had no confidence in it.

It was exactly what she just called him in her heart

just now.

Just then, the cellphone in Matthew's pocket rang.

Not even looking to check, Matthew seemed to already know who was calling. He had just saw the video, and didn't have had the time to call back. This must have made her become impatient and she called Matthew.

Seeing him not answer the call, Dolores asked, "Your phone rang, are you not going to answer it?"

Matthew slowly raised his hand and smoothed out

her messed up neckline, "You go out first." Dolores nodded, turned around, opened the door and walked out.

His face sank the moment the bathroom door closed behind Dolores. There was no smile on his face, only endless cold.

**** Scroll down to read the next chapter ****

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 127:

[Home](#) » [Covenant Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap](#) » [Chapter 127: He Must Have Done Hideous Things in His Past Life](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 127: He Must Have Done Hideous Things in His Past Life](#)

[NEXT](#)

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

In Herbert family...

Maria tossed and turned in her bed, unable to fall asleep. She looked at her cellphone for a while but there was no call or any message coming in.

Finally, she couldn't bear it. She got up holding her phone, thinking about it. She couldn't stop herself from making a call.

Her hands were trembling with nervousness and excitement as she held the phone.

She had installed a camera in that room that day,

even Sampson didn't know. Now, this was her only card that she could use to

threaten Matthew. If he cared about Dolores, he was not going to just watch an erotic video of her being stripped circulate the

internet.

Matthew looked at his phone, his finger hovering over the screen in conflict. Just as the call was about to disconnect, he picked it up.

"Ah, Matthew!" Maria said in surprise. She thought Matthew was not going to answer her

call.

Matthew did not respond. Her happiness or anger could not influence his mood.

Slowly, down. Holding the quilt in her hand, she clenched and relaxed it a few times before she spoke, "Did you see the video? Brilliant, right?"

Matthew's eyes were half-closed lazily; the storm in them was silent.

"Let's meet, I booked a room at the S&H Hotel, room 108. I am waiting. You don't really need to come, but I promise the video of Dolores will spread everywhere online and become the object of obscenity for every kind of men."

After saying that, she hung up. Her heart was still

beating fast.

She was nervous.

But thinking about meeting Matthew she became very excited.

She got up from her messy big bed and ran to the closet barefoot to find the clothes to wear tonight.

Her closet was full of expensive skirts and dresses, she still couldn't find anything that would suit this moment,

none of them felt pretty enough.

But now it was too late to go shopping. She could only take out the clothes one by one and try them on.

She looked excited, like a young girl in love going to

meet the man she had long admired. She wanted to look

more beautiful and show the most beautiful appearance of

herself in front of him.

To make him amazed and fall in love with herself...

She yearned for Matthew to fall in love with her.

Dolores left the bathroom and was greeted enthusiastically by Coral. Coral's expressions were clearly stating that she knew what Dolores just did in there.

Dolores lowered her head in embarrassment and said, "I'll go see Samuel."

After saying that, she walked towards the room. She couldn't stand Carol's sharp gaze. "The dinner will be ready soon." Carol called from

behind.

Dolores pretended that she didn't hear and entered

the room.. She only came out at dinner time.

Simona had gotten her "Daddy" and no longer. wanted Dolores. At dinner, she took the initiative to run up to Matthew to sit beside him, "I will sit with Daddy."

Jessica went to pick her up, "You will be sitting with

me."

She was afraid if they stayed there for a longer period of time, Simona would not want to leave Matthew.

It was not a good thing, after all, Matthew was not her father.

"No, I will sit with my daddy." Simona said clinging on to Matthew's arm tightly.

No one could separate her from her Daddy.

"Simona."

"Let her sit with me." Matthew said lightly. Jessica pondered for a moment and then said, "Don't mind her, she doesn't understand."

"I don't mind." Matthew let her sit, "You don't have

to be so courteous, just think of this as your home. I really

made you unhappy when I divorced Dolores, Right?" Jessica's attitude towards him had always been

very lukewarm and Matthew felt it.

Since everyone knew, Jessica decided to not hide it

anymore, "You and Lola are already divorced. There is no

reason for me to bother you like..." "About the divorce, I think you have some misunderstanding."
Matthew didn't rush to explain, he said

without any haste, "Me and..."

He looked at Dolores, "Me and Dolores didn't apply for a divorce certificate, so we are not actually divorced."

"What?" Jessica looked at her daughter in surprise and asked, "Is this true?"

Dolores nodded honestly.

Jessica found this information really incredible. She had always thought that Matthew and Dolores had nothing to do with each other anymore.

"So, we are still husband and wife by law." The

subtext told Jessica that it was reasonable, reasonable

and legal,

Dolores to live there.

"Coral, you manage by yourself tonight. I have somewhere to go." He wasn't going to eat dinner at home, but he didn't want Jessica to feel uncomfortable living there so he had told her about the divorce.

"Are you not going to eat at home?" Dolores asked him but immediately regretted it, it seemed a bit redundant.

He chuckled and hummed faintly, "I have a matter to attend to. You can continue to stay in that room.
Samuel

is there too, so you can take care of him." He had arranged it well, Dolores was grateful. She

nodded and said, "Thank you."

"We are husband and wife; you don't have to be so polite with me." He put emphasis on the first part of the sentence. While saying that to Dolores, he was also saying it to Jessica to make her understand that Dolores was now with him.

Matthew stood up but Simona kept clinging to his arm, "Where are you going? Can I go with you?" She blinked looking up at him.

Matthew pinched her little nose and refused, "No."

"Why?" Simona asked in disappointment. She wanted to go with him.

What if he left and never came back?

Then she would have no father.

No, she just couldn't let him leave so easily.

Matthew patiently coaxed her, "Do you want me to like you?"

Simona nodded without hesitation, "Yes."

"If you listen to what I say, I will like you, right?" "Right!"

"So, wait for me at home like a good girl." Simona was reluctant, but still nodded, "Well, then you have to come back soon."

She was afraid that if she was not obedient, her

father would not like her. Matthew went upstairs to change his clothes. His

clothes had gotten wet when Simona had tried to wash his face. His shirt was clinging on to his skin and was a little uncomfortable.

He changed into an all-black suit, looking valiant and noble. Under the light, he looked magnificent and very handsome.

It was just that his indifferent expression scared people away from approaching.

Simona was stunned when she saw him walking down the stairs.

Jessica was feeding her rice, but she forgot to open her mouth and stared at Matthew with her eyes open wide and full of hearts.

"Simona." Jessica called her to remind her.

Simona regained her focus and sighed, "Daddy is so handsome."

Her father was really the most handsome. Jessica was almost scared by Simona's behavior.

She was just a little child but she was already so smitten by Matthew's handsomeness.

When Matthew walked to the entrance, Simona

suddenly slid off her chair, ran over and stopped not far away from Matthew. She looked up at him and asked, "Daddy, will you still come back? You won't abandon us, right?"

Because Samuel told her that their father didn't want them, she was afraid that Matthew would not come back when he walked out that door. She was afraid that he

was going to abandon them again.

Her eyes were red and her voice was hoarse, "Don't abandon us."

She was really terrified.

She didn't want to leave her father.

Meeting her uneasy little eyes, Matthew walked over, patted her head and said firmly, "No." Simona was happy again and grinned, "Kiss."

She stood on her tip-toes and stretched out her

hands to hug him for a kiss.

Matthew bent down according to her wishes. Simona hugged his neck and kissed his cheek, transferring her saliva and some of the rice she hadn't swallowed on to his face.

Matthew had no words. Inwardly, he was sure that he must have done

hideous things in his past life, which was why God was punishing him in this life by sending two little demons with Dolores.

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 128

[Home](#) » [Covenant Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap](#) » [Chapter 128: A Great Gift](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

Chapter 128: A Great Gift

NEXT

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

Dolores took a wet wipe and handed it to him..

Matthew didn't respond to her, just stared at her

faintly. Her daughter did this to him; shouldn't Dolores wipe his face herself?

Dolores understood the look in his eyes and stretched out her hand to wipe his face, but Simona pulled the hem of her shirt, "Mommy, give it to me. I will wipe Daddy's face."

Matthew, "

Dolores looked down at her daughter, her little eyes full of longing, begging to do it.

Simona pulled on her clothes and acted like a baby.

"Mommy, I want to do it, let me do it." Dolores couldn't refuse. Just as she was about to hand it to Simona, Matthew took it and wiped his face.

Dolores, "..."

She grumbled, "Is my daughter the devil?"

"Almost."

Matthew wiped his face and gave the wet wipe

back to Dolores, "I'm going."

Simona frowned, thinking about the meaning of their words. As the door closed, she still hadn't understood the meaning. She looked up at Dolores and asked, "Mommy, who is the devil?"

"Nobody. Let's go eat." Dolores picked her up and brought her back to the table, "Listen to your grandmother."

Simona turned her head and looked at the closed door, thinking about when her Daddy was going to come back.

Jessica was feeding her but she was too absent-minded to eat properly.

Her head was full of Matthew.

Dolores looked at her daughter and sighed deeply.

What was she going to do with her? She thought.

But again, for the time being she could not immediately take Simona away from Matthew. Their safety was most important, so they could only take it slow.

Dolores took a tray of food for Samuel to his room. She held the tray in one hand and opened the door of the room with the other. Samuel was standing by the window, holding the curtains, watching Matthew drive away.

"What are you looking at?" Dolores walked in.

Samuel hurriedly pulled the curtains closed and shook his head, "Nothing. I was just bored in the house, so was looking outside."

"If you want to come out then just come out. The swelling on your face has gone down a lot, no one will be able to see it." Putting the food on the table, Dolores walked over and sat on the chair.

"No, it's too ugly to be seen by anyone." Samuel's ego was pretty big.

Dolores put the milk in front of him, "What do you want to eat tomorrow? I will make it for you."

Samuel shook his head and lowered his eyes. He stuffed his mouth with rice, not really chewing, looking a little depressed.

Dolores came over, hugged him and said in a distressed tone, "Samuel, what is the matter? Does your head hurt?"

"No." He was in a bad mood, not because he was injured but because Simona called that heartless guy Daddy.

He never raised them.

Why call him father? He picked at the rice with his chopsticks. Actually,

when Simona had called Matthew Daddy, he had felt a little uncomfortable.

"What is it then?" Dolores looked down at her son "It's nothing. I am just a little annoyed because of my injury.

Dolores kissed his head, "Sorry. I couldn't protect you."

"It's not about you." In order to not make Dolores worried, Samuel put away his emotions and started eating properly.

Matthew's car stopped outside the S&H Hotel. He sat in the car and watched the video of Dolores being undressed. There was no sound in the video. Sampson was clearly saying something while undressing her, but Matthew couldn't pay attention to his words. His gaze was fixed on Sampson's hands. The corner of his eyes crinkled as he narrowed his eyes a bit.

The video stopped when Sampson unbuttoned her pants.

He closed the video and called Abbott..

After the call got connected, Abbott immediately said, "Warner called me, I think he wanted to meet you. I didn't answer his call. I don't think he will stop."

If this matter was not resolved, Herbert family's reputation was going to be completely ruined and their century-old family estate was going to be ruined,

"Find a man and send him to S&H Hotel."

Abbott was a little confused by his response and became quiet.

What was this situation?

He didn't react for a long time, "What kind of a man do you want?"

Handsome or ugly?

Tall or fat?

What did he want the man to do?

Did he someone with a specific indulgence? Matthew didn't explain, he just said, "You have half an hour."

After saying that, Matthew hung up the phone. Then he got out of the car and walked into the hotel.

Maria had arrived there long ago. Landon had forbidden her from going out, so she had run out secretly when there was no one around.

She wanted not only Matthew but also wanted to win Landon's trust. If she seized this opportunity well, maybe she would be able to make Landon see what she was capable of. Warner was not the only capable one in the Herbert family.

In order to calm herself down, she drank a bit of wine. Her face was flushed.

The doorbell rang.

Her heart jumped in her chest. She quickly stood up and walked up to the mirror to check incase her clothes were messy or her carefully done makeup was smudged. She smiled at herself in the mirror. With her white teeth and red lips, she looked enchanting and beautiful.

Perfect!

Satisfied with her appearance, she went to open the door.

The man standing at the door was tall and handsome. However, his eyes were cold and lacking any

warmth, looking at her as if she was a stranger. Maria's heart drowned a little bit. It hurt.

Suppressing her emotions, she turned sideways, "Come in."

Looking unruly, with both his hands in his pockets, walked in. Maria closed the door turned around to look at him. She looked the man who fascinated her, her mind became blank for a moment. Then she rushed forward and hugged him from behind, "Matthew."

Her face was buried in his huge back, strong and warm.

She was lost in his fragrance. He smelled really good.

Matthew broke free from her embrace unceremoniously and said coldly, "Say what you want. I

don't like easy women who throw themselves at men."

Maria wasn't strong enough and Matthew easily broke free from her arms.

She stood trembling on the spot, looking at Matthew, "What about Dolores then? Is she purer and nobler than me?"

She sat down on the bed I laughed, "At least I gave my purity to you. What did she give you? Two children who are not your blood?" She chuckled, "Why? Are you going to be their stepdad?"

Matthew already knew all this and was not irritated at all.

He reached out and picked up the wine glass from the table. He swirled it around in his hand, the blood red liquid swaying and rippling under his movements.

He put the glass under his nose and smelled it lightly. It was fragrant and elegant, without strong alcohol. "This wine doesn't suit you."

Maria walked over and put his arms on his shoulders, "What kind suits me?"

Matthew didn't answer her, just smiled lightly.

Coincidentally, the doorbell rang at that moment. Maria looked up at Matthew, "Who is this?"

"It's for you. You will know when you see it." Maria looked a little flattered, "You gave me a gift?"

Matthew reached out and twirled a stray strand of

her hair in his fingers. He smiled lightly. "You gave me such a big gift. Shouldn't I return the favor?"

Maria's face turned pale in an instant, "What do you mean?" Matthew pinned the strand of hair behind her ear,

retracted his hand and smiled, "What are you afraid of?"

You look better when you smile."

**** Scroll down to read the next chapter ****

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 129:

[Home](#) » [Covenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap](#) » [Chapter 129: Give a Copy to the Herbert Family](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 129: Give a Copy to the Herbert Family](#)

[NEXT](#)

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

She was obviously smiling, but the expressions in his eyes made her terrified.

Maria stepped back, distancing herself from him. For the first time, she wanted to stay away from

him.

At this moment, the doorbell rang again,

accompanied by a waiter's voice, "Is there anyone? I'm here to deliver wine."

Maria was inexplicably relieved when she heard that it was just wine. She looked at the door and said, "My wine is here..."

"I called for it." Matthew leaned against the cabinet, holding the wine glass in his hand. He tilted his hand slowly, pouring the red liquid down on the table. As the wine trickled down the edge of the table, he frowned staring at it as if the wine had not been agreeing with him. He slowly raised his eyes up, "I think there is other wine more suitable to us. What do you think?"

"Suit... Suitable wine?" Maria stammered. Did he want to drink with her?

Didn't he hate her?

Did he figure it out?

Did he now find her attractive?

Holding back her inner joy, she said, "I will go open the door."

Her footsteps towards the door were fast and looked a little messy.

The door opened. The waiter was standing at the door, holding two bottles of white wine in his hand. Maria stared at him blankly for a moment and then said, "Come in."

The waiter brought the wine in and placed it on the

table. He opened one of the bottles and poured it into the flat-bottomed glass he had brought in.

After pouring the wine, the waiter stood up straight and said, "If you need anything, please call me anytime. Enjoy your stay here."

After saying that, the waiter left the room and closed the door.

Maria stood beside the table and looked at the wine on it. She gulped and said, "White wine is too strong. I

think red wine adds more to the ambiance."

"I like strong. Do you dare to drink with me?"

His eyebrows were smooth, making him look a lot less domineering. The corners of his eyes were tilted upwards, and his eyes were twinkling with light. He looked really sexy male fairy.

Maria's heart forgot how to beat.

She completely lost the control on her mind and

nodded as if drunk on his appearance, "I dare." Matthew bent over, picked up a glass and offered it

to her.

Maria reached out to take it.

Matthew raised his glass and drank it, following

him Maria also drank from her glass.

White wine was not as mild as red wine. It entered

her throat with a burning sensation and ran along the esophagus to the stomach lighting everything on fire.

She covered her nose and mouth and said in an aggrieved tone, "It's so strong." Matthew refilled the glasses.

Alcohol gives people courage as it stimulates the i

brain and makes them excited.

For weak drinkers, just a glass of wine with high concentration of alcohol can make them drunk and lose consciousness.

It was the same for her. Getting drunk on wine,

Maria leaned into Matthew's chest, pressing her face into it

and listening to his strong heartbeat.

She was overjoyed when he didn't push her away.

She hugged his neck, "Matthew, I love you." "Really?" Matthew handed her the wine, "Then

prove it."

Maria stared at the wine in front of her, reached out to take the glass. However, she didn't drink it but threw it on the ground. As the alcohol spread in the room, she pointed to her heart, "You want me to prove it?" She chuckled, "I'll prove it to you."

She grabbed the wine bottle on the table, staring at Matthew with blurry eyes and curled her lips into an alluring smile. She slowly opened the shoulder strap of her suspender skirt. As the red skirt fell down her body, it revealed her flesh and her sexy black underwear.

She raised her head and opened the bottle to drain it down.

The strong alcohol burned her throat but she endured it thinking it was a test from Matthew. If she could drink the wine, she would be able to prove her love to him.

He was going to fall in love with her! He was

definitely going to fall in love with her!

Matthew turned his face away slightly from the sight of her half-naked body.

Smash!

The wine bottle slipped from her hand and fell on

the ground.

The remaining alcohol mixed with shards of glass

flew everywhere.

Flushed, Maria fell on the bed, "I can't..."

She waved her hands, "I can't drink anymore."

Matthew put down his wine glass, closed his eyes and held his forehead in one hand, rubbing his eyebrows.

His cellphone vibrated suddenly.

slowly opened his eyes and took it out. The call was from Abbott; he picked it up.

Abbott's voice came over immediately, "I have got

him."

"108." Matthew said shortly and hung up.

Abbott was in the lobby of the hotel, he looked at the hung-up phone in his hand and frowned. Then he looked at the two men besides him and said, "Follow me."

Because Matthew didn't specify what he wanted.

Afraid that Matthew would not be satisfied if he brought the two, he took them to 108.

Abbott was really confused when he saw the

situation inside the room.

The ground was messy, there was alcohol

everywhere. But worse than that, Maria was lying on the bed without her clothes. What was going on?

"This..." Abbott looked cautiously at Matthew, "What happened here?"

And he wanted a man.... Abbott seemed to finally understand what Matthew

meant and his eyes widened involuntarily, "Even if you don't like her.....After all she has followed you for a long time to treat her like this. "

Matthew shot him a sharp look and Abbott

immediately fell silent. Maria turned her body on the bed, feeling

uncomfortable. Her stomach seemed to be burning and

she wanted to vomit it all out.

She didn't realize that there were more people in the

room. The two men lowered their heads and furtively glanced at the bed from time to time.

Matthew turned to leave. While passing Abbott on his way out, he ordered, "After the recording is over, you personally go and give a copy to the Herbert family."

After saying that, he left the room without a backwards glance at the mess or the hungry wolf like eyes of the two men.

Abbott couldn't stay calm anymore and came out after him, "This... is not good."

To ruin a woman's innocence....

Abbott really couldn't understand Matthew. It didn't matter how tough he was in the business world.

The business world was a battlefield, if you lost,

you died.

But to deal with a woman who had been with him like this was way too inhumane.

Matthew looked back at him, his voice was neither too low nor too high, "Do you have a suggestion?"

Abbott hurriedly waved his hand, "No, I just think it's a shame."

Matthew sneered, "Their century old reputation is

no longer needed. She did some bad things and they should pay for it."

Abbott opened his mouth wide, "What did she do?" Matthew didn't want to let other men see the video of Dolores being undressed.

"You go do your work."

He continued to walk.

Abbott stood there for a while then quickly walked to catch up with Matthew at the door and asked, "Is there any room for error?"

Were they just to act like it or the two men were to really rape her?

Matthew's footsteps faltered but he barely stopped. He did not answer Abbott.

However, Abbott knew the answer.

He left no room for error.

He sighed and turned around to enter the room to

arrange the next part.

Matthew got into the car. He didn't start the engine right away but just sat quietly in the driving seat.

His eyelashes trembled. The thought of Dolores almost being raped couldn't let him calm down.

He had never felt this kind of pain before.

He couldn't imagine what he would have done if Sampson had really succeeded.

Maria started this. She pushed his limits first.

He started the car and left.

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 130:

[Home](#) » [Covenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap](#) » [Chapter 130: You Are a Married Man](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 130: You Are a Married Man](#)

[NEXT](#)

[Click 'Setting' button to setting theme](#)

The night was quiet,

Matthew's car stopped in front of the villa and the headlights turned off. He opened the door and got out.

Passing through the front yard to the door of the villa, he pushed it open to reveal the living room that was lit with soft yellow night light. It was quiet as if everyone had

already gone to sleep; there was no sound. He took off his jacket and threw it on the sofa. Pulling at his

collar, he walked towards the room where

Samuel slept.

Pushing open the door he saw that the light was still on. Dolores was lying on one side of the bed with Simona in her arms.

Simona's eyes were red as if she had just cried. She was sleeping but still sobbing occasionally.

Matthew hadn't come back. She had sat on the sofa to wait for him and had not wanted to sleep.

No matter what Dolores tried, she couldn't coax her.

When it was almost midnight, she was still unwilling to sleep even though her eyelids were drooping sleepily. Dolores picked her up and took her to the room but she burst into tears and asked Dolores if her Daddy didn't want her anymore.

Dolores had hugged her and kissed her on the cheek, and she had told her that it wasn't true

But she hadn't believed her. Children raised by a single parent were insecure like this, Simona was no different.

She kept saying while buried in Dolores arms that she was a child without a father.

She had cried and Dolores had cried with her.

Later she was tired from crying and had fallen.

asleep in Dolores arms.

Dolores kept hugging her, not letting her go and had

fallen asleep with her..

Samuel was sleeping on the other side of the bed. The bed was wide so the three of them didn't look crowded. Matthew walked over and gently removed Dolores arm from around Simona and wrapped it around his neck. He wrapped his own arms around her waist and picked her up.

Dolores felt that someone was moving She opened her eyes and saw that it was Matthew. She said sleepily, "You..."

He shushed her with a look.

Dolores swallowed the words back and let Matthew take her out of the room.

Matthew took her upstairs.

"Did you drink?" Dolores asked him.

The smell of alcohol on his body was very strong,

mixed with perfume.

"Yeah,"

Dolores lowered her eyes, "Who did you drink with?"

He didn't want to mention Maria so he said, "No one you should be worried about." Dolores smiled but said nothing.

Looking at her care-free smile, Matthew asked, "Why the smile?"

Dolores said half-truthfully. "You are a married man, don't mess around outside."

Matthew smiled faintly and pressed his forehead on to hers, "Then satisfy me so I don't look outside."

While speaking, he opened the door of the upstairs room with his foot.

Dolores had never come into this room. The light in the bedroom was very dim and there are shadows everywhere. Compared to the room downstairs, this one was deep and dark. The main color theme was of black and gray, full of a sense of oppressions and aggressiveness.

Matthew placed her on a large soft bed. Her body sank down in the mattress as he leaned on top of her, his arms propped on her sides.

He looked down at her.

Dolores felt a little uneasy and she turned her head slightly.

Matthew held her chin, not allowing her to escape. "Look at me." He commanded.

He took her hand and placed it on his heart. He could feel her hand on his chest through his shirt. His voice was deep and low, "How are you willing to repay me?"

"Repay. What are you...?" Dolores was stiff and dared not to move.

She was afraid that he would lose his control.

His arms softened as he leaned into her body, pressing close into her body. He buried his head in her neck and greedily kissed her fragrant hair, neck and earlobes...

The heat of his breath shattered her into a million pieces, making her feel numb and itchy at the same time.

She was really nervous.

He was also forbearing, "I have done so much for you, shouldn't you repay me?"

"I don't know what you are talking about." Dolores pretended to be calm, but her hand was already clenching

the quilt tightly, wrinkling the smooth fabric. Her held her earlobe between his teeth, biting on it.

Dolores pushed him away forcefully, "You are drunk..."

"I'm not drunk. I know exactly what I am doing." He spelled every word clearly, especially the word I.

The tip of his tongue was playing with her earlobe, "I let you to stay here with the children. How will you satisfy me?"

Dolores heart trembled with her body.

Simona seemed to like him very much and had become very dependent on him in such a short amount of

time. She had never seen her daughter cry with that much sadness before, especially her sentence 'I am a child

without a father' hurt her deeply.

Tears slid down the corners of her eyes down her temples, getting lost in her hair. She said in a hoarse voice, "You keep your

promise."

"I will."

He inhaled her fragrance deeply, his fingers dexterously stripping her of her clothes.

Dolores shivered. Matthew hugged her and calmed her heart, softly soothing her, "Don't be afraid."

With just one sentence, he tore apart her heart that was hiding fear and dread.

Her body was trembling uncontrollably.

Tears fell down on his shirt, soaking it. Matthew looked down at her teary face, his eyes dark and deep,
"I

am not a wolf, I won't eat you. Why are you crying?"

Dolores sniffed and said stiffly, "I didn't cry."

Matthew was speechless.

His shirt was all wet and yet she was lying?

Matthew wiped away her tears and said softly, "If

you are unwilling, I won't force you..." Before he could finish his sentence, he was

suddenly kissed on his lips.

Dolores took the initiative to kiss him.

For the first time.

Mathew was taken aback.

He stared at her kissing him with his eyes wide

open.

His heart went wild with emotions, he couldn't control it

Soon, he regained his senses and responded enthusiastically, holding her head and deepening the kiss.

The temperature in the room began to rise, getting

hotter and more passionate.

Just as he was about to go further, the door was knocked suddenly.

His movements paused as he looked at Dolores. Her face flushed instantly, as if on fire. The door was knocked again.

Who was it at this time?

Matthew frowned, suddenly interrupted. He finally let Dolores go very reluctantly.

He was just a normal man, and he had desire for

his woman.

Who bothered him at this time?

Dolores pushed him away as the door was knocked again, "It might be Simona..."

"Don't move." No matter how reluctant he was, being interrupted at such a moment he couldn't ignore it and continue. He got up and pulled the quilt over Dolores. Then he went to open the door.

Simona stood at the door with her little eyes open and red, looking up. When she saw that it was Matthew,

she began to cry aggrievedly, "Daddy."

She sobbed softly, "I thought you didn't want me

anymore." Matthew squatted down and stared at her, "Of

course, I want you."

Simona jumped into his arms and hugged his neck

tightly His neck became wet and sticky from her tears.

Matthew silently looked up at the sky, "You love to

cry so much. You sure take after your mommy."

Dolores quietly curled up in the quilt, quietly listening to the movements at the door.

Matthew coaxed Simona patiently and Dolores smiled lightly.

It was a smile full of bitterness and pain. If he was willing to give her daughter a little

warmth, it was also worth it.

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 130:

[Home](#) » [Covenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap](#) » [Chapter 130: You Are a Married Man](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 130: You Are a Married Man](#)

[NEXT](#)

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

The night was quiet.

Matthew's car stopped in front of the villa and the headlights turned off. He opened the door and got out.

Passing through the front yard to the door of the villa, he pushed it open to reveal the living room that was lit with soft yellow night light. It was quiet as if everyone had already gone to sleep, there was no sound.

He took off his jacket and threw it on the sofa. Pulling at his collar, he walked towards the room where Samuel slept.

Pushing open the door he saw that the light was still on. Dolores was lying on one side of the bed with Simona in her arms.

Simona's eyes were red as if she had just cried. She was sleeping but still sobbing occasionally.

Matthew hadn't come back. She had sat on the sofa to wait for him and had not wanted to sleep.

No matter what Dolores tried, she couldn't coax her.

When it was almost midnight, she was still unwilling to sleep even though her eyelids were drooping sleepily. Dolores picked her up and took her to the room but she burst into tears and asked Dolores if her Daddy didn't want her anymore.

Dolores had hugged her and kissed her on the cheek, and she had told her that it wasn't true.

But she hadn't believed her. Children raised by a single parent were insecure like this, Simona was no different.

She kept saying while buried in Dolores arms that she was a child without a father.

She had cried and Dolores had cried with her.

Later she was tired from crying and had fallen asleep in Dolores arms.

Dolores kept hugging her, not letting her go and had fallen asleep with her.

Samuel was sleeping on the other side of the bed. The bed was wide so the three of them didn't look crowded. Matthew walked over and gently removed Dolores arm from around Simona and wrapped it around his neck. He wrapped his own arms around her waist and picked her up.

Dolores felt that someone was moving her. She opened her eyes and saw that it was Matthew. She said

sleepily, "You..."

He shushed her with a look.

Dolores swallowed the words back and let Matthew

take her out of the room.

Matthew took her upstairs.

"Did you drink?" Dolores asked him. The smell of alcohol on his body was very strong.

mixed with perfume.

"Yeah.

Dolores lowered her eyes, "Who did you drink with?"

He didn't want to mention Maria so he said, "No. one you should be worried about." Dolores smiled but said nothing.

Looking at her care-free smile, Matthew asked, "Why the smile?"

Dolores said half-truthfully, "You are a married man, don't mess around outside."

Matthew smiled faintly and pressed his forehead on to hers, "Then satisfy me so I don't look outside."

While speaking, he opened the door of the upstairs room with his foot.

Dolores had never come into this room. The light in the bedroom was very dim and there are shadows everywhere. Compared to the room downstairs, this one was deep and dark. The main color theme was of black and gray, full of a sense of oppressions and aggressiveness.

Matthew placed her on a large soft bed. Her body sank down in the mattress as he leaned on top of her, his arms propped on her sides.

He looked down at her.

Dolores felt a little uneasy and she turned her head

slightly. Matthew held her chin, not allowing her to escape.

"Look at me." He commanded. He took her hand and placed it on his heart. He

could feel her hand on his chest through his shirt. His voice was deep and low, "How are you willing to repay me?"

"Repay... What are you...?" Dolores was stiff and dared not to move.

She was afraid that he would lose his control.

His arms softened as he leaned into her body, pressing close into her body. He buried his head in her neck and greedily kissed her fragrant hair, neck and earlobes...

The heat of his breath shattered her into a million pieces, making her feel numb and itchy at the same time.

She was really

He was also forbearing, "I have done so much for you, shouldn't you repay me?"

"I don't know what you are talking about." pretended to be calm, but her hand was already clenching the quilt tightly, wrinkling the smooth fabric.

Her held her earlobe between his teeth, biting on Dolores pushed him away forcefully, "You are

"I'm not drunk. I know exactly what I am doing." He spelled every word clearly, especially the word

The tip of his tongue was playing with her earlobe, "I let you to stay here with the children. How will you

satisfy me?"

Dolores heart trembled with her body.

Simona seemed to like him very much and had become very dependent on him in such a short amount of

time.

She had never seen her daughter cry with that much sadness before, especially her sentence 'I am a child without a hurt her deeply.

Tears slid down the corners of her eyes down her temples, getting lost in her hair.

She said in a hoarse voice, "You keep your

promise."

"I will."

He inhaled her fragrance deeply, his fingers dexterously stripping her of her clothes.

Dolores

Matthew hugged her and calmed her heart, softly soothing her, "Don't be afraid."

With just one sentence, he tore apart her heart that was hiding fear and dread,

Her body was trembling uncontrollably

Tears fell down on his shirt, soaking it. Matthew looked down at her teary face, his eyes dark and deep, "I am not a wolf, I won't eat you. Why are you crying?"

Dolores sniffed and said stiffly, "I didn't cry."

Matthew was speechless.

His shirt was all wet and yet she was lying? Matthew wiped away her tears and said softly, "If

you are unwilling, I won't force you..." Before he could finish his sentence, he was

suddenly kissed on his lips.

Dolores took the initiative to kiss him.

For the first time.

Mathew was taken aback.

He stared at her kissing him with his eyes wide

open.

His heart went wild with emotions, he couldn't control it.

Soon, he regained his senses and responded enthusiastically, holding her head and deepening the kiss.

The temperature in the room began to rise, getting

hotter and more passionate.

Just as he was about to go further, the door was knocked suddenly

His movements paused as he looked at Dolores. Her face flushed instantly, as if on fire. The door was knocked again. Who was it at this time?

Matthew frowned, suddenly interrupted. He finally let Dolores go very reluctantly.

He was just a normal man, and he had desire for

his woman.

Who bothered him at this time?

Dolores pushed him away as the door was knocked again, "It might be Simona..."

"Don't move." No matter how reluctant he was, being interrupted at such a moment he couldn't ignore it and continue. He got up and pulled the quilt over Dolores. Then he went to open the door.

Simona stood at the door with her little eyes open and red, looking up. When she saw that it was

Matthew,

she began to cry aggrievedly, "Daddy."

She sobbed softly, "I thought you didn't want me anymore."

Matthew squatted down and stared at her, "Of

course, I want you." Simona jumped into his arms and hugged his neck

tightly.

His neck became wet and sticky from her tears.

Matthew silently looked up at the sky. "You love to cry so much. You sure take after your mommy."

Dolores quietly curled up in the quilt, quietly listening to the movements at the door.

Matthew coaxed Simona patiently and Dolores smiled lightly.

It was a smile full of bitterness and pain. If he was willing to give her daughter a little warmth, it was also worth it.

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 131:

[Home](#) » [Covenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap](#) » [Chapter 131: Her Lacking of Skills Was To Be Blamed](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 131: Her Lacking of Skills Was To Be Blamed](#)

[NEXT](#)

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

When Maria woke up, she was naked and the large bed was messy.

There was no one in her sight.

She sat up, wrapping her smooth body in the quilt and tried to recall what happened last night. She used the video of Dolores being undressed to bring Matthew here. Originally, she had wanted to use the video to in exchange for him to spare the Herbert family. But when he came, before she had the chance to talk to him, they both drank wine.

And then she got drunk.

She remembered taking off her clothes herself.

At that time, only Matthew was there with her in the room.

Did Matthew do something with her yesterday?

She was not an innocent child; she could clearly feel what had happened to her body.

She blushed, her cheeks turning red.

Did Matthew really change his mind? She was so excited that she almost jumped up.

She was sure that last night Matthew had sex with

her.

She knew Matthew a little bit, before when he found out that she was the woman from that night, he was really nice to her.

If he hadn't found out about her fake pregnancy car accident later on, he wouldn't have begun to hate her

either. Now he slept with her, which means he was willing to be with her again.

She happily got out of the bed and put her clothes back on.

She had to hurry and tell Landon about this. If Matthew was willing to be with her again, was he still

going to spread that news?

After getting dressed, she quickly left the hotel.

The car stopped at the Herbert family's house. When she got out, she noticed Abbott's car parked not far

away.

Was Abbott here?

She knew that Abbott was Matthew's assistant.

He was also someone who Matthew trusted very much.

Was he there to tell her family that she wanted to reconcile with Matthew?

The more she thought about it, the more excited she became and the faster she walked.

Pushing open the door, she saw her family. Landon was sitting in the front with a pale face and Sampson and Warner's expressions were not good. Camilla was sitting a little to the side and was sobbing softly, not daring to cry loudly.

Maria didn't think that the dull depressing atmosphere was because of her.

She glanced at Abbott and asked with a smile. "Did Matthew send you?"

Abbott missed her gaze and said indifferently, "Yes."

He and Maria used to work together and they had a good working relationship. Later, she turned out to be from the Herbert family and gained status and changed.

He didn't know what she did, but he knew that Matthew would not do what he did unless she had gone too far.

As expected, Maria almost laughed out loud.

She walked over to Landon, "Dad..."

There was a loud slapping sound.

Maria was slapped hard by her father and lost her balance, falling down on the floor. She knelt on the ground, unable to believe that her father had just slapped her.

She clutched her sorely numb cheek, "Dad, why are you hitting me?"

"Why?" Landon was breathless from the effort of slapping her. The news incident was still not resolved but there was already another scandal! He was extremely angry.

And she was still asking why did he hit her?

Trembling with anger, he pointed at her, "You still have the guts to ask why?"

"You must have a reason for hitting me, otherwise I will never forgive you!" Maria turned her head towards

Camilla with tears in her eyes. Camilla did not dare to intervene for her.

She turned to look at Sampson, who had red eyes

and did not come forward to help her.

When she had returned to the Herbert family's house, Camilla and Sampson had treated her well.

Now that neither of them stepped forward to speak for her, she felt the seriousness of the situation. Landon's voice was lower than usual and deep like a muffled thunder as he chuckled bitterly, "I regret not choking you to death the day you were born. And you are telling me that you won't forgive me?"

His eyes were red, "Do I need you to forgive me?!"

Maria shrank back. This was the first time she saw

such a vicious side of Landon. She threw herself towards Abbott and grabbed his

arm, "You tell my dad what you are here for."

Abbott remained indifferent and said lightly, "I've already told them."

"If he knows that Matthew and I are back together, why is he still angry?"

"When did you get back together with Mr. Nelson?" Abbott said coldly.

Maybe the Herbert family didn't know why Maria was acting like this, but he knew.

Because she called Matthew's name a lot last

night. She thought that the two men were Matthew.

"Last night, I was with Matthew. He... He..."

"I think you have misunderstood." Abbott interrupted her and dropped a bomb on her with his next few words, "Mr. Nelson was not with you last night."

"What nonsense are you talking about? Stop it!" Maria said sternly, she stood up from the ground and pointed at Abbott, "What do you know?"

She remembered that she was in Matthew's arms last night and he did not push her away. Forgetting everything, even the pain of the slap, she smiled, "He loves me. We were together last night." "Enough!" Sampson couldn't listen anymore. He couldn't bear seeing her deceive everyone and herself.

He stepped over, clasped her shoulders and snarled at her, "Wake up, Maria! You have been scammed!"

She looked at Sampson, who looked close to collapsing and asked, "Who scammed me? What are you talking about?"

"How could I give birth to such a stupid daughter like you?" Landon had never regretted this before. But now he regretted recognizing and accepting her in the first place.

If he had known that she was going to bring such a disaster to the Herbert family, he would have let her die outside rather than let her enter through the doors of Herbert family's home.

Abbott came there in person and confirmed Matthew's intention.

Landon knew that these two incidents combined

would really be a disaster for the Herbert family. If he didn't resolve this well, his family was really going to be finished.

He stood up, all arrogance gone, "You tell Matthew,

I will give him a satisfactory explanation for this matter."

Abbott nodded, "Okay. I will tell him that."

Landon stood up to see him out. Abbott waved his

hand, "No need to see me out, thank you."

Abbott immediately left Herbert family's house.

Maria seemed to begin to understand the situation, "Was it not Matthew with me last night?"

She was a fool.

"He tricked me?" Sampson closed his eyes, "What the hell did you do to make him hate you so much and destroy you?"

"LL" She cried, "It was that day when we tricked Dolores. I secretly installed a camera in the room and recorded a video..."

"No wonder Matthew also asked someone to record a video of you and send it over. This was the reason."

"What video?" Maria's brain exploded. Her head was filled with a buzzing.

What video?

Last night, did she....

"What video?" Warner pointed to the USB flash drive on the table, "Watch it yourself. Dad told you to stay home and think about what you did. It was one thing to not want to think about what you did wrong, it was one thing to secretly run out of the house, but you ran out and went to provoke Matthew."

He laughed sarcastically, "If he was that easy to be threatened or if a video could defeat him, would he be who he is today?"

Maria's face was pale.

Landon was already speechless with anger. It was clear that Maria wanted to threaten Matthew

but was put to her place by him.

Who was to blame?

Her lacking skills were to blame.

"Tomorrow, you two will go to see him with me." If there was any room to relax in the previous situation, it was gone now.

He sat on the chair with dull eyes, "Sampson, Maria, the trouble you have made can make Herbert family lose their century-old reputation. Don't blame me, just blame yourselves for being so disappointing."

"Dad, what do you mean? Do you want to abandon us?" Maria couldn't believe it.

"It's not that Dad wants to abandon you, it's that you both brought your destruction upon yourself." Warner interjected, "You both haven't done anything for the family. but you have enjoyed the glory that the Herbert family brought to you. Now, it's time for you both to do something for the family. Besides, all of this happened because of you."

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 132:

[Home](#) » [Covenant Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap](#) » [Chapter 132: Impulsiveness Is Really the Devil](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

Chapter 132: Impulsiveness Is Really the Devil

NEXT

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

Maria turned her head and stared at Warner, smiling gloomily and bitterly, "You wish me and Sampson were dead, so you could own all the property alone, right?"

"Even now, you aren't repenting for what you did.

wrong and are still fighting among your family?" Landon

didn't want to be angry anymore, but listening to her, he

couldn't help it.

He slammed his hand on the table, making the ceiling vibrate. He stared at his daughter as he gasped for breath, "You started this and you should be the one ending it!"

At this moment Landon made up his mind.

"Why?" Maria was not convinced, she was wholeheartedly nice to her family, she did it all for them; now that she didn't succeed in her plan, should she be damned?

"Dad, when you first admitted that I was your daughter, was it because I was someone close to Matthew and now that I am of no value, you want to get rid of me?"

Is that it?" Landon's face changed when Maria guessed exactly what was in his heart, "You... What do you even

have that I could have found of value?"

When Sampson had told him that she was the lost daughter of the Herbert family, he had been hesitant to recognize her. After all, she had grown up outside of the family and he had no special affection for her.

Plus, in families like theirs, there was also the matter of property division.

Later, he had learned that she had been with Matthew and that Matthew liked her very much, so Landon was willing to accept her and announced her identity to the public.

Who knew, she was not going to help their family at all and instead bring so many disasters upon them.

Sampson used to say that he didn't care about the family affairs, but at least he had never caused trouble for

the family.

But now due to her outrageous behavior, the whole family was caught up in predicament.

"You know it too in your heart!" Maria felt as if her heart was breaking into a million pieces inside her chest, and it was never going to be whole again, "When I came here, I thought I had a home, I had a family and a shelter, but I was never able to enjoy the warmth you gave me. You are good to me when I am useful, but when I can't be of use, you throw me away like an old shoe. What do you think I am? Do you think I don't feel hurt?"

As it turned out, it was really true that the world of the rich was cruel, where people only cared about the benefits and advantages they could get.

"Do you think I don't want the best for our family?" She demanded.

"I think, yes, my skills are not as good as others and

I have put my family in a difficult situation, but... don't you

feel even a little bit of reluctance in abandoning me?"

"We are not sending you off to die, you didn't commit a capital offence. You just need to bear.

responsibility for what you did. Why are you making this long-winded speech?" Warner sneered, "You keep saying that I want to take over the family's power, but tell me, who has done their best for this family except me? Only I am dedicated to honoring our parents and managing the company."

"It's all nice to hear..."

"Stop it both of you!" Sampson interrupted Maria, walked to Landon and knelt down on his knees.

He looked at his father and mother, touched the ground in front of him with his palms and kowtowed to them. He didn't get up, "Mom, Dad, it is all my fault. I will bear the full responsibility alone."

In an instant, the whole living room went quiet.

Camilla wiped her tears from her face and stretched out her hand to pull her son up. She choked on her tears as she said, "Men should not kneel like this! How can you kneel like it's nothing?"

He was a grown up.

"You are my parents. There is nothing bad in kneeling down to you. You gave birth to me. I not only didn't honor you but also brought this huge disaster on the family." He stayed in his place, "You let me stay abroad and didn't make me come back home, let me do what I wanted to do. You supported me financially. I know all that is your love for me, but I... let you down."

He raised his head to look at Maria, "For Maria, I am ashamed. I was the one who lost her when she was a child and she suffered outside. I will bear the responsibility of her mistake in her place."

"Are you sure?" Without waiting for Landon to speak, Warner couldn't wait to speak, "You will bear the responsibility? Will Matthew agree?"

"You don't have to worry about that, Warner." It wasn't that Sampson didn't know that Warner had the ambition of being the only one in power, but he was also the eldest in the family and did have the capabilities. He was not willing to fight.

He looked at Warner, "Whatever Maria says, she is

still our sister, we share the same blood. Be kind to her,

don't be too harsh. We can all see how much you have done for the family; no one is going to discredit you." "Don't try to arouse sympathy." Warner turned his head away, "You should be responsible for what you did. About Maria, you don't have to say it, as long as she

behaves like a sister, I will naturally take care of her."

"I don't need you to take care of me." Maria looked up, even if she couldn't protect herself right now, she still didn't want his help.

Landon closed his eyes, looking like he aged ten years in the last hour. He looked at his younger son who was still kneeling at his feet, "You can't solve this matter alone..."

"I have a way. I can bear it alone." Sampson had already figured out a countermeasure.

Now, all he needed was Landon's permission.

If Landon got angry again, it was his own son in front of him, and if he sent him, he was also going to be heartbroken.

"What kind of a disaster from hell is this?" Landon thumped his chest in anger.

Camilla wiped her tears away, finally succumbing to her husband, "It is my fault. I didn't give birth to a good son for you."

The whole family was depressed and lifeless.

In the end, Landon was relieved that somehow this problem was going to be resolved. Someone had to bear the responsibility. He was still a little worried and asked Sampson, "Do you really have a way?"

"Yes." Sampson pursed his lips, Camilla pulled him up, "Get up."

This time Sampson stood up holding on to his mother's hand.

"Sampson." Maria knew that Sampson was really good to her and she regretted forcing him to deal with Dolores and making him lose the possibility of ever having her, "I'm sorry."

"We are family, there's no need to apologize." Sampson had no regrets; Dolores didn't love him.

She was never going to accept him.

But if he fought like this, even if he couldn't have

her heart, he could at least have her person.

It was better than nothing.

He turned around and went upstairs.

Landon was tired.

"Go back to your rooms, all of you."

In the Villa.

Last night, just after Dolores was taken away, Simona had woken up. She found Matthew's clothes on the living room sofa. She had heard her mother mention that Matthew's room was upstairs, so she didn't even continue to look for Dolores and ran up the stairs to knock on his door.

She stood at the door and looked into the room.

There seemed to be someone on the bed, "Daddy, can I sleep with you tonight?"

Matthew couldn't answer her. Her eyes turned red again. Tears swam into her eyes, never falling, making her look very pitiful.

When he turned his head, he saw Dolores head showing out of the quilt. She was looking at him imploringly, hoping that he would agree to her daughter's request.

Matthew could only agree helplessly. He was afraid that if he rejected Simona, Dolores would reject him in the future.

He had to endure this night!

Hugging Simona, he said, "Sleep in my arms."

As a result, the two-person romantic world that Matthew had imagined fell in a disarray and became a three-person world.

It had been seven years since the marriage certificate was issued and they became a legal couple and he had never touched his wife.

He thought he was the most miserable husband in the world.

Dolores got up very early. She didn't want Jessica

to know that she slept upstairs last night.

She was preparing breakfast in the kitchen. When she thought about the fact that she took the initiative to kiss Matthew last night, her ears became red hot and she

felt frustrated to death. How could she have taken initiative to kiss him?

"Impulsiveness is really the devil! Why were you so impulsive, Dolores? You can't sell yourself just

because you want them to love your daughter!" She scolded herself.

"What are you muttering to yourself?"

Suddenly a voice came from behind. Startled, she turned around quickly.

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 133:

[Home](#) » [Covenant Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap](#) » [Chapter 133: Striking His Own Foot with an Axe](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 133: Striking His Own Foot with an Axe](#)

[NEXT](#)

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

Coral was wearing an apron. She had come to the kitchen to make breakfast but arriving in the kitchen to find Dolores already up and muttering something to herself in the kitchen while making breakfast.

"Oh! It's nothing." Dolores said to her, not daring to meet her eyes, "Where are the eggs?"

"In the refrigerator." Coral opened the refrigerator and found that the eggs were gone. She turned around to see them placed next to the sink, "Aren't they there, next to you?"

"Huh?" Dolores turned to see the eggs on the

counter and remembered that she had already taken them out. She had tried to divert the subject and

failed miserably. She smiled in embarrassment, "I forgot!"

Coral smiled too, as if she understood what she was hiding. However, she didn't say anything.

She came over, "Let me help you. Tell me what the kids like to eat, I will make it for them."

"They are not really picky." Dolores beat the eggs together, preparing to make steamed eggs. She had been living here a few days and knew Coral's craftsmanship. Most of Coral's dishes were balanced in nutrition.

With Coral's cooking, no additional preparation was

required.

"It's good for them to not be picky." Coral said.

Picky children tend to lack certain nutritional substances.

"Yeah." Dolores responded with a smile.

They prepared the breakfast together. Maybe it was because they had known each other before, they

didn't feel cramped and matched well.

At seven o'clock, the originally quiet villa became lively.

Samuel's face was not swollen that much anymore. Thinking that he must be getting bored in the room, Jessica dressed him and helped him wash his face. Then, he ran out into the living room to find his sister.

He had slept well last night. He didn't know when his mother and sister had left leaving him alone in the room.

He was disappointed when he woke up.

He felt aggrieved. He was still injured; how could Mommy leave him?

His little face looked unhappy as he sat on the

living room sofa angrily Compared to Samuel's unhappy face, Simona was

very happy.

For the first time, she had slept in her father's arm. She was so excited that she couldn't sleep much all night. She didn't fall asleep until dawn when she fell asleep from exhaustion. She was still asleep. Lying on the pillow with half of her face sunken in the pillow, her small pink lips slightly open with a trail of drool at the corner of her

mouth. Matthew sat on the edge of the bed, looking at her and frowning in disgust, "Still drooling."

She really didn't know that he was disgusted with her.

There was a smile on her face as if she was having a good dream. She grinned sleepily and called out sweetly and softly, "Daddy." Matthew's expression changed as he stared at her, and then he reached out and pinched her cheek. Simona sleepily twisted her head and Matthew retracted his hand and thought, 'How great it would have been if you were actually my daughter.'

This wasn't a good topic for him to dwell on. He got up and went to the bathroom. He came back late last night and then was pestered by Simona, he fell asleep without even taking a shower and his shirt was already wrinkled and sticking to his body.

Soon there was sound of running water coming from the bathroom. After a while, he walked out with a towel wrapped around his waist.

Simona seemed to be sleeping soundly in the bed.

He glanced at her and slid open his walk-in closet.

In the large closet, his suits, shirts, belts and other accessories were neatly placed and hung. There were no fancy colors, only calm and formal colors were present.

The sound of the sliding door awakened Simona. She rubbed her eyes and found that her father was no longer beside her. She pouted, wanting to cry

Seeing the door of the closet open, she crawled out

of bed quietly and ran barefoot to the door of the closet to

see her Daddy. Fortunately, her father hadn't left her.

She leaned on the side of the door frame, secretly

watching him.

Matthew was standing in front of the full-length mirror, buckling the metal buckle on his belt.

The trousers wrapped around his slender legs looked elegant. His upper body was naked, with well-defined, honey-colored muscles, glistening with water drops. In Simona's eyes, the dangling ceiling lights made his tall slender body noble and unruly.

He pulled the towel from the side and dried his hair

and upper body with it, blocking Simona's line of sight. She couldn't help but sigh. Daddy was really

handsome.

His figure was unreal.

Thinking about sleeping in his arms last night, she blushed and grinned, exposing a row of small pearly teeth.

She turned around quietly, climbed into the bed and tried to go back to sleep.

She was really sleepy.

This was her Daddy's bed and it was full of his fragrance. She wanted to lie on it for a while.

She buried her face in the quilt and sniffed deeply, trying to fill herself with her father's fragrance. She closed her eyes, feeling his warmth around her and slowly went back to sleep.

Matthew came out neatly dressed and found her still sleeping on the bed. She was still sleeping but the quilt that had originally been covering her was now underneath her.

He picked her up and put her under the quilt. Seeing that she showed no signs of waking up any time soon, he went out to go downstairs.

Coral was standing at the foot of the stairs. She was on her way to tell him to come down for breakfast. Seeing him coming down, she said to Dolores. "It's time to eat." Dolores responded and brought the breakfast to the table.

Samuel stared at the man who had just come downstairs.

This heartless guy tried to take his Mommy away

He was angry, really angry! Matthew casted a contemptuous look at him. Why

was he making such a bad face so early in the morning?

"Your face doesn't hurt anymore?"

"No." Samuel snorted coldly as he climbed down the sofa and walked to the dining table following Dolores. He was going to keep an eye on her today so Matthew couldn't take any advantage.

Dolores looked at her son who was sticking to her like a tail, "Sit down and eat!"

"Sit with me." Samuel exhorted.

"Okay." Dolores smiled at him and saw that he didn't look happy, "Does your head hurt?"

Samuel wanted to say that it didn't hurt but he saw Matthew coming over, so he threw himself into Dolores arms acting like a baby, "My head hurts, it hurts."

Dolores picked him up, "Let me see."

"No, just hold me " Samuel hugged her tightly

around the neck.

Matthew was speechless.

There was Simona at night and Samuel during the day. Did they not want him to live?

Samuel sat in Dolores lap while eating and asked her to feed him.

This was the most disdainful he had ever felt Simona liked things like these. But right now, he was really enjoying himself, and it

was good for his Mommy too.

"Simona is still sleeping?" Jessica asked.

"She slept late," Dolores said.

Jessica nodded. She also knew that Simona had cried and waited for Matthew last night.

Dolores cellphone on the table suddenly rang. It was Theresa's call, she told her that the store had been renovated and that Mrs. William would be there this morning.

"I have booked the hotel. You go receive her from the airport. Her flight lands at nine o'clock."

"Okay." Dolores hung up after agreeing.

"I need to go to the bathroom." Samuel wanted to go to the bathroom.

"I'll take you."

"No need." Samuel waved his hand dismissively. He wanted to poop and didn't want his mother to wipe it for him.

He could wipe his own butt.

After Samuel left, Dolores lowered her head to eat

porridge

"Are you going out today?" Matthew took the initiative to start the conversation. He felt like she was avoiding him because she hadn't said a word to him since.

he got up.

She hummed in response.

"Where are you going? I will drop you."

"No, you have to go to the office. I have a car myself." Dolores refused.

Thinking about her initiative last night, she felt ashamed.

She didn't even dare to face him alone..

Matthew's eyes narrowed. The car that he gave to

her?

Why did it feel like striking his foot with an axe?

He just wanted to be nice to her, how did it ended up hindering him?

After breakfast, Dolores went out after Matthew, just to stagger time.

But who knew that when she went out, Matthew would still be waiting for her leaning against his car.

She summoned up her courage and walked over,

"Why didn't you leave?"

Matthew answered her question with his own question, "Are you avoiding me?"

Dolores denied, "No."

Matthew said, "Okay, then come on."

Dolores lowered her head and whispered, "We are

not going the same way..."

Matthew saw her ears turn red. Was she shy?

What was she ashamed of? Why was she awkward?

Suddenly he remembered that she kissed him last

night.

Matthew grabbed her by the waist, snaking his arms around it and leaned closer to her lips, "You should kiss me a few times more. If you get used to it you won't feel so embarrassed." Dolores was dumbfounded.

This man.....

"Let's go quickly." Dolores regretted it very much. If she had gotten into the car quicker, she would not have been teased by him.

Matthew smiled, letting go of her and getting into the driving seat.

When the car drove to the intersection, a dark shadow suddenly sprang out and stood in front of the car.

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 134:

[Home](#) » [Covenant Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap](#) » [Chapter 134: Don't Just Keep Giving Sincerely Like A Fool](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

Chapter 134: Don't Just Keep Giving Sincerely Like A Fool

NEXT

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

Matthew stepped on the brake in time and didn't hit

the person who suddenly appeared.

Sampson stood in front of the car. His gaze paused on Dolores for a moment. Sure enough, she and Matthew were together again.

Even with him concealing the truth that he found out this year, he still failed to prevent her and Matthew from getting back

He looked sad, "I want to talk to you."

Dolores was not prepared to see him appear so

Up till now, Dolores had been deliberately evading thinking or asking about that matter.

His appearance told her that what she was trying to not think about did actually happen and the brotherly Sampson in her mind had changed.

He had become someone she couldn't even

He even scared

"Get out of the way." Matthew's eyes were gloomy and his tone was cold enough to shatter glass.

Sampson did not back down, but stared at Dolores, "Lola, how many years have we known each other? I admit it, this time it was my fault. I am really sorry to you, but in all fairness, I did treat you well before."

"When I met you, you were a teenage girl. You acted brave and strong for your brother, your mother. You were so sensible for your age that it made people distressed. Do you remember?"

Dolores clasped her hand tightly and held her breath, no moving in her place. In the past, there were only injuries and pain. Her brother's death was a wound that never healed.

"Later you returned here to get married. Do you! know why I came back here? Because of you." He smiled bitterly, "Later you got divorced and had a car accident. I took you away then. Do you remember those dark days? When you were trying to keep your children safe, when you were going through all that pain, who was there beside you all that time? Who helped you take care of your mother and took care of you?"

He recounted the bits and pieces of the times he had spent with her before, trying to tell her that he sincerely cared for her and liked her..

He couldn't make her love him, but ended up making her hate him.

"You really just hate me? Is there no affection for

me in your heart?"

"Stop it." Dolores closed her eyes. She couldn't deny what he was saying.

He had hurt her but she couldn't deny the good he

had done for her in the past and how nice he had been her. She trembled uncontrollably, "What do you want to

say? Just say it."

Now they had come to where they were today, there was no going back to the past.

What he said was just to reawaken her emotional affection towards him.

He was once kind to her. Sampson smiled. He knew that as long as Dolores agreed to his request, everything between them would disappear like smoke.

But there was no way back. None at all.

"Let the Herbert family go."

Dolores frowned. Where did that come from?

"What do you mean?" Dolores was puzzled. Sampson looked at Matthew sneered, "You don't

know, but he does."

Matthew's thoughts were trapped in Sampson's words. Thinking about it carefully, even though he was destined to be with Dolores, he had only heard about her

past and never participated in any of it. He had always avoided knowing about her past,

what had she experienced and what kind of men she met.

At this moment, he had the urge to know.

He leaned back and put his elbow on the car window casually. Sampson's actions made him feel very disdainful, "What is this? You dare to do things but don't dare to take the responsibility? And now you are using

these methods to survive?" "I am willing to take all the responsibility. Let Maria go and let the Herbert family go. You did that to her, do you

not feel guilty?"

Sampson's hands hanging besides his

clenched into fists.

In his cognition, Matthew was not a good person, he didn't show any mercy to the woman who was once with him.

Dolores was confused. What happened?

Why didn't she know anything? Matthew sneered and didn't respond to Sampson's

words.

His lack of even humane empathy towards her was because she had done things to wipe away his affection for her again and again.

This time she had really crossed the line.

Maybe some people can tolerate that, but some

cannot! Dolores frowned and couldn't stop herself from

asking, "What the hell is going on?" Sampson asked her to look at the news headlines.

In order to understand the confusion, Dolores took out her cellphone to browse through the news of the past two days. It was all about Samuel's kidnapping.

All the guns pointed at the Herbert family, saying that they were bullies.

Dolores instantly sorted the details of the matter.

That day Samuel said that Matthew had asked him to let themselves be deliberately taken away.

It turned out to be drama.

Now the reputation of the Herbert family was

damaged, so Sampson came to ask her to make Matthew let the Herbert family off the hook.

Seriously, she hadn't expected Matthew to do this.

She was confused.

"Lola..."

Dolores opened the car door to step out. Matthew grabbed her hand, seemingly not wanting her to get out. Dolores smiled at him, "I'll just say a few words to him."

Matthew stared at her for a couple seconds, and then slowly let go of her hand.

Dolores got off the car and walked up to Sampson. She looked at his face that was suddenly so strange to her. She had known him for long, but she didn't know his heart at all.

"Did you change? Or did I never know you?" Unknowingly, her eyes turned red, "You must think that I am ruthless. You have known me for so long and have taken care of me, but I still don't want to accept you... Actually, I have thought about being with you and you don't. know this but your mother came to find me. She thinks we are not suitable for each other and doesn't want me to be with you. Your sister was very hostile to me. So, even if I promised you, we will still be separated by a lot."

Her misty eyes were disappointing him, "I'm telling you this, not to explain, but so that you don't think I am a cruel and unrighteous person. Let's be strangers when we meet again in the future. I also think, we should part ways with good impression of each other in our hearts, after all, we did exist in each other's world."

Sampson frowned; his heart was extremely

flustered. His mother had looked for her? "So, you don't dislike me, it's just because of my

sister and mother..."

"No." Dolores interrupted him, "I don't like you. If you didn't have your mother and sister, I would have agreed to try to be with you. But it would have been just to repay you for being kind to me. I don't like you, let alone love you."

She didn't like him and she knew it very well.

The hope was lost and Sampson felt miserable.

"I promise you." Dolores made the decision. After speaking, she turned around.

"Wait..." Sampson stopped her, "Do you remember..."

"Stop talking." Dolores interrupted him because he just wanted to talk about the past again.

She didn't want to listen to him anymore, everything ended here. There was nothing more to talk about.

Sampson had wanted to tell her the truth. impulsively, but he calmed down after being interrupted and looked at Matthew whose lips were curled up in a mocking and sarcastic smile.

"Matthew, you are no better than me." To have one's

own blood in front of him but to not know... how sad was that?

Matthew was too lazy to respond to him and started the car.

When the car drove over, Sampson turned his body sideways and when the car passed him, he said into the window, "Don't just keep giving sincerely like a fool and be

blind to what is in front of your eyes."

Dolores turned to look at him.

What did he mean?

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

[NEXT: CHAPTER 135](#)

[Home](#) » [Covenant Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap](#) » [Chapter 135: Can't You Trust Me?](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 135: Can't You Trust Me?](#)

[NEXT](#)

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

She didn't give a response and the car drove away.

Sampson's words had planted a seed of suspicion

in Dolores heart for no reason.

Don't just keep giving sincerely like a fool and be blind to what is in front of your eyes.

He was clearly referring to Matthew.

Matthew read her thoughts and sneered.

"What are you laughing at?" She frowned.

"Do you feel relaxed now?"

Dolores blinked without responding. After a while,

she said, "No."

She didn't believe it; she didn't believe it at all. She

kept feeling like his words had a deeper meaning.

She pondered for a while, "About that news... forget

"Have you figured it out?"

Dolores turned her head and looked out the window. The scenery that was passing by quickly just like

the past.

She said faintly, "Yeah."

"Okay."

She would rather figure it out herself without his

help.

Actually, this way was good too, cutting off all ties with Sampson.

The car quieted down suddenly, the two did not talk anymore and the atmosphere became quiet. In the

middle, Matthew answered Abbott's call. Abbott said that Landon was at the company

waiting for him.

Dolores had decided so he had to naturally resolve the issue.

The news matter was not going to be investigated

but the video was still not resolved.

He didn't want her video to circulate the internet.

The car stopped in front of the WY Group building. Matthew got out of the car, gave the keys to Dolores and said, "Go home early."

Dolores took the keys and nodded, "Okay." Watching him walk into the building, Dolores sat into the driver's seat and drove to the airport.

She looked at the time; there was still half an hour

left. She was just in time. Not far from the airport, she could see the plane

that looked like a bird in the sky flying in the blue sky. She parked the car in the parking lot and walked into the exit hall of the airport.

Like always, the airport was crowded with people, parting or meeting with tears and laughter.

"Dolores" Suddenly a familiar voice sounded behind her. She turned around and saw Allison beckoning her. She was wearing casual clothes, white sneakers with her sleeves rolled up and carrying a suitcase behind her.

Mrs. William stood right behind her, wearing an

ivory suit and a complete set of sapphire jewelry looking

decent and elegant. Dolores smiled and walked over, "I'm late!" "Exactly, we have been waiting for you forever." Allison complained, looking behind her, "Are you alone? Did Samuel not come to pick me up?"

"He was a little injured and I didn't want him to leave the house, so I didn't tell him that you were coming." Dolores didn't know that she was coming either.

Allison bumped her shoulder, "You weren't expecting me, right?"

"Yeah." Dolores said truthfully.

"Still not here to help you." She gave her a meaningful look and Dolores understood immediately. Allison had come because Mrs. William was afraid that she was going to get too busy to help her and brought Allison to help her.

Even if Mrs. William didn't bring help with her, she wouldn't have been angry at her.

Her current achievements are all because of the opportunities given by Mrs. William.

"Mrs. William." Dolores regarded her with a lot of respect like her own family.

Mrs. William smiled gracefully, "Let's go." Dolores helped her with the luggage, "The car is outside." Dolores put in the luggage and Allison helped to

open the door for Mrs. William.

"Dolores, you have become quiet rich after coming back." Allison carefully checked the car and found it to be the latest. She knew that Dolores was very economical and would never buy such a luxurious car.

"This is not mine." Dolores said..

She had no spare money to buy a car. Allison leaned over and said ambiguously in a gossipy tone, "Then who owns this car? Wait, don't tell me.

Let me guess."

She thought for a while and then said, "A man gave it to you, and he is very rich, right?"

The color and configuration of the car were quite masculine, so the person who lent it to Dolores could never be a woman.

Dolores couldn't afford to buy such a car. So, it must have been a rich man who had a good

relationship with Dolores to lend her a car.

"Am I right?" Allison asked triumphantly. Dolores pretended that she couldn't hear her, "What did you say?"

Allison caught her at once, "Why are you pretending? You heard me clearly. Why don't you want to tell me? You are not capable of finding a man this quickly, are you?"

She guessed, "Could it be your son's father..."

"Allison, are you not tired after such a long flight? Can you be quiet for a while?" Mrs. William interrupted her.

Allison didn't know it but Mrs. William probably guessed that whose car was it. It was probably that one

who forced her to come back.

Allison curled her lips and patted Dolores on the shoulder, "Okay, this time I will let you go for Mrs. William's sake."

"By the way, what is the plan for today?" Allison

didn't feel tired at all from the flight and looked excited. "Don't you need to rest?" Dolores glanced at her.

"I'm not tired." Allison stretched, "Where is Theresa? Why didn't she come with you to pick us up?"

"She is in the store."

"Oh, then I will go too and get familiarized with the environment. You just take Mrs. William to the hotel to rest."

"Are you sure?" Dolores asked.

"Yes."

Taking the U-turn, Dolores changed the car's direction and drove towards the store.

While dropping Allison at the store, she and Mrs. William also took a look at the interior of the store. It was based on the main store's design, very modest and there were not errors. Mrs. William was quite satisfied.

ELO was her whole life's hard work, even if it was

just a branch, she did not allow any mistakes..

After the visit, Dolores took her to the hotel to rest. "Is there anything like good days to start new

things in China?" Mrs. William asked.

Dolores nodded, "Yes."

"Then we will have to carefully choose a good day to hold the opening ceremony and follow all the customs. After all, you are also Chinese."

"I checked and the say after tomorrow is a good day. It is advisable to move into a new house, open a business or break ground for a building." She had been checking for a suitable day while overseeing the store's renovation, so that they could open right away.

"If you have arranged for it then it's great." Mrs. William looked a little tired.

Dolores opened the door of the hotel room for her, placed her luggage inside and poured her a glass of water, "Drink some water, take a bath and rest. We will have

dinner together tonight."

"Okay. You go finish the arrangements"

There were a lot of things to be arranged for the opening and there wasn't much time for Dolores to arrange it all in time.

Dolores left the hotel and went to the store, choosing invitations and decorating the venue..

Since returning back to China, this was the first

time Dolores felt everything was real.

In WY Group's reception room.....

"Don't worry about the video. I will never let it leak, it will be completely destroyed." Landon came to talk to Matthew himself.

Sampson had gone back and told him that the matter of the video was settled. As long as there was a press conference, he was going to singlehandedly bear all responsibility.

The situation had evolved so badly that it was impossible to clean up in a way where no one would be punished, and no matter what they did the Herbert family's reputation was never going to be restored.

Sampson was voluntarily going to admit that he

had bullied and kidnapped Samuel and that he was willing to receive punishment.

The heaviest sentence imposed by the police for intentional injury was one year and six months jail time.

Normally, it wouldn't be as long. But even though Samuel was not severely injured, there was still a lot of pressure on the police and the Herbert family did not want trouble anymore, so they would sentence him harshly to make sure the concerns of the public were put to rest. This way the reputation of the Herbert family was going to be restored too. They did not bully others and were good law-abiding citizens. If they made a mistake, they were punished for it even more severely than regular people.

This was going to stop all of the gossiping.

"That video of Maria..." Landon stopped talking suddenly..

His meaning was clear.

"I need sincerity." Matthew said indifferently. He was not going to rely on his words.

Was he a three-year-old child?

Sincerity was shown in action not in words.

Landon placed the original video on the table, "There is no back up copy, it wasn't saved anywhere. You can be rest assured that even though this mess is unpleasant, there is still old friendship between the two families. I will not go back on my word."

Matthew picked it up and looked at it for two seconds, "Don't worry. As long as this video doesn't see the light of the day, your daughter's video will also not leak."

"But..."

"Why? Can't you trust me?"

Landon was embarrassed. If the video remained in his hands wouldn't he be able to threaten with it at any

time?

At such a time, the feeling of being threatened by others was not good.

"Of course, I believe you, but, after all, it is connected to my daughter's reputation, so I must be vigilant" Landon looked like a father at this moment.

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 136:

[Home](#) » [Covenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap](#) » [Chapter 136: Did He Fall Into the Toilet And Got Stuck?](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 136: Did He Fall Into the Toilet And Got Stuck?](#)

[NEXT](#)

[Click 'Setting' button to setting theme](#)

In rich and powerful families, affection towards a member depended on the benefits they bring. Similarly, it wasn't that he was afraid of affecting his daughter's reputation, he was actually afraid of affecting the reputation of the Herbert family. "Look at the friendship between the two families; Maria was with you once. Please give her a chance to turn over a new leaf. After all..." Landon didn't finish his sentence. After all Matthew had really ruined Maria for life. When he thought about Matthew's relentless effort to force them to this point, Landon's blood boiled with anger and he wanted to strangle Matthew right then. It wasn't that he couldn't, it was just that he didn't have enough power to do so. It was only his children to blame for trying to gain advantage but ending up harming themselves. At this

age, he still had to bow down to Matthew, who was so much younger than him, and feel humiliated. Matthew's face was blank, his expressions didn't change at all as he closed his eyes. He muttered irresolutely to himself before slowly opening his eyes, "I don't want to hear another word about this ever again." "What are you talking about?" "Do I have a relationship with your daughter?" Landon wanted to but he couldn't refute it and said coldly, "I will never mention this again in the future. Don't worry, I am a reasonable person. It is my own two children who didn't live up to my expectations. I can't blame anyone else. At this moment, the door of the reception room was knocked. Abbott pushed open the door and walked in. He leaned close to Matthew's ear and said, "Armand and Terry are here." Without looking at Landon, Matthew ordered Abbott, "Give him the original copy of the video." After saying that, he got up and left. Landon was overjoyed that the matter was resolved. He hadn't been able to sleep or eat well for the last few days and was completely exhausted. The heavy burden on his heart was finally lifted. "Wait a minute." Landon was clearly not like the people who used flattery to win, but he wasn't also the tough unyielding kind. He expressed his dissatisfaction about the whole thing. "There was no bad blood between our families. Maria did wrong but you have done way more in retaliation. Now, things between us don't look so good, who can say that our families will continue to be friends?" Matthew turned around slowly, his eyes showed no change of emotions. His indifferent and cold face looked gorgeous in all its seriousness; the chill he emanated from his body was enough to make people shiver. He chuckled lightly, "I'll just wait and see!" After saying that, he continued to walk away. The air in the room was quiet for two seconds, and then Abbott placed the original copy of the video on the table and looked up at Landon, "You are sensible enough to know that the worldly affairs are always fickle. No one knows what might happen tomorrow, or how many cards are actually in your opponent's hands." Landon frowned, "What do you mean?" Abbott smiled, "I just think that your words were too incisive just now, Mr. Herbert." "Did I say anything wrong?" Landon asked rhetorically. Wasn't Matthew being aggressive first? "No." Abbott did not continue to humor him, he gestured politely towards the door, "Let me show you to the way out." Landon's expressions looked dark as he stood up. Abbott pretended that he didn't notice his anger, but in his heart, he thought it was not unreasonable that the Herbert family was going to fall soon. Landon's two sons had no talent for doing business and even Landon himself wasn't much better. In the president's office, Armand leaned leisurely on Matthew's desk, turning the globe on the desk around again and again, looking bored. He frowned and shouted at the door, "Where did Matthew go? Did he fall into the toilet and get stuck? Why is he making me wait so long... Before he could finish his sentence, the door opened. His voice was so loud, Matthew must have heard it. He jumped off the table and laughed resentfully, "I didn't say anything. You... you didn't hear anything bad about you, did you?" Matthew ignored him lightly, "Can't you have a little dignity?" Armand touched his handsome face, "With my looks, who needs dignity?" Terry stood to the side, not daring to talk. Armand had really ruined his perception of lawyers. He had never seen such a silly and amusing lawyer. Armand became serious and deliberately changed the topic to save himself from further humiliation, "As for the car accident, I have already written a complaint. When will it be filed?" Terry's eyes widened as he waited for Matthew's answer. This was what he had always wanted to do, and now he could finally ask for an explanation for his brother's death and make sure that the person who killed his brother was punished. He felt his heart beat faster with excitement. Matthew sat down at the desk and said lightly, "No hurry." Seeing Landon getting angry, he was thinking about making this matter into something to attack him later and he thought it was better to keep it for now. Huh? "Why? It has been six years! The longer we wait, the more difficult it will become to present the case. Not to mention she also harmed Ms. Flores

back then too." Terry became anxious in an instant. Not in a hurry? What does he mean by that? Did he regret helping him? Armand and Matthew were buddies, Armand knew him enough to know that Matthew saying there was no hurry was not him saying he didn't want to do it. He patted Terry on the back of his neck, "You can't even hold in your anger! In court, anyone can irritate you with a few words. This is not good for you." Terry shook him off, still looking angry, "I know! I just..." "I just don't want to wait anymore." Armand finished his sentence for him and patted him on the shoulder comfortably, "Matthew is a man of his word. If he says he is not in a hurry, then it must not be the right time to expose it. You have waited for six years, can't you wait for a few more days?" Terry was speechless. He had to admit that Armand was right! Being a lawyer, Armand's words were quite compelling. "But, this matter..." "Do you not believe me?" Armand interrupted him. "No, it's not like that." Terry dropped his head low, looking dispirited. "Okay then, you go back first. I will let you know when to file the case." Terry was not capable of doing it himself; he needed to rely on them. What could he do when the initiative was in their hands? Even if he didn't want to wait anymore, he had no choice. Terry had no choice but to leave early. After Terry left, Armand winked flirtatiously at Matthew across the desk, "How did I do, Matthew?" Matthew didn't even look at him, he just threw a file on the table, "Enough playing around. Go back and meet your grandma." "Can you not talk a bit pleasantly?" Armand lost his calm when Matthew mentioned his grandma He was about the same age as Matthew, but he had a more outgoing personality and had not still gotten married. His parents had passed away early and his grandma had raised him. She hoped he could get married soon and have children, but he didn't want to get married and only wanted to play around. He had lost all enthusiasm for love and emotions. "You still have to compensate for the last time you stood me up." Armand took out his cellphone, "I will call Boyce and find a good place and then we will go have a drink together. It has been a long time since we last got together. He dialed the number on his phone. "What's up? Matthew is free today. Shall we go out?" Boyce was also a busy person. He was not from City B; he had stayed there after graduating from the university. To make a career in City B he had made a lot of efforts. "Oh! I am actually free today too. Tell me where you are. I will come right away." Armand looked at the time, "Let's eat first, come to Join & Share Manor. Their view and the food both are great." "Okay, you arrange it." Basically, for their meet-ups, Armand always found the place and Matthew paid. here was no other way since Matthew was the richest. Late in the evening, Boyce drove to the WY Tower, looking for Armand and Matthew. Together, they drove three separate cars to Join & Share Manor. As Matthew parked the car in the parking lot and got off, he saw the car that he had given to Dolores parked besides his car. "Hey, Matthew, isn't this your car? What is it doing here?" Armand also recognized the car at a glance.

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 137

Home » Covenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap » Chapter 137: You Are a Pretty Bad Guy!

PREVIOUS

Chapter 137: You Are a Pretty Bad Guy!

NEXT

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

Matthew glanced inside and he realized that Dolores was probably here too. However, Armand's heart was burning with the desire to gossip. Did Matthew lend his car to someone? "A guy or a woman?" Armand walked over and winked at Matthew, "Aren't you trying to win your ex-wife back? What's up with the sudden change of preference?" "Fuck off!" Matthew gave him a sideways glance. Boyce smiled, "Why are you like this? Why do you still behave so childishly?" "You behave childishly!" Armand jumped on Boyce's back and put his arms around his neck, "Hey! Have you seen his ex-wife?" Boyce nodded honestly, "Yeah." Matthew got married six years ago. It was actually a secret marriage and not one that Matthew wanted. He didn't introduce her to him. At that time, he was really busy during the promotional period. Soon, Matthew got divorced and he had no chance to meet her. If Abbott hadn't contacted him for help that day, he would have never seen her. Abbott had told him that now Matthew seemed to care about his ex-wife, but he also understood why he had begun to care about her. It must be because of the children. The other day, he had seen Samuel who looked around five or six years old; the timing checked out. Entering the Join & Share Manor, there were pavilions and kiosks everywhere. Red lanterns lit up the winding corridor that led to the lobby. As soon as they walked in, a server came over. "Mr. Bernie?" "Yes" Armand had naturally used his name when reserving the place. "Please follow me!" The server walked ahead of them, leading them to a private room. The room was very spacious with sandalwood table and chairs carved with intricate patterns turning the atmosphere classically antique. The private rooms here were different from other places. They were not actually rooms but rather long corridors separated into small rooms using screens. Each screen had a different pattern on it for each room. The server handed over the menu and Armand took it quickly, "I will order the dishes as I know how to eat." Boyce clicked his tongue and smiled. Armand narrowed his eyes at him, "What the fuck are you smiling at?" "How do you call yourself a highly educated and sophisticated lawyer but can't even speak in a civilized manner?" "I have to behave myself at work all day. This is my personal time, can't I loosen up a bit? Are any of you as tired as I am?" "Oh, fuck off!" Boyce didn't bother to respond to him. He opened a law firm and all the cases went to the lawyers working in his firm. He had not even been to court in a long time What did he know about being tired? Armand cleared his throat, "You should speak more civilly, can't you see there's a person here?" He deliberately winked at Boyce, indicating at the female server "Nut job!" Boyce didn't bother to care too much about him. Matthew seemed too silent. He sat between them but looked like they didn't exist to him. He was holding his cellphone in his hands, rubbing his fingers back and forth on the screen. He wanted to call Dolores and ask her if she was here, but seeing the other two besides him, he gave up the idea. After ordering the dishes, Armand handed the menu back to the server and said, "Please be quick. "Sure." Soon, in about half an hour the food was served. Armand opened a bottle of wine and filled their glasses one by one, "This is too boring with just us three." "Who else are you looking for? Phoebe?" "Don't try to pick on my

scabs." Armand glared at him. Boyce smiled, "Are you still hung up on it?" Phoebe Lewis was Armand's first love. He dated her in university. He loved her very much but they had broken up later. He had never revealed why he broke up with her. All Boyce knew was that Phoebe had become a taboo for him. Not only he never let anyone say it, but he had also never been in love again. He had many women around him but he never felt true love again and just played around with them. Tell me something, does a person's feeling come from love or from sex?" Armand took a sip of wine and frowned at the taste, "Nice." "Shouldn't we ask you this? You have the most experience." Boyce also sipped on his wine Armand pointed at Matthew with his chin and said, "We should ask him. Back then, didn't he and Helen got together in the first place because they slept together?" He began to date her because he felt responsible for spending a night with her, but after she deceived him, he didn't want her anymore. Was this to be in love? Or to be heartless? Matthew glanced at him, "Do you have nothing better to do?" "We are alone here. I am telling the truth. You took her virginity and then threw her away. You are a pretty bad guy!" Armand had had two glasses of wine and his voice was now considerably loud. A few women were sitting in the room besides theirs and they were all taken aback at his loud voice. Allison reacted strongly, "Sure enough, not all men are good." Theresa had chosen this place because it had good ratings on the internet. The food and atmosphere were all good but she hadn't expected the rooms to just be separated by thin screens and to not be soundproof at all. Dolores felt that the voice was a little familiar, so she gently moved towards the screen to look into the other room through the small gap. She saw Armand's arm resting on Matthew's shoulder, "Seriously, did you even like Helen? Or were you just taking responsibility after sleeping with her?" Dolores held her breath inexplicably, but she also wanted to know the answer She clutched her chair nervously. Matthew took a sip of wine, "A bit." He had never felt his heart move because of Helen, and it was indeed his sense of responsibility of spending the night with her that made him stay with her. Even though his memory was blurred, he still remembered the feeling of that night. If he didn't like her, he wouldn't have remembered it. So, it was like a bit. Armand said, "That is to say, if it starts with sex, more feelings can be evoked?" After all, when Matthew hadn't slept with Helen, he didn't have any feelings for her. After sleeping with her once, he did begin to like her a little bit. So, sex could amplify the feelings of love? "Your logic is awesome, Mr. Lawyer." Boyce gave Armand a thumbs-up. Armand squinted at him, "Do you think everyone is like you? A thirty-year-old virgin?" Boyce was speechless with anger. He wanted to curse at Armand. In the other room, Dolores didn't know what had happened to her suddenly but she had lost her appetite. She had lost her appetite completely. "Is the food here not up to your taste?" Theresa asked. Dolores stuffed a mouthful of food in her mouth and said, "No, it's delicious." "This is the first time I am eating such authentic Chinese food." Mrs. William was very satisfied with the food, "And the atmosphere here is also very good, very Chinese. I like it!" "As long as you are satisfied. This trip will not let you down." Theresa poured Mrs. William a glass of wine. "Oh! I should stop drinking. I am full and it's time to go back. Even though Mrs. William maintained a good posture, she was very old and had limited energy. "Yeah, I think so too." Allison also felt tired. She had gone to the store right after landing here; now she felt tired and needed to sleep. "I'll drop you." Dolores stood up and spoke. "No need." Allison waved at her, "You have been busy at the store the whole day, you go back and look after the kids." "Then take my car." Theresa gave her car keys to Allison. Allison took the keys and helped Mrs. William leave the room. Dolores rubbed her face, "I will go settle the bill." Theresa followed her, "Dolores, you look like you are in a bad mood." Dolores denied, "No." "Yeah. You were really happy all day but as you were eating your expressions changed." "I am still happy Dolores chuckled. The store was about to open, she was extremely happy Theresa smiled. Dolores

face suddenly became dull, "Do I really look unhappy?" Theresa nodded seriously. Dolores pondered carefully about why did she suddenly became unhappy. Was she unhappy about the fact that Helen and Matthew slept together, or that Matthew used to like Helen? She didn't know, she only knew that she was upset. Dolores took a deep breath, cheered herself up and walked to the front desk to pay. "The total bill is 5800." Dolores took out the card to hand it over, but she was suddenly enveloped by the shadow of a tall figure. Someone handed over their card first and said, "Swipe this one."

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 138:

[Home](#) » [Covenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap](#) » [Chapter 138: Keep Her beside Him](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 138: Keep Her beside Him](#)

[NEXT](#)

[Click 'Setting' button to setting theme](#)

She turned around to see Matthew standing behind. With the light behind his head, she couldn't make out his expressions clearly and could only squint to try to see. The receptionist took the card in Matthew's hand and said, "The total bill of both rooms is 12080." "Oh! So, sister-in-law Dolores drove the car here." Armand blurted out. Dolores lowered her head and put her card back inside her bag. She asked Matthew softly, "Are you going back?" Before Matthew could answer, Armand took the lead, "It's so early, what is all this about going back? Besides... He pointed to Matthew and Dolores, "You both still owe me a celebratory drink for your wedding. Let's do it tonight!" Matthew did not object and his eyes were hiding in the elusive light, not showing his heart. Dolores only felt embarrassed, especially at the awkward way Armand addressed her. "I am not you guys can go ahead." She turned to leave but Matthew grabbed her wrist, "Wait for me." Dolores wanted to get away from him but he was holding her wrist too tightly for her to let herself free. By this time, the receptionist had settled the bill and handed the card back with the receipt, "Your total is 12080." Matthew put the card and the bill in his wallet and said lightly, "Let's go!" Armand had no intention to let them go that easily and he stepped in front of them, "If you don't take me for a drink tonight, I will never let you go." He stood in front of them stubbornly. Theresa, who was standing behind them, stepped back quietly, wanting to leave. Armand saw in the mirror that the woman behind them was secretly trying to leave. Armand had seen that she had come out of the room with Dolores just now, which meant that they knew each other. He turned around and grabbed her, "Don't go." Theresa was startled and stared at him in horror. "Don't be afraid,

you are my sister-in-law's friend, right?" Armand grinned with his dazzling white teeth in her face. She glanced at Dolores and nodded, "I am her assistant." "Oh! What do you guys do?" "Costume design." "Oh! What a coincidence, I have been yearning to order some clothes." "Well, our store is opening the day after tomorrow. I would love to invite you to come." Theresa replied smoothly. What? Armand blinked blankly. "You have a store opening the day after tomorrow?" Theresa nodded. Armand hugged Boyce, who was watching this excitedly and tugged at his neck, "Our sister-in-law is opening her store, ofcourse we have to go there to cheer her on." "Yeah." Boyce answered. He felt that even though Matthew and Dolores were divorced, they had children together and it was only a matter of time before they were going to be remarried. Judging from Matthew's behavior, he did seem to care about her a lot. This was great and they had to go to the opening even if they didn't have time. Armand smiled, his lips red and teeth white. "Dolores, if you don't take us for a drink tonight, I will not leave here." He was really shameless. Dolores frowned. She looked at Matt hoping that he would talk to his friend. Hoping that he wouldn't let her be embarrassed. What celebratory drinks for wedding? What celebration? Matthew pretended to not have seen her gaze. He continued to hold her hand and playing with it. He did not reject Armand's wish. When he married Dolores, there was nothing and he didn't even introduce her to his best friends. He was inexplicably pleased by Armand calling her his sister-in-law. He had not introduced her to his friends before because he was not interested in her. At that time, he didn't want this marriage. But now it was different, he wanted to keep this marriage and keep her besides him. Now, he wanted to show her off. Plus, Armand and Boyce were his good friends. He wanted to let them know "If Dolores is busy, then we can go first. Boyce and I can go for drinks with her." Armand grabbed Theresa's arm and began to leave. "Dolores!" Theresa shouted in panic. "Wait." Dolores had no choice but to agree. "Let her go." Armand had done it deliberately. He knew that the woman Matthew was in love with would never be too easy going; she would not just stand and watch her assistant being pulled away and stay indifferent. It turned out that he was right. He let Theresa go. She quickly stepped back, increasing the distance between her and Armand. He looked more like a terrifying monster than a human. "Let's go then. I will decide where to and it's my treat today. Armand was in a good mood but Boyce poured cold water on him with his words, "Yeah? You, the cheapskate of the century, will pay?" As long as Matthew was there, he never paid. Armand glared at him, "Don't ruin my reputation in front of the beautiful women. I am very generous!" Boyce smiled and got into his car. "You get in my car." Armand beckoned Theresa. Theresa waves her hands quickly, "No, no, you guys go on ahead. I will go back now." "What are you afraid of? I don't eat people." Armand smiled Theresa still refused, "I have other plans." She casually found an excuse After saying that, she turned around and left with a quick goodbye to Dolores. Dolores bid her goodbye, "Okay, be careful." Theresa nodded. When she walked to the side of the road, she realized that there was a problem. There were no taxis passing by. Everyone who came to eat there had their own car to drive back. She gave her car to Allison. What was she going to do now? "Come with us. There is no taxi here." Armand parked his car beside her. Theresa wanted to find Dolores but by this time she was already in Matthew's car. "You don't want to disturb them husband and wife, do you?" "No." "Come on, I'll drop you." Theresa stood her ground nervously, "Um, no thanks! "Are you sure?" "I'm sure!" Theresa said with certainty. She was not blind. She knew that they were a group of extraordinary people and she didn't want to provoke such a person. Boyce looked like an honest person but Armand looked like a playboy. She didn't want to have anything to do with a grease ball like him. Armand was rejected again and again and his enthusiasm was also running low. He raised the window, and looked at Theresa for a while. She looked funny to him, too careful in his opinion. He

wasn't a bad person. Why was she wary of him as if he was a thief? After his car disappeared in the distance, Theresa had no choice but to call Allison to come pick her up. The place chosen by Armand was a high-end bar. The time of the night was lively, the nightlife was just beginning. The big lounge on the second floor was spacious and had a great view. They could see the entire bar and the dance floor down at the first floor. Men and women were dancing recklessly around in the red and green lights. Armand stood in front of the railing on the second floor with a glass of wine dangling in his hand as he swayed his legs around sloppily looking like an idiot. Boyce had long been accustomed to his behavior, he didn't find it strange. "Behave yourself!" He reminded Armand. Today, Dolores was with them too. Armand was also surprised that he went that far. He quickly sat down and corrected his slouchy appearance, "Sister-in-law, I introduced myself last time. You still remember me, right?" Dolores fixed her hair behind her ear, trying to not look embarrassed at the way he addressed her, "I remember. "This is Boyce Shawn." Armand smiled, putting his hand on Boyce's shoulder, "He is also mine and Matthew's friend" Boyce elbowed him in his ribs, "Do I not have a mouth? I can talk for myself." "I am afraid that you won't be able to talk properly. Remember when you used to try to talk to girls in college? Blushing and Ow!" "Oh, did it hurt? I didn't realize." Boyce pinched him harder. He had been trained seriously, Armand with his soft and tender skin was no match for him. He wrinkled his face in pain. Dolores could see that they had a strong friendship beyond their squabbles. She leaned towards Matthew and whispered, "I am going to the bathroom." Matthew let go of her hand and hummed faintly. Dolores got up and left, following the signs to find the bathroom. Unfortunately, as she was entering, someone walked out and bumped into her at the door.

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 139:

[Home](#) » [Covenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap](#) » [Chapter 139: Cruel Heart](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 139: Cruel Heart](#)

[NEXT](#)

[Click 'Setting' button to setting theme](#)

Maria's face was red and her breath smelled strongly of wine. It was obvious that she had drank a lot of wine. When she saw the person that she had bumped into was Dolores, she was stunned for a moment but then she smiled, "Enemies are bound to clash on a narrow path." Dolores didn't want to engage in conversation with her and tried to walk around her, but Maria refused to let her pass, "Are you happy

now, Dolores? My brother is in jail. The man who protected you for ten years is now in jail." Dolores's expressions were calm, she didn't want to go into the details of the grievances of this matter. You reap what you sow. If Sampson hadn't done that to her and Samuel, he wouldn't have to go to jail. She didn't feel the thrill of revenge, she just felt depressed. "Aren't you especially happy? Maria leaned against the door frame and squinted up at the bright ceiling lights, "Do you know what's cruel?" "I'm sorry, I don't know you." Dolores walked sideways into the bathroom. This time Maria didn't stop her. Dolores came out of the stall and walked to the sink to wash her hands and dried them. Maria was still there, but she pretended not to notice her and began to walk out of there. "I was raped" As soon as she took two steps towards the door, Maria said looking at her back. Dolores still didn't stop. "Matthew had people rape me." Maria laughed, "I was with him for so long. He cared for me and loved me. But now, he has become cruel, even for his own woman, he has no mercy." She knew that Dolores heard her. She curled her lips and continued, "Do you think he treats you well?" Dolores footsteps paused and her hands clenched into fists suddenly. Indeed, he did treat her well now. "Don't be fooled by his appearance. He is actually a cruel person. He only pretends to be nice. If you believe him, your fate would be same as mine. Someone other woman will replace you, just like you replaced me." "You think I would believe you? You just couldn't have him and deliberately tried to ruin his and my relationship." Dolores didn't believe her. "Why do you think my brother took all the responsibility? Because of me." Maria was heartbroken. Sampson was really good to her, Camilla was also good to her, but of course she preferred her son over Maria. "Matthew videotaped me getting raped. If Sampson hadn't taken all the responsibility and gone to jail, that video would have spread everywhere and my life would have been ruined." She deliberately told Dolores. Dolores suddenly remembered how Sampson had rushed to the car and appeared so resolute that day. He bore all the responsibility... for Maria? Think g about how Maria, she believed her. Sampson cared for Whatever went on in her mind, she didn't show it in front of Maria. "That is none of my business." Even though her appearance was calm, her heart. was not. She had never expected that Matthew would ever do such a thing. No matter what Maria did to him, how could he ever do that?! She felt terribly constricted. Matthew's cruelty had exceeded her imagination. How could he ruin a woman in such a way? What was the difference between him and Sampson? This was even more evil than Sampson's behavior. Maria hadn't expected her to look so calm, "I look forward to see your last move." Dolores didn't continue to stand there, she started to walk. "Six years ago, you asked Sampson to go to Country A to investigate something. Do you still remember?" Of course, Dolores remembered. She had suspected that person to be Matthew at that time, but the result of subsequent investigation had proved her wrong. And when he had asked for divorce, she had also given up. "Sampson lied to you. The man that night was not from Country A." Dolores didn't stop. Obviously, Maria was just saying that on purpose. But for what purpose? Dolores didn't know that, but the only thing she was sure about was that Maria was not kind enough to tell her the truth. Perhaps, she had been lying from the beginning to lure her in. Dolores slowly turned around to look at her, "Don't bother! I won't be fooled by you. I will never believe you." Maria was not angry at her words at all, on the contrary, she laughed happily, "I have been stupid and have failed so many times. But even I can't always fail... I must succeed at least once." Dolores said coldly, "Those who go against moral conscience never succeed." "Did I have any grudges against you?" Maria sneered, "But when you walked in and stole my man, how could I not hate you?" Dolores had nothing left to say. Her relationship with Matthew was only a marriage contract from when they were children. Even if she married Matthew later, she had never thought about destroying her relationship with Matthew. But Maria framed her again and again. "You made yourself what you are

right now. If you trusted the feelings between you two so much, why did you even care about my existence?" Dolores words stabbed Maria right where it hurt the most. There were no feelings between them, what would she have trusted? Matthew admitted her identity, but why wasn't there the love that was there that night? And even that night, it was this woman! "Dolores, let's wait and see. For as long as live, I won't let you live happily!" Maria couldn't laugh anymore Her face looked hideous and terrifying. Dolores smiled This idea wasn't new for Maria. Ever since Matthew had married her, she had always wanted Dolores to die. Back in the private lounge, there were two empty wine bottles on the table, after she went to the bathroom, the three of them seemed to have drank a lot. "Dolores, come in, let me pour you a toast.' Seeing Dolores walk in, Armand stood up with wine in his hand. His face did not show the amount of wine he had. His face was still not red but his speech was slurred and he looked very drunk. "You are drunk." Dolores sat down, but this time she didn't sit with Matthew. When they had come there, Matthew had been holding on to her hand and she didn't have any other choice but to sit with him. But she was extremely shocked after hearing Maria's words. Maria had done a lot wrong to him, but how could he use such cruel means to deal with her? A woman's purity was extremely important. He treated her well now, but how long was this going to last? What id he got tired of her and didn't feel the spark with her anymore? Would he do the same to her too? Dolores didn't dare to think too deeply about it, but her blood felt freezing in her body Why did he have such a cruel heart? Armand was taken aback. Ever since Dolores had come back in the lounge, the atmosphere felt cold. He realized soon that something was wrong. Even though Dolores was not happy when she came but still, she and Matthew's relationship looked quite intimate. But things changed since she went out and came back. She didn't sit with Matthew and her expression were not good too. What went wrong? Armand was confused. Matthew's eyes were dark. Naturally, he had also: felt Dolores's sudden cold attitude. The atmosphere was so depressing that even Armand didn't try to talk nonsense. He sat back quietly, he had been thinking about toasting for Matthew and Dolores, but now he didn't dare to say anything. He hid behind Boyce like a frightened quail. Matthew picked up the glass of wine in front of him and touched it to his lips, pouring the wine into his mouth, staining his teeth and tongue. His cold and graceful demeanor appeared again as his lips became red, "It's enough for today." He put the empty glass back on the table and stood up. Passing Dolores on his way out, he held out his hand to her and said, "We should go home." Dolores stood up but didn't take his hand. Armand gave Dolores a thumb-up behind Matthew's back. She didn't even care about his image, great! Matthew turned to look at Armand who was gloating. Armand was so frightened that he said hurriedly, "I didn't see anything. In fact, I am blind" He covered his eyes. It was never a good idea to mock Matthew. Armand only dared to uncover his eyes after Matthew and Dolores had left the lounge. Terrified Idiot!" Boyce took a sip of his wine and then stood up, "You can go back." Armand nodded quickly. "Did they have a fight? Weren't they happy a while ago? How did they change so quickly?" "Who knows?" Boyce couldn't figure it out either. Outside. "You are drunk, let me drive." Dolores said. Matthew didn't give her the keys, instead he got in the driver's seat and started the car. Dolores stood by the car, not getting in. He turned his head to look at her, "Why? Are you afraid my car is unsafe?" "No." "Then? Why aren't you getting in?" Dolores hesitated for a moment, and then she opened the door and sat in the car. Matthew began to drive. He drove fast and the route he took was not the one that went back to the villa. Dolores frowned, "Where are you taking me?"

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 140:

Home » Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap » Chapter 140: She Was Afraid That He Was Going to Treat Her with the Same Cruelty

PREVIOUS

Chapter 140: She Was Afraid That He Was Going to Treat Her with the Same Cruelty

NEXT

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

Matthew did not answer her. Dolores had no choice but to sit patiently and quietly. After a while, the car stopped at the hotel she had been to last time. Dolores sat still in her seat, "Why did you bring me here?" Matthew opened her door, pulled her out by the wrist and strode into the lobby dragging her with him. "What are you doing?" Dolores struggled to free her hand, but his hands were as strong as iron cuffs. Through the lobby, to the elevator and going up. Matthew led her to the door of the room. A beep sounded as he unlocked the door. "What the hell are you doing? I need to go back, Samuel's injury is still not healed, I should be there with him.....Damn it! Before she could finish her sentence, Matthew pulled her into the room and closed the door behind her. Dolores heart trembled, beating loudly in her chest. She had seen him angry, but she had never seen him this angry. The air in the room felt quiet and empty, just like the air before a violent storm. The deep voice that came from his chest felt the same, "Tell me, what is wrong with you?" Dolores leaned back against the closed her palms were sweaty. She didn't speak, but stared at him, trying to see his heart clearly What kind of heart was hidden behind his handsome face? "Why aren't you saying anything?" His voice was still bone-chillingly cold. "I met Maria." Her hands hanging on her sides clenched into fists, her palms wet and sticky with sweat. Matthew frowned slightly, "So what?" Was this why she was suddenly angry? "She told me something." Matthew stayed silent waiting for her next words.. Dolores mustered up all her courage before saying, "She said that you had her raped." She stared at him, "Is that true?" She wanted him to deny and prove that he was not that cruel and heartless. That he didn't have anyone rape Maria. That his heart was not that cold. But Matthew's answer made her own heart cold. "Yes." Her ears buzzed and her throat seemed to have a huge lump in it. She couldn't speak for a long time. She found her voice after a long time, "Why?" "Why did you do that? Did you never love her? How could you do this to her?" Dolores couldn't understand. She couldn't accept that he was such a person. She was used to his goodness. Somewhere deep Inside her heart, something broke. Just because of this man. She was at a loss because of what he did. "Are you angry just because of this?" Matthew's eyes slowly changed from anger to calm as she continued to look at him. "Is this a trivial matter? Is your heart made out of stone?" Matthew reached

over to sweep away a strand of hair that was on her forehead, but Dolores turned her face away, avoiding his touch. "Do not touch me." "Are you that angry?" Matthew kept his hand stretched in front of her forehead and then gently caressed her nose, "Why are you so angry?" "I don't want you to be such a cruel person." She blurted out the words in her heart. She only realized how upset she was after saying that. She couldn't accept that he was such a person. Looking at her angry face, Matthew felt extremely attracted to her. Although she didn't reject his touch now, she had never opened her heart in front of him like this before. She had always been reserved. He stroked her cheek with his fingers, resting on her brow bone. He paused for a long time, his smile growing deeper and deeper, "Why don't you want me to be cruel?" Dolores avoided his gaze in panic. Her heart seemed to be swimming in a stormy ocean, unable to calm through the ups and downs. Why did she hope for him to not be cruel? Because she seemed to care about him already Matthew's smile remained undiminished and his sharp eyes penetrated through her, "Are you afraid that I will treat you the same way?" As if by default, Dolores remained silent. Yes, she was afraid that he was going to treat her with the same cruelty. "I will never do that to you." Matthew pulled her into his arms. Dolores almost instinctively wanted to get away from him, but just as she tried to react, Matthew grabbed her hands and trapped her firmly with just using twenty percent of his strength. "I will never do that to you!" "How do I know?" Dolores had never been so out of control in front of him, but she was really scared. Putting his arm around her waist, he brought her body close to his and let go of her hands. Her fists fell on his chest, she was too agitated and Matthew was afraid that she would hurt him so he held her hands again. "Let go.... Ugh!" Before she could finish speaking, he held her head and kissed her on her lips. All her words were blocked deep in her throat. His kiss was forceful and domineering, giving her no time to breathe. The sudden kiss was like a storm that catches people off-guard. His taste was heavy on her tongue. Her resistance was insignificant in front of his passion. All of her emotions became lost in his deep kiss. Gradually, her body softened in his embrace. He kissed her forehead, eyebrows and then the corners of her eyes, "I don't know what I like so much about you, but I just like you." There was no reason. If he really had to make one, it was that she had an inexplicable sense of familiarity, which attracted him deeply. Tears began to fall from her eyes without warning. Matthew wiped her tears away, "Why are you crying?" She didn't know what was wrong with her, but her heart hurt a lot. When she had heard Armand say that Matthew had slept with Maria, she had felt depressed. She wasn't a virgin herself, so she shouldn't care about who he slept with in the past, but her heart still hurt terribly. Later she had found out that Matthew had someone rape Maria. This news had shocked her to her core Matthew hugged her and gently stroked her back with his hand, "I have a line that not just anyone can touch. Those who touch it without my permission must pay the price." Dolores closed her eyes and blurted out all the hesitation and fear in her heart. She asked bitterly, "What do you like about me? Don't you think it is too impulsive?" His eyes were deep and dark, and his lips curl into a slight smile, "I have never been so sure in my entire life. Sometimes, being confused and impulsive is also fun." Dolores didn't know what to do with him. Should she leave? She wondered Right now, all the people she cared about were right under his nose. It was too unrealistic to think that she could leave without him noticing. Her fate had become a disrupted mess since she met him again. She had never thought about coming back to this place where she had no good memories. But everything changed because of him. Was this her fate? Suddenly the phone in her pocket vibrated. She wiped her tears and took out the phone. It was Samuel's call; she picked it up. "Hello, Samuel! "Mommy, it's me, Simona. When will you come back? Is Daddy with you? When will Daddy come back?" Simona's soft voice came through the phone and Dolores could hear the expectation in her voice.

"Daddy hasn't come back for a whole day, I miss him." Simona sat cross-legged on the sofa. She had secretly called Dolores using Samuel's smart watch when he wasn't there. "Mommy, Daddy won't abandon us, right?" Dolores held the phone tightly in her hand and looked at Matthew while answering her, "... No." She comfort her daughter. "Really?" Simona could not hide the joy and excitement in her voice, "Mommy, I am so happy. I am not a child without a father, I will also have a father. Mommy, I am really happy. No one will ever say that we are orphans.... Simona who are you calling? No..... show me quickly. " Samuel's voice came through, followed by some noise and the call was disconnected soon. Dolores held the phone for a long time. She was hurt by Simona's words. She had raised them both by herself. There had been a lot of gossip about her unmarried pregnancy and people had called her a slut. It wasn't pleasant to hear. Simona must also have heard someone said it, otherwise she wouldn't have said that. Until now, she had thought that she had protected her children very quite a lot. but it turned out they had been hurt Matthew put his arms around her trembling shoulders, "Let's go back." Dolores nodded. For the sake of her daughter, she couldn't leave him now. If such a day ever came, then it would be her fate and nothing would be able to stop it.

More chapter