

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

## Chapter 161: Our Love Story

“You want to know who is your child’s father, right?” Maria slowly approached her.

Dolores couldn’t help but step backward. Right at this moment, a woman who was wearing a peaked cap and a mask entered the room.

She could tell she was a woman from her way of dressing.

But she was unable to see her face clearly.

The creaky and old iron door was slammed closed and locked.

Dolores stood at the back of the room, and her hands were sweating after the woman entered.

Her heart thumped on hearing the door being slammed.

Although the woman didn’t say anything, Dolores could feel her unkindness and resentment toward her.

Maria turned around and greeted, “Here you are.” They seemed to know each other well.”

The woman uttered a nasal sound coldly as a reply.

She stared at Dolores.

Dolores couldn't see her expression clearly in the dim light, but above the mask, she saw her eyes were filled with hatred.

Dolores was panicked but she forced herself to be calm, "Who are you?"

The woman didn't answer her question but sneered, "You don't have to know who I am. What you should know is that from now on, everything you have would be mine. And ..." she paused abruptly and then continued with a cold and scary smile, "Now that you are here, I won't let you off the hook. You put my mother in jail, and forced me to leave City B. You never expected that I was able to be back, right?"

As soon as she finished, she and Maria surrounded Dolores.

Dolores looked at the woman with panic and shock, "You are Annabelle?"

"Huh, you remember me. You are not as stupid as I thought." Annabelle smiled and turned to Maria, "Join me?"

Maria curled her lips, "Since I've got her, I absolutely won't let her go."

Dolores stared at the locked door, attempting to escape. But Annabelle seemed to read her mind, "Don't try to escape, because it's impossible. We had got it all planned out to get you here. You have no chance to escape."

“Why do you do this together?” Dolores asked intentionally to buy time, and reached in her pocket to get her phone but only to find it was missing.

“Don’t you know that the enemy’s enemy is my friend?” Annabelle pinched Dolores’ chin, “I spent four years to get you here to take revenge. If you didn’t come back to Country Z, I should have still been Ms. Flores, and my parents’ beloved daughter. But you ruined everything, so how can I spare you?”

Dolores shook off her hand, “It is you who ran away with money when Randolph’s company was in trouble. You are the one to be blamed, not me ...”

Slap!

Annabelle slapped Dolores hard across the face. Dolores tried to slap back but was stopped by Maria.

Annabelle narrowed her eyes and stared at Dolores furiously, and sneered, “You are close to death. How dare you to retort and hit back?”

“Cut the crap.” Maria couldn’t wait to torture Dolores. Thinking of Dolores’ happy and glorious life, of Matthew’s affection toward her, and her two children, Maria was outraged and wanted to kill her.

Dolores felt a sharp pain!

Her waist was hit by Maria with some stuff. Her waist was stinging, but she was unable to fight back facing two crazy women.

They beat her randomly like insane fishwives. They hit and kicked her, pulled her hair and cursed her.

Dolores tried to run away few times but they were all in vain.

Annabelle took a stick from somewhere and hit Dolores' head. Dolores was blinded by pain and slumped to the ground. Before she lost her consciousness, she heard Maria said, "Stop, don't kill her."

"If we don't kill her, she would always be a threat. You can't assure that she will never show up in City B and in Matthew's life again."

"I'm sure she won't."

"Your brother loves her so much ..."

Dolores fainted, and when she awoke, she found herself in a different room. She heard the conversation between Sampson and the doctor and knew what Sampson was going to do to her.

She finally figured out everything.

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Maria and Annabelle didn't kill her because Maria knew Sampson had a crush on her. But they were afraid that she would come back to City B, so they injected her with a medicine that would lead to the loss of memory so that she would live with Sampson in the future.

And then she would disappear in Matthew's life forever.

She didn't know why Annabelle would collaborate with Maria and Sampson, but she knew the three of

them conspired everything.

“Don’t be afraid, Lola. I won’t hurt you.” Sampson approached slowly.

Dolores grasped the curtain tightly and hid herself behind the curtain, trying to stop Sampson’s approach by this means, “Don’t ...don’t come over.”

“Lola ” ...Sampson ignored Dolores ’words and kept approaching.

Right before Sampson caught Dolores, she moved slowly and ran away to the door. She tried to open the door anxiously, but it was all in vain. She didn’t stop and kept turning the handle with every effort.

“You can’t open it.”

Sampson walked calmly toward her with cold eyes, “I can keep you alive, and I also can keep you from escaping. Everything here is under my control, so you can’t leave here without my permission.”

Dolores clenched her fists involuntarily.

“Lola, you didn’t forget at all, right?” Sampson stared at her face.

“I don’t know what you are talking about.” Dolores hid her terror, looked calmly into Sampson’s eyes and asked loudly, “You said you are my brother and we are family, but why do you force me to take an injection?”

“You are sick. I want you to recover as soon as possible.”

“I’m not sick!”

“Fine, you are not sick. I won’t give you an injection. Come here.” Sampson reached out with his palm upward, showing the crisscrossed lines on it.

Dolores looked at his hand. If she rejected him, he would find out that she didn’t lose her memory and force her to take the injection.

She can’t take the injection. She can’t lose her memory.

She released and griped her fists over and over again to calm down herself, and then slowly put her hand on Sampson’s palm.

Sampson held her hand softly and smiled, “Good girl. You are my good little sister.”

Dolores was disgusted but had to hide it.

“Are we at home?” She lowered her eyes and asked in a low voice.

“No.”

This place is too close to City B. Matthew may find her sooner or later, so they can’t stay here for long.

When she was taken away from the apartment, she was injured and needed treatment. In addition, he won’t let her leave here with memories of what had happened before.

So it was a makeshift house where she got medical treatment. When she recovered and took the injection, he would take her away and they would never come back again.

“Where is our home?” Dolores took the chance to put out feelers.

“Far away from here.” Sampson doubted if she really lost her memory, so he didn’t tell her where they were going later.

He didn’t force her to take the injection because he was confident that she couldn’t escape.

He held Dolores’ hand tightly and kissed it, “We live far away from here. When you get better, I’ll take you home.”

Dolores wanted to withdraw her hand by instinct, but Sampson tightened his grasp and asked, “Lola, you don’t like me kissing you?”

Dolores lowered her head to hide her expression, “You are my brother. Brothers don’t kiss their sisters.”

Sampson stroked her hair, “Silly girl, we are not siblings. We are ...lovers. I love you, and you ...love me. We are in love. Don’t you remember?”

Dolores shook her head.

Sampson took her into his arms, “Never mind. I remember it, and I’ll tell you later about our ...love story  
Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 162: What Are You Suspecting?

Hospital.

‘Dolores’ was sent to the examination room. Matthew sat on the row of chairs in the corridor and looked

at the door of the examination room from time to time.

Soon, the door of the examination room opened and 'Dolores' walked out with the help of the nurse. Matthew stood up, walked over and reached out to support her. Then he looked at the doctor who had followed them out and asked, "How is she?"

The doctor took off his mask, "It's nothing serious. Psychologically, it doesn't look so good, she must have been quite frightened. There was only a slight sprain on her foot, her bone and muscles are fine. She only needs to recuperate for a few days."

'Dolores' took this opportunity to lean into Matthew's arms and said shyly, "I'm fine. Don't worry."

Suddenly, Matthew frowned and looked down at her. Her voice...

"Oh, I choked on the smoke when the van caught fire, so my voice became hoarse." 'Dolores' explained quickly. She grabbed Matthew's arm, "Let's go home quickly, I miss Samuel and Simona."

Matthew didn't move. He felt something was wrong. He had been feeling something was not right ever since Boyce was able to find 'Dolores' so smoothly.

As for what was wrong, he was not really sure. In short, the feeling that 'Dolores' gave him was different.

"Did you choke on the smoke?" The doctor asked.



'Dolores 'hands shook slightly. She was not able to bribe the doctor, so she was worried that he might say something unfavorable for her. She couldn't think what to answer for a while.

"If you were choked by heavy smoke, your voice may change for some time but you will be able to recover after a period of recuperation."The doctor did not notice her strangeness.

But Matthew, who was very close to her, was able to notice her nervousness in an instant.

What was she nervous about?

Why was she nervous?

Why didn't she mention that she hurt her throat before?

"Thank you, Doctor.'"Dolores 'breathed a sigh of relief.

After all, the face could be changed with plastic surgery but the voice was very difficult to copy.

"Don't mention it! I am just doing my job. For the patients brought over by Mr. Nelson, we should of course do our best."Many of the advanced medical equipment in this hospital were funded by WY Group and he was in awe of Matthew.

There were many rich people, but how many of them were willing to contribute to the society without asking for anything in return?

Because of WY Group's funding, they had saved a lot of money on their medical equipment. They had reduced a lot of fees for treating patients and had been able to help many families who didn't have money to see a doctor.

'Dolores 'saw the doctor's respect for Matthew and how her value had increased because of this too. This made her feel very good. She took the initiative to hold Matthew's hand and said, "Matthew, let's go home."

Matthew, who had been lost in his thoughts, 'Dolores's voice made him come back to his senses. He looked down at her feet and asked, "Can you walk?"

"It hurts a bit." 'Dolores 'took the opportunity to lean even more in his arms, acting coquettishly, "Or, how about you pick me up? I am so thin, not heavy at all."

Suddenly seeing her act like that, Matthew couldn't feel anything in his heart. As long as he was besides Dolores or had any physical contact, his heart always used to beat wildly. But now that she was taking the initiative, he didn't feel anything at all. He looked at 'Dolores', trying to see something in her. However, her face was clearly 'hers', with the same nose, mouth and the same eyes...

"What's wrong? Is there something on my face?" 'Dolores 'reached out her hand to touch his face and asked cautiously, "What is up with you?"

Matthew shook his head, "Nothing."

Saying that, he bent over and picked her up. 'Dolores 'wrapped her arms around his neck and looked at his face. Handsome and resolutely cold, his aggressive eyebrows that were as sharp as swords, his noble aura and his straight nose that made him look like a beautiful sculpture. His facial lines and tightly pressed thin lips made him look reserved and determined. He exuded unfathomable perfection.

'Dolores 'stared at him foolishly.

She was still staring at him when Matthew put her in the car. Matthew frowned, inexplicably not liking being stared at by her like that.

His movements became a bit heavier. 'Dolores 'came back to her senses and acted like a spoiled child at him again, "You are hurting me."

Her tone was clearly very ambiguous and intimate, but Matthew's mood did not fluctuate at all.

This feeling was too strange.

He pondered deeply on the words of comfort for 'Dolores 'that were hanging from the tip of his tongue, but ended up not saying them. He got into the car silently and drove away.

"Are we going home?" 'Dolores 'asked.

Home?

Matthew looked at her.

She smiled at him, "What is the matter?"

"Nothing."

After saying this, Matthew didn't say anything again.

'Dolores 'noticed that Matthew seemed unwilling to speak, so to avoid his suspicion, she didn't open her mouth again to talk.

It wasn't until the car stopped at the hotel that 'Dolores 'felt something was wrong. Should they not have gone back to the villa?

“What are we doing here ”...But then she shut up immediately as if she suddenly thought of something. A shy blush crept up on her cheeks.

Was it that Matthew wanted to...

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The more she thought about it, the more excited she got. It was just the first day and Matthew was going to be intimate with her, how could she not be excited?

Matthew got out of the car and opened her door. Her cheeks flushed.

“Why is your face red?”

‘Dolores ’lowered her head and said shyly, “You brought me to a hotel and then ask me what am I doing? Stop it! I hate you!”

Going to a room in a hotel ...wasn't it about sleeping together?

What else can they, a man and a woman, do if not that?

No matter how stupid Matthew was, he knew very clearly what she meant. Since when was Dolores so bold?

Besides, it wasn't like she hadn't been here before, why was she thinking like that this time?

He didn't feel happy, but rather disgusted.

This feeling of disgust caught him off-guard.

He used to long for her to rely on him but now he disliked it.

He frowned.

'Dolores 'noticed the change in his expressions and asked hurriedly, "Did I say something wrong?"

He gathered his emotions and said lightly, "No, my residence is here."

His residence was there?

'Dolores 'panicked. How could this be his residence?

Wasn't he living in the villa?

And just now he said Dolores had been here before?

'Dolores 'was sweating down her back. She suppressed her panic and calmed herself down. "Oh, yeah! My mind must not be working well, I forgot."

Matthew pursed his lips and did not respond. He helped her get out of the car, "Let's go."

'Dolores 'asked, "Why are we living here instead of going home?"

"I told your mother that we were on a business trip when you disappeared, so we will stay here for a couple of days before going back."

"Oh!"

When they arrived at the suite, Matthew opened the door. He helped her walk in and opened the bedroom door, "You should rest now."

"Aren't you coming with me?" "Dolores 'was disappointed.

Wasn't he very fond of Dolores? If Dolores was sick, shouldn't he be staying with her?

"I need to go out for some work. "His expressions and tone were extremely faint.

He didn't reflect any of 'Dolores 'impulse and enthusiasm.

'Dolores 'didn't dare to cling to him so much, for the fear that he would notice something wrong, "Then, come back soon."

"Hmm. Go to sleep early. "After saying that, Matthew turned around and went out.

His coldness made 'Dolores 'feel that he didn't love Dolores.

As he walked downstairs, Matthew glanced behind him. Unable to notice anything out of the ordinary, only then he took out his phone and called Boyce.

Soon the call was connected, "Where are you?"

"I'm at home." After running around all night, he had taken the time to go back, take a bath and change his clothes.

Matthew hung up the phone, got into his car and drove towards Boyce's residence.

Boyce had just taken a shower. He was wearing a white bath robe and his chest was exposed through his slightly opened neckline. Hearing the doorbell ring, he fastened the belt around the robe and walked over to open the door.

He had known that Matthew was going to come over since he had answered the call, so he wasn't surprised but he still felt a little strange, "What about Ms. Flores's injury? Shouldn't you be with her right now?"

How come he was free?

At this time, he realized that the happiness of successfully finding Dolores was not anywhere on Matthew's face.

"Did something happen?"

Matthew walked in and said after a moment's silence, "Tell me about the process of finding her in detail."

"What are you suspecting?" \_\_\_\_\_

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 163: She Is Not Like Her

“What are you suspicious about?” Boyce was a little confused. Matthew had been so anxious to find Dolores at that time. Why was he so calm right now?

Matthew walked to the window and recalled the bits and pieces of getting along with Dolores, her appearance, her smile, the tone of her voice when she spoke ...she was still her ...but he didn't think she was.

“She is not like her.”

Boyce, "...”

“Are you kidding me?” He sat down on the sofa, grabbed the bottle of mineral water and unscrewed the cap to take a sip, “If she is not her, then who is she? Is it possible that someone else has gone through plastic surgery? She is pretending to be her”...

Plastic surgery?

Suddenly Matthew turned around, a hint of coldness on his handsome face and his gaze deep.

Facing each other's gaze, Boyce's eyes slowly widened and he understood why Matthew's reaction had been so big, “You ...Do you suspect that the one we found is not Ms. Flores? That someone had plastic surgery to look like her, impersonating her?”



Boyce found it hard to believe, “Maria is locked up by us. Besides, who can be like her this much? And to be exactly the same, I’m afraid it can’t be done in a couple days.”

Matthew was unable to give an answer to his point.

But what he was certain about was that the one they had found was not Dolores.

How could a person’s character change so quickly?

Boyce carefully recalled the process of finding Dolores, “At that time, following the clues near the bar, we checked the surveillance and slowly we found about the van that abducted her. The surveillance showed up near the suburbs. We searched around and found it. The van was on fire, supposedly filled with gasoline. The fire was strong and the smoke was black. Dolores had fallen not far away. At that time, she said that someone was going to burn her to death and that she twisted her ankle and fell down as she was running away. There is absolutely nothing to be suspicious about.”

Matthew sneered coldly, “Maris wanted to kill her so much. How could she just leave without making sure if she was dead?”

“Perhaps she was confident that Dolores would not be able to escape?” Boyce still felt that Matthew was thinking too much.

How many times a person had to go under the knife to get enough plastic surgery to look like another person?

“If you have any doubts, find a cosmetic surgeon to see if her face is reconstructed or not. Wouldn’t you know then?” Boyce suggested.

Matthew glanced at him, "If she is not Dolores, then doing so will only warn her of my suspicion."

Will it be detrimental to Dolores?

He had to think about it.

Boyce thought for a while and came up with an idea, "I'll get you some sleeping pills. You think about a way to make her take it. When she falls asleep, we will take the doctor in for an examination so that she wouldn't be able to find it."

He felt that if she was really not Dolores then this matter was definitely not going to be easy.

They had to admit that it didn't take years for one person to completely become another person. Moreover, how could they allow for failure after so much effort and how were they going to be able to find the real Dolores?

The more he thought about it, the more Boyce felt that this wasn't a trivial matter and that he wasn't going to feel at ease until he figured it out. He stood up quickly and said, "I am going to put some clothes on. Wait for me."

Boyce came back looking valiant and formidable in his uniform, tall and straight, particularly good-looking. He took the car key and said, "Let's go!"

Matthew glanced at him and said nothing as if he accepted his suggestion.

Leaving Boyce's residence, Matthew took the medicine and returned to the hotel, while Boyce was responsible for finding a reliable cosmetic surgeon.

In the hotel, 'Dolores' couldn't sleep at all. She sat on the bed and grumbled, "Doesn't Matthew love Dolores? Why is it that I am all injured and he didn't even stay with me?"

The more she thought the angrier she got. She stood up and limped to the bathroom. She looked at herself in the mirror; her face was exactly like Dolores. She stretched out her hand and stroked it, full of confidence, "I must say, this face is indeed delicate and exquisite. Very beautiful!"

She pulled her lips in an eerie grin, "From now on, I will be Dolores, the mother of Matthew's children. Even if he doesn't love Dolores much, he will still be nice to me because I am the mother of his two children. In the second half of my life, I can live without worry. I will no longer need to watch out for other people's faces, no longer need to hide ...ha ha"...

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Hearing the sound of the door opening, 'Dolores' immediately dropped her smile and walked out of the bathroom, pretending to be weak.

A tall figure walked in through the door. She laughed immediately, "You came back?"

Matthew stepped in and gave a lukewarm hum.

'Dolores' thought that he was always like this when he was with Dolores. Dolores didn't seem like she could flirt with a man even if she wanted to.

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Even if she gave birth to two children for him, she still couldn't make him fall in love with her.

Now that she was Dolores, she will definitely make Matthew fall in love with her deeply.

She limped towards Matthew and said coquettishly, "I'm hungry."

Matthew pretentiously gave her a hand, "I'll order a meal for you."

"I want to eat in the restaurant. "As he helped her, she fell into his arms clutching his collar, "How about you take me to the restaurant to eat?"

Matthew lowered his eyes and looked at her face. She looked exactly the same as Dolores but her artificial character made him feel disgusted.

"Okay?" Dolores pressed her face into his chest.

He calmly pushed her body away, "Your leg is hurt, I will order room service."

He made the gesture to make the phone call and completely left Dolores 'side.

Dolores 'stared at his tall figure with bitterness. She was not reconciled. Now she had this face and was the one who gave birth to two children for him, he should treat her well. She walked over and hugged his thin waist from behind, "Matthew, are you avoiding me?"

Matthew lowered his head and looked at her hands clasped around his waist. His eyes flashed coldly and the corners of his lips turned but there was no smile, "Why would I avoid you?"

Hearing this, 'Dolores 'unfurled her eyebrows. She smiled brightly and rubbed her face against his back, "Then do you ...still want me to give birth to a child for you?... I really want to have another baby with you. I think if we have more children, then it would be livelier and more fun. After all, you are the only bloodline of the Nelson family."

At this moment, Matthew was completely sure that she was not Dolores.

He remembered Dolores saying that she had injured her body and would not be able to give birth in the future.

He slowly closed his eyes. After a while he calmed down and slowly opened his eyes.

"However more you want to, it's fine."

His eyes were full of coldness but he didn't give away even a small expression.

'Dolores 'was happy because his words meant that he was willing to have children with her.

If she were to become pregnant, then the both of them will naturally have to have a relationship. 'Dolores 'felt agitated and held on to his arms tighter, "Matthew, I am so happy."

At this time, the door of the room was knocked. Matthew broke from her arms, "I'll open the door."

'Dolores 'smiled, "The food must be here."

When the door opened, the food was delivered.

"Mr. Nelson. "The waiter, wearing a white shirt and black vest, looked neat and greeted Mathew

respectfully.

Matthew let him in.

Pushing the food trolley with his hands, he brought the dishes to the table and arranged them in it one by one. After setting the tableware he said, "Call me whenever you need."

When the waiter was pushing the trolley to leave, he accidentally bumped into 'Dolores 'who was walking towards the dining table.

He quickly apologized, "I'm sorry. I'm really sorry, ma'am. Are you alright"...

"Don't you have eyes?" "Dolores 'used to be the elder daughter of the Flores family, she had been accustomed to her domineering temper and couldn't change it. She said coldly, "Is just saying sorry enough after bumping into a person?"

The waiter frowned slightly. He had seen this woman before with Mr. Nelson and she looked like a nice easy-going person. Why was she suddenly so temperamental?

Was she such an unreasonable person?

"Believe it or not, I can get you fired from this hotel!" "Dolores 'relied on being Matthew's woman and spoke in an even more arrogant tone.

The waiter was embarrassed and apologized again and again, "I am really sorry. I must be blind. I ran into you"...

"You can leave." Matthew interrupted the waiter's apology.

'Dolores 'frowned, disagreeing with Matthew's behavior, "He bumped into me. How can you just let him go?" Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 164: I Am The Only Man In The House

He calmly stared at 'Dolores', "What do you want me to do?"

'Dolores's 'heart thumped loudly. Matthew's expressions were obviously calm but he looked inexplicably horrifying, "He ...he didn't do it on purpose. Forget it!"

"Thank you! Really, thank you for being so generous!" The waiter thanked again and again as he pushed his trolley towards the door to leave. As he closed the door behind him, he glanced at 'Dolores 'but there were no good feelings for her in his heart.

Even a dog threatened others based in its master's power. Obviously, if Matthew wasn't besides her, who would have even recognized such a person?

'Dolores 'walked over to hold his arm, "Matthew"...

"Aren't you hungry? Let's eat." Matthew disregarded her touch.

'Dolores 'hands were left hanging in the air stiffly. It was obvious that Matthew had just rejected her intimacy. But he had just promised to have a baby with her.

“Matthew, are you angry?” Dolores probed him cautiously.

Matthew pulled a chair, not looking at her, and said lightly, “No, let’s eat.”

Seeing that he was not angry, Dolores suppressed her uneasy heart. She restrained herself with difficulty and sat down to eat quietly.

Matthew put vegetables on her plate, “Eat more.”

Dolores blushed and felt a little shy. It turned out that Matthew actually treated Dolores quite well.

Happiness bloomed in her heart.

In order to make things go smoothly, she hadn’t been able to eat well or sleep well these few days. Now that she had come to Matthew’s side smoothly, she felt a lot relaxed. Her appetite was naturally better when she was in a good mood and she ate a lot.

Matthew handed her a glass of water, “Eat slowly.”

Dolores felt so happy that she could live with Matthew and sit with him to eat like this. She took a few sips of the water after receiving it. Then, maybe because she felt happy that Matthew gave it to her, she drank some more. After drinking a couple more mouthfuls, she said softly to Matthew, “Can you stay here with me today?”

Matthew hummed faintly.

Dolores was so happy that she forgot everything else. She even forgot that she had sprained her ankle. She stood up from the chair and wobbled, her belly hit the table and it hurt. She frowned, “It hurts.”



She opened her eyes, watching Matthew, longing for him to comfort her.

At this moment, Matthew's phone rang and he took out his phone, looking at the caller ID. It was the villa's landline. He didn't pick it up immediately, but waited for 'Dolores 'to go back to the room to rest.

Reluctantly, 'Dolores 'skimmed the screen of his phone, "Who is it?"

"It's from the company. Why, you want to interfere?" His voice became cold.

Don't be angry and arrogant.

Not wanting to make him angry, 'Dolores 'pouted, "No, I will just go back to the room."

'Dolores 'limped back to the room. The smile on her face disappeared without a trace as soon as she shut the door behind her.

Why was Matthew so temperamental?

Sometimes he treated her well and sometimes he was so impatient. Did he like Dolores or not?

'Dolores 'was puzzled, wondering what kind of attitude was this.

In the living room, Matthew watched the bedroom door close before walking to the window to answer the call.

Samuel's voice came as soon as the call connected, "Where is my Mommy?"

The first thing he said was a question.

Jessica had told him that his Mommy and Daddy were on a business trip, but he didn't believe it. His Mommy would never go on a business trip with Matthew without telling him and his sister first.

And did she go on the business trip without any clothes and other daily necessities?

That was not in-line with common sense.

Matthew's fingers suddenly gathered into a fist, making the blue veins on the back of his hand become prominent. Extreme emotion filled his heart; he didn't know how was Dolores right now, where she was, whether she was safe or if she was hurt.

He knew nothing. Such a thing happened that he couldn't control. He blamed himself and worried.

His voice trembled slightly, "She is on a business trip with me"...

"Don't lie to me. I am not as easy to cheat as my sister. Where is Mommy? If she is really with you then let me talk to her." Samuel interrupted him, his voice a little hoarse, "If she is with you, then why are her calls not connecting? Does she not know that I am worried about her, miss her? If she knew she would never do that."

The child's mind was so meticulous that he couldn't hide it from him.

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She Ended Up Sitting Next To The Man Who Would Become Her Husband

Matthew didn't know how to tell him.

He had never been at such a loss.

Faced by Samuel's questioning, he was speechless.

"Samuel"...

"You don't need to explain. Just tell me exactly where my Mommy has gone or if she is in any danger. Please tell me. I have never been away from her since I was born. I am the only man in my house, I promised to protect her" ...

In the huge living room in the villa, Samuel was standing next to the sofa, looking very small with his eyes red and teary, "Tell me."

Matthew pondered for a moment and then said softly, "I will have Abbott to pick you up."

"Okay." Samuel hung up the phone.

Matthew hung up the phone in a daze until there was a beeping sound as a text message arrived. Only when the reminder sounded did he click on the message to read it.

It was Boyce who had brought the doctor over and was waiting at the door to ask if he could come up.

He glanced at the time. By this time, 'Dolores' should have fallen asleep.

In order not to be found, he opened the door to make sure that she was asleep and then texted Boyce to let him bring the doctor up.

Opening the door, Boyce brought in a man who looked to be in his forties or fifties and was wearing a pair of gold-rimmed glasses.

“This is the cosmetic surgeon I got. He has been in the cosmetic surgery industry for more than twenty years” ...

Matthew sat on the sofa. Leaning back, he pressed his eyebrows with one hand and interrupted Boyce with the other. He was not interested in such things, “You take him in.”

Boyce could see that he was in a bad mood so he didn't continue. He showed the way to the cosmetic surgeon, letting him enter the bedroom to see 'Dolores'.

The doctor had listened to Boyce's explanation and had brought some small tools when he came. He used a small torch to illuminate 'Dolores' nose, which was translucent. He touched her cheeks, jaw, forehead and other facial features, “The bridge of the nose is filled with fillers. The eyes have been opened more, the bones have been shaved and to many of the teeth have been fixed. The facial features have basically moved” ...

Boyce looked serious, ‘How long does it take to make someone like this?’

“If you want natural recovery, it can take up to three or four years, otherwise the face will be very stiff. However, the person who performed the surgeries on her has good skill and left almost no flaws. If you don't look carefully, you can't really see that she has had plastic surgery.”

Boyce showed the cosmetic surgeon to the door and gave him a stack of money, “Thank you. I hope you won't talk about today's matter with anyone other than me.”

"I understand. Don't worry I don't want to make trouble for myself." The cosmetic surgeon accepted the money and left.

Boyce turned around and looked at the man sitting on the sofa. He was on the phone with Abbott to send him to the villa.

Boyce closed the door, walked in and sat across from him. He waited until he hung up the call and then said, "It's plastic surgery."

Matthew was not surprised as he had been expecting it.

"I asked the doctor. To make her like this and to let her recover naturally, it would have taken at least three or four years. Such a long time "...Boyce said seriously, "I am afraid this is not going to be easy. Who is this woman? How could she have laid dormant for so long in order to impersonate Ms. Flores?"

Matthew thought about the people who hated Dolores. They were only a few people; Beulah was dead, Maria was locked up and then there was Beulah's daughter who had disappeared six years ago.

After disappearing for six years, she could have this time.

And she did have hatred towards Dolores.

Which could be counted as motive.

By the look on Matthew's face, it looked like he already knew who this girl with plastic surgery was. Boyce came over and said, "Do you know who is it?"

"I am still guessing and I need to investigate it before confirming."

“Then what are you going to do? How will you deal with her?” Boyce was simply overthrown by this; he had thought that Maria was crazy enough.

Unexpectedly, there was someone even crazier than her.

Women!

Boyce shuddered.

He thought that women were a some very scary creatures.

Matthew curled his upper lip in a fiercely cold and blood thirsty arc.

How could such a woman deserve to have the same face as Dolores. \_\_\_\_ Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 165: Torture

“Do you want me to take her back for interrogation?” To find any clue about Dolores, Boyce was afraid he was going to have to question her.

Matthew closed his eyes, looking a bit tired, “No need.”

This woman was still useful for him to keep.

Boyce knew that he had a plan so he didn't say much about this matter, "This is obviously a huge conspiracy. First, Beulah, Maria and then this fake Ms. Flores came to you. They did so much, just for this fake Ms. Flores to come to you? How is this beneficial for Maria?"

Matthew opened his eyes quickly. What had happened during this period of time quickly converged in his head. Beulah's death wasn't necessarily directly connected to Maria, but because of Annabelle she had been willing to die herself. She had never had freedom, so it was better for her to help her daughter succeed.

So, what was the benefit to Maria?

She was not the kind of person who did things for others for nothing in return.

Why would she help Annabelle, not even hesitating to get into danger?

The relationship between her and the Herbert family was not good. The only one from the Herbert family who had a good relationship with her was Sampson, but he had already gone to...

"This is not good." Matthew stood up suddenly.

Unable to keep up with his thoughts, Boyce asked, "What is the matter?"

"I am afraid Sampson is no longer in there." He stepped forward and walked towards the door.

Boyce quickly followed behind him, "How is it possible that he is not in jail? It is not that he can easily escape "...At this point, he realized that something was wrong, "Could it be the Herbert family was not true to their word?"

Matthew glanced at him. This may not have anything to do with the Herbert family but to do with Maria.

The door opened and on the other side Abbott was holding Samuel and standing with his hand raised about to knock.

Matthew stopped and looked at Samuel in Abbotts arms, his Adam's apple bobbed up and down.

"Where is my Mommy? "Samuel looked at him.

Originally, Matthew had planned to have Samuel meet the pretend Dolores to make him feel at ease. But now, he couldn't accept the idea od him calling that woman 'Mommy'.

With trembling fingers, he raised his hand and touched him on the cheek gently, "You are a man, you should behave like one."

Samuel's expressions were tense.

Obviously, what Matthew had just said was a bad omen.

"Your Mommy is missing. "He took Samuel in his arms, "Should we go find her together?"

Samuel didn't reject Matthew and hugged him, but he didn't say anything else. His eyes were red and he



was still trying his best to keep his tears from falling. His voice was extremely hoarse as he said, "I am a man, I won't cry. I want to find Mommy."

Matthew pressed the little guy's head into his embrace. The softness between his eyebrows had never appeared before.

Samuel was very well-behaved. He quietly pressed himself close to his heart, listening to his heartbeat and smelling his unique fragrance.

His little hands gripped Matthew's collar tightly and said firmly, "We will definitely find Mommy."

Matthew hummed softly in response.

He looked at Abbott and said with a deep voice, "Keep an eye on the woman inside."

Saying that he walked outside.

Abbott looked dumbfounded. What woman? What was the situation?

When Boyce passed by him, he made the long story short, "Ms. Flores is missing. The one inside is fake. She is still useful so don't let her know that we have discovered that she is fake for the time being."

Abbott, "..."

What?

Dolores had disappeared and a fake one had come in her place? What was even happening?!!!

Boyce didn't have much time to talk to him. He patted Abbott on the shoulder, followed after Matthew and left the hotel.

Boyce drove and gave his subordinate a call to see if Sampson was still in jail.

After half an hour, the news came that Sampson had been replaced. The one in the jail was not him, but looked a bit like him.

Boyce looked at Matthew in the back seat through the rearview mirror, "He is gone."

"What do we do now?" Boyce was nervous.

"I want to see Maria." Matthew's voice was low and deep, as if each syllable was coming from deep in his chest.

Boyce said that he understood and drove faster. Soon, the car stopped at the detention center.

Matthew got out of the car holding Samuel and rubbed his hair, "You play with Uncle Boyce for a while, I will go in for some time."

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Samuel didn't know what he was going to do, but he knew that the place he was going was not for his eyes to see. He nodded obediently.

Boyce took Samuel's hand, "Let me take you to my office."

Samuel nodded and followed him.

"Mr. Nelson." Nick came out.

Nick was Boyce's subordinate, he had arranged everything.

Matthew nodded and Nick led the way.

It was the same building where he came at night, through the corridor to the room at the end.

"It is quiet here, no one will bother you. I will wait outside." Nick said.

Matthew hummed in response and walked towards the room. At the end of the corridor, there was a strong wall with a small window above it with an electric anti-escape grid. The door was next to the wall.

He pushed open the door of the room. There was no window in the small square room. On the ceiling, there was a white energy saving bulb and an interrogation chair right below it. Maria sat on the chair handcuffed to it.

She was wearing the same dress that she was wearing when they had caught her that night. The pajamas were torn and crooked, exposing large areas of her skin.

There were dried bloodstains on the corners of her mouth and on her clothes. The wounds on her head and the corners of her mouth had not been cleaned and had dried with scabs.

She tilted her head, looking at Matthew with a smile, "Came to see me again?"

Matthew closed the door, stepped calmly and steadily to stand in front of her and stared down at her.

Maria raised her head to meet his gaze and smiled, "What are you doing looking at me like that? Did you miss me?"

But she felt something was fishy. By this time, he should have found 'Dolores', why was he coming here now?

"Shouldn't you be playing kiss me hug me with Dolores right now? What made you think about coming to see me?"

Matthew didn't change his expressions. His face didn't give away any emotion, making her unable to figure out his thoughts even slightly.

Maria felt a little uneasy, but she knew that according to their plan, 'Dolores' must have reached him smoothly.

Sampson had also left the city with Dolores who had amnesia.

As for her, Boyce couldn't find any evidence connecting her to the crime and she had arranged a lawyer.

This was a happy ending.

Although she had lost Matthew, she had helped her brother succeed perfectly.

She had originally never been liked by Matthew.

The plan went ahead like this. It was perfect.

But why did he come here?

After finding 'Dolores', shouldn't he be at home with her?

As a result, she was going to be able to let Boyce handle her matter and release her upon failing to find any evidence of her crime.

Everything that happened as Matthew appeared in front of her made her feel uneasy.

"Is Dolores not flirty enough to serve you well" ...

\*Smack\*

Her voice stopped abruptly.

Instead of listening to her filthy words, Matthew's hand swept through the air and smacked her right across her face very powerfully. Not prepared for this, Maria fell on the ground with her chair with a loud bang. There was a loud noise and dust flew everywhere.

He squatted down in front of her on one knee, "Don't try to be smart in front of me. You don't know how much evidence I have against you and I know that you think I don't know much about you. tell me honestly if you don't want to die, where is Dolores?"

Maria's couldn't hear properly; her mind was buzzing and her face was so numb that she couldn't feel it at all. Through her messy hair splayed across her face, she grinned with her bloody mouth, "I don't know what you are talking about."

“Really?” Matthew ran out of patience now. He stood up, unbuttoned his suit jacket, leaving it completely opened and showing the white shirt inside.

Maria hadn’t recovered from the slap just now, she didn’t know what were his intentions, “You ...What are you doing?”

Matthew smiled evilly, “If you don’t want to say it, then let’s change the method.”

Maria’s eyes widened. Just as she was about to say something, he lifted his leg and she felt a gush of breath on her chest. The sky turned upside down as she was kicked into the air. She hit the wall, shattering her spine, causing her torturous pain, as if her flesh was being pulled off her bones.

She fell to the ground convulsing.

Looking at the furious man in front of her with horror, she gasped, “You ...do you know?” Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 166: She Doesn’t Want To Live, I Will Fulfill Her Wish

But it shouldn’t have been. Even she couldn’t tell the difference between the real and fake Dolores, how could he spot it in a day?

Impossible!

Maria couldn’t believe that Matthew figured out the truth so quickly.

She grimaced with a mouth full of blood, “Don’t try to frame me.”

She firmly believed that it was impossible for Matthew to discover the truth.

At least, not this fast.

Matthew was very silent. Maria couldn't help but tremble with every foot step that he took towards her. He looked like a demon walking against the light causing her to tremble with fear and chill.

Maria wanted to move away from him, but when she tried to move every call in her body screamed in pain.

She shivered.

“What do you want?”

Matthew squatted in front of her on one knee and swept the hair that was blocking her eyes away with his fingers, “Tell me truthfully about Dolores whereabouts and maybe you can still live.”

Maria didn't want to admit that he had already found out that the one they rescued was not Dolores, but his words showed clearly that he knew the one that was next to him was not the real Dolores.

She whimpered with tears and was still unwilling to reveal the truth, “What is so good about Dolores? Why do you care so much about her? Is it because she gave you two children? But without her, even I, even the fake Dolores besides you, can give birth to your child.”

Matthew frowned, extremely impatient as his voice became even colder, "Tell me, where is she?"

Maria looked at him for a long time and then suddenly smiled.

"Since you already know, I won't hide it from you anymore. Yes, the one besides you is Annabelle, not Dolores. It is true that Dolores has left this place with my brother."

She laughed more and more manically, her face looking hideous, "I know, this time you will definitely not let me go. There is no harm in dying, if it means that I can make you never find Dolores. It will be worth it ...ha ha "...

Matthew choked her neck, making her wild laughter immediately getting stuck in her throat and turning into a painful sob.

His gaze was fierce, "I think I am being too kind to you."

Maria panicked.

Her fragile neck looked like a young bamboo shoot in Matthew's hand that could be snapped with just light force.

The power of his fingers was amazing. She had heard it before from Boyce that Matthew had practiced his skills in the past and that he was stronger than him. He hadn't been able to stay because he inherited the Nelson enterprise, but if he had stayed his accomplishments would not have been low.

Leaning against the cold hard wall, she could clearly see the murderous look in Matthew's eyes. It was bone chilling and the pain already made her want to die.



Did he love Dolores that much?

Maria felt heartache and she squeezed out two words from her throat with difficulty, "I ...talk"...

The strength in Matthew's hand loosened and he let her go.

Being able to breathe freely, she laid on the ground and gasped. Her dry throat made her cough and spit out blood. Her fingers clenched on the ground to make fists.

"Even if you know it, it's already too late. According to our plan, by the time you find the fake Dolores, the real Dolores would have already been injected with a drug that disturbs people's nerves and causes memory loss and would have been taken away by my brother away from City B." She raised her head, looking at Matthew through the messy hair blocking her view, "Our purpose behind inducing amnesia is to make her forget everything that happened to her, her giving birth to her children, meeting you in this world. They can go to a quiet place and live a peaceful life, like ordinary couples. Maybe by now, she is already under my brother, making love to him with all her being"...

Before she could finish her words, Matthew stunned her with a punch.

His eyes looked blood thirsty and every word that Maria said provoked him.

There was blood on his hands but he didn't know it. He couldn't stop shaking.

He returned to his senses after a while. Then he got up and left the room.

Nick greeted him immediately, "Captain Shawn is in his office."

Matthew's face was gloomy, "Don't allow anyone to meet that woman. Keep an eye on her, check if she

doesn't have any huge injuries. Just keep her alive."

"Yes. "Nick is very thorough because he had been following Boyce for a very long time, he was very discerning, "You can be rest assured, Mr. Nelson. I will handle it well without leaving a trace."

Matthew nodded and left.

In the office.

No matter how Boyce teased or coaxed Samuel, he never laughed. He stood beside the table and fiddled with the small five-starred red flag. He stretched out his hand and continued to play with it.

Boyce sat on the sofa and searched the internet about how to make children happy. The answers he got were all about buying them toys, food or taking them to amusement parks.

But looking at Samuel, he looked more mature than the average five-year-old.

Those things obviously couldn't be used to coax him.

"Samuel, don't worry! We will definitely be able to find your Mommy."

Samuel's hands stopped fiddling the flag, tears filled his eyes and the tears that he had been holding back all this time finally couldn't help but stream down his face.

His mommy was gone. He was worried and scared.

"Matthew."

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Legally Blonde: Side-By-Sides Of The Cast Then Vs. Now

She Ended Up Sitting Next To The Man Who Would Become Her Husband

Matthew walked in and Boyce immediately got up from the sofa and sighed, "This kid is too mature."

He didn't know if this was a good or a bad thing.

Matthew glanced on the little figure standing by the table.

He seemed to have known that Matthew was coming. He quietly wiped the tears from his face and turned around pretending to be fine, "Are you back?"

"Yeah." Matthew answered.

"Port, terminal, airport, send people to keep an eye on all of the exit points."

As long as he hadn't left the country, he still had time.

Boyce understood Matthew's intentions and nodded, "Don't worry, I will never let him out of here. But what are you going to do about Maria?"

"She doesn't want to live. I will fulfill her wish." He was calm and undisturbed, as if her life was not even worth mentioning in his eyes.

Boyce gasped in shock and then said, "I see."

"I will have Armand meet you." Now, Armand and Terry came in handy.

After speaking, he waved to Samuel, "We should go now."

Samuel came over and took the initiative to hold Matthew's hand.

Looking at the tall and small figures leaving through the door, Boyce walked towards the desk and made calls to arrange the people for investigating various exit points.

Samuel climbed into the car and buckled the seatbelt himself, "Can we go home first?"

Matthew didn't ask why but agreed, "Okay."

The car drove away from the detention center, shuttling aimlessly through the residential area and then finally stopped by a quiet forest.

The engine was turned off.

Samuel hesitated and then said, "I think I need to make it clear to you."

Matthew turned to look at him, "What do you want to say?"

"No matter if you like Mommy or not, I like you or not; right now, I don't want to fight with you. let's work har together to find Mommy and what happens after wards, can wait until she comes back home."

Until now, Samuel couldn't be sure whether this father loved his Mommy or not.

He didn't want to hate him now, because he had the ability to help him find his Mommy.

"You are not that old, but you sure think a lot."

Samuel lowered his eyes, his thick curly lashes trembled lightly.

"Before, Uncle Sampson kept telling me one thing, that my mother exchanged her life for me and my sister's. When Mommy was still pregnant with us, she had a car accident and she was injured. Surgery was needed, and if she didn't undergo the operation she could have been disabled for life. But for the operation they needed to use anesthetics, which meant that me and my sister were to be affected and would not have been able to be born"...

He opened his eyes wide, not letting his tears fall down, "She underwent the operation without any anesthesia to save my sister and me. I don't know how much it would have hurt, I only heard that she passed out from the pain many times and almost died"...

"I have been the only 'man' in my family since I was a child. I want to protect her, love her, so that she would never be hurt again and will never experience pain." He sniffed, "I don't care if the man who takes care of her in the future is my birth father or not. As long as he loves her, cherishes her, cares for her and protects her, I will accept him and even call him Daddy."

Samuel expressed his attitude that no matter who Dolores chose in the future, he was going to understand and accept it.

But if even his birth father, Matthew, was unable to do all of the above, he was not going to accept him.

His Mommy deserved a great man to take care of her.

Matthew held his forehead with a hand placed on the car's window. Shrouded in the shadow of a tree,

his expressions were submerged in darkness, only leaving a vague outline. A closer look showed that his whole body was trembling slightly.

Right now, there were no words that could describe his inner feelings.

That kind of shock, that kind of impact made him feel heartache that couldn't be expressed into words...

After a long time, he was able to be calm enough to speak but his voice was still hoarse as he said to Samuel, "We should go home."

With that, he restarted the car.

"Wait a minute." Samuel stared at the blood on the back of his hand, "Are you hurt?"

"No." None of the blood on his hand belonged to him.

Samuel was inexplicably relieved and pulled out a wipe from the wet wipe box in front, "I'll wipe it for you."

Matthew stretched out his hand and Samuel lowered his head holding Matthew's hand with one hand, he earnestly wiped the remaining blood off the back of his hand with his other hand.

He was very sensible and didn't ask how he got it on his hands in the first place.

Matthew looked at him; his face was young and immature, yet it wasn't immature at all.

His maturity made his heart hurt with a kind of pain that eroded his heart and lungs

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

## Chapter 167: Were They Missing Her

The sunshine was falling down warmly, hanging in the light blue sky without the harshness of the summer. It wasn't too warm; wrapping the body like a soft and comfortable long-worn cotton underwear. The wind that blew occasionally also didn't feel cold.

The sunshine was just right, but on the balcony in front of the courtyard sat a woman with scattered black hair. The windows of the balcony were open for her to be able to breathe in the fresh air but she looked as if she was in a lot of pain. The balcony was installed with an anti-escape window and she was locked in the room. This was the only place from where she could see the outside world.

Apart from a servant, the only person left was Sampson. Sampson had never left this place since she was brought there, but today, he had left this place for some reason.

On the surface, it seemed like he believed that she had amnesia and didn't give her the injection, but actually he didn't believe her. He hardly allowed her to leave his sight for even a second and even made the servant follow her when she went to the bathroom.

She had thought that on a day like today she would be able to breathe freely and find a way to leave but Sampson had locked her in the house.

The only window in this room was this balcony, but it was also sealed. It was like she would have to turn into a butterfly if she wanted to escape from here.

She closed her eyes slowly. If she was not there, were Samuel and Simona going to look for her?

Were they missing her?

What were they all doing right now...

Also, was Matthew worried about her? Was he looking for her...

She didn't know anything.

At this time, there was the sound of the door opening.

Dolores opened her eyes immediately. Her expressions of pain and anxiety disappeared and was changed into a look of blank ignorance.

She clenched her hands behind her back and stared at the door.

Sampson was wearing black casual clothes, a peaked cap and black sunglasses. He took off his hat and sunglasses as he opened the door.

"Lola, I am back." He put what he had just removed on the table, closed the door and walked towards Dolores.

Dolores took a step back calmly, pretending to be unhappy, "You keep me locked in the house, don't even take me out. You say you love me but why do I feel like I am being imprisoned?"

Sampson walked over and hugged her, "Idiot, I am protecting you. There are too many bad people



outside. I am afraid that if you go out other people will harm you, hurt you. You should appreciate it.”

While saying, Sampson pinched her nose and lowered his head to kiss her forehead...

Dolores’s body was stiff and she wanted to push him away, but she was afraid that he would suspect that she hadn’t lost her memory and would give her the injection.

No matter how disgusted she was, she could only endure. She pretended to be shy and gave him a light playful push, “I haven’t even had lunch yet, I am hungry now.”

She was really not hungry; it was just an excuse to make him let her go.

Sampson frowned and glanced at the time, “It’s almost two o’clock, why haven’t you still had lunch?”

Dolores lowered her head. Her mouth was curved in an especially mocking arc, “You locked the door, even the servant couldn’t open it. How would I have eaten?”

Sampson had forgotten this. In order to keep Dolores from running away, he didn’t trust anyone. He had reservations even about the servant he had bought at a high price and kept the upstairs key to himself.

“Are you angry?” Sampson lifted her chin, asking her to look at him.

Dolores blinked and took the opportunity to vent her unhappiness, “What do you think? You keep me shut up in a room like a prisoner and not even give me food, if it was you, wouldn’t you be angry?”

Sampson smiled and apologize, “It’s my fault, I overlooked. You can punish me.”

“I dare not.” Dolores lowered her eyes.

“There is nothing to be afraid of. As long as you want it, I will definitely satisfy you.” Sampson promised, patting his chest.

She widened her eyes innocently and looked at him expectantly, “Then, I want to go out, can you take me?”

“Sure.” Sampson promised, hugging her shoulders, “But before you out, you have to eat first. Let’s go, what do you want to eat, I will have the servant make it for you.”

Dolores was so excited that he actually agreed to take her out and she might have a chance to escape, that she said casually, “Udon noodles.”

Sampson walked down the stairs with Dolores in his arms, “Bess, cook some udon for her.”

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

“Okay.” Bess was wearing an apron and wiping the dust off the TV. Hearing Sampson, she put down the cleaning rag and went into the kitchen.

Still holding Dolores in his arms, Sampson sat down in front of the sofa. He picked up a strand of her hair and kissed it. He was obsessed with her smell and her appearance. Whenever he was with her, he always wanted to hold her, touch her hair and kiss her cheeks etc.

Dolores endured her stomach churning with disgust and asked tentatively, “When will you take me out?”

“Tomorrow.” Sampson squinted at her as he smelled her hair.

Dolores lowered her eyes, her long lashes trembling slightly. She couldn't dare believe Sampson's frank words, “Really?”

“Really.” Sampson took a deep breath and hugged her, “I just went out to arrange it and I will take you away tomorrow.”

He had not been in contact with anyone which was also planned at that time.

If there was a contact between him and anyone else, it would have left traces. Regardless of whether Matthew could figure out that the Dolores at home was not the real one, Sampson couldn't take any risk to let anyone know that Dolores was here.

Going through the regular channel now required ID card, whether it was a train ticket or a plane ticket. The real-name system made it very easy to expose them. So, he had prepared a car and had decided to not get on a highway. He was going to leave City B through a small road and then go to a county in Sichuan Province where there were many mountains and the roads were not very developed. It was far from City B and he could easily live there for a while.

When the gust passed, he was going to take Dolores away from this country so that no one could ever find them again.

Then he was going to be able to live with her forever and even have their own children in the future.

He had no regrets left in this life.

Dolores felt like she was just struck with thunder. He wanted to take her away from here?

"I think it is pretty good here"...

"This is not our home." Sampson interrupted her.

Bess bought the noodles over, "The noodles are ready."

"Put it on the table." Sampson said as he took the chopsticks from Bess and handed it over to Dolores, "Hurry up and eat, it won't taste good if it swells up."

Dolores took the chopsticks. She had no appetite at all, but she still pretended to eat very deliciously. Her stomach hurt after eating. The noodles felt like stones, stuffing her stomach right up to her esophagus, not getting digested.

"Are you not feeling well?" Sampson asked.

Dolores was holding her abdomen with a pale face but she didn't say a word.

"I'll help you go up and rest for a while." Sampson helped her stand up.

Seeing her very uncomfortable, Bess suggested, "Would you like to have a doctor check it?"

Sampson glared at her sideways and warned, "Can I not see that she is feeling unwell? Do I need you to remind?"

No outsider could know about this place and he was never going to allow strangers to come.

He was not going to allow any accidents to happen.

Bess realized that she had said too much and lowered her head.

Dolores knew what was wrong with her; it was probably because of her bad mood and the food.

She went back to the room and laid on the bed, "Can you let me rest alone in the room for a while?"

He hadn't let her call a doctor, so when she made this request Sampson couldn't refuse again. He said, "Okay, rest well. I will come up later."

Dolores closed her eyes solemnly, not wanting to say a word more.

She curled up in the quilt but kept her eyes open watching Sampson lock the door.

She was really tired. Last night, Sampson had slept in this room with her, hugging her. She had not been able to sleep at all, didn't dare to close her eyes, afraid to fall asleep fearing what he might do to her.

Now, she was really exhausted and her stomach also felt really unwell.

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 168: The Desire to Conquer

She laid there for a long time and fell asleep without knowing it.

In her sleep, she felt someone hugging her from behind, kissing her on the neck and whispering her name in her ear.

"Lola."

Initially she thought it was a dream but the whisper made her wake up. She suddenly opened her eyes, turned her head and saw that Sampson's obsessive expressions had not yet dissipated and he was looking at her fiercely.

Without barely thinking, she lifted the quilt and got out of the bed.

She retreated to the wall barefoot, only stopping when there was no place left behind her.

Sampson didn't come to his senses for a couple seconds, then he looked at her, "Why are you getting so worked up?"

Dolores pretended to be calm and denied, "No, I am not getting worked up. I was in a deep sleep, but suddenly someone ...I ...I got scared.'

"It's just me, not a bad guy. Come back to bed. "Sampson waved at her warmly, his upper body naked.

Dolores didn't move or respond to him. In the silence, she could hear the sounds of her dry breathes in her throat. She always felt extremely nervous and edgy whenever she was with Sampson. Her blood swelled as if her head was being pulled apart and her whole body was covered in a layer of cold sweat.

Sampson stared at her with his deep probing gaze, but also full of temptation, "Why? Are you afraid of me?"

Dolores shook her head, "No. "She turned her head and glanced towards the balcony. The sky was

already dark and only the lights in the room were on, "I slept for the whole afternoon and I am not sleepy anymore. You go to sleep."

Sampson lifted the quilt, got off the bed and approached her. Dolores was helpless with apprehension.

She kept crying inwardly. Don't come over, don't come over.

Sampson grabbed her slender wrist and said, "I want to sleep with you."

"But I am not sleepy anymore." Dolores was in a panic. Sampson's behavior had let her know what he wanted to do.

The clearer he expressed himself, the more afraid she got.

"I can't sleep either, so let's do something fun." He stared at Dolores. Because he had just woke up, his face was still red and his eyes were fiery, "We are a couple, you shouldn't refuse me."

This time Sampson was not as well-behaved as last night. He pulled her into his arms fiercely and held her tightly as he kissed her recklessly, "Lola, I want you today and I will not allow you to refuse."

Dolores pushed him away like crazy, "I won't, I don't want to. Let me go!"

"Why not?" Sampson grabbed her restless hands and looked at her fiercely.

Dolores trembled all over and it took a long time for her to find an excuse, "I ...My stomach still hurts, I don't feel well"...

“Excuses!” Sampson interrupted her sharply, “You still remember everything, don’t you?”

“I don’t know what you are talking about.” Dolores shook her head violently, struggling to get out of his control.

But the disparity in their strength was so great that she couldn’t succeed.

Sampson laughed in a low voice gloomily, “You don’t know? Then let me tell you. You didn’t forget anything; you are just pretending to forget the past so that I will not give you that injection. Every minute every second that you spend here, you are continuously thinking about running away, right?”

“No, I didn’t!” Her lips trembled, and she looked at him imploringly, “Will you let me go? I am feeling really uncomfortable”...

“I will make you feel comfortable!” This time Sampson was like a deranged beast. Regardless of Dolores struggles and begging, he pushed her down on the bed and ripped off her clothes. Dolores struggled desperately under him, “Please, let me go!”

Sampson ignored her. Perhaps it was her non-cooperation that aroused the desire to conquer in his bones. Her became even more presumptuous and his actions became rough. Suddenly, Dolores felt a chill in her chest as her clothes were roughly torn apart by Sampson.

“Are you a virgin? Why are you being so reserved?” Sampson stared at her alluring figure with red eyes and smiled evilly, “I love you so much, you should feel it.”

Her heart broke with a crash. She couldn’t break away from him at all. Her expressions were overwhelmed by despair. She stopped struggling, not because she gave up but because if she didn’t stop struggling, it was only going to make Sampson crazier. She had no chance to break free from him.



Dolores stopped struggling. Sampson thought that she had given up and was willing to cooperate with him. He gently stroked her cheek, "You are a normal woman, I know that you want it too."

Dolores didn't say anything, looking desperately around the room. If she was forced by Sampson today, then she would rather die than live filthily.

There was nothing but a bed in this room and she had no tools even if she wanted to die.

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Sampson had lost his mind with desire. He didn't notice Dolores thoughts at all and quickly took off his pants. Taking advantage of the short time of relaxation as he took his pants off, Dolores tried her best to push him away and rushed to the door to open it. She twisted the handle vigorously, but the door was tightly shut and she couldn't open it.

"You can't run away. "Sampson stood behind her calmly, wearing only underwear on his body. His skin was white and delicate, but the gentleness that he used to have no longer existed.

Dolores hugged herself with her arms to hide her chest from being on display, slowly turned around to look at him and finally smiled.

She used to think that it was her fortune that she knew Sampson, but now she knew that this was actually a calamity.

Staring at the wall behind Sampson, she made up her mind.

Seeing her decisive expressions, Sampson panicked, “Lola” ...

Dolores didn't want to hear him say even one more word. She was disgusted!

She rushed towards the wall like a crazy person. Sampson tried to stop her but he didn't know from where she got such brute force as she pushed him away. Bang! With a sound, her head hit the wall. The air in the room remained unmoved.

She wanted to open her eyes, but her eyelids were so heavy that she couldn't lift them up. Warm liquid flowed down her forehead as her consciousness was blurred.

Was she dying? She thought to herself.

She was still a little bit reluctant to die. She still hadn't made arrangements for her children, if she died, they would be bullied. They didn't even have a father and now she was going to leave them too.

It hurt ...It hurt a lot.

She didn't want to leave them.

Her eyes grew darker and darker until she was completely swallowed by darkness. She completely lost her consciousness; her body fell like a crumbling hill.

“Lola” ...

Sampson rushed over to hold her fallen body.

Her face was full of blood, her lively appearance gone. Sampson crazily wiped away the blood on her

face, "Lola, Lola, don't scare me. Don't die please. I won't force you, wale up."

She did not respond, her body was like boneless flesh, lying softly in his arms.

The bright red blood stained Sampson's hands as he shook her, "Wake up! Wake up, Lola. Wake up!"

Still no response.

Sampson tore off the bed sheets to wrap her body. He held her in his arms and took her downstairs, "Bess, Bess" ...

Bess had just laid down to rest. Listening to Sampson's hasty voice, she hurriedly got up from the bed and opened the door. When she walked out of the room, she was shocked to see Sampson holding Dolores whose face was covered in blood.

"What ...What happened to her?"

But seeing that Sampson was almost naked, she could probably understand what had happened.

Sampson had told her that Dolores was her girlfriend.

But she thought that Sampson's way of loving was very twisted.

He did not loved Dolores but just wanted to possess her. If he really loved her, he would not have imprisoned her and restrict her freedom.

If he loved her, wouldn't he have given her a life of happiness and blessings?

Moreover, she could also see that Dolores didn't love him.

"You go get dressed, I will keep an eye on her for the time being."

Sampson had been so panicked just now that he hadn't thought about putting on his clothes. He couldn't go to the hospital looking like this.

"You keep an eye on her." He gently put Dolores on the sofa, then turned and ran upstairs

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 169: I Can Sue You for Slander

WY Group.

The wall behind the front desk had a gold background and was inlaid with bold and powerful words "WY Group". It looked magnificent and stood out to people's eyes like dragon's nest, making people afraid to underestimate it.

"Sorry, you haven't made an appointment, I can't let you go up." The receptionist said in a professional tone.

Theresa stood at the front desk anxiously and said politely, "I really need to meet your president and ask him something. It's very urgent."

Dolores hadn't been to the store for two days and couldn't be contacted. Dolores had moved to Matthew's villa and she didn't know where it was. She was a little worried, so she had come here wanting to ask Matthew why Dolores wasn't coming to the store.

The store had just opened recently and most of their customers came for her reputation. Her absence was going to make the customers feel like they were not being treated sincerely.

Moreover, Dolores was very serious and passionate about her word and she was not the kind of person who will stop going to the school without saying anything.

If she could have contact her and Dolores said that she wasn't coming to the store because she had something to do, then Theresa would have felt at ease. But right now, she couldn't even contact her.

How could she not worry?

"I am really sorry. I can't let you go up without an appointment. If everyone behaves like you then our boss will not be able to do anything apart from meeting people like you and waste his time." Although she maintained her dignified manner, her words were not as gentle as before as she was annoyed by Theresa.

"Why can't you guys be a little accommodating? Or how about you call your boss and let me just talk to him on the phone."

"No. If you have a lot of time, you can sit in the lobby and wait for him to come down. You can talk to him yourself and if he is willing you can ask him whatever you want."

"Why are you being like this?"

"Sorry, this is my job."

Theresa dropped her head sadly. The people in this huge company were so unkind. She only wanted to see Matthew.

“Hey, Theresa!” Armand walked in from the door, twirling the car key in his hand, looking idle.

Theresa didn’t bother to pay attention to him.

She turned around to leave.

“Hey.” As she passed him, he grabbed her arm, “How come you hide every time you see me? I don’t eat people. Besides, we are friends, we should say hello when we meet. Aren’t you being too impolite?”

Theresa frowned and tried to wrestle her hand out of his grip, “Politeness also depends on who the other person is. You grab my wrist as soon as you come. If I didn’t know you, I would think you were a playboy.”

Armand raised his eyebrows, flicked his dust-free suit and squinted at her, “I can sue you for slander for speaking like that.”

Theresa’s face sank and she said unhappily, “Are you crazy? You provoke me first and now you make bogus accusations. Wow! This is eye-opening.”

Armand wasn’t actually going to sue her but was only teasing her. Seeing her angry, the corners of his lips raised slightly, “Are you here to meet Matthew?”

He had heard her talking to the receptionist as he was walking in.

Before Theresa could answer, he said, "Do you fancy our Matthew?"

"What nonsense are you talking about?! "Theresa was annoyed and her face flushed red. Matthew was very handsome; he had the charm that only a mature man could have.

But she knew very well that he was Dolores's.

She had never thought about him that way.

He actually had the guts to tease her?

He was simply not a person!

"Are you angry?" Armand tilted his head to look at her.

Theresa really wanted to slap him, and it took all her strength to not do that. She glared at him fiercely and then hurried away.

Armand curled his lips and stood his ground as he stared at her with a strategic look, "You came to meet Matthew to ask about Ms. Flores, right?"

Armand had just come from Boyce's office to discuss the matter of prosecuting Maria. He had learned from Boyce that there was no news of Dolores. He had heard that Matthew was in a bad mood due to this. As his friend, he had to come and care about it.

Theresa's footsteps stopped. He knew about Dolores!

But thinking about his brazenness, she resisted and didn't talk to him immediately.

“Something happened to Ms. Flores, don’t you care as her friend?” Armand turned around and looked at the hesitant Theresa.

Something happened to Dolores?

How could something happen to her?

Theresa didn’t believe him. She wouldn’t doubt if someone else had told her, but she didn’t have a good impression of him.

“Don’t try to fool me. Dolores is fine! Why are you cursing her? What are you up to?”

Armand, ” ...“

Did she not believe him?

“Is my character so bad?”

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“Are you even a person?” Theresa stared at him coldly. Talking to him was useless.

Seeing that Theresa was really angry, Armand straightened his expressions and said seriously, “Ms.



Flores has been missing for two days and there is no news of her. Now, it's hard to tell even if she is in City B or not. Do you believe it now?" After saying that, Armand walked towards the front desk and stood there. At the front desk, he swept his hand on the table that reflected the people's face in it and looked at the receptionist and winked at her.

Although Armand did not come to the company often, everyone knew about his relationship with Matthew. The receptionist had already seen his interaction with Theresa just now.

Armand knew her.

She knew that Theresa might really have a real reason to meet Matthew.

But she had never seen this woman. Where did she come from?

She couldn't help but gossiping, "Who is she?"

Armand raised his brows, "It's nothing you should know about. Gossip less and do your work."

The receptionist pursed her lips and replied dryly, "Understood. No gossip."

"Good girl." Armand smiled at her with a charming gaze.

The receptionist took a sip of water. Although, Armand was not as attractive as Matthew, he was still a 'diamond' among ordinary people.

And he had just winked at her just now.

The receptionist was looking at Armand like a love-struck fool, not knowing that she was almost drooling.

Armand sighed in disgust.

Dolores was missing?

Was it real or fake?

Theresa looked at Armand in confusion. Her worry about Dolores overcame her dislike for him, "Did something really happen to Dolores?"

She had in fact not been able to contact her for two days.

Armand looked at her as if she was an idiot, "Can such a thing be joked about? Besides, why would I lie to you?"

"Then what should we do now?" Theresa almost cried anxiously, "What about Samuel and Simona?"

Armand didn't react for a while, "Samuel and Simona? Who?"

"Dolores son and daughter."

"Wait..." Armand walked over and pulled her aside. Dolores had been married to Matthew before. It didn't last long and was a hidden marriage. Not a lot of people knew about it, only a few close to Matthew knew.

But now she was saying that Dolores had given birth to children.

Whose children were they?

Matthews?

This was...

After all, after so many years after divorce, it was difficult to say if they were indeed Matthew's.

Moreover, did Matthew know that Dolores had children?

"You said, Ms. Flores gave birth to two children, how old are they?"

"Five or six years old. They are twins so both are of same age. What is the matter?" Seeing caution in Armand's eyes, Theresa also became vigilant. Why was he asking this?

"Do you know that Ms. Flores was married?"

"Yeah."

In fact, Dolores never told anything about herself to anyone, nor did she mention her short marriage to Theresa. Theresa only said this because she had guessed.

Because Dolores was not someone to sleep around casually. Theresa had been with her for so long, knowing her character and personality, she would have never given birth to someone's children unless she was married.

And according to her observation, the man she had been married to was Matthew. She didn't know why they had divorced in the first place. She could see that Matthew still had feelings for Dolores.

Armand tutted twice, "You know it all, looks like you are quite close to Ms. Flores. Then you would know the father of the two children"...

"Huh, what do you want to say?" Theresa snorted coldly, obviously feeling that he thought Samuel and Simona did not belong to Matthew.

"Dolores is not someone who sleeps around casually. Don't think too much and don't think that she is a bad person." Theresa was angry again because Armand doubted Dolores and her children.

Since childhood, the two children had been raised alone by Dolores. Their father had never fulfilled his duties even once. But now, even his friends were casually questioning the identity of the two children. How could she not be angry?

Armand looked at her, "You are angry again."

"I have nothing to say to you." Theresa did not want to deal with him at all but out of politeness, she said, "Thank you for telling me about Dolores."

After speaking, she turned around and walked. Armand chased her outside, "Wait a minute

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 170: You Will Know When You Get There

Theresa said impatiently, "What the hell do you want?"

Armand took out his business card and handed it to her, "You can call me if you need anything. I will come to the store to tell you if there's any progress here. During this time, we would have to trouble you to handle the store all by yourself."

Theresa raised her eyes and looked at Armand. He looked serious. She had just come to China and she was not very familiar with it. To find Dolores, she had to rely on them and she also wanted to know any news about them finding Dolores.

She reached out and took the business card that Armand handed over, "Thank you. Dolores is very nice to me. I will handle everything at the store until she comes back."

Armand nodded, wondering inwardly if he could find a reason to stop her from leaving.

"How did you come? Do you want me to drive you?"

"I drove here." Theresa put the business card in her purse and said to him, "Goodbye."

Saying that she walked towards the car.

Armand ran a hand through his hair and sighed in frustration. Why was it so hard to strike up a conversation with her?

When he used to flirt with women before, did it still take him so much effort?

He shook his head to clear his thoughts, turned around and walked towards the elevator. The elevator stopped with a ding sound and the door opened. Just as Armand was about to walk in, the person inside made him stop in his tracks, "It's you."

His voice turned cold immediately, "What are you doing here?"

Warner opened his mouth to answer, "Whatever I am doing here doesn't have anything to do with you, right?"

The Herbert family was not as good as before, but his reputation and status were still not comparable to him as a lawyer.

Armand frowned, glanced at him indifferently and stepped into the elevator.

Warner straightened his suit and strode out.

He didn't care about Armand at all.

Armand's heart was pounding thinking that Matthew was bound to kill Maria. It was impossible for Warner to not know that his sister was locked up because of Matthew.

So, the question was, why did he come here?

To declare war on Matthew or to plead?

Armand hadn't figured it out yet. Just then, the elevator door opened and as he walked down the corridor, the entire office area was inexplicably enveloped in a dull atmosphere.

Is this because the boss was in a bad mood so the entire company suffered?

Armand's throat constricted. It was not cold but he couldn't help but shudder.

He walked to the door and knocked. When he heard the voice from inside say come in, he opened the door.

The huge office looked dull and deserted. If he hadn't seen the man sitting behind the desk, he would have thought there was no one in the office.

Armand walked in, closed the door and went to the desk, "What was Warner doing here?"

Before Matthew could answer, he guessed, "He came asking for trouble?" But thinking about Warner's behavior in the past few years, he felt that he didn't have the courage to declare war on Matthew.

If Warner was capable enough, the Herbert family would not be what it was today.

Mathew raised his eyes and put a document on the table in front of Armand.

Armand picked it up and opened it. It was a letter of intent of cooperation which was not uncommon between business partners. What was strange about it was that the letter of intent was signed by Warner and included an important piece of land of the Herbert family.

The Herbert family had a good piece of land in City B, which was left by their ancestors. Although the building was abandoned, the location was good.

"He actually wants to cooperate with you to build a large shopping mall on this piece of land?" Armand felt like he had just seen the devil.

Didn't Warner regard Matthew as an enemy? But now he brought over his own land and wanted to do a business partnership with Matthew?

“I used to hear a saying: In vanity fair, one second, you fight to death. But then for profit, you can shake hands the next second. I finally saw it today. But the most important thing is, did you agree?”

“Why would I not agree?” Matthew stood up and walked to the French window, leaving a long shadow on the ground.

Today, Warner took the initiative to come to him to show his good intentions. If the Herbert family dared to involve in Maria’s matter, he would finish them.

Since he knew that Dolores’s disappearance was related to Maria, he had made a lot of preparations and the Herbert family was going to be the first to bear the brunt.

After all, Maria was his family. Who knew if they would or wouldn’t go against him to save their reputation?

Now that Warner revealed his weakness, he could hand Maria over to Boyce and Armand. He needed time to find out Dolores’s whereabouts.

As more time passed, Matthew was going to be at more disadvantage to find Dolores.

He didn’t have the time to waste in a fight with the Herbert family.

“Giving up the rook to save the queen. It’s really cruel.” Armand snorted disdainfully, “Do rich families really have no actual feelings for each other?”

Armand’s words were secretly aimed at Matthew.

Matthew’s mother was also a part of a huge family. Her marriage with Jayden could be described as a



strong alliance, but emotionally it wasn't anything that would make someone jealous.

Not long after her death, Jayden married someone else.

This was also a thorn that has been stuck between the father and son since a long time.

Matthew looked at him.

Armand coughed dryly. He shouldn't have been talking about this at such a time. He straightened his face, "I and Boyce have planned everything, you don't need to worry about it. Just leave it to me and Boyce. Boyce hasn't been idle, he tried to get Ms. Flores's whereabouts from her but she kept her mouth tightly shut."

Boyce had used many methods.

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A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

Could a woman's jealousy be so scary? Armand thought inwardly.

He didn't know that Maria was more than just jealous.

She felt that Dolores robbed Matthew and took away everything that should have belonged to her. She was loathed her and was resentful.

\*Buzzing\*

At this time, Matthew's mobile phone on the table vibrated. Armand took a look and said to Matthew, "It's Abbott."

Then he picked it up and handed it to Matthew.

Matthew took it and answered the call, "Mr. Nel"...Before Abbott could speak, the phone was snatched away from him, "Matthew, where are you?"

'Dolores's 'voice came over immediately.

Armand stretched his head, wanting to hear what the person on the other end of the phone was saying.

Matthew glanced at him sideways and handed the phone over, "You want to take it?"

Armand gasped, shook his head quickly and said embarrassedly, "You take it, you take it."

In order to prove that he didn't want to snoop, he took a step back and distanced himself from him.

"When are you coming back? I miss you so much. "At this moment, 'Dolores 'stood in the hotel room drawing circles on the table with her fingers and said in an aggrieved tone, "Abbott won't let me go out to meet you. Why is he doing that?"

Matthew's face was expressionless and his tone was slightly cold, "Give the phone to him."

'Dolores 'thought that Matthew was going to reprimand Abbott, so she couldn't help but feel a little proud and handed the phone over, "Hey, don't say that I didn't remind you, offending me is not good for you."

Abbott stared at her. With the same face as Dolores, how could her character be so bad?

Sure enough, she was a fake, and the quality wasn't guaranteed.

He reached out his hand to pick up the phone and put it to his ear, "Mr. Nelson."

'Dolores 'didn't know what Matthew said to him, but his expressions became serious, "Yes, I understand."

And in her eyes, Matthew had scolded him. She turned around and sat on the sofa, "See? I told you that Matthew cares about me very much. You are being so disrespectful to me. Wait till I see him, I will tell him everything."

Abbott hung up the phone and said faintly, "If you want to tell him, then I won't stop you. In fact, let's go to him right now."

In fact, Abbott didn't pay attention to her words at all.

She, a fake, dared to raise her voice and make a scene? Not even afraid of getting caught.

Exasperated, 'Dolores 'thought that she was going to see Matthew and got up from the sofa quickly, ignoring the pain in her foot, "Is he waiting for me?"

Abbott pursed his lips, "Yes."

"Huh, you were acting like a snob, now you are struck dumb. Now do you know my position in Matthew's heart? I gave birth to two children for him. In the future I will be Mrs. Nelson, if I tell him about your behavior, I can have you fired in a minute!" 'Dolores 'words became more presumptuous

because Abbott hadn't allowed her to go out and he wasn't respectful to her.

Annabelle had always had a domineering temperament and now that she had become the person next to Matthew, she was naturally going to be arrogant. Abbott did not flatter her or give her the attention and respect she demanded, so she held a grudge.

She was not rational enough to know that it was not the time and wanted to go meet Matthew and have him fire Abbott.

Abbott looked at her in a domineering way and smiled, "I shall wait and see."

'Dolores 'face looked very ugly.

She had made her decision that when she gained power, the first thing she was going to do was to get Abbott fired!

"Help me. Can't you see that my foot is hurt? Are all people around Matthew so dumb?"

Abbott was too irritated to argue with her and stretched out his arm to support her.

They took the elevator down to the hotel lobby, crossed the lobby to the parking lot outside the hotel. As Abbott was about to get in the car, 'Dolores 'said sarcastically, "Do you not know who you are?"

Abbott looked back. What did she want now?

"Open the door for me!" She glared at him.

Abbott's gaze fixed on her face for a few seconds and then he finally reached over and opened the rear

door.

'Dolores 'snorted coldly and sat in the car.

"So stupid! I don't know how you became Matthew's assistant."

Abbott bit his cheek and pursed his lips.

He hoped she could still be this arrogant after reaching the place.

He started the car.

In order to not be found out and be able to stay besides Matthew smoothly, 'Dolores 'had surveyed who was around Matthew and had a slight cognition. She also had an understanding of the WY Group.

But the direction of Abbott's car was not clearly on the way to WY Group.

She couldn't help but frown, "Isn't Matthew at the company? Where are you taking me?"

Abbott looked at her coldly through the rearview mirror, "You'll know when you get there."

Not long after that, the car stopped. 'Dolores 'couldn't help but wince when she saw where this was. She trembled slightly, "You ...Why did you bring me here?" \_\_\_\_

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 171: Make an Example out of Someone

"You'll know after you have a look inside." Abbott seemed to not notice her panic look and he went straight out of the car. Yet "Dolores" did not move. Why would anyone want to go to the detention centre? "Abbott, don't you play tricks with me. What are you planning?"

"What could I possibly do to you? Mr. Nelson values you, do you think I have the balls to mess with you?" Abbott walked towards her and stared at her uneasy but still pretended to be composed look. He sneered. "Didn't you want to see Mr. Nelson? He's right inside. Why are you so scared to get in? Are you feeling guilty?"

"I, I'm not, you are!" "Dolores" retorted with guilt. "If you don't, after you." Abbott gestured her to get in politely to display his "respect" towards her. "Dolores" stared at him for a few seconds and raised her head. "You better not lie to me, or else you'll be sorry!" After saying those harsh words, she headed inside, asking, "Where is he?" Abbott led the way in front of her.

"Dolores" looked around. She had been there before. Beulah Shawn had been inside before, and she had paid her a visit. It was also Beulah who gave her the idea to abscond with the money back then. She told her, "Annie, your father is a cruel man. If he could abandon his first wife easily back then, he could also abandon you and me now. Now that I'm in prison, I'm afraid you'll be sent away like Dolores if you stay at home any further. I'll tell you your father's safe password, leave after getting the money."

Beulah had been alert after living with Randolph. She had known that the man was cruel and he prioritized his benefit the moment he sent Dolores and Jessica away without hesitance back then. The reason he married Jessica was because of her dowry. When he could no longer take advantage of her, he abandoned her without caring for their past relationship.

She was still young back then and she could attract clients for him during social dinners. Now that she was getting on in years and she was no longer beautiful as before, and Annabelle did not make any outstanding achievements, and Dolores had married Matthew, Randolph might mistreat Annabelle to please his eldest daughter. Therefore, she had thought of a way out for her daughter.

“Dolores ”clenched her fists and her heart ached when she thought of Beulah. She was her mother after all, the mother who truly loved and cared for her. Having thought that, she became more determined to stay by Matthew’s side. Without her mother’s sacrifice, she would not have what she had today, therefore she could not disappoint her. She could not fail!

Meanwhile, she had followed Abbott to the interrogation building. It was not the room last time, the room was way bigger. The tempered glass divided the room into two. The inner space was used for interrogation while there were seats for other people to sit at the outer space. Abbott pushed the door open when they reached the entrance. “Dolores ”did not go straight in. She only walked in after peeking inside and making sure Matthew was inside.

Armand pulled a chair over for her and pretended that he was not aware of her real identity. He was enthusiastic and deference as he glanced at her from head to toes. “Miss Flores? ”Boyce told him she was an impostor. He was slightly shocked when he knew about that. He was amazed by the advancement of today’s plastic surgery skills. He initially thought it was hardly possible to make a person’s face exactly the same as another person’s through the surgery, yet as he looked at her face, he secretly exclaimed of the high similarity.

He predicted that she had done operations all over her body. Her body must have been operated according to Dolores’s, or else she would not have such a thin waist. He could not find a single flaw from her face. “What are you looking at?” “Dolores ”frowned and asked, “Is there anything on my face? ” Armand laughed recklessly. “No, your face is perfectly fine, it’s flawless.”

Her heart leapt. She felt that he was implying something from his words. She then moved closer to Matthew and asked, “Why did you ask me to come here? This place is so creepy. ”Without waiting for Matthew to speak, Armand chimed in, “To ask you to come watch a show. ”He then put the chair next to her and sat down. “What show?” “Dolores ”turned to him. Armand replied in a subtle way, “You’ll know after a while.”

Matthew was silent the whole time. The ring of lights shined on his face from above and his face looked blurry as if being enshrouded by thin mists. The door of the room was soon opened once again. Boyce

walked at the front and was followed by two lofty men clad in black uniform. They were holding a person whose head was covered by a black cover and was unable to walk.

“Dolores ”looked at the person who was dragged in and thought that the person looked so much like Maria Herbert from the body figure. She became nervous. It soon proved that she was right when Boyce jerked the black cover off Maria’s head and showed her face. She had changed her clothes and her wound could not be seen, but she was wearing an extremely gloomy look.

“Do you know her? ”Armand came closer. “Dolores ”shook her head and then nodded. She said, “Yeah, she’s kidnapped me after all.”

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“I suppose you still don’t know what Matthew hates the most.”

“What does he hate? ”Her voice inevitably trembled without notice. Armand let out an evil smile. “He hates being deceived.” “Dolores ”shuddered. “Is that so?”

“Yeah, you’ll know when you look at Maria Herbert. She lied to Matthew that she had lost the child after the car accident, but actually, she did not get pregnant in the first place. It was the Herbert family who pleaded for her that she managed to keep her pity life, but this time, even Jesus can’t save her now.”

“Dolores ”snatched Matthew’s arm and said, “Matthew, let’s go. I don’t want to see that, I’m scared. ” Matthew frowned absent-mindedly and there was an indiscernible cruel look on his face. “I thought you’re not that timid before? Why, don’t you want to see the person who harmed you getting punished?”



"I don't. I don't get harmed after all." "Dolores" grabbed his arm. There were wrinkles on his immaculate suit. Matthew's eyes fell onto her hand which was grabbing his arm. He lowered his eyes and there was an icy and sharp look on his face. "Dolores" seemed to notice his cold aura and she instinctively retrieved her hand. She clenched her hands into fists as if that was the only way to protect herself.

Just then, an ear-piercing shrill echoed in the whole room. "Dolores" turned her head and noticed Boyce had plucked one of Maria's fingernails out. The nails were the most sensitive parts and the excruciating pain was conceivable.

Maria was tossed onto the floor and she twitched. Blood was dropping onto the ground through her fingernail like a curvy stream. She slowly lifted her head and stared at "Dolores" who was sitting before her. "Dolores" immediately turned away and did not dare to meet her bloodshot eyes. She was brimmed with uneasiness and she was scared that she would not be able to endure that kind of cruel punishment and confessed the truth that she was not Dolores.

She refused to see that yet Boyce did not fulfill her wish. He put the plucked fingernail in front of her and said, "Miss Flores, please have a look, do you think it's pretty?" That one fingernail was placed on a white metal plate, and there was still blood on it, disgusting while leaving deep impression on her.

"Take it away." "Dolores" curled up and she was greatly frightened. "Why is Miss Flores so scared to look at such a beautiful thing?" Armand chimed in and wrenched her head towards the thing on the plate. "No, no." That was too horrifying, she wanted to leave. It was obvious "Dolores" was traumatized.

Armand deliberately went to her ear and said, "This is just the beginning, the most interesting part of the show is right behind. You have to know you'll always have to pay the price when you do bad things, especially for those who don't recognize their capability but still want to impersonate others. Their consequence would be thousand times worse than hers."

"Indeed, this is just nothing. There's no problem for me to use this pair of hands to peel someone's skin off without breaking it." Boyce and Armand cooperated with each other and managed to terrify "Dolores" so much until her back kept breaking cold sweats. Her legs kept shaking and her muscles tensed. With a dry throat, she said, "You, you "...You're demons. But she did not manage to say that out.

Armand pouted at the fact that she was too easy to be terrified. They still had not officially made an example out of someone. Matthew aimed to kill two birds with one stone. The first one was to let "Dolores" witness the consequence when she deceived him, the second one was to let Maria see, when she was enduring the punishment, Annabelle was only sitting there watching her suffering.

Mental torment was easier to destroy one's will compared to physical torment. Of course, his ultimate purpose was to find out Dolores's whereabouts from their confession.























## Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

### Chapter 172: Rage

“You have to get used to it.” Armand smiled and tossed Boyce a look. “Hurry up and begin your show to amaze Miss Flores.”

“Speaking about amazement, why don’t Miss Flores come with me inside and have a closer look? That would be more exciting.”

“No.” Dolores waved her hands and refused to be touched by them. Did anyone give her the right to decline now? Armand and Boyce looked at each other and without caring for her resistance, they dragged her up from the chair. She had to go no matter how.

“Do you know who I am? How could you do this to me?” Dolores struggled hard. “Let me go now.”

“Of course we know who you are, it’s because of this, we need to train you to become braver. Matthew did not need a weak and timid woman by his side.” Armand’s words successfully made Dolores speechless. She was dragged into the interrogation room. Boyce and Armand deliberately released her in front of Maria. Her shoes were stained with blood. She wanted to retrieve her leg but Maria snatched it. Although she looked feeble, her strength at the moment was unbelievably large.

“Let me go, let me go.” Dolores kicked around in panic, she was too nervous that she accidentally kicked Maria’s head. Maria’s vision blacked out for a short two seconds. “How dare you kick me?” She snarled at her. There was blood among her teeth. Her face was so pale and ferocious that she looked like a ghost crawling out from hell.

“No, I didn’t, I’m sorry. It’s you who grab me first.” “Dolores ”was so scared that she mumbled. Maria did not look human at all at the moment. Boyce who was at the side gave her kick and said, “What’s wrong of being kicked by Miss Flores?”

“Yeah, can’t you see your own strength? Do you think that we won’t dare to lay hands on you when you belong to the Herbert family? How could you harm Miss Flores? ”Armand looked exceptionally arrogant. “You thought we won’t dare to do anything to you when the Herbert family has your back? I’m not bluffing, but do you believe that we’ll even destroy the whole Herbert family if they dare come to plead for you?”

He then intentionally glanced at “Dolores ”as he spoke. “Right? Miss Flores.” “Dolores ”did not dare to utter a word at all. Even though Maria still had the Herbert family’s support, she still suffered from this kind of consequence. She had no supporter at all and if her real identity was exposed...She did not dare to think about it further.

Maria who was given a kick lied on the ground and could not say a word at length. Her whole body ached and Boyce’s kick just now nearly took her life. She was like a drowned mouse and was humiliated, yet Annabelle who was an impostor was actually acknowledged and respected by Matthew’s two most trusted friends. She was exasperated. Why was she the one who got all the benefits? She felt deeply aggrieved.

Her rage made her vomited blood right onto the shoes of “Dolores”. The warm blood touched her skin and made her skin itchy. She was greatly shocked and she shrilled. “Die, die.” “Dolores ”was calculating enough to keep on kicking Maria’s head, trying to kill her. Only dead men could keep her secret. She could not let Maria live, she can’t!

Boyce and Armand did not stop her when she repeatedly kicked Maria’s head, they only pulled “Dolores ”away when Maria almost passed out. “Let go of me, I want to hit her, she harmed me, she has to die. Kill her for me, quick---”

Maria had suffered all kinds of ordeal while being kept inside these few days. She was half dead and did not have the strength to fight back at all. If Boyce and Armand only pulled Annabelle away a few minutes later, she would have died. That woman wanted to kill her to keep her secret? Maybe the rise of hatred inside her had exceptionally strengthened her will to live, Maria growled with her last breath, "You're not Dolores!"

"Dolores" was startled and there was a chill down her spine. "You're dying, stop talking nonsense, let me end your life." She then pounded onto Maria, but Armand held her back. "What's the hurry, let her speak. That sounds interesting though, she said you're not Dolores." He then approached her face and looked from left to right, up and down, teasing, "Could it be this face is made from plastic surgery?"

"Dolores" shuddered and retorted, "What are you talking about?"

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

"I'm just joking, don't be serious." Armand smiled.

Maria clenched her fists and was afraid that Armand had believed her words. "She really isn't Dolores" ... She paused and looked up with difficulty. She looked at the man who was sitting on the chair outside the glass wall, who was watching all the time silently, as if everything was under his control. She only knew his purpose at this moment.

Her nail was plucked by Boyce the moment she was brought inside. The excruciating pain deprived her ability to think. How could she forget that Matthew had already known that that woman was not Dolores? The reason he asked her to come here was only to turn them against each other. Yet it was clear that Annabelle wanted her dead.

She let out a sorrowful smile. "How could I forget your trick after following you for so long?" Tears flowed from her eyes and mixed with the thick blood. "I'll tell you Dolores's whereabouts, but I have

one condition. "Matthew no longer sat there and watched. He stood up and walked towards her in a calm yet haphazard manner. "Dolores "was already stupefied at the side. What, what was she talking about?

Armand glimpsed at her pale face and snorted. "Dolores "shivered. Could it be Maria already betrayed her? Or else Matthew would not know she was not Dolores. After all, she was the only one who knew that. She clenched her fists in rage and pounded at her who was on the ground. She sat on her back and choked her. "Die, bitch!"

Boyce kicked "Dolores "away and spoke, "Get the fuck off. "He then threw the two men who were standing at the corner a look. "Get her. "He could not let her mess their plan up here now, it was important to inquire about Dolores's whereabouts. Maria had difficulty in breathing. Her body only trembled a little and she did not let out a voice when she coughed.

Matthew frowned. Boyce squatted and caressed her back. "She won't die. "Although she was tortured hard, she would not die. He knew how to control the level of punishment. Matthew heaved a sigh of relief. He had finally made her confessed, they would suffer great loss if she died.

"Say it, where's Dolores? "Boyce held her up. Maria sat on the ground and after resting for a while, she slowly looked up at "Dolores "whose movement had been suppressed. She opened her bloody and dry mouth and spoke with a weak voice, "I can tell you, but I have one condition."

"What is it?"

She let out a bloodthirsty smile. "I want her dead!"

"Bitch, you're the one who's gonna die." "Dolores "looked towards Matthew and quickly explained, "Don't listen to her, I'm the real Dolores, I really am. You'll get tricked by her if you trust her words, please don't believe her!"

"Shut her mouth up! "Boyce chastised. How could she not be sensible enough? The two men looked at each other and wondered what to use to shut her mouth. They did not have anything near them and one



of the men finally sighed and shoved his handkerchief into her mouth when she still wanted to speak.

Maria smiled. Her face did not look beautiful but horrifying. She looked at Annabelle and said, "Look at you, besides having an exact same face as Dolores, you're nothing useful. Do you think Matt would keep you?" Annabelle widened her eyes. With a ferocious look, she wished she could pound onto her and tear her into pieces alive.

Maria ignored her look and although she was talking to Annabelle, she was implying something else, "I suppose you don't know where Dolores is either when she's taken away by my brother that day? I have the thing Matt wants, but what about you?" Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 173: We've Caught Bess

Annabelle widened her eyes and she glared at Maria. If there was a knife now, she might use it to stab her. "Let her go." Matthew would not believe the fact that Annabelle did not know Dolores's whereabouts just because of Maria's words.

Their collaboration was solely dependent on their own benefits and their trust towards each other was weak. Therefore it was very easy to turn them against each other, and it was not difficult to inquire something from them.

"Bitch, how could you be so sure that I don't know that?" Annabelle growled. If she was not suppressed, she would have rushed towards Maria and ate her alive. Just like what Matthew had thought, the reason they collaborated with each other was for their own benefits and to get the things they wanted. Now that they were turned against each other, how would they think for each other now? He supposed they only wanted each other dead.

"I followed your brother when he took her away. You're stupid enough to think that I don't know. You thought you're the only one who have plan B? I have too!" Now that Beulah, her only family died, she had to live alone in this world. So how could she not be sensible enough to plan further for herself?

Boyce and Armand exchanged a look. Both women had their own little thought. Matthew's trick to turn them against each other was indeed impressive. Matthew slightly curled his fingers but did not clench them. He said, "Whoever tells me Dolores's whereabouts first lives."

"Me."

"I'll do it."

Both of them almost said that at the same time, they then looked at each other and hoped each other dead. "Dolores was brought to Shunbei Village which was not far from City B by Sampson" ...Annabelle blurted out and she was trying to say that ahead of Maria. Their relationship without any trust and which was based on benefits crumpled at once in front of benefits.

Matthew had walked out without finished listening to Annabelle's words. Armand quickly followed him. Boyce glanced at the two men at the corner and ordered, "Let her go."

"Won't they get into a fight?" It was clear to tell both of them were at loggerheads now. Boyce smiled. "Their life depends on themselves. Take some people and follow me." Both men understood his meaning and they released Annabelle. They then left the interrogation room with Boyce and locked the door after reaching the entrance.

Annabelle pounded onto Maria the moment she regained her freedom. "Bitch, die, how dare you betray me!" Maria was way angrier than her and she was furious. "Idiot, Matthew was trying to turn us against each other. We might still have the chance to live if you refuse to tell, do you think you could live after telling that?"

Annabelle was startled but she was still brimmed with rage. She choked Maria hard and yelled, "If you didn't betray me, I could still continue staying by his side. It's because of you going against your promise and betraying me first! How dare you accuse me!"

Humans had infinite potential when they were in extreme rage, like what happened now. Although Maria was badly injured and she even had difficulty to breathe, her strength was unbelievably huge that she was able to push Annabelle who was sitting on her down with the strength from her waist. She sat on her and grabbed her hair, bawling, "I didn't betray you, he's known that long ago, that you're not Dolores!"

Annabelle felt that her scalp was almost torn apart and she bared her teeth due to pain. She retorted with a ferocious look, "Do you think I'll believe you? If you didn't tell him, how would he know? Could he possibly have super power to tell that?"

Maria was startled. Yes, even she could not tell she was an impostor from her looks, how did Matthew manage to tell that in such a short time? What kind of feelings on earth did he have towards Dolores? As she was being absent-minded, Annabelle fought back and once again gained the upper hand. "Even if you didn't tell that before, you did betray me just now, and I heard it with my own ears!"

Annabelle snatched her hair and crashed her head onto the ground. "How dare you grab my hair, die, bitch!" Maria's mind went blank due to the impact and she had gone numb to pain. Her brain seemed to almost flow out from her skull. She hit the floor hard with her hands, trying to attract attentions so she could be saved. Yet, not a single person would come in today, and no one would come to save her. She wanted to resist, but she was out of energy.

"Die, bitch." Annabelle seemed to enjoy hitting her and she did not care whether she would die or not at all. She only wanted to take vengeance on her for betraying her. "Anna---belle, if I'm dead, you won't live either"...

"Didn't you want to kill me? It's you who would die first!" Annabelle let out a ferocious smile. Maria's head whirled and seemed to crack. The mad shadow in front of her was more and more blurred out. She wondered whether she was going to die soon and she was supporting herself with the last bit of will to live. She suddenly snatched Annabelle's hair and used all her strength to pull it down. Annabelle screamed due to pain and Maria took the opportunity to jerk her dress ribbon and strangled her with it.

The face which was an exact copy of Dolores's also bore her hatred towards Dolores. With her bloodshot eyes, she tightened the ribbon. Annabelle moaned and her eyes rolled. Her tongue was stuck out and

she was trying to call for help but she could only moan.

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"You're still too weak to take my life!" Maria seemed to have gone insane. "Die, all of you, Dolores and Annabelle. You can't match me"...She laughed hysterically. After a while, Annabelle no longer struggled. Maria lost her last bit of strength and consciousness, and she collapsed.

Meanwhile, Matthew was heading to Shunye Village first. Armand and Boyce followed behind him while leading their men. Boyce let them surrounded the village the moment they reached there. Shunye Village is not big, there were only two rows of houses in total, and the place was secluded. Many people had left the village for more career opportunity outside and the village looked desolate. Only a few people were seen along the way.

"Search from house to house. There are only a few families living here, I don't believe Sampson could hide in a mouse hole." Boyce was indignant and he despised his and Maria's doings. Matthew ignored him and he searched from one house to the next on his own while stepping on the muddy road full with holes. He only hoped to find and see her as soon as possible. He hoped he was the one who found her first, and the first one she saw.

Their search across half the village did not end up successful. They did not discover her or her trace. They stepped into another yard of a mansion built with bricks. The owner seemed to have heard that they were looking for someone. They had made a big commotion from their arrival with so many people. The owner heard from his neighbor that they were looking for somebody before they came to his house.

The head of the village then came. "Are you looking for this woman?" A middle-aged woman spoke. She had dark skin and her husband had gone to work. She was left in the village to take care of elders and children. She used to work at the field. Village people did not fancy caring for their skin and she looked like a typical woman who came from the village. "I saw her from the balcony of Bess's house which was at the end of the village. She's a beautiful woman, but I've never seen her come out."

"Where is she?" Matthew could nearly confirm the woman she said was Dolores. "Take us there, we'll give you 100 thousand yuan if we find her." Armand allured her. The middle-aged woman swallowed. She looked at them. They were wearing suits and leather shoes, and she had only seen the cars they drove here from TV. Those cars looked expensive, and those city people often called those as expensive cars. They could even give 100 thousand yuan that easily.

She was greatly moved. Her husband was the sole breadwinner and she only did a little farm work at home. Their family all relied on the low income and they were one of the poorest families in the village. Even Bess who was a widow was richer than them. The woman was very enthusiastic for the money. "Come with me, it's not far from here."

Boyce let the men continue to guard the village and forbade anyone to get out of the village. He then followed the woman to the end of the village. The white two-storey house soon loomed before them. Matthew gazed at the second floor balcony which the woman mentioned. The breeze was blowing and the curtain was waving. Yet he did not find the figure he had been longing for. The more he came closer, the more uneasy he felt.

"Bess." The woman patted the metal gate and called. "Bess, are you in there? Please open the door" ... Without even finishing her words, Armand and Boyce already kicked the gate open together. The woman was startled and wondered whether they were some kind of gangsters from their violent behavior.

"You'll scare the person away by making sounds and calling." Armand glimpsed at her and seemed to be dissatisfied of her actions. "No, no, the windows of the house have all been equipped with extra strong anti-theft windows. If she's inside, she can't escape." She quickly explained. She did not want to offend him, as he did not look like someone easy to be messed with too.

Matthew stepped into the house first. The house was not huge and was clean. Just like what the woman had said, it was very hard to escape and except the balcony at the second floor and the window at the first floor, no one could go out or enter the house except through the entrance. His fingers slightly trembled. Was Dolores being imprisoned here?

He entered the living room. The living room was not big. The furnishing was simple and the living room was clean. The whole house was quiet, it could either be there was no one there, or the person was

hiding somewhere and her breathing sound was undetected.

Boyce noticed blood stain on the couch and he frowned. Yet he did not let out a voice and even tried to prevent Matthew from seeing that. Armand pushed him. "What are you trying to hide?" Boyce shot him a glare. "Who's hiding?" He secretly swore that he was not observant enough and blamed him for keeping an unnecessary eye on him instead of finding Dolores.

Their commotion successfully attracted Matthew's attention. He glanced at them and saw the dried blood stain on the couch. His look became deeper like an endless pit. Afraid that he would overthink, Boyce spoke, "That could be Sampson's, or that Bess's, it can't be Miss Flores's"...

Matthew was impatient to listen to his bullshit and he went straight to the second floor. He noticed blood trace on the stairs, just a tiny one, but was still enough to move him. His footsteps became faster. There were only two rooms at the second floor, one closed and one wide open which a single glance is enough to see everything inside.

Sampson was in a hurry when he left. The door was not closed and the inside was not tidied up. The condition was still the same when he left while carrying Dolores. The mattress was jerked off and the bed was a mess. The furnishing was simple yet he was sensitive enough to notice the light blood trace on the wall. The gown hanging on the chair was the one she wore during the day she went missing.

She had been living here. To whom did those blood stains belong? What had happened here before? He did not dare to think about those any further...

Suddenly, Armand ran upstairs and yelled, "We've caught Bess " ...\_\_

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 174: Do You Hate Me?

Dolores was dizzy. She felt the bumps and realized that she was lying in a car.

She gradually opened her eyes and her sight changed from blurred to clear. She looked around and got a picture of her status now.

She was in an MPV with seven seats. The backseat was put down, so there was a large space in the back compartment. The backseat seemed like a big bed, on which she was lying. On the window, the black auto foil covered the glasses, so she wasn't sure if it was dark or bright outside. However, she guessed that it should be in the daytime because she didn't see any sparkling light.

When she was about to move, she got a migraine and she couldn't move her hands at all. Lowering her head, she found that all fours were tied up.

Sampson, who was driving, saw her wake up in the rearview mirror. He said, "You are awake. Are you hungry now?"

Dolores thought about what happened earlier, and she was unwilling to speak to him. She closed her eyes again.

"Do you hate me?" Sampson could see her expression clearly through the rearview mirror.

She didn't want to speak to him at all, did she?

"Lola, we're in love. Sooner or later we'll make love. Why do you have to do this? I feel sorry for you if you get hurt." He indeed felt sorry for this woman, but comparing with it, he had more desire to gain this woman's heart.

"Are you hungry?" Sampson asked again.

No matter what Sampson said, Dolores pretended that she couldn't hear him. She didn't answer. Right now, she disgusted this man so very much. Also, she had known how vicious this man was.

Sampson knew that she was seriously angry with him, so he didn't continue asking him. He said, "Let me know if you are hungry."

Then he shut up and concentrated on driving.

Dolores felt a strong migraine. She wondered what kind of road the car was driven on. It was quite bumpy. The wound on her head hurt when she felt the jolt. However, she didn't weep or complain, just bearing the pain in silence.

To release her pain, Dolores forced her mind to become blank. As long as she could fall asleep, she wouldn't feel the pain.

The sun was setting. It was getting dark outside.

When she woke up again, she didn't know what time it was. She wasn't in the car either. Instead, she was in a hotel room, which was small with little furniture. It was kind of clean, seemingly it was a private inn that didn't request the ID to check-in. Dolores found it was remodeled based on a residence apartment - the room was separated based on a living room.

She curled up her lips into an ironical smile on her pale face.

She had to admit that Sampson had put on so much effort - in order not to be found, he could bear such a shabby place.



He was from the Herbert family, born rich and noble. He should have never suffered in this way before.

Dolores's throat was dried out. She wanted to drink some water. However, her all fours were still tied up. Sampson wasn't in the room. It seemed that he was afraid that she would escape so he didn't release her.

With a click, the door of the room was pushed open. Sampson came in with some things in his hands.

Seeing that she was awake, he asked, "You are awake. You must be hungry, aren't you?"

As he spoke, he closed the door and locked it from the inside. He was afraid that the lock might be broken, so he twisted the doorknob to see if the lock worked. After ensuring it, he put the things on the table.

"I'm thirsty," she said in an extremely hoarse voice.

She didn't know for how long she hadn't spoken or drunk water. Right now, she was almost killed by thirst.

Sampson untied her hands. A dark red mark was left on her slender and fair wrists. He stroked it, "Does it hurt?"

Dolores didn't answer. He was indeed hypocritical. If he truly felt sorry for her, how would he have treated her in this way?

Sampson untied her feet and helped her sit up, "I'll get you some water."

Dolores moved her sore wrists. Sampson took out a bottle of water. When he was about to open the lid, she said, "I'll do it myself."

Sampson asked, "Don't your wrists hurt?"

"No. You bought dinner, didn't you? You must also be hungry. You can eat first."

Sampson stared at her for a few seconds. Then he passed the unopened bottle of mineral water to her. Dolores took it over and carefully observed to see if the lid had been opened before. She was so afraid of Sampson now, afraid that he would drug her again.

Hence, she was quite cautious.

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She Has A Fashion Flair: Ivanka's Most Controversial Outfits

Sampson took several bites of the food he bought outside. Then he gave the other portion to Dolores, "Have some," he said.

Dolores was hungry indeed, but she didn't take the food over while staring at it.

Sampson thought it was because that she didn't like the food. He explained, "This is a remote town without any big restaurants, and its condition is poor. Just bear it for one more day. I'll find a good restaurant so you can have better food. Then you can have a good rest."

Dolores kept silent. She took the food over and took several bites to get full. She didn't eat much not because the food wasn't tasty. When she was still leading the poor life with her mother in the past, she had eaten worse food and encountered all kinds of difficulties.

She just didn't dare to eat too much, because it was given by Sampson.

He had already brought her a shadow - she always suspected that he would harm her.

She was afraid that he would put the drug in the food.

"Done? Go lie down. I'll put the medicine on your wounds."

Dolores put down the takeout box and took a sip of the water, "I want to use the bathroom."

She didn't stand up until Sampson agreed. When she stood up, she found that her legs were numb. She got soreness and pains on her ankles as well.

She bent over and rubbed her numb legs. Sampson hurriedly reached out, aiming to help her rub them. Dolores was afraid of his touch. She took steps back by instinct. Her legs bumped the edge of the bed, making her sit down. She immediately refused, "No, thanks. They are not numb any longer."

After finishing her words, she dragged her legs that had certain feelings to the bathroom. She closed the door and locked it from the inside. After ensuring it was locked, she breathed a sigh of relief. She wasn't coming to use the toilet, though. She just didn't want Sampson to put the medicine on her wounds. She could tell that he would tie her up again after doing it. It felt quite uncomfortable with all fours tied up.

She took a rest while sitting on the toilet, rubbing the numbness on her legs because they had been tied up for quite a long time.

Until she had recovered from the tiredness, she stood up and pressed the button to flush the toilet, making Sampson confirm that she used the toilet. She washed her hand with the tap water, opened the door, and walked out.

Sampson was lowering his head to look at his cell phone. Dolores took a casual glance at him. She was

searching for a possible way to escape. Upon hearing the sound, he locked his phone screen and looked up at her, "Lie down."

Dolores was sitting on the edge of the bed, looking at him timidly.

"I won't lay a finger on you before you've recovered." Sampson could tell what she was worried about.

Dolores felt cold in her heart. She wondered if he would still treat her in the same way that he had done to her last time after she had recovered.

She trembled all over. All she wanted was to escape as soon as possible.

She slowly lay down. Sampson removed the gauze from her head. There was a small wound on her forehead. It was dealt with in the hospital. The doctor said that she didn't have any life danger although she bled a lot.

It hurt a bit when Sampson was putting the medicine on it. Dolores gritted her teeth, not letting out any sound. The oozed sweat beads on her forehead showed how much it hurt.

"Cry out if it hurts a lot."

"No, it doesn't."

Dolores closed her eyes.

After a few minutes, Sampson had done putting the medicine on her, "I'll drive in the daytime, so I need a good rest at night..."

“Go ahead and tie me up.” Dolores what he was implying.

Sampson bent over and started with her feet, “I’ll tie them up loosely. You’ll feel better in this way.”

But she could never feel comfortable when being tied up, could she?

Dolores closed her eyes, feeling dizzy. She let him tie up her hands as well. She decided to find a chance to escape after he was not so alerted to her.

“Knock. Knock-”

Suddenly, they heard the sharp knocks on the door.

Sampson’s expression changed dramatically. He gazed over at the door.

There were knocks on the door again together with a man’s voice, “Open the door! Hurry!”

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 175: A Glimmer of Hope

“Who is there?” Sampson didn’t want to open the door, because he wasn’t sure who was knocking on the door.

Dolores gazed at the door. Her heart hammered. She wondered if Matthew had tracked them here.

She was full of expectant.

The person outside the door was quite determined. He pounded at the door again with loud bangs, "Open the door now! Or we'll break in!"

Sampson seemed to realize who was outside the door. He cursed in a low voice, "How come there are anti-pornography officers?"

He turned around and tucked Dolores into the quilt. He said, "No matter who will enter the door, you can't utter any sound."

Dolores heard his curse just now, so she roughly knew that it wasn't Matthew outside.

In fact, she doubted if Matthew would come to find her.

She had so much uncertainty about him.

After all, they had parted from each other for such a long time.

However, she still had a ray of hope, hoping and expecting his rescue.

Since she wasn't sure if she could escape successfully right now, she wouldn't expose her intention to Sampson. She obediently nodded in agreement, "I won't."

"Good girl." Sampson rubbed her head. Then he turned around and opened the door. When the door was open, people outside broke in aggressively. Then an undercover cop walked in with a solemn look,

“You two...”

“Excuse me, Officer. Please don’t misunderstand. We’re not in an improper relationship. The girl on the bed is my girlfriend. She doesn’t feel well, and she’s mute.” As he spoke, Sampson pulled out his ID with a pile of cash under it, roughly twenty thousand in total. He handed all of them to the officer and said, “Here is my ID.”

The policeman took over the ID and rubbed secretly to know how much was under it. He put all of them into his pocket expressionlessly. Then he took a perfunctory glance at the ID and said to other policemen, “All right. They are not.”

They left the narrow room one after another. The lead also gave them a kindly reminder before going out, “You’d better not stay in such a kind of hotel in the future. It’s unsafe and your relationship would be easily misunderstood.”

Sampson walked him out and nodded, “Yes, Sir. I got it. Thanks.”

The officer lowered his voice and whispered to Sampson, “I know you are not a hooker with her client because I know almost all the hookers in this neighborhood.”

Sampson was quite unhappy to hear him say such undisguised words. However, he had to remain smiling. After all, he was not in his territory. No matter how rich and powerful he was, he couldn’t compete with a local tyrant and he didn’t want to get in trouble, “I got it, Sir.”

Sampson returned to the room and closed the door. He said, “They are anti-pornography officers here...”

Before he could finish his words, he found the woman on the bed was missing. The bedhead was next to the window, which was open now. His expression changed and rushed over. Then he peered out of the

window, only to find a small roof below. It wasn't built on this building originally but added later.

As the officer said, almost all guests checked in such a kind of hotel were involved in pornography, so those officers always had sudden inspections. For the guests to escape, such type of roof was built below each window.

Although Dolores made it to get downstairs by stepping on the roof, the room was still distant from the ground. She twisted her ankle when hopping down, so she couldn't run fast.

Sampson saw her figure and roared angrily, "Dolores Flores, stop!"

Upon hearing his roar, Dolores fastened her paces as if she had heard the urge of death. She ignored the pain in her ankle and only wished that she could run faster so that Sampson wouldn't be able to catch her.

After all, since she had managed to escape, Sampson would definitely know that she hadn't lost her memory yet.

He didn't believe her, and she could imagine what he would do to her after he caught her again.

Sampson rushed downstairs and ran fast to chase her.

He couldn't let Dolores escape!

It was a small town indeed, and even the street lamps were not everywhere. It was quite dim with all kinds of lanes in this neighborhood. Occasionally, there was a barbecue stall on the roadside. The air was full of the smell of cumin and barbecues.

Dolores ran into a small lane, which was quite dark. Nothing could be seen. She dared not to stop. Reaching out and waving her hands in front of her, she tried to make the way, fastening her paces.



INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Her Life Story Is Unbelievable - Phoebe Adele Gates' Biography

You Won't Believe The Price: Kylie Jenner Most Expensive Outfits

“Dolores Flores, you can’t run away!” There was a flashlight. She heard Sampson’s voice.

He was close to her.

Dolores suppressed the horror and panic and kept walking forward. She might have stepped on something, which stabbed into her foot. Since she had been tied up by Sampson, she didn’t wear shoes. She was running barefoot, which was beneficial in that she wouldn’t make any sounds when running, but the shortage was that her feet would be stabbed by anything sharp on the ground.

She didn’t know what had been stabbed into her foot. It hurt so much.

She held the wall of the lane but didn’t dare to slow down.

At the end of the lane, she saw the light. She rushed over, trying to stop it, but the light flashed through quickly.

Her hope was shattered. As Sampson’s footsteps were approaching her closer and closer, she looked around in a panic, trying to find a place to hide.

“Hello, Lola?” His voice had become closer. She even saw the flashlight shaken in Sampson’s hand.

Right then, how she wished that there would be someone saving her!

However, she was quite sure that she could only rely on herself to get rid of Sampson's kidnap.

She cheered herself up. Despite the pains, she kept running forward.

There was a concrete road after she ran out of the lane. There was a street lamp not far from here, under which it was quite bright.

"Dolores Flores, you lied to me!" Sampson had almost caught up with her without any notice.

Dolores suddenly looked back, only to find that Sampson was standing at the exit of the lane with his cell phone in his hand. The flashlight on his cell phone was pointed at her. He looked extremely gloomy and annoyed, "Do you think you can escape from me?"

Dolores stood on the other side of the concrete road and growled at him, "Don't force me to hate you!"

"Don't you hate me now? You've already hated me. I have no way back. Will you come to me obediently or shall I go over to drag you over?"

Dolores curled up her dry lips into a bitter smile, "I'd rather die than going over!"

After finishing her words, she ran towards the bright lamp, because she found there was sparkling water over there. She guessed there must be a river or stream.

When she approached closer, she realized that it was a river.

"Dolores, are you insane? You can't swim at all!" Sampson got to know her intention.

Dolores looked back at him and curled up her lips, "I remember that you can't swim either."

Then she jumped into the river without hesitation. The water splashed.

She'd rather die than being caught by Sampson.

Sampson couldn't swim either. If she was lucky enough, Dolores believed that she could still have the chance to escape.

"You lunatic!" Sampson ran to the river bank, only to find that the river flew fast and looked quite deep. The river course wasn't cleaned, so weeds were overgrown in it. He wanted to jump into the river, but he was almost drowned when he was a child. With the shadow in his heart, he didn't have the guts to jump into the river at all.

Sampson clenched his hands, "You have the death wish. Nobody could stop you!"

The river was deep and it flew quite fast. Dolores couldn't swim, so she was choked up by the river. She had seen it from the TV - since she couldn't swim and jumped into the river, she couldn't breathe in the water at all. Otherwise, she would be choked up and even die if water got into her lungs.

However, if the water got into her tummy, she might have a ray of hope to survive. Even it was almost hopeless, she couldn't give up so easily.

Her children needed her. She told herself not to give up.  
Love Trap

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's

Chapter 176: The Fate

“Your first time?”

The man’s voice with the smell of his hormone was lingering in her ears. It was obvious that he was asking her, but he sounded quite eager.

The man seemed to pause a bit. His chest clinging to her back was so hot that the heat seemed to burn her flesh. His cold lips were tightly attached to her skin, ambiguously and eagerly. He wanted to have sex with this woman so much, but he was still restraining himself, “It’s still not too late for you to regret.”

“I don’t regret it.”

As soon as she finished her words, the man behind her wrapped around her waist, took the chance to press her onto the bed. In the dark, she couldn’t see his face clearly. All she knew was that he was quite eager. His body was as hot as the flame. His hands seemed to with magic - each inch of her skin touched by him was like on fire.

In nervousness and fear, she wanted to push him away, but thinking about her mother and younger brother in the hospital, she withdrew her hands. She gripped the bed sheet under her tightly.

Suddenly, her body seemed to be torn apart. It hurt, only not physically but also mentally. To stop moaning shamelessly under the man, she bit her bottom lip tightly to keep silent.

The man was so powerful. For several times, she couldn’t bear it, wanting to push him away.

“Don’t-”

Suddenly, Dolores woke up from the dream. She widened her eyes, rolling them to look around. Then her eyes met the pair of amorous eyes above her.

She shocked.

Immediately she bounced to sit up and stammered, "You... You... Who are you?"

"You've stolen my line." The man's voice was deep and calm. He had short hair and brown eyes, which were as elegant as the starry sky at midnight. He looked especially handsome when he curled up his lips into a smile. Looking at Dolores's tears that hadn't dried, he asked, "Did you have a nightmare just now?"

Dolores gripped the quilt tightly. It was more than a nightmare for her.

All through the past years, she had never dreamed about the things that happened that night. It was so real in the dream. The thing that had been hidden at the bottom of her heart, which she was unwilling to mention at all, suddenly appeared in her mind. It was like the scab of her scar in the past was torn up, and her wound was bleeding.

"Did you save me?" She recalled that she could hardly breathe in the river, losing her consciousness. She completely had no idea what happened next.

"Yeah. To be exact - I asked someone to save you." The man kept a faint smile.

However, his eyes were not smiling.

It wasn't until now did Dolores find that the man was sitting in a wheelchair. He was in street clothes. A thin blanket was covering his legs.

The man's eyes that were on Dolores were darkened. He didn't see any disdain in her eyes, and instead, she only looked surprised, which made his expression relaxed.

"I came home last night and saw someone jump into the driver. Then I asked my servant to save you," the man said in a gentle tone, "Was there anyone trying to harm you?"

He saw her jump into the driver, so he could see that someone was after her.

Dolores didn't answer. She shrunk towards the bedhead. As soon as she moved, she had a pain in her foot. She frowned.

The man could tell that Dolores was still alerted to him, and he could understand because she didn't know him at all and needed to be on guard. Hence, he didn't continue asking her the question, "Please don't worry. You are safe here. I also asked my doctor to check you up. Because of the injuries on your foot, I'm afraid you can't get off the bed until half a month later."

Dolores knew that her foot was injured, but much to her surprise, he asked his doctor to check her up, "Thank you so much," she said.

"You are welcome. I should help others out in the face of injustice. I believe even I weren't there, someone else would help you as well... Besides, you are such a beautiful woman," the man teased after a short pause.

Dolores could tell that he was teasing her. Although she was a bit unpleasant, he had saved her life, after all, so she didn't show it on her face.

“Where am I now? May I borrow your phone please?” Since she had escaped from Sampson, she wanted to call Samuel eagerly to tell him that she was safe. She wondered how Simona and he were doing when she was away in the past few days.

The man’s gaze fell on Dolores’s wrist, on which there was a jade bracelet in green with high quality. Looking at the jade bracelet, his eyes twinkled a little. He refused, “No, you may not. She will take care of you from now on. If you need anything, you can tell her.”

As he finished speaking, he operated the wheelchair and left the room. When he reached the door, he stopped and turned around to look at her, “What’s your name?”

Dolores widened her eyes but didn’t answer him honestly, “Aurora Flores?”

Her hunch told her that the man in front of her was not simple.

The man smiled, “Aurora Flores? Lola? I like the name. My name is Charles White.”

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

She Ended Up Sitting Next To The Man Who Would Become Her Husband

His wheelchair made slight sounds when it moved forward. Gradually, the sound faded away from the room. A girl, who had been standing at the door, walked in and then greeted Dolores, “Hi, Miss. Please call me Amelia. If you need anything, please tell me.”

Dolores shook her head. She didn’t need anything now. She couldn’t trust his man at all, feeling as if she had left the wolf’s den and fell into the tiger’s mouth.

“Where am I now? Who is the man just now?”

“Miss, you are in Podon now. The man just now is our young master,” answered Amelia.

Dolores frowned. Her answer wasn't helpful for her at all, because Amelia only told her the city name - Podon.

She had never heard about the city before, anyway.

“Miss, please rest assured. Our young master is a nice man.” Amelia could tell that Dolores was confused seemingly. She explained, “He just had some trouble with his legs. He's a good man.”

The girl was quite young. When she talked about her young master, worship was written all over her face with the shyness of an admirer.

Dolores roughly guessed that she had a crush on Charles.

“I want to take a nap now.” Within the past few days under Sampson's control, Dolores couldn't sleep well at all. She was quite physically exhausted. At least, the man shouldn't do anything to her so far.

She found herself too alerted, so it was easy to let others know what was in her mind. She decided to calm herself down and tried to make contact with others.

“Okay, Miss. Call me if you need anything.” Amelia left the room and closed the door.

Dolores lay down. She could hear birds tweeting outside, but she was defeated by the sleepiness.

She lay down, her eyelashes slightly trembling. Then the room fell into silence. Shortly after, she



breathed evenly.

Amelia didn't immediately leave the door of the room after she closed it. Instead, she was standing at the door and listening to what was going on in the room. After ensuring that Dolores was truly sleeping, she turned around. Charles was sitting next to the window in the living room with his eyes closed.

Hearing her footsteps, he asked, "What's she doing now?"

"She fell asleep." Amelia stopped in a place not far away from him.

She peeped at the man, who was sitting upright even she was sitting in the wheelchair. She always felt that God wasn't fair to him. He was such a kind man, but why did God away from his right to walk?

"If she had any demands, just satisfy her," said Charles gently.

Amelia was confused and blurted out, "Young Master, do you know her? Why do you treat her so well after saving her life?"

Charles looked out of the window. A skylark stood on a branch, chirping. Occasionally, the leaves spun and drifted, but in the end, they would fall to the ground.

It was like life.

"Because of the fate," he uttered a few words indifferently.

The fate? Amelia didn't think this answer was reasonable enough. If so, she wondered if she also had the fate with the young master.

When she was young, she was sold to the White family. Since she became sensible at a young age, she started taking care of him. She wondered if that was fate as he said.

“Do I have the fate with you, Young Master?” Amelia asked expectantly.

Charles span the wheelchair to look at the girl under the halo and faintly smiled, “What is a fate?”

Amelia shook her head.

Charles waved to her, “Go back to your work.”

Amelia wanted to find the answer and know what on earth the fate he mentioned was. However, she dared not to disobey him, so she could only go back to her work.

Charles cast a glance at the room in which Dolores was sleeping, his eye deepened. Thinking of the jade bracelet on her wrist, he clenched his hands tightly all of a sudden...\_son's Love TrapChapter 177: I Miss Her Now

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 177: I Miss Her Now

Boyce's men caught Bess right after she had returned from the hospital. Then she was taken to the small flat.

“Is this your house?” Armand asked. Although he had known the answer, he still asked her, aiming to test if she was an honest woman.

Bess looked around the men in the room and answered honestly, "Yes, it is."

She was quite smart. Sampson, who used to stay here, didn't seem to be an ordinary man, and neither did those men in her house currently.

"Who have stayed here before?" asked Armand again.

"I don't know them. The man gave me some money to stay here for the time being. There was a woman with him." Bess didn't dare to lie at all.

Matthew, sitting on the sofa, closed his eyes tightly when hearing Bess's words, frowning deeply.

Armand took a glance at Matthew and asked, "Where are they now?"

"They are gone. The woman got injured. They went to see a doctor in the hospital, and she was fine. Then she was taken away."

Armand's eyelid twitched fiercely.

Hence, Dolores was injured for real, wasn't she

He gingerly took another glance at Matthew. Boyce, standing next to him, dared not to utter any word.

The atmosphere had become more and more stressed. The coldness from somewhere made them so timid that nobody dared to utter a beep.

Matthew stood up and walked to Bess. He looked down at her, "How did she get injured?"

Bess could obviously feel how angry this man was. She dared not to tell him. Lowering her head, she was trembling all over.

"Speak!"

All the people in the room were shocked by his sudden outburst of anger. Bess directly knelt in fear with a loud bang. She winced in pain and stammered, "I... I don't know. I was downstairs at that time. Mr. Herbert didn't allow me to go upstairs."

She seemed to understand that Matthew came for that woman, "Are you here to find Ms. Flores? She was always locked up on the second floor. On the day when she got injured, it seemed that Mr. Herbert wanted... wanted..."

"What did he want?" Armand was almost anxious to death. Why couldn't she finish her words?

"I don't know. I just saw that Ms. Flores wasn't decent and blood oozed on her head. Mr. Herbert was naked. I heard them argue upstairs. I guess Ms. Flores wasn't willing, so, so she wanted to commit suicide."

She didn't say quite bluntly, but the implication was quite simple and obvious. Everyone knew what had happened.

Everyone held their breath in the room, peeping at Matthew.

His face was livid, and the muscles on his face trembled. He looked quite horrible.

His eyes were full of the flame of anger. As if Bess had the guts to lie to him, he would kill her right away, he said in a low and deep voice, "Tell me. Where is she now?"

"I don't know. I don't know. He took her away directly from the hospital. But I saw him look for the routes on his cell phone, and his destination seemed to be Sichuan Province. For real. I'm telling the truth. I dare not to deceive you. I could tell that Mr. Herbert lied to me as he mentioned that Ms. Flores was his girlfriend. I found that Ms. Flores didn't love him at all. For resisting him, she'd rather hurt herself. Really. That's all I know."

Bess started begging, "I just rent my flat to them. I didn't do anything. I've told you all that I know. Please have mercy on me and let me go."

"If she has told the truth and they were heading to Sichuan Province, our men checking at the pass would find them. Since Sampson Herbert wasn't willing to be found, he didn't dare to go through the highway or did he dare to take the plane. Even the IDs are needed to take the train, so he could only take the pathways," said Boyce analytically.

"I agree with Boyce. If we go after them now, probably we can catch up with them," echoed Armand.

Matthew clenched his fists, blue veins popping up on the back of his hands. If it weren't that the rest reason remained kept reminding him not to lose control, he might have already lost his mind, and nor would he be able to plan things for the next steps accurately.

"Armand, stay here with Abbott. Boyce, you come with me."

Armand knew why he had such an arrangement. He would deal with Maria and the fake Dolores. However, he couldn't delay looking for Dolores. Hence, it would be more efficient to deal with both matters at the same time.

Besides, Boyce wasn't so talkative as Armand. Right then, Matthew didn't want to be bothered by other noises.

When they were leaving the flat, the woman who led them here was after them. She wanted to say something but stopped a few times.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

Why Chrissy Metz Is So Much More Than A Number On A Scale

Armand cast her a glance. He wrote a check to her. Although they hadn't found Dolores, this woman was quite warm-hearted. He could see that her family condition wasn't good.

The woman didn't know much and wasn't educated. After a hesitation, she asked, "Is this money?"

It was a piece of paper. She wondered if they wanted to deceive her since they could tell that she wasn't educated.

"Take it to a bank and it would be exchanged for cash for you. There are a hundred thousand in total."

One hundred thousand!

The woman kept swallowing. The savings in her family was only eight thousand, less than ten thousand. This was a huge amount of money to her. She could hardly believe that the money came so easy.

"Don't you want it?" Armand frowned. It was the first time he wanted to be nice, but the other part doubted his sincerity.

"I want it." The woman immediately took it over, holding it in her hands carefully. She was afraid that it would be broken so it would be useless when she took it to the bank.

Armand got in the car and left. He headed in a different direction from that Matthew was heading. He went to the detention house and dealt with the matter of Maria and Annabelle.

Boyce went to arrange the cars and men that they were going to take. Mathew returned to the villa first.

When his park was parked at the entrance of the villa, he didn't get off immediately. Instead, he sat in the car and looked at the lights in the villa. Occasionally, he could hear Simona's voice, which was soft and sweet. The clear childish voice was a pleasure to the ears.

The tremendous horror was like an invisible web that was closing up bit by bit. It was so tight that he found it hard to breathe.

He was horrified that his unawareness, carelessness, and mistake had put Dolores in trouble.

She got injured...

He didn't know how to face the two kids.

He had been blaming himself for Dolores's kidnap.

In the broad living room of the villa, the echoes could be heard when one spoke. Simona was extremely restless. She stepped on the stool, trying to climb up to the piano. Her thigh pressed a key, letting out a sound. Samuel frowned and walked over, "Simona, why are you so naughty?"

He didn't think that a girl would look graceful when climbing up and down.

Pouting, Simona pointed out of the window, "I can see the outside when standing here. I want to see if Daddy has come back."

Samuel's face was tightened. Daddy had gone to find Mommy. He wondered how it went and if Daddy had found her.

He was quite worried.

He was worried that something might happen to Mommy.

"Hey, Samuel. Is that Daddy's car?" Simona exclaimed.

Samuel followed his sister's gaze, only to find the car parked in the yard. He helped his sister down, "Come down. Hurry."

Simon blinked, "Why?"

"No reason. If you don't come down, I'll go away. Later when you come down, you'll fall." Samuel's voice sounded anxious.

Jessica came over, "Samuel, why are you so anxious?"

"Nothing. I'm afraid that she'll fall. Since you are here, look after her." After finishing his words, Samuel trotted out of the door as fast as possible, rushing over to Matthew's car. He stood in front of the car window and blurted out, "Have you found Mommy?"

There was only silence in the air.



The atmosphere between the two was quite stressful.

"I've been too anxious. If you've found her, she must have come back with you." Samuel tried his best to suppress but after all, he was a kid. He trembled all over and said in a shaking tone, "I miss her now. What should I do?"

Matthew got off and held him tightly. He said in a hoarse tone, "I'm sorry. I didn't protect her well... I miss her, too." \_

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 178: Let's Have an Infant Matrimony

In his embrace, Samuel could clearly feel that Matthew's chest was trembling as well.

He reached out to hug Matthew. No matter how he liked Mommy Samuel could feel that he was truly uneasy and guilty at this moment.

"We'll go to find her." Matthew made Samuel look into his eyes, "Would you come with us?"

"Yes," Samuel answered without any hesitation.

"But, how about Simona? If Mommy and I were not here, she would make a fuss," Samuel said worriedly.

"Daddy!"

Simona saw Matthew and trotted out from the house, rushing over. She reached out her chubby arms and hugged his legs, "Daddy. "She raised her head, and her pink lips pouted, "Daddy, can you release Samuel and hold me?"

As she spoke, she widened her eyes and blinked, "Samuel is a man now. He doesn't need a hug. Hug me!"

Samuel was speechless.

Matthew squatted down, holding the little girl into his arms. The little girl was in a pink dress today with a ponytail behind her head. There was short hair on her forehead, but her full forehead and watery big eyes were exposed. She wrapped around Matthew's neck tightly and rubbed his face with her face, "Daddy, you came home. Why isn't Mommy with you? I haven't seen her for several days. We have never parted before. I miss her so much."

Matthew looked in distance, pressing two small hands on his chest. He tried his best to say calmly, "I'll take you to find her."

"Really?" Simona was a bit excited, "Is Mommy playing hide and seek with us? So we should go find her, right?"

"Yeah."

"Whoa! I'm so happy!" Simon twisted her little body excitedly in his arms. However, Samuel wasn't so delighted as her, "It's so good to be a child."

Simon heard it and turned to glare at him, "You were just born only a few minutes earlier than me. You

are not that older than me. Even Grandma said you are the extra one.'

Samuel frowned, his whole face wrinkled, "Grandma said you are the extra one."

Jessica walked out of the house. She wore an apron and put her hands in front, "You guys, come on in. Time for dinner."

"Grandma, Samuel is the extra child, isn't he?" Simona asked quickly to prove what she said was real.

In her opinion, whoever asked first would be proved right.

It was quite easy to read the little girl's mind. She was simpler than her brother and she didn't think much. Jessica teased her with a smile, "You are the extra one."

Simona was unhappy, pouting, "Why isn't Samuel the extra one? He's so... hateful!"

Samuel snatched Daddy's embrace from her.

Hence, Simona decided that Samuel was hateful.

Jessie took a glance at Matthew and said, "It was because, in the beginning, there was only one baby in your mommy's belly. Later, another one was found. Isn't the one found later the extra one?"

Simona wasn't convinced, "That one should be Samuel. He is the extra one!"

"But Samuel was born first..."

"I don't care. Samuel is the extra one." Simona acted shamelessly. She played at being cute while wrapping around Matthew's neck tightly, "Daddy, is Samuel the extra one?"

Matthew lifted her and rubbed her hair, "Neither of you is."

"Come on. Let's go for dinner." Jessica pulled Samuel's hand.

"I want to take them both out for a trip. Dolores is missing them." Taking the chance that the atmosphere was lively, Matthew told Jessica that they were going out.

Jessica agreed, "OK."

She sensed something wrong, but she thought that she had overthought.

Seeing that both kids, especially Simona liked Matthew so much, Jessica wished that he could form a family with Dolores. Hence, it was not bad for them to be together more and develop family affection.

"When will you come back?" asked Jessica.

Matthew had no idea when he would be able to find her. He said, "Not decided yet. I want to take them out for fun. I don't want to be interrupted, so we wouldn't contact anyone domestically."

Jessica nodded, "I see. When are you leaving?"

“Tonight.”

“That’s so soon.”

“Yeah.” Matthew didn’t explain, as he didn’t want to waste any time.

“Go ahead to have dinner. I’ll pack the clothes for the kids.” Jessica took off the apron and walked to the kids’ rooms.

Matthew took the children to wash their hands. Simona was quite clingy to him. She wanted to remain in his arms, unwilling to get down. Matthew held her to wash and back to the dining room, letting her sit on his lap.

Coral served the dishes and asked, “Hasn’t Missus come back yet?”

The way how she addressed Dolores had been changed again.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

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

In her opinion, since Dolores gave birth to two children, she should be Missus of the Nelson family now.

Matthew picked food for Simona. Without raising his head, he hummed.

He didn’t want to talk about Dolores at all. The more he spoke about it, the easier others would find something wrong.

Coral always took care of him, so she knew him very well. She had realized that he wasn't willing to talk about this matter with such a tone. Hence, she didn't keep asking sensibly.

"Daddy, eat this." Simona picked up a piece of broccoli with her spoon and reached it to Matthew's lips.

The little girl blinked, her eyes full of expectation.

Matthew opened his mouth and ate the broccoli. Although he didn't have any appetite now, he still slightly chew it.

"Do you like it?" Simona smiled happily, "Mommy's broccoli is yummiest!"

Matthew had a solemn face. Both kids kept mentioning Dolores all the time, so he could tell how deeply they loved Dolores.

Samuel cast a glance at his sister. Pressing his lips, he lowered his eyes, stuffed a few bites of food in his mouth, and put down the chopsticks. He didn't have any appetite since Mommy hadn't be found.

"I'm full. I'll go check if Grandma has finished packing." After that, he slipped down from the chair and walked to his room.

"Samuel, why did you just eat that little food?" Simona looked at her brother. Although they always argued or fought with each other, they cared more about each other.

"I'm full, Simona." Samuel smiled at her.

"Samuel, you are not the extra one," suddenly Simona said to him seriously.

Samuel smiled.

After dinner, Boyce came over with his men and cars. Knowing that Matthew would take both kids along, he had prepared a caravan for them, so that the kids could have good rest on the way. Besides it, there were three off-road vehicles and seven men skilled in fighting, and they were trustworthy.

When Boyce saw Samuel, he said, "Matthew, he looks like you so much. Look at his eyes and nose."

"How about me? Do I look like Daddy?" Simona asked while raising her head.

Boyce squatted down, looking at the little girl carefully. She was quite fair. Her eyes were bright. When she blinked, her eyes looked like sparkling stars. Reaching out, he pinched her cheek. Before his finger reached her face, his wrist was grabbed. He looked up and saw Matthew's cold face.

Boyce was confused, "I just want to pinch her cheek. I know she's your daughter. How can you be so petty?"

Wasn't it normal to touch their hair, pinch their cheeks, kiss them, and hug them when teasing children?

Besides, he didn't want to kiss or hug her.

Matthew shook off his hand, "Don't touch her with your hand."

Simona was a girl. He felt disgusted if her face was touched by someone especially a man.

He held his daughter in his arms and pulled his son's hand, "Let's go if everything is ready."

After finishing his words, he walked away.

Boyce stood motionlessly in confusion. He looked down at his hands. His hands were not dirty. He couldn't understand why Matthew was so petty.

He rushed over to catch up with Matthew, "Wait, Matthew. I must talk to you."

He wasn't a nasty man, but why was Matthew so alerted to him?

"I understand you love your kids. After all, you finally have the children when you are old, but you can't be so petty..."

Matthew looked back, "Pardon me? Did you say I have my children when I'm old?"

He didn't himself old.

Boyce clicked his tongue, "Oh, you are not old."

Inwardly, he bitched about Matthew - he was over thirty, almost forty. Of course, he was old in Boyce's opinion.

He walked over and said, "In the future, I'll get a son. Let's have the infant matrimony, shall we?"

Boyce thought to himself, 'Matthew, you forbid me to touch your daughter. I'll get a son and marry her in the future. Your daughter will be my daughter-in-law.'

Thinking of that, Boyce giggled.



Matthew's face was suddenly darkened.

Boyce reacted quite fast. Before Matthew could blow upon him, he rushed to get in the car.

Simona blinked, "Daddy, what is infant matrimony?"

Matthew was speechless.

He stroked her hair and took her into the car, "He's talking nonsense." \_

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 179: Helping Me till the End

"Ms. Flores? Ms. Flores?"

In a daze, Dolores heard someone calling her. She gradually opened her eyes, only to find Amelia standing beside her bed with her head outstretched. Seeing that Dolores opened her eyes, she said with a smile, "You are awake."

Dolores moved a bit and sat up on the bed. She rubbed her eyes to sober up and asked, "What's the time now?"

"It's noon, twelve o'clock. You've been sleeping for a whole morning. You should eat something. "Amelia was quite respectful to her because the young master asked her to take good care of Dolores. She didn't dare to mistreat Dolores.

"May I have a glass of water, please?" Dolores wasn't hungry at all. Since she just woke up, she felt her throat dried out.

"Okay." Amelia turned around and got some water for her.

Seeing that her figure disappeared from the door, Dolores lifted the quilt and got off the bed. Her injured foot was wrapped with a bandage, and the twisted ankle was still red and swollen. She pressed it slightly with her fingers - it hurt a lot. Frowning, she realized that she couldn't recover shortly.

She supported herself with the other uninjured foot, trying to stand up.

"Do you want to be a cripple?" She heard the man's deep voice at the door.

Dolores raised her head and saw the man in the wheelchair.

He operated the wheelchair to enter the room, "Your ankle's periosteum was injured. If you continue to force yourself to stand, it cannot be recovered in ten days or a half month. In case it got serious, you would be... like me."

He raised his voice when speaking the last line of his words with a self-mockery, "It's not a happy thing to staying in the wheelchair."

Dolores sat back, "I'm just trying."

"Ms. Flores, here is your water." Amelia came back with a glass of water.

Dolores took it over and said, "Thank you, Amelia."

"Ms. Flores, you are Young Master's guest. Of course, I should serve you well." Amelia smiled. When speaking, she cast a glance at Charles.

Since Dolores was in her presence, she didn't dare to go too wild. She looked away after the single glimpse.

Dolores noticed it but pretended not to see it. She raised the glass in her hand and drank some water to ease her thirst.

"Ms. Flores, you must be hungry." Amelia put a tray table above the quilt, "Your foot was injured and you can't walk now. Young Master asked me to bring the dishes here."

Dolores looked over at Charles and said, "Thank you."

Charles raised his eyebrows, "You are welcome. It's a big world. We should have the fate to meet each other. Just stay here and get recovered. After you're well, I'll send you back home. By the way, where are you from, Ms. Flores?"

"City B," answered Dolores honestly.

She was confused - he didn't allow her to make a phone call but he said he would send her back home.

She wondered what was in his mind.

"City B?" Charles repeated slowly. He looked at the jade bracelet on her wrist again, lost in thought.

"Excuse me, Mr. White. What's wrong?"

Charles was brought back to his senses. He faintly smiled and said, "Nothing. I just thought of something." He looked at Dolores's face, "Am I quite old?"

Dolores choked up.

She was confused, wondering what he meant by his question.

"I'm only twenty-six years old. You called me Mr. White. I thought I were over thirty." Before Dolores responded, he said, "Please call me Charles."

Dolores was silent.

It was not proper for her to call his first name, was it? It seemed the way was too intimate.

"Why? I've saved your life, but you are even unwilling to call my name. You are only pleased to give me such an old title, aren't you?" His voice was serious, but there was no reproach in his eyes.

Dolores looked down, "I just felt that it was way too intimate to call your first name."

"Intimate? Not at all. Anyway, you can't call me Mr. White. Do you want to address me with 'hey' and 'um'?"

Dolores was amused by him.

“Come on, call my name,” said Charles with a smile.

He looked delighted as well as somewhat expectant.

Dolores pressed her lips. Since he had saved her, she thought it should be fine to just call him with his first name as a return to satisfy him. She tried to call, “Charles?”

“No surname, please.”

Dolores couldn’t help but bitching about him inwardly. He indeed had a lot of requirements, did he?

She gritted her teeth, “Charles.”

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“I liked it.”

He smiled brightly.

Dolores wanted to retort him, wondering why he said so.

However, for the sake that he saved her life, she kept silent.

When Amelia came in with the dishes, she heard Charles laugh. She couldn't help but glance at Dolores. Young Master didn't only treat her so well but also laughed so happily because of this woman. Amelia wondered who the heck this woman was.

What was her relationship with Young Master?

In confusion, Amelia put the dishes on the tray table.

"I don't know your favorite food. Let me know if you want to eat anything. I'll ask the chef to cook for you," said Charles.

Dolores, however, wasn't willing to bother him much. She would pay back his favor sooner or later. She didn't want to owe him too much. Besides, she wasn't picky about food, so she didn't have anything that she hated to eat particularly.

"I'm not picky. I'm fine with anything." Dolores smiled.

It was obvious that she was distancing herself from him. Charles didn't get angry. He said, "All right. If you need anything, feel free to tell me."

"Sure."

After lunch, Dolores felt quite bored when lying on the bed. She looked out of the window, wondering how she could get in touch with Samuel.

She wondered why Charles refused to lend her the phone.

What was his intention?

"This way, please." She heard Amelia's voice outside the door. Then Amelia came in followed by two workers. They were holding a fish tank.

Amelia said to them, "Put it next to the bed."

After installing, the workers left. Dolores asked, "What's it for?"

"Young Master said you can't get off the bed, so you must be quite bored when staying in the room. He found those rare fishes for you to kill time." Amelia stood in front of her bed and said enviously, "Young Master treats you so well."

She had never seen Charles treat another person so well, and Dolores was a woman.

Dolores looked at the fishes in the water. There were three in total, with bright colors and weird looks. She had never seen such fishes in the aquarium before. They were absolutely rare and priceless.

She wasn't delighted, though. No merit, no salary. He treated her so well, and she felt quite uneasy.

"Ms. Flores, aren't you happy?" Amelia asked when she noticed that Dolores was still expressionless even without a trace of a smile.

"Yes, I am." Dolores forced a wry smile.

"Ms. Flores, have you met Young Master before?" Amelia asked the question that had been bothering her a lot.

She had been working for the White family for a long time, but she had never heard of Dolores, and nor had she met Dolores before. If Young Master treated Dolores so well after meeting her just one, it didn't make sense, did it?

Dolores shook her head, "Why?"

"I just feel that Young Master treats you too well. If he didn't know you, why would he treat you so nicely after saving you?"

This matter also confused Dolores.

She reached out and played with the fishtail, and the fish sneaked away.

Dolores was quite curious about Charles, but she didn't show it on her face. She said in an indifferent tone, "Didn't you say that your young master is a nice man? He's just helping me till the end."

Amelia wasn't convinced for the reason that the young master was a nice man. She believed that there should be other reasons.

"Or what? Tell me. Why has he done so?" Dolores looked up at her gradually.

Amelia was speechless.

"Forget it." Amelia didn't get the answer, so she was upset. She turned around and walked out.

Dolores pulled out a tissue to wipe off the water from her hands. She lifted the quilt and got off. Supporting herself with the nightstand, she relied on the uninjured foot, moving towards the door bit by bit.

She could tell that the house was quite huge. She was staying on the first floor. Since Charles couldn't walk, she didn't think he would stay upstairs. Amelia was away, and there was no one in the big living room.



Dolores saw a landline phone on the corner table next to the sofa.

Her eyes were lit up. It was a chance for her to contact Samuel. She looked around. After ensuring that there was no one around, she held the wall and moved towards the landline phone.

She moved into the living room smoothly. With one hand supporting the sofa, she reached the other hand to get the phone. \_\_\_\_\_

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 180: You Ungrateful Little Thing

"I'm sleepy." Simona's hands grabbed Matthew's collar tightly. She wanted to sleep but couldn't because of the unknown place.

Her body kept rubbing in his arms.

Matthew held his daughter more tightly, stroking her back with his big palms. He coaxed her extremely patiently, "Good girl. Let me hold you to sleep."

Simona pressed her little face on his chest, feeling that Daddy's embrace was truly warm. She could feel how strong her father was under the clothes as well as his temperature, "Daddy, will you dump Mommy and us again in the future? I don't want to part from you. I want you to live with Mommy, Samuel, and me together, just like other kids' families. They have father, mother, and grandparents..."

The more she spoke, the lower her voice became. In the end, he could hardly hear her.

Matthew lowered his head. The little girl had hidden her face in his arms completely. The corner of her eyes that exposed was with tears.

“When I saw other kids in their fathers’ arms or be pushed on the swing, I envied them so much...”

Since she was born, there were only Mommy, Samuel, and Grandpa in her world. There was no father figure in her life.

After meeting Matthew, she liked him and was clingy to him because she was afraid that he would dump her again.

Then she would become a girl without her father again.

Matthew sat back a bit and held her little face with his hands. Probably it lacked air in his embrace, or probably it was because of the grievance that she had experienced, her eyes were reddened. Tears were hanging on her long eyelashes. He bent over to kiss away the tears from his daughter’s eyes and said hoarsely, “No. I’ll never leave you again in the future.”

His lips were warm and soft. The little girl closed her eyes by instinct. Her father’s breath was so close to her. He was holding her and kissing her, and she felt extremely happy.

It was quite easy for her to get satisfied. Just one kiss had melted her heart.

However, she didn’t know that her words also brought uneasiness to the man.

At that time, Dolores was pregnant. He knew that it was him who pushed her away so that they had parted from each other for so many years.

He wondered what he could do to make it up for the mother and the kids.

“Boy, why don’t you move back? ”The caravan was quite big. A sofa was placed behind the driver’s seat. Boyce was studying the routes while half lying down. Samuel was sitting next to him, lying prone on the window, and looked out. Upon hearing Boyce’s voice, he didn’t look back, “I’m not sleepy. I don’t want.”

Simona had been clingy to Matthew. He didn’t want to look at the scene, which would make him uncomfortable.

If Matthew truly loved them, why would he have dumped Mommy in the past?

He wondered why Matthew suddenly looked so regretful.

“Uncle Boyce, what kind of man is he? ”Samuel had conflicted feelings towards Matthew. He wanted to get close to Matthew, but he couldn’t let go of the fact that Matthew had dumped Dolores before.

Boyce was a bit taken aback. He sat up, “Whom do you refer to?”

Samuel pointed behind his back. Boyce understood whom he was asking about. He hooked Samuel’s neck and pulled the boy into his arms, “Boy, that’s your father. Why do you call him ‘he’?”

“Why should I call someone who has dumped me ‘father’? ”Samuel raised his head, looking quite proud. In fact, he envied Simona a lot as she could call him “Daddy ”so easily.

However, he found it quite difficult.

He was still angry that Matthew had abandoned them before. Matthew hadn't abandoned Simona and him but also had dumped his mother, which he wouldn't forgive so easily, although Matthew seemed quite good now.

Boyce looked at the little boy and could tell that he had a knot in his heart towards Matthew.

He rubbed the boy's hair and said, "Your father shouldn't have known that your mommy was pregnant at that time. Upon his character, even he didn't like her, for responsibility, he wouldn't have divorced."

What Samuel cared about was not if Matthew would take the responsibilities. Instead, it mattered more that Matthew didn't like his mother. He wondered if Matthew had married Mommy even he didn't like her.

If he didn't like her, why would he have married her?

Was there something wrong with him?

"In that case, didn't he drag my mommy into an unhappy marriage?" Samuel asked with a frown.

If it were for him, Mommy could have found someone who loved her, couldn't she?

Boyce rubbed his little nose, "Boy, what are you thinking about? Don't worry about the adults' matters. You'll get aged before your time."

Samuel curled his lips, "Uncle Boyce, you'll be the one who gets aged first." He counted with his fingers, "After twenty years, you will be an old man. At that time, I'll still be a young man."

He ran away from him after finishing his words.

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“Hey, you brat!” Boyce was helpless, “Slow down. I’m not going to catch you. Your father is quite protective to you guys.”

Until now, Boyce was still upset that Matthew didn’t allow him to touch Simona.

The more he thought about it, the angrier Boyce got.

What a petty man!

That was only his daughter, wasn’t it?

Boyce believed that he could have a daughter in the future as well.

However, he had to admit that Dolores was quite capable. She gave birth to twins of different genders, who had completely inherited the advantages of their parents - their son was smart and their daughter was cute. Boyce believed that he would also be overjoyed if he had such two kids.

The only problem was that he wasn’t so lucky as Matthew.

“Alas...” Boyce heaved a sigh, leaning against the back of the sofa. When he was about to pick up the cell phone and continue to study the routes, Matthew came out from the inside. Boyce bounced up, “Where is your daughter?”

In fact, he meant why Matthew was willing to come out alone.

Shouldn't he be staying inside to accompany his daughter?

“She's sleeping.” He took over Boyce's phone and looked through the planned routes. He asked, “Is this the only pathway?”

“Not really. However, according to my judgment, he would take the most remote ones to hide from our search, which couldn't be found easily because there was no surveillance. The shortage is those pathways might be quite bumpy, so he couldn't drive too fast.”

“Send two men to explore ahead on the pathways.” Matthew wanted to see if they could find any traces. Since his children were with him now, he couldn't leave them. Otherwise, he would do it on his own.

“Sure,” Boyce said, “I've sent my men over there.” As he spoke, he cast a glance towards the inside. Then he approached Matthew, “I can tell the little boy has the knot in his heart towards you.”

Matthew certainly knew the fact.

He knew it very well.

“He's blaming for divorcing Dolores.” Matthew looked down. He looked as if he was staring at the phone, but his thoughts were not on it.

Boyce looked at him ambiguously, “You didn't like her at that time, did you? How could she get pregnant?”

Back then, Matthew wasn't happy about the marriage, which Boyce and Armand both knew. If it weren't appointed by his birth mother, he wouldn't have married Dolores.

Since he didn't love or like her and Maria was with him at that time, Boyce wondered how Matthew made Dolores pregnant.

Matthew cast an indifferent glance at him, "Stop being so nosy."

For this matter, he didn't want to talk about it with anyone as long as he knew what had happened exactly.

It was not worth telling everyone.

Otherwise, they would know that Dolores had got pregnant before marrying him.

Boyce knew him very well. Since Matthew wasn't willing to talk about it, nobody could make him talk.

Hence, Boyce picked up his phone and continued to study the routes, trying to find a better route that was a short distance and not so bumpy.

Inside the compartment, Samuel was lying on the bed, tossing about. He wasn't sleepy at all. With a hand supporting his head, he looked at Simona, who was sleeping soundly. He reached and pinched her nose gently, "You ungrateful little thing. How can you call him Daddy so fast?"

Simona felt her nose tickling. She twisted and tilted her head to continue sleeping.

Samuel felt quite bored. He turned around and lay on the bed facing up. Staring at the lamp, he muttered, "When can we find Mommy?"

Suddenly, the telephone watch on his wrist started ringing. He raised his hand and looked at the unknown number on the screen. He didn't know this number before, wondering if the call was from Mommy.

At the thought of it, he immediately pressed the button to answer.

He put the watch next to his mouth and called, "Mommy?"

A woman's voice came from the other end of the line...

























Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 181: Mommy, Is That You

“What are you doing?” asked Amelia, staring at Dolores who was standing in the living room and about to make a phone call through the landline phone.

With a water glass in her hands, Amelia was standing at the door of the kitchen.

On the other end of the line, Samuel heard a woman’s voice that was different from her mother’s. He tried to calm down, but right then, he failed to do so. He asked with a slightly trembling voice, “Mommy, is that you?”

Dolores choked up. Upon hearing Samuel’s voice, she wanted to answer her son, ignoring Amelia’s question. She wanted to tell him not to worry and she was fine. However, Amelia rushed over, grabbed the landline phone in her hands, and immediately hung it up. “Ms. Flores, Young Master said you can’t make any call. Have you forgotten?” she asked.

Dolores looked at Amelia. “It’s true that your young master has saved my life. But he doesn’t allow me to contact my family. Don’t you think he’s gone too far by doing so?”

It indeed didn’t make any sense. However, Amelia believed that Charles had his reason for doing so. “Probably Young Master has his own concerns. Just listen to him obediently.”

“Don’t you know my family will worry about me if they can’t find me?” Dolores tried to convince her.

Amelia held the landline phone in her arms tightly as if she was afraid that Dolores would try to grab it from her. She had to admit that what Dolores said made sense, but she must obey Young Master’s

orders.

“Amelia...”

“Stop it. Let me help you go back to the room.” To avoid Dolores from getting the phone, Amelia put it on the dining table in the dining room. Then she trotted back and helped her. “Let’s go. Please don’t make it difficult for me, Ms. Flores. If you truly need to contact your family, please tell Young Master. If he agreed, I wouldn’t stop you.”

Dolores didn’t know Charles at all. She even was uncertain about his purpose to stop her from contacting her family.

“Amelia, have you been working here for a long time?” Dolores changed the subject calmly and wanted to get more information about Charles from her.

“Yes. I’ve been taking care of Young Master.” Amelia was quite simple, so she immediately answered Dolores as soon as being asked.

“Why is he staying in such a big house? Where are his parents?” Dolores was afraid that Amelia would guess her purpose, so she added, “It’s such a huge house. If he stays here alone, it would be quite lonely.”

“I’ve never seen his mother before. I’ve only met his father, but his father has passed away. He’s the only one in his family now.”

“Oh, what does he do, then?” Dolores pretended that she was inexperienced in life and looked around the house. “It seems that he’s quite rich.”

“Ms. Flores, it’s your first time being in White City, so you don’t know much. However, in White City, everyone knows the White family. ”As she spoke, Amelia felt quite proud of the White family. “Young Master can’t stand up or walk, but he’s quite outstanding. At least seventy percent of the citizens in White City are working in the White family’s company. He has resolved the employment issues for so many people, hasn’t he?”

When Amelia mentioned Charles, her eyes were lit up. She couldn’t help showing off.

Seventy percent?

It was indeed a huge amount.

“How many citizens are there in White City? ”asked Dolores again.

“Around fifty or sixty thousand. I don’t know the exact number. ”Amelia helped her to sit down. “Slow down. Be careful with your leg.”

Dolores obediently raised her leg and put it on the bed. Staring at Amelia, she asked, “Have you been to other places? Like City B? Do you know how far are we from there?”

“I don’t know. I’ve never been there before. We shouldn’t be far away from there. It’s just White City is in a remote place.”

Dolores lay on the bed. Basically, she could tell that Amelia had told her the truth. The girl was quite simple and naive, and she didn’t know how to hide anything. Others could tell by a single glimpse how much she worshiped and liked Charles.

“Ms. Flores, please take a nap. If you are bored, may I find a book for you to read? ”Amelia asked

tentatively.

Dolores had slept in, so she wasn't sleeping right now.

"Would you like to read a biography, a romance, or another kind of book?"

"May I have a pencil and a few pieces of paper? "If she read books to kill time, she'd rather grasping the chance and doing something she liked.

"What for? "Suddenly Amelia understood. "I see. Do you like drawings and paintings?"

Dolores shook her head. "I'm a fashion designer. I want those things to draw my drafts."

Amelia widened her eyes and looked at her adoringly. "Are you a fashion designer? Whoa... You are some awesome!"

Under her heated gaze, Dolores felt quite embarrassed. She was just a fashion designer who had made small achievements in her fields, which was not worth mentioning.

"Wait a moment. I'll get them for you. "Amelia was so excited as if a fashion designer was someone quite outstanding.

Soon, she returned with the pencils and paper that Dolores needed, handing them over to Dolores. She also put the tray table on the bed sensibly. Suddenly, she mumbled, "Finally, I've seen a real one."

Dolores looked at her in confusion.

She wondered what she meant by "a real one".

Amelia was a bit embarrassed. She rubbed her hands and muttered, "I dreamed of becoming a fashion designer when I was young, but I didn't have any chance to study it. I've never seen a fashion designer before. Well, I meant in my real life. I've only seen them on TV."

"If you like it, I can teach you." Dolores was quite generous to offer her a chance to study.

She could teach Amelia the techniques in fashion design, but Amelia needed to have her own inspiration if she wanted to keep on.

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"For real?" Amelia's eyes were sparkling. However, at the thought of Charles's words, she lowered her voice. "Forget it."

"Why?" Dolores didn't understand. It seemed that Amelia was truly interested, but why was she unwilling to study it while there was a chance to know more?

"Young Master asked me to take good care of you. I can't make you so exhausted. If he knew that you're teaching me, he would be very angry."

"Then we just don't need to tell him about it," Dolores suggested.

"No. I can't." Amelia kept waving to deny. "I can't lie to Young Master."

Dolores choked up.

She had no idea how she could describe Amelia's obedience to Charles.

Amelia was too humble.

Was that how a girl should be when having a crush on someone?

"Amelia, if you want to attract a boy, you need to have some advantages so that you could attract him."  
Dolores couldn't help but want to help this girl.

She could tell that Amelia was a kind girl.

Charles asked Amelia to take care of her because he knew how loyal Amelia was to him.

Amelia knew what Dolores was trying to tell her. However, she knew her own identity. Although others had known how much she worshiped and loved Charles, she couldn't confess her love to him. How could she, a maid, match Young Master?

Amelia didn't ask for much - as long as she could be staying by Young Master and take care of him, she could be quite satisfied. She wouldn't ask for anything else.

"Ms. Flores, please go ahead with your drawing. I won't hold you up long. Please call me if you need anything."

After that, she trotted out of the room rapidly.

She seemed to be skipping from something.



Dolores heaved a sigh. If Amelia would try hard to stand out, how could Charles notice her?

Identities were truly important, but Dolores believed that a person's character was more important.

She never believed that love needed the two persons to have the matched backgrounds.

Would only rich people deserve to be in love?

She disdained such kinds of opinions.

Dolores heaved a sigh because Amelia was so silly. In her opinion, if Amelia liked Charles, she should fight for his love in return. If she continued doing things humbly to him, Charles might not appreciate it at all.

Dolores picked up the pencil, took a deep breath to calm herself down.

After taking several deep breaths, she finally calmed down. Suddenly, Matthew's face flashed through her mind.

Her heart was tightened.

She wondered if that man went anxious because she had suddenly been missing.

She didn't know.

As soon as the tip of the pencil fell on the paper, she seemed to know what she was going to draw. Then her brushes fell on the paper continuously and quickly.

...

“Young Master, you are back.”

Charles walked in from the outside. Amelia immediately took over his taken-off jacket from the driver’s hands.

Charles cast a glance at Dolores’s room and asked, “What has she done at home today?”

Amelia hesitated and answered without hiding anything, “Ms. Flores managed to come out to make a phone call.”

Charles looked up at her.

Amelia immediately explained, “I went to the kitchen to get her a glass of water. I didn’t mean to give her a chance to call on purpose...”

“Did she get through?” Charles interrupted her panicked explanation.

Amelia thought for a moment and shook her head. “I don’t think so. I hung it up for her.”

“Okay. I see.” After that, he operated the wheelchair, approaching Dolores’s room.

























Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 182: Testing

Dolores didn't close the door of her room. She had drawn a lot of drafts, feeling tired. Hence, she lay prone on the desk for a rest. Unconsciously, she fell asleep.

Charles slightly quieted down his movements to operate the wheelchair. When he arrived closer to the bed, he found that Dolores was napping. Reaching out, he picked up a draft on the tray table. The strokes on the paper were delicate and fluent. He could see that it was just a sketch, but her conception and design could make him understand at a glance what she wanted to express.

He could tell that she was quite professional.

Looking up at her, he wondered if she was a fashion designer.

"Young Master, she's a fashion designer." Amelia stepped in. Seeing that he was looking at Dolores's draft, she moved closer to take a look. Sure enough, Dolores didn't lie. Otherwise, how could she be able to draw such a stunning sketch at random?

Charles looked a bit annoyed as if it was because Amelia was speaking too loudly.

Immediately, Amelia lowered her head, pressing her lips in the grievance. She didn't mean to wake up Dolores. She explained it to him by instinct when seeing that he was looking that the drafts.

"Amelia, you can't be so restless in the future."

Amelia lowered her head. "I got it, Young Master."

"Hmm—"

In her nap, Dolores faintly heard someone speaking. Frowning deeply, she gradually opened her eyes.

"Did we wake you up?" Charles looked at the sleepy woman who just woke up.

Dolores raised her hands to rub her eyes. As soon as she did it, she found her arms were numb. "Hiss..." she didn't feel comfortable.

"What happened? Did your arms become numb?" Charles reached out. "Is it this arm? Let me rub it for you."

Dolores suddenly withdrew her arm that he gripped. Waving, she refused, "No, thanks. I can rub it myself."

As she spoke, she kept rubbing the numb arm with strength so that it could recover as soon as possible.

Charles withdrew his hand without changing his expression. He wasn't angry because Dolores was hiding from him. Instead, he asked, "Do you like it?"

Dolores didn't get what he meant first.

When seeing the fish tank installed beside the bedhead, she understood what he was referring to. She

noded perfunctorily. "They are quite rare."

Charles put down the draft on the tray table. When withdrawing his hand, he said, "As long as they could amuse you, they are quite lucky."

Dolores lowered her head and pretended that she hadn't heard what he said. She put away the drafts. "I just drew them at random."

"Well, you are quite good at it. I guess you must be a well-known fashion designer," although he sounded like asking her, he said quite affirmatively.

"Not really." Dolores didn't want to expose too much of her information to the man. She didn't know anything about this man who looked gentle and kind.

After all, he shouldn't be a simple man since he could act the tyrant in a locality.

"I believe what I've seen." Charles was quite confident.

Dolores put the drafts upside down on the tray table. Obviously, she didn't want to continue talking about this subject.

Charles was quite smart and sensible. He changed the subject immediately. "You must feel quite bore for staying in the house all the time."

Dolores shook her head. "It's alright."



“Shall I show you around?” Charles smiled.

He retained a faint smile on his face all the time.

Dolores was about to refuse, but thinking that she could get familiar with the environment if she went out, she agreed.

“But my foot...” Dolores was in a dilemma. She couldn’t walk because of the injured foot. She didn’t want to be a cripple. She expected that her foot would recover soon and she could go home as soon as possible.

“Let me help you up.” Charles reached out his arms.

“Ms. Flores, please allow me to help you.” Amelia immediately came to help Dolores up, afraid that she would agree to take Charles’s arm. “I can walk. Ms. Flores, it’s more convenient in this way.”

Dolores certainly knew about Amelia’s purpose - she didn’t want Dolores to physically touch Charles.

She was quite happy to do Amelia a favor. Hence, she took Amelia’s arm. “Okay. Amelia, please help me up.”

Charles cast a glance at Amelia without saying anything. Then he operated his wheelchair towards the outside.

He looked back at Dolores. “Let’s go to my study first.”

His bedroom and study were both on the first floor, not far away from the room that Dolores was staying in. They arrived after taking a few steps. He pushed the door open and entered first.

Amelia helped Dolores walk in. Charles said, "Put her on the chair. You may leave now."

Amelia wished to stay here a lot, but obviously, Charles wanted to send her away. Although she was reluctant, she dared not to disobey Charles.

She could only help Dolores to sit down on a chair and left the room. Before closing the door, she cast a glance at Dolores.

The latter wanted to tell her not to worry because she didn't have a crush on Charles.

In that way, Amelia could rest assured.

However, she couldn't speak out those words in Charles's presence, so Dolores kept silent.

After the door of the study was closed, Charles moved to the desk and seemingly asked at random, "Have you studied drawings and paintings systematically?"

"Not really. I went to a fashion design college, which required drawing skills. It's just a foundation," Dolores answered fluently.

However, she was more alert to him. He was quite smart, and he could lead her to discuss the topics he wanted easily.

Charles smiled. "Do you like reading?"

“Occasionally.” She didn’t have much time to read. Occasionally, she would read books relevant to fashion design.

“I like reading.” Charles’s tone was meaningful. “I can’t walk and I don’t have many friends. Only these books could accompany me.”

Although he hid pretty well, Dolores still could sense the disappointment and depression in his tone.

After all, everyone would care if he couldn’t walk.

Dolores’s gaze fell on the bookshelves behind the desk. The bookshelves were made of red sandalwood. They fully occupied the whole wall, covered with rows of books. Dolores had never heard of the names of many books.

“This book is my favorite.” Charles pulled out a book from the bottom row. It had a blue cover and was a thick book. He handed it over to Dolores. While doing so, he carelessly knocked off a photo frame on the desk.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

جرمن ٹیل جو سائز باکریا

Dolores didn’t intentionally peep at the photo in the frame. However, with a single glimpse, she couldn’t move her gaze at all.

It was Victoria Forbis.

Matthew’s stepmother.

She wondered why Victoria's photo would have appeared on Charles' desk.

What was the relationship between them?

Her mind was in a mess and she couldn't figure anything out at all.

Charles secretly studied the expression change in Dolores's face. Sure enough, as soon as she saw the woman in the photo, her expression changed.

Then he looked over at her wrist again. He picked up the frame and looked at the woman in the photo. She was wearing this jade bracelet in the photo.

Based on Dolores's reaction, Charles had confirmed his thoughts.

"Who is she?" Dolores blurted out.

She felt extremely weird.

How could Victoria's photo be here?

Charles continued to hand her his favorite book. "You can read this one when you have time. It's quite interesting."

He deliberately avoided the subject.

Although he purposely tested Dolores to see what she would react when seeing the photo so to confirm his guess, he didn't want to discuss it with her.

Dolores cast him a glance. She sensed that he treated her so well because of Victoria.

“Why? Don’t you like my recommendation?” Charles’s hand didn’t withdraw. He was still holding the book, trying to give it to her.

Dolores took the book over for being polite. “Thank you. I’ll read it through.”

While she spoke, she gazed at the frame that was put back. Then she looked at Charles. “Amelia told me you are the only one left in your family.”

Charles’s expression slightly changed. Then he looked normal again. With a faint smile, he said, “Yes.”

His answer was simple and neat. He didn’t say anything else.

Dolores knew that he intentionally wanted to avoid the topic.

Knock. Knock.

They heard a few knocks on the door. Amelia was standing outside the door. “Excuse me, Young Master and Ms. Flores. Time for dinner.”

“Let’s go.” Charles moved to her in the wheelchair and reached out his arm to her. “Take my arm.”

Dolores didn’t immediately do it. After a hesitation, she said, “I’ll ask Amelia to help me up...”

“Are you turning me down? Don’t you think it’s inappropriate to embarrass the man who saved your life?” Charles raised his eyebrows slightly, smiling. However, his words sounded quite aggressive, making

Dolores unable to resist.

Dolores reached her hand to take his arm. Although he was sitting in the wheelchair, Dolores could feel he was quite strong. She probably kept working out all the time. Charles looked delighted while operating the wheelchair. When they reached the door, Dolores reached out to hold the doorknob, pulling the door open. Amelia was still standing at the door. Seeing that Charles was helping Dolores up, she immediately reached out her hands.

Before she spoke, she saw Charles's warning gaze. She withdrew her hands in disappointment, turned around, and walked away.

Arriving at the dining room, Charles pulled the chair for Dolores. "This is the first time that we have dinner together."

Dolores smiled. However, she inwardly bitched about him, "We don't know each other much or for a long time, anyway."

Amelia served the dishes. From time to time, she cast glances at Dolores. In her opinion, Dolores was indeed pretty. No wonder Young Master treated her so well.

"Amelia, I asked you to make the bone soup earlier. Have you cooked it?" Charles put the napkin on his lap elegantly.

"Yes, I have. I'll get the soup here right now," Amelia answered respectfully.

"I heard that the bone soup would help your ankle get recovered, but I'm not sure if it's real. Just drink more soup later," said Charles.

"Thank you so much." Dolores wasn't too enthusiastic or too cold. She looked and spoke appropriately.

Comparing to her, Charles was more enthusiastic.

He smiled and commented honestly, "A smart woman is not quite favorable."

Dolores looked at Amelia who was approaching and answered with a smile, "I truly can't let others favor me. I'm afraid that my two children are not happy with it."

Charles was taken aback. He realized that she was implying she had kids already.

However, she looked pretty young.

Amelia was more shocked than Charles looked. She couldn't believe that Dolores had children.

She felt so excited, so she fastened her paces. There was water sprayed on the floor. Excitedly, she stepped on it without paying attention and she slipped. The bowl of boiled soup was spilled out. It made a slanting arc in the air and sprinkled it towards Dolores.

"Watch out!"

Before the boiled soup was about fall on Dolores's body, Charles pushed his wheelchair backward and quickly operated it to move in front of Dolores. Then he hugged her to avoid the soup sprinkling on her. Hence, all the soup was spilled on his back.

Probably it was too hot, he groaned.

"Young Master!" Amelia exclaimed in fear.

Dolores returned to her senses when hearing her exclaim. Looking at Charles, she asked, "Are you all

right?"

Charles looked up and smiled slightly at her, "I'm fine."

However, Dolores didn't think he was fine because he spoke in a lower voice than usual. He was pretending to be calm.

"Amelia, call the doctor. Hurry!" she said.

"Okay. Okay. I'll go to make the call."

"Are you caring about me?" Charles still remained in the posture to hug her protectively. Right now, his eyes were lit up. \_\_\_\_\_ Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 183: Not All Kindness Could Be Accepted

"I'm sure Mommy was the person who called me," Samuel said affirmatively.

Boyce looked at Matthew and exchanged a glance with him. Matthew asked, "Can you find out her location?"

"The call was connected for only a few seconds. I can't find the exact location but I could find the region of the number," said Boyce.

"If I call back this number, can't we find the exact location?" Samuel couldn't suppress his excitement at all. All he wanted to do was to find Mommy as soon as possible.



Matthew grabbed his hand, slightly increase his strength, and pulled the boy into his arms. Samuel wanted to struggle, but Matthew pressed his shoulders. "If your mommy is free, she'll certainly get in touch with you. But after the call was connected, she didn't speak but you heard another person's voice. That means she's not free now. If you called her back suddenly, what if the bad guy transferred her?"

Samuel had to admit that his words made sense. If Mommy were free, she must get in touch with him. Since she hadn't called him again, certainly she was watched by the kidnapper.

"What should we do now?" Samuel asked anxiously.

"Trust me. We'll definitely find her. No worries." Matthew successfully distracted Samuel's attention. The boy had completely forgotten he was sitting on his lap now. He kept thinking about how to find Mommy instead.

Boyce cast them a glance in silence. "I'll tell the routes to the driver"

According to the landline number, he had found the region. Although it was still a big area, as long as they could arrive there, they would be closer to the place where Dolores was hidden, which would be quite helpful for them to locate her.

"Okay," Matthew answered indifferently.

"Can we find Mommy?" asked Samuel.

"Of course," Matthew answered affirmatively.

He strongly believed that.

He would find her back for sure!

Boyce came in. "We'll stop the cars in the service area. Let's take the kids out for some fresh air."

They would be bored if they kept staying in the compartment. There were all necessities in the caravan as a house, but it had limited space.

Samuel stood up. "I'll go with you."

"Sure." Boyce reached out his hand. "Take my hand."

Samuel was obedient, putting his hand in Boyce's palm.

"Look after him," Matthew said.

There would be too many people in the service area, which would be quite crowded with all kinds of people.

"I know." Boyce glanced at him, wondering why Matthew became quite womanish after becoming a father.

Boyce believed that as an adult, he was able to take good care of the boy.

However, he knew that Matthew loved his son very much, so he didn't say anything else.

"Let's see if we can find a place to take a rest."

Boyce took Samuel off the caravan, and Matthew walked to the back compartment to hold his daughter.

The little girl was still sleeping, her cheeks chubby. He bent over and lifted her. As soon as she was moved, she woke up. She opened her sleepy eyes and saw Matthew holding her. She called him in a soft and sweet tone, "Daddy."

Her voice almost melted Matthew's heart. He kissed her on the forehead. "Let's get off and take a break."

Upon hearing that she could get off the caravan, the girl became spirited. She immediately sobered up. "Can we buy something?"

Matthew stroked her little nose and said dotingly, "Sure."

The girl grinned ear to ear.

Simona's hair was a bit messy. Matthew wanted to brush her hair, but as soon as he moved, the girl looked painful. "It hurts!"

Matthew had never done such a thing before.

In a hurry, he stopped and put down the comb. "I've never brushed hair for others before."

Simona looked at herself in the mirror, only to find that her hair was indeed messy, but she didn't want

her father to comb it for her. She pouted. "Daddy, do you dislike me because I look ugly, so you want to comb my hair?"

Matthew was speechless.

"Of course not. You are the most beautiful girl in the world. No one can compare to you." Matthew held her up. "Forget it."

The little girl lay prone on his shoulder. "I want to get some food."

Matthew glanced at her. Samuel had said that she was a heartless foodie, which seemed to make sense.

However, he liked her in that way.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

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

He had seen so many scheming, double-faced, and hypocritical people. With such a naive and lively child in his world, he would never think that his life is meaningless again.

"Daddy, over there. Over there." Simona reached out her index finger, pointing at the supermarket not far away.

Matthew answered patiently, "Yes, I've seen it."

He felt helpless but liked her extremely in this way. As soon as they walked into the supermarket, Simona

insisted on getting down. She wanted to pick up food by herself.

Probably it was the supermarket was opened in the service area, all things were sold at high prices, so there were not so many customers. Matthew put her down, and she trotted away happily.

Matthew slightly frowned and followed her. "Slow down."

"I want this one." Simona got a box of chocolate and held it in her arms. "I also want potato chips, and this one, that one..." In a few seconds, she couldn't hold those things any longer. She yelled at Matthew, "Daddy, I can't reach that one."

The shelf was quite high. The snack she wanted was on the top, but she was too short to get it.

Matthew stood behind her. He raised his arm and easily grabbed the snack his daughter wanted. "I'll hold it for you."

"No." Simona shook her head. She felt secure only if she was holding them.

"Put this one back. It's way too expensive," a mother said to her son in the opposite.

The boy looked at the bottle of fruit juice, longing for it, but he didn't insist. His mother got him a bottle of mineral water. "Drink this if you are thirsty."

The woman gave the mineral water to her son and they went to check out.

Simona looked at things in her arms and then at the boy and his mother. She raised her head and looked at Matthew, "Daddy, did I take so many things? Are they quite expensive? Do we need to spend a lot of money?"

Matthew squatted down in front of his daughter. Reaching out, he tossed the short hair in front of her forehead to the back of her ear. He answered gently, "No at all. I will try my best to earn much more money, so you can buy anything you want."

"Daddy, I love you." Simona bent over and kissed Matthew on his cheek. "May I have that bottle of juice, please?"

Matthew was still stunned by his daughter's kiss. He reached out to stroke his cheek, on which her saliva remained.

He didn't feel it was dirty, but it was the love from his daughter for him. He looked delighted, stood up, and got her the bottle of juice.

Simona took over the juice and trotted to the cashier's counter. She handed it to the boy. "This is for you."

"We don't want it," said the boy's mother awkwardly.

"My daddy would pay it for you." Simona kept reaching out her hand stubbornly. She widened her bright big eyes, looking at the boy. The boy was a bit skinny. He was in a black-striped hoodie, which wasn't a famous band. It wasn't a new hoodie, but pretty clean.

The boy looked at her and didn't reach out. Although this little girl's hair was a bit messy, he could tell that she should be from a rich family.

Looking at her naive and innocent eyes, he knew that she was protected quite well when growing up.

Only those, who had never been tortured by life, didn't know how hard life could be and had no idea how evil the human's mind could be, could have such a pair of crystal clear eyes.

He said politely, "No, thank you, though."

"But, don't you want it very much?" Simona blinked.

"I do want it, but I should rely on myself." After finishing his words, he pulled his mother's hand. "Mom, let's go."

The woman paid for the mineral water and took the boy away.

Simona stood motionlessly, looking at the boy's receding figure in a loss.

She wondered if she had done something wrong.

Did she make mistake?

Since Simona was refused, she started doubting if she had done something wrong.

She kept asking herself again and again inwardly.

Matthew held her up and rubbed her hair. He comforted her, "Simona, are you feeling sad?"

Simona nodded. "I can tell that he did want it, so I wanted to give it to him. Why did he say no?"

Matthew looked out of the window and saw the mother and her son standing in front of a bus, squinting. He could tell that the boy was quite proud and had his dignity. He could foresee that the boy would become a capable man after growing up.

“Simona, in this world, not all kindness could be treasured or be accepted.” He knew that his daughter had done it out of her kindness. She felt compassionate to the boy because he couldn’t get what he wanted.

However, in the boy’s eyes, his kindness had become a pity.

Hence, the boy wasn’t willing to be pitied.

Matthew gently stroke his daughter’s forehead. “Your mother has been protecting you very well.” \_Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 184: White City’s History

Matthew took his daughter’s hand with one hand and held a plastic of snacks with the other, walking out of the supermarket. A bus was driving away, and the woman and her son who shopped in the supermarket were on it.

When the boy was getting on the bus, he looked back at the girl in her father’s arms. He could tell that the girl was quite naive, also quite cute.

“Hurry up,” his mother urged him.

The boy could only get on.

“Where is Samuel?” Simona looked around. There were cars, buses, and people everywhere. She hadn’t found that behind a window on a bus, a pair of black sparkling eyes were staring at her.

Soon the bus was driven away, and the boy couldn’t see Simona anymore.



“Daddy, what are they doing over there?” Simona pointed at the stall where the sugarcoated haws on a stick were sold. There were a group of onlookers.

She wrapped around Matthew’s neck. “Daddy, I want the sugarcoated haws.”

Matthew looked up in the sky and down at the plastic bag in his hands. He decided to buy them because his daughter wanted them.

“Daddy, it’s so nice of you!” Simona held his face, kissing and rubbing. Even if Matthew were an iceberg, he would be certainly melted.

The sugarcoated haws on a stick in the past only had the haws. Nowadays, all different kinds of fruits were sugarcoated. Simona chose a skewer with all haws. The red haws under the crystal sugar looked quite appealing.

She swallowed. “It must be quite yummy.”

Matthew paid for it. “We should go now.”

The little girl nodded. She had got all she wanted, so she was quite satisfied.

Back to the caravan, the tank was fulfilled with gas. Boyce had already taken Samuel back. Samuel also had a skewer of sugarcoated haws in his hand.

“Why are you guys so slow? We’ve been waiting for you for a while.” Samuel cast a glance at the plastic bag that Matthew took in and then glanced at his younger sister. He understood what had happened. He slightly heaved a sigh.

Boyce gently patted him on his head. “Little one, why are you sighing?”

Samuel curled his lips, eating the sugarcoated haws while sitting on the sofa.

Boyce followed Matthew to the inner compartment. “Armand has resolved Maria Herbert’s matter...”

“Hold on for a second,” Matthew interrupted him. He didn’t want his daughter to overhear such filthy things.

Boyce shushed immediately. “I’ll get off and wait for you.”

“Okay.” Matthew put the little girl on the seat and all snacks on the table. “Stay here with your brother. Uncle Boyce and I have something to discuss.”

“I know.” Simona was quite sensible right now. She looked so adorable.

Matthew rubbed her hair.

She twisted her head. “My hair is already messy. You’re making it messier. If I’m too ugly, when we find Mommy, she won’t recognize me!”

Matthew chuckled, pinching her cheeks. "Who has the guts to say my daughter is ugly?"

Simona was happy. She grinned ear to ear, exposing her white teeth.

Matthew got off the van. Boyce was standing in front of the door. Seeing that he get off, Boyce took a few steps back to make space for him.

They took a few steps forward, but still quite nearby the van.

"Annabelle Flores is dead."

Matthew was a bit taken aback. He didn't expect that she was the one who had died.

At that time, Annabelle wasn't injured at all, and Maria was tortured a lot. They left them both inside the same room, aiming to let them kill each other. However, he didn't expect that Annabelle would have died.

He had thought that it might Maria who would die first. Anyway, no matter who died, it meant no different to him. The survived one would have committed the homicide, and would surely be put into jail. If it were a serious case, she would be sentenced to death directly.

"I've never found that Maria Herbert..." Boyce had the same guess as Matthew had. He thought that Maria would be dead. Unexpectedly, he received the report that Annabelle died.

It meant how tough Maria was.

After she was injured so much, she managed to kill Annabelle.

“The evidence that she has killed Annabelle Flores is quite firm, and she couldn’t retort at all. Plus, she also hired Terry Holmes’s brother to kill Dolores. She has been sentenced to death, suspended for one year. All the guards now this time are my men. The matter that Sampson Herbert has done last time wouldn’t happen again.”

They deliberately had left Maria and Annabelle alone in the Interrogation Room. There was a surveillance system in the room, which had filmed exactly how Maria managed to kill Annabelle. She had no chance to overturn the case at all. Plus her former case, she was certainly doomed.

Matthew looked quite expressionless as if this woman had nothing to do with him at all.

How she had ended up with was all because of herself. She couldn’t blame anyone else for it.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Separate Beds And Even Bedrooms Might Be The Key?

Metz Went Through Difficult Times To Get To Where She Is Today

In the past, he was quite tolerant of her because she had saved his life, so he didn’t mind her scheming thoughts. Due to those matters, he had missed Dolores and it had been so many years.

Didn’t he know that Maria was a scheming woman?

Yes, he did. However, for the sake that she had saved his life, he didn’t do anything. It was she who had fully spent all his patience and gratitude to her.

“Let’s go.”

He strode over to get in the caravan.

Boyce followed him. "Armand is also following us now. I guess he can catch up with us shortly."

Matthew looked back at him.

Boyce threw his hands up. "He has always been on the way when telling me that he will come here. Besides, I can't convince him at all. He's an adult with healthy legs. I can't chop them off, can I?"

Right then, Matthew's cell phone started ringing in his pocket. Matthew pulled it out and saw it was a call from Abbott.

He didn't insist on blaming Boyce for Armand's action again. Instead, he swiped to answer the phone. Abbott was about to report the matter of Maria, Matthew stood in front of the car window and said indifferently, "I've known what happened."

Abbott reported what was going on in the company. Matthew turned on the laptop and read through some documents sent from Abbott. After reading all of them, he signed and sent them back. Then he gave Abbott some orders before ending the call.

It was getting dark outside. They arrived in White City.

Boyce suggested, "Let's stay at a hotel tonight. We didn't have enough rest in the car. The kids could be relaxed as well."

Matthew seemed not to hear what he said. He kept browsing the web pages. Boyce frowned and approached him. "What are you reading?"

Before he finished his question, he had seen the words on the screen. Matthew was reading White City's information.

The very first one was its history.

This city wasn't called White City before but called Podon, and it was a county.

An entrepreneur named Nathan White started his business here. He resolved the local unemployment issues. In memory of him, the county name was changed to White City according to his surname.

The population in White City wasn't large, but it was a prosperous city right now. All most all locals were working for the White Group.

Matthew kept browsing and reading. The information about the White Group wasn't much. Only his ups and downs during the development of his startup company were mentioned. There was nothing about his private life or family information.

"Daddy," Simona called Matthew in the compartment.

"Shall we stay in the hotel? If so, I'll get us a few rooms now," Boyce confirmed again.

Matthew paused when standing up. He looked back at Boyce and said, "Sure."

Although there was everything in the caravan, the space was quite limited. They couldn't sleep soundly in the van at all.

"My button dropped" Simona was sitting on the bed with her legs crossed. Samuel was lying on his side, and he was sleeping now.

"Let me see."

Simona gave the button to Matthew and pointed at her collar. "Here. It dropped."

"I'll get you another one." Jessica packed clothes for her, and all of them were in the closet of the van. He opened the closet and found one blouse for her. "How about this one?"

Simona shook her head. "It's my pajamas."

Matthew kept on searching. "This one?"

"Let me find it myself." Simona had become quite disappointed in Matthew. She slipped down from the bed and searched all things in the closet. Then she grabbed a blue dress. "I want to wear this one. Mommy bought it for me on my last birthday."

Hearing her mention their birthday, Matthew realized that he had no idea when they were born.

Matthew helped her take off the blouse with the dropped button and put on her favorite blue dress. She also wore a small knitted sweater outside, looking quite cute. Dolores was quite good at dressing up with her daughter. She knew what fit Simona.

Looking at his daughter, Matthew thought for a moment and asked, "Simona, when is your birthday?"

"In May." She pouted. "Our birthday has passed already for so long. I have to wait for my next birthday."

Matthew reached out to rub her head.

Right then, the van was stopped. Boyce came in. "I've booked the room in the hotel, the best one in White City."

Then he threw up his hands and added, "It's run by the White Group."

He couldn't do anything like most businesses in White City were run by the White Group  
Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 185: You Don't Have a Wedding Ring

"Can I meet Mommy now?" Matthew held Simona in his arms when entering the hotel. She asked the question as she thought they had arrived at the destination and would meet Dolores soon.

Mathew was a bit taken aback. Then he returned to look normal. "She's playing hide and seek with us. She wants us to look for her. Now, we haven't found her yet."

Simona pouted. "I see."

White City wasn't a big one. It was originally a county, but it was more like a big family, which belonged to the White Group.

The hotel wasn't a five-star hotel, but it was nice in terms of the environment, hygiene, and service.

Boyce held Samuel who was still sleeping in his arms, followed by a few men who was holding the suitcases for them.

"This is the best hotel in White City. It's not a big one. I hope you don't mind."



Matthew had never stayed in such a hotel before.

“Isn’t this place good?” Simona blinked. She couldn’t understand why Uncle Boyce had said so.

Matthew pressed her head into his arms tightly so that she wouldn’t overhear their conversation. Simona widened her eyes and stared at Matthew’s face. Her eye corners curled her eyes into the shape of crescents.

“Daddy, you are so handsome.” After finishing her words, she pressed her face in his arms shyly.

Matthew was pleased by his daughter’s words for some reason. Since Dolores was missing, he had never smiled, but right now, he curled up his lips into a smile because of his daughter’s praise.

“Do you like me?”

The little girl answered without any hesitation, “Yes, I do.”

Matthew kissed her hair. She hadn’t washed her hair in the past two days, and the fragrance of the hair shampoo had faded. However, he still felt that his daughter was fragrant.

Walking into the room, Boyce put Samuel on the bed. He checked the environment. Since he knew that Matthew wanted to stay in a quiet place, he had reserved all the rooms on this floor.

Simona hopped up and down in the room. “Daddy, will you bathe me?”

Matthew nodded. “Yep.”

She trotted over and held his long legs. Raising her head, she said, "Daddy, you are like Mommy so much."

Matthew raised her chin with his fingers. "In what way?"

"Mommy will give me whatever I want." After answering the question, the little girl hopped up and down, trotting away.

On the other side, Charles got the scald on his back. It was not serious. There were several blisters. The doctor came over and dealt with the scald for him.

Amelia stood at the door like a child who had made a mistake. Her eyes were reddened, seemingly she shed tears.

Dolores was sitting on the chair next to the bed. "Thank you."

If he didn't protect her on time, she would be the one who was lying on the bed now.

"Are you truly thankful to me?" Charles lay on his side on the bed.

Since the doctor had just put the medicine on his back, he couldn't lie down face-up. Otherwise, the wounds caused by the picked-up blistered would be squeezed.

“Of course.” Dolores was afraid that he would raise any unreasonable proposal, so she added, “As long as I can do it.”

Charlie chuckled. “Don’t worry, please. I won’t ask you to marry me in return.”

Dolores’s mouth corners slightly twitched.

He looked at her. “Please get me a glass of water.”

Dolores reached out to get the water bottle on the desk. Amelia, who was standing at the door, rushed over. “Please let me do it.”

She wanted to make amends for her previous faults by serving Young Master well.

Charles looked at her indifferently. “Amelia, why are you still acting so recklessly?”

Amelia was about to explain. He interrupted her and continued, “Go back to your room and lock the door. You are grounded. Without my permission, you can’t show up in my room.”

“But...”

“No objection.” His voice was cold.

“Who will take care of you, then?” Amelia wanted to stay. “Young Master, I was wrong, it’s my fault. Please let me stay and take care of you.”

“Amelia, I can’t get angry after being injured. Do you purposely want to piss me off?” His tone became more serious.

Usually, he was quite gentle. Amelia was afraid to see him so cold and solemn. She didn't object at all, quitting the room obediently.

"You've frightened her. She didn't do it on purpose." Dolores wanted to put on good words for Amelia. "She cares a lot about you."

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Charles, however, wasn't in the mood to discuss such a matter with her. He deliberately changed the subject. "Do you want to kill me by my thirst?"

Dolores could only stand up and get the water bottle to pour a glass of water to him.

Right then, Charles's cell phone on the desk started ringing. Dolores noticed that he couldn't move fast, so she took it over and handed it to him. "Here you go."

Charles looked at the caller ID - it was from the hotel manager. He swiped to answer.

"Hello, Young Master. A group of strangers checked in the hotel today. They looked quite superior and reserved the rooms of a whole level."

Charles told him earlier that he must report to Charlie whenever any people from out of town arrived in White City in the recent few days.

Hence, as soon as the strangers checked in, the hotel manager made the call to Charles.

Charles looked up and stared at Dolores who was pouring the water. He asked the manager, "Do you know where they came from?"

"From City B. They also brought along two children with them. The whole floor has been forbidden to enter now. They don't need any service at all. They will send their own men downstairs to fetch anything they want. We can't get to know them more. Are those strangers you want to find?"

Since Dolores was missing, Charles was sure that someone would definitely come to look for her. He asked the hotel to pay attention to the strangers because he wanted to find the people who came to find her as soon as possible.

"I see." He wasn't certain if those strangers came here for Dolores.

After hanging up the phone, Dolores handed him the glass of water.

Charles put down the cell phone. When he took over the water, he pretended to say unintentionally, "Some strangers checked in the hotel. The hotel manager reported it to me."

Dolores didn't take it to heart. She thought that he was trying to making conversation.

If he had any useful information, she didn't believe that he would tell her.

After Charles gulped down the water, Dolores took over the glass from his hand. When she grabbed the glass, Charles didn't release his hand. By accident, her fingertips touched his hand. Dolores instantly withdrew her hand.

Charles cast a glance at the position that she had just touched, feeling as if her temperature still remained there. The feeling was quite light. Her fingertips didn't stay long, so the impression wasn't

deep.

“I’m not poisonous. Why are you so afraid of me?”

Dolores clenched both her hands and looked serious. “I’m not afraid of you. To tell the truth, I’m married. I’ll distance myself from any man no matter if it’s you or any other man...”

Right then, Dolores used her covenant marriage with Matthew as an excuse to protect herself.

She had said that she had children, which surprised Charles or which he didn’t believe at all.

Upon hearing it, Charles relaxed, pressing half of his face on the pillow. “How old are you now? How come you’ve married with kids? You must have said it because you’re afraid that I have the evil intention to you.”

“One is an adult when reaching eighteen. I’m twenty-four, going on twenty-five. Is it so weird that I’ve married with two children?” Dolores suppressed the discomfort in her heart.

She wasn’t willing to talk about this topic.

It wasn’t a pleasant experience for her.

The only beauty from the incident was that she got two adorable children.

Charles could feel the fluctuation in Dolores’s tone. Obviously, she didn’t sound so indifferent. She had fastened when speaking.

He looked at Dolores’s hands that were clenched tightly. He chuckled and said, “What kind of man have

you married? You even don't have a wedding ring. Why don't you divorce him? I'll buy one for you."

Dolores looked down, only to find nothing on her fingers. The jade bracelet was the only accessory on her wrist, which was from Victoria.

"I just didn't wear it." She pretended to be calm.

Matthew and she had their own purposes when getting married, and the marriage only lasted for one month. Who would have bothered to buy the wedding rings?

Charles didn't believe that she had married with children.

However, he had to think it over since there were strangers in the hotel now.

Looking at Dolores, he was lost in thought.

Dolores didn't want to stay with him alone. "Please take a rest. I'm going back to my room now."

After finishing her words, Dolores stood up and walked up while holding the wall.

"Aurora, wait a moment," suddenly, Charles stopped her.

Dolores looked back. "What's up?"

"Your jade bracelet is quite pretty. Where did you buy it?"

























Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 186: Let's Make a Deal

Dolores looked down at the bracelet on her wrist and smiled. "Why? Do you have a special interest in women's accessories?"

Charles choked up.

"Not really..."

"Why did you ask then?" Dolores asked harshly.

If she hadn't seen Victoria's portrait in his study by accident, she wouldn't have been so alert.

This jade bracelet was from Victoria. Now he was asking her about it, Dolores subconsciously became on-guard.

She clenched her fists in silence, wondering what was his relationship with Victoria.

Nobody would put a stranger's photo in his study, right?

He put it on the desk. Obviously, he often looked at it.

Charles rubbed his forehead and chuckled. "Aren't you tired of thinking so much?"

He had clearly sensed Dolores's suspicion of him.

"I don't know her in person. I've only seen her photo," said Charles frankly. He put the photo on the desk because he wanted to test if Dolores knew her. The photo wasn't placed there before.

Staring at the bracelet on her wrist, he continued, "I kept you staying here because this jade bracelet is exactly the same as it on that woman. I guess... you might be her daughter."

Dolores was speechless.

She didn't speak.

Charles didn't insist on asking her.

"Please go for a rest."

Dolores frowned, still not believing what he said. "You don't know her, but you thought I'm her daughter and you kept me staying here. Isn't it for her sake? Why would you do such a big favor for an unknown woman's sake? Do you think I'll buy it?"

Dolores didn't hide her curiosity about his identity. "What's your relationship to her? Is she one of your family?"

Actually, she wanted to ask if they were a mother and her son.

She couldn't figure out any other explanation. The only guess that she had was that Charles was Victoria's son with another man before she married Jayden.

However, in Dolores's opinion, Victoria shouldn't be this kind of woman.

Hence, she was quite confused about this matter.

"Let's make a deal, shall we?" suddenly, Charles suggested.

Dolores thought for a moment and asked, "What kind of deal?"

She didn't dare to agree with him on any kind of deal so easily.

"You want to know who I am, and I can tell you, but you must answer me a question honestly," said Charles.

After a thought, Dolores said, "Okay."

Comparing with herself, she believed that Charles had more secrets.

"Lady first. Please ask." Charles was fully prepared when suggesting the deal.

Dolores thought for a while and asked, "What are your parents called? Where did they come from? Where are they now?"

Charles frowned. "Did you ask only one question?"

"Yes, I did," Dolores answered affirmatively without any sense of guilt. "I've just asked one question about your parents, haven't I?"

Charles laughed out. He couldn't retort Dolores's explanation at all. She was indeed sharp-tongued.

Looking depressed, he answered, "I don't know who my mother is, because I was an orphan. My foster father's name is Nathan White, a local in White City. He was also the successor of the White Group. After he passed away, he asked me to take over the White Group. Before he died, he had a request to me..."

He paused. His eyes staring at Dolores were deepened. "He hoped that I could marry the daughter of a woman named Victoria Forbis. I thought you were the girl."

Dolores wondered if that was indeed the reason why after saving her, he had kept her here.

But, she couldn't help wondering who his foster father Nathan was and what his relationship with Victoria.

"I've finished answering you. Now it's my turn." Charles was quite calm. "Are you ready?"

Dolores's brain was working rapidly, wondering what he would ask her and how she would respond.

"Are you ready?" Charles urged her.

"Yes." Dolores looked at him.

Charles raised his eyebrows slightly. "I have a business dinner this Saturday. Please be my date to attend

it.”

Dolores frowned, wondering if she had misheard anything.

What did he say?

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He asked her to be his date to attend a business dinner, didn't he?

“Didn't you want to ask me a question?”

“I don't think I could know you well by just a question, so I'd rather fully utilize the chance.”

Dolores was speechless.

“You can't go back on your words now. A human being should have integrity, right?” Charles smiled complacently.

“I won't harm you. Probably I can give you a surprise.” He blinked at her.

Dolores didn't expect it much. As long as it wasn't panic instead of the so-called surprise, she would thank God.

“Your condition disobeys the rule. I can be your date, but you must promise one thing as well.”

“I’ve answered your question.” Charles blinked, realizing that Dolores was never willing to suffer any loss.

“Then, please ask me a question instead.” Dolores raised her head. Obviously, she didn’t want to cooperate with him. If he wouldn’t promise her, she wouldn’t agree to be his date.

Charles stared at her for a moment and said helplessly, “All right. I can promise you one thing. Tell me what it is.”

“Let me make the phone calls.”

Sure enough, Charles had known that she would request so.

“Yes, you may, but you can only contact your family after attending the business dinner with me.”

Dolores did quick math - there were still three or four days to Saturday. As long as she could contact her family, she was willing to wait and tolerant for another few days.

“Go to bed early.” Charles smiled brightly at her.

The following few days passed quickly. After the doctor’s professional massage, Dolores’s ankle had almost recovered. She could walk properly now but she couldn’t walk for quite a long time since it hadn’t completely recovered.

“Ms. Flores, this is from Young Master.” Amelia came in with a delicate box in her arms.

Dolores was moving her ankle while sitting at the bed edge. Upon hearing it, she raised her head and asked, "What's in the box?"

Amelia shook her head. She envied Dolores a lot as Dolores could receive a gift from Young Master.

"Ms. Flores, don't you want to open and take a look at it?" Amelia stood next to the bed with the boxes in her hands. Looking at expressionless Dolores, she added, "Young Master rarely gave a gift to others."

She wondered why Dolores wasn't excited.

At least, Amelia had never seen Young Master give a gift to others before.

"You can open it," Dolores said indifferently.

Amelia widened her eyes in disbelief. "Do you want me to open the box for you?"

Dolores thought for a moment. She didn't think it was quite polite to ask another person to open it, although she didn't expect any gift from Charles. "I'll do it."

She reached out and opened the box.

It was a dress inside.

"Gosh!" Amelia exclaimed. "Isn't this dress that you designed last time? Young Master asked the tailor to make it!"

Dolores saw it too. She picked up the dress and felt the silk-like delicate satin, which gently slipping and then spreading.



“It’s so gorgeous!” Amelia was stunned, touching it. “What’s the material? Why is it so soft and smooth?”

“It’s the real watered gauze.” Dolores hadn’t expected that Charles would ask the tailor to make the dress by using the water gauze.

There were a lot of imitations of the water gauze with high prices, but they were not the real cloth.

The water gauze was known as the noble fabric in the fabric business. It also had other names such as “the soft gold” and “Fiber Queen”.

It was the cloth that with the highest quality in silk products.

The craft was quite complex to produce this cloth. There were not many masters who could make this kind of cloth, and the craft was on the verge of being lost.

Even Dolores’s knowledge about this cloth was found in the books and online. She had only seen one dress made of the water gauze in Mrs. William’s closet.

It was so priceless and rare that not many rich ones could get such a dress.

She wondered where Charles had found this fabric from. It was a big piece because her design was an evening dress with a long hemline, which would use a lot of cloth.

Amelia didn’t understand anything about it. She just felt that the style was pretty and the cloth was soft and silky, sparkling. Although it was a long black gown, it didn’t look boring and old. Instead, it looked elegant, graceful, and sexy.

"You must look quite beautiful after putting it on." Amelia hid her envy deeply.

"Do you like it?"

Dolores raised her head when hearing Charles's voice, only to find that he was wearing a blue gingham suit with a light-colored necktie. Although he was sitting in a wheelchair, he still looked quite handsome.

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 187: I Do Look Forward to It

Dolores was quite surprised indeed. She wasn't shocked not because he had made such a dress, but that he could find the real watered gauze.

She put the dress back into the box and asked, "I'm curious. Where did you get this cloth from?"

"Do you like it?" Charles asked purposely.

He deliberately brought this cloth to her, as all fashion designers love good cloth.

He didn't think that Dolores would be an exception.

Dolores was truly interested, but she didn't show much of it. She lowered her head, continuing to rub her ankle.

Charles's gaze fell on her foot gradually. She had fair skin, and her feet were fair as well. Her ankles were quite dainty. Her heels were fair with pink. The ancient sayings always praised women's feet, which were called slender jade feet. Now, that name flashed through Charles's mind.

Dolores felt a gaze on her feet. She reached out and pull the quilt to cover them.

Charles tilted his head slightly, looking a bit embarrassed because he was lost in thought when gazing at her feet just now.

"I know a master who can make this cloth..."

"Do you?" Dolores widened her eyes. Before he finished his words, she excitedly interrupted him, "Where is the master? I also want to know him or her!"

Charles smiled. Sure enough, she was interested in it.

"Put on the dress first. After the business dinner, I'll introduce you to the master." Charles operated the wheelchair and said to the stylist following him. "She's all yours."

"Please rest assured." The stylist had a cosmetic case in her hands. Just now, she had been studied Dolores quite carefully. Dolores was good-looking, so it would be so easy for the stylist to get her a stunning style. The stylist had already had more than one style in her mind.

Dolores wasn't used to heavy makeup, and she usually didn't put on any makeup, unless she needed to attend some kind of activities. "It'll be fine if just Amelia could help me with my makeup."

It was not necessary to hire a stylist.

Charles smiled. "It's quite important to me. I hope my date is the most stunning woman at the dinner."

Dolores truly wanted to ask him to get an actress since actresses were good-looking. She was reluctant, but she had agreed to be his date. Besides, he would introduce her to the master who knew how to make the watered gauze later.

She stood up from the bed and sat in front of the dresser, letting the stylist start.

"I don't like heavy makeup." Dolores had made up her mind to let the stylist do whatever she wanted, but still afraid that the stylist would make her look like a ghost.

The stylist wasn't angry because of her reminder. She smiled, "No worries, Miss. Not everyone fits the heavy makeup. I don't mean the heavy makeup is not good, but it will depend on one's aura."

The stylist was quite easy-going, so Dolores was relieved.

"I'm quite experienced in styling, some of them were quite impressive. But you are the only one that gave me tens of thousands of inspirations after I've seen you." She stared at Dolores.

Dolores wasn't overjoyed because of her compliment. Instead, she became depressed.

She was missing her son and daughter.

Since they were born, she hadn't parted with them for such a long time.

"You don't seem to be quite happy. Is it because Mr. White can't walk?"

Dolores looked up at her.

"Mr. White is sitting in the wheelchair, but he's an excellent man in terms of capability and appearance. So many women wanted to attract his attention..."

"Indeed. I agree," Amelia chimed in. Before the stylist finished her words, Amelia interrupted her, "Young Master is so outstanding. So many women want to marry him."

Dolores looked up at her, and even the stylist looked over and figured out that Amelia had a crush on Charles.

That was an open secret.

Amelia suddenly realized that she was way too excited just now. Immediately, she explained, "Last time, the county magistrate's daughter kept pestering Young Master. Young Master rejected her. Now he treats you so well, but why aren't you happy?"

Dolores wasn't in the mood to explain anything to Amelia. The latter wasn't a bad woman, but she was too straightforward and it would be useless for Dolores to explain anything to her.

Amelia only admired her Young Master in every possible way.

In her opinion, no woman would deserve her Young Master.

The stylist smiled but didn't speak. The little girl didn't know how to hide her thoughts. Fortunately, she was a maid here. If she were hired in the workplace, she might be fired a lot of times already.

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Amelia was too inflexible.

The stylist studied Dolores's features carefully when combing her hair. Dolores wasn't a stunning woman, but the longer she looked at Dolores, the more beautiful she could find Dolores was. All her features were quite attractive.

Dolores' black hair was curled into big waves by the stylist with a curling stick, and then two strands of her hair were lifted from the side of the ears with unique skills to the back of her head. The short hair on her forehead fell on the corners of her eyes casually. Dolores's skin was quite fair, and the stylist didn't need to put on any foundation or powder. However, for the whole body modeling, the stylist still powdered her face.

Dolores would look too naive and pure without makeup, which didn't fit the black evening dress.

For the eye makeup, the stylist used the brown base and the red sparkling powder, making her double-edged eyelids more stereoscopic. The stylist brushed and lifted the eye gently using the eyeliner, making Dolores's clear eyes charming.

For her lips, the stylist used cameo, which wasn't too red, too bright, or too light. It fit Dolores a lot.

"I like the shape of your lips," the stylist couldn't help but praise her when putting the lipsticks on her lips.

The last step was to put on the dress and shoes.

A pair of silver high-heels was prepared for Dolores. They were inlaid with countless broken diamonds, and the whole pair of shoes were shining.

Amelia couldn't help but exclaim, "They look like crystal shoes. Young Master is that prince."

The stylist wanted to ask her if she had seen any prince in a wheelchair. However, she swallowed the words back from the tip of her tongue. If she said something bad about Charles, she believed that Amelia would go ballistic.

Dolores cast Amelia a glance and slightly heaved a sigh. If Amelia wanted to gain Charles's heart, she should change herself. However, Amelia was too self-abased and unwilling to change. It was certain that Charles wouldn't fall in love with her. Dolores took the dress to the bathroom.

The whole dress was quite simple - it had no accessories. In the design of a blouse, there were two straps at the top of the dress. Around the waist, there were two straps - one was taken out from the left by bypassing her waist from the right, and the other one was taken out from the left. This strap was longer than the other one, which was enough to hang above her knees, and the hemline of the dress extended to her ankles.

Because of the crossed two straps, the neckline naturally formed a deep V-neck. The gap on her plump bosom was faintly exposed, luring people to imagine endlessly.

With the makeup made by the stylist for her, Dolores still kept her original purity, but also a bit of charm was added to her look. When she looked around, she had a kind of elegant and graceful temperament, which attracted others' attention. The black dress made her look aloof and proud, and it made her look enchanting and smart, fascinating to others.

When Dolores came out of the bathroom, even the stylist and Amelia, who were women, were stunned.

Dolores had attended all different kinds of banquets and parties. She didn't feel awkward. Instead, she looked quite graceful.

Standing at the door of the bathroom, she chuckled. "Is there something wrong with my face? Why are you looking at me like this?"

"Oh. Your shoes." Amelia came back to her senses. She bent over and put the shoes to Dolores's feet.

Dolores raised her feet and put them on. It fit her very well and the height of the heel was quite cozy.

"Let's go. Young Master is waiting for you outside." Amelia reached out her arm and let Dolores take it.

Dolores's ankle hadn't recovered completely, so she didn't refuse. She took Amelia's arm.

In the living room, Charles was answering a call. Hearing the crick-cracks, he turned around, only to find Dolores who was dressed up.

His pinch on the phone was tightened. Trying his best to suppress the obsession in his eyes, he said to the other end of the line, "I'll be right there."

After that, he hung up the phone and said to Dolores, "Let's go."

Dolores let go of Amelia and walked to him. Grabbing the handle of the wheelchair, she said, "Please let me push it for you."

"I do look forward to it." Charles tilted his head and stared at her. He wanted to praise her for her beauty



but failed to speak.

When they walked out, the driver pushed Charles into the car. The car they were going to take had been particularly modified. In the ground and on the door, the automatic telescopic pedals were installed. The wheelchair could be pushed into the car along the pedal, quite convenient.

The driver fixed the wheelchair and got off. Then he helped Dolores to sit in.

“What kind of business dinner are we going to attend? Where are we going now?” after sitting down, Dolores asked.

If she didn’t know anything, she was afraid that she might make mistakes later.

“It’s the annual party of the White Group. We’re going to the hotel run by the White Group.” As he spoke, he looked back at Dolores. “The manager told me that a few strangers from City B had checked into the hotel. I wonder if you know them.”

Dolores couldn’t help clenching her hands, but she looked quite calm. “Although I was born in City B, I didn’t grow up there. I don’t know many people in that city. How could it be so coincidental?”

However, she was expectant inwardly.

She wondered if it would be Matthew who had come to find her.

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 188: The Tortoise and the Hare

The annual party of the White Group was quite grand. Even the mayor of White City attended it. After all, the White Group had helped the city’s economic development and contributed to this city a lot.

After their car was pulled over, Dolores saw a huge banner in front of the hotel entrance. A lot of cars were parked in the parking lot, most of which belonged to the employees of the White Group.

Right then, Charles's assistant, Tom, trotted over and pulled the door open. He pushed the wheelchair with the driver. "Mr. White, the mayor has arrived."

Charles hummed indifferently. He looked back, and Dolores walked over. Tom was quite sensible that he stepped aside and let Dolores push the wheelchair instead.

She grabbed the handle and pushed Charles into the hotel.

In the lobby, a crystal chandelier extended from a high place, crystal clear, shining on the whole lobby.

The senior executives in the White Group were chatting with the mayor. Seeing that Charles arrived, they all consciously made a way for him. Charles put on a socializing smile and yelled before he reached to the mayor. "Sorry, I'm a bit late."

A waiter passed him by. Charles hinted at him to stop and picked up a glass of liquor from the tray. "Let me take three shots as the penalty."

After the first glass, he put down the glass and poured the liquor again. He gulped down the second one. When he was gulping the third one, the mayor finally spoke, "Although you must take three shots as the penalty, we all can understand."

He glanced through Charles's legs, full of implication.

Charles's expression didn't change at all. With a smile, he said, "We all know the story - The Tortoise and the Hare. But why did the tortoise win the race? I believe I might be that hardworking tortoise. I'm late, so I must take the penalty."

His words were full of implication - although he couldn't walk, he succeeded.

No matter who the one was, as long as he worked hard and succeeded, he was the winner.

On the other side, even a hare was born with excellent conditions, if he were too proud about his condition without working hard, what he would end up to?

After finishing his words, he gulped down the third glass without a frown at all.

The mayor was wearing a black Chinese tunic. The wrinkles on his face were the signals of the ups and downs he had experienced in his life. He laughed out loudly. The unhappiness, because Charles was late, had faded away immediately.

He liked Charles's wisdom.

Casually, he noticed Dolores who was behind Charles. He was stunned and then looked over at Charles, "Is this lady your girlfriend?"

All of them knew that Charles hadn't been married, and nor had he had any girlfriend before. If Charles were not a cripple, the mayor would love to marry his daughter to him.

Honestly, except that Charles couldn't walk, the mayor appreciated him a lot in terms of his appearance and capabilities.

Since Charles brought a date with him, the mayor subconsciously mistook Dolores as Charles's girlfriend.

After all, it was the annual party of the White Group today. Since Charles could bring the woman to all his employees, he must look upon this woman a lot.

Besides, Charles couldn't walk only. He wasn't physically asexual. He was a normal man and he also needed a woman.

Charles looked back at Dolores and said with a smile, "I..."

"We're friends," Dolores interrupted him before he could finish his words.

She didn't want to be tangled with him a lot.

However, neither did she want to embarrass Charles in front of others. She patted Charles on the shoulder and looked as if they were close friends. "He told me he doesn't have a date today, so he asked me to be his date. I can do nothing. As his close friend, I have to come here."

The mayor laughed out again. "I thought Mr. White, who has been single all the time, finally found his Miss Right. It turned out that I've misunderstood."

Charles smiled at him as socializing, casting a glance at Dolores in secret.

Dolores pretended that she didn't notice it. Although she agreed to attend the annual party with him, she wouldn't let him take control of the whole situation. She must hold the initiative in her hands.

After the mayor talked to Charles for a few more minutes, he asked his secretary to give Charles a document.

The latter took it over, only to find that the land he applied for last time had been approved. Charles wanted to set up a factory outside White City, located in another city directly managed by White City. Hence, he had applied.

The mayor certainly hoped that Charles could set up the factory in the territory of White City. In that case, it wouldn't only drive the city's economy but also retain the foreign population. With factories, workers were needed naturally. The economic growth of a city was always driven by local enterprises.

As the city mayor, for the future of his city, he had a heavy burden on his shoulders. Certainly, he wasn't willing to let go of a talent.

Outside the hotel.

Two black off-road vehicles were driving in. Boyce got off first. Seeing the car plate with five zeros of a car parked next to the pond, he peered into the lobby of the hotel. "The White Group does have its influence in this city."

Usually, the car with such a plate would belong to someone superior, like a mayor.

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Legally Blonde: Side-By-Sides Of The Cast Then Vs. Now

Matthew's black was slightly creased because he had sat in the vehicle for a long time. Boyce and he went out and looked for the clues today, but nobody had seen Dolores.

They didn't get anything after arriving at White City.

There were dark circles under Matthew's eyes. Since they couldn't find her, he was quite anxious. He was worried that Sampson had transferred her away already.

"Let's take the stairs," suggested Boyce. If they went up from the staircase, they didn't need to enter the lobby, as the elevator was in the lobby.

They could go upstairs outside the lobby by taking the stairs.

In the past few days, since they had no clue about Dolores, Matthew wasn't in a good mood. When Boyce was with him, he was quite careful.

He couldn't help thinking about Armand, who was supposed to arrive. It had been a few days.

He wondered if Armand couldn't find where they were.

Boyce had sent him the location.

If Armand arrived, they could share the pressure from Matthew.

If time went by and they couldn't find Dolores's clues at all, Boyce would become anxious, let alone Matthew.

In the past few days, except for being with the kids, Matthew always looked like an ice sculpture - hard and cold.

Boyce was always "frightened" when being with him.

If it weren't that there was no better hotel in town, Matthew couldn't stay here any longer. The hotel was way too noisy.

Boyce followed him into the staircase. "I've asked the hotel manager - just for today. They're holding the annual party of the White Group, so they should hold it in their own hotel."

Matthew took a few steps and suddenly paused.

Boyce didn't pay attention. He almost bumped into Matthew. He shivered in fear and took a step back. "What... what's wrong with you?"

Boyce hoped that Matthew wouldn't scare him. He had been in a hard time when being with Matthew.

Matthew gripped the handrail, tightening. "Could she... not be here any longer?"

He wasn't certain, feeling that Dolores might not be here anymore. However, if he just left in this way, he felt that he would miss something.

Boyce couldn't answer this question easily.

They had limited clues. They relied on the phone call and followed it all the way here. They didn't get anything useful in the past few days. What could Boyce do?

He wished that Dolores could call Samuel again so that they would have new hope.

Buzz-

Suddenly, Matthew's phone started vibrating in his pocket. He pulled it out and swiped to answer. A childish and clear voice was heard. "Daddy, when are you back?"

"Soon."

"How soon is soon?" Matthew talked to his daughter while walking. "When you blink, I'll appear in front of you."

The little girl blinked immediately, wondering why Daddy hadn't shown up yet.

"Daddy--"

"Look here!"

A photographer took a camera and focused at the center of the lobby. Since it was the annual party of the White Group, a lot of excellent managers and employees were rewarded. Charles needed to take photos with them.

Dolores wasn't willing to take the group photos with them, but Charles looked at her and said, "You've promised to attend the party with me, but you are not willing to stand by me. Are you still my date tonight?"

Dolores couldn't find the right words to retort him. She could only bit the bullets to stand by him.

"Clack."

Along with the counting, the light of the flash reflected from the crystal pendant of the crystal lamp shone into Matthew's eyes, and he subconsciously squinted. He kept talking to his daughter, "Count to three, and I'll be there..."



While he spoke, he casually cast a glance downstairs...\_\_\_\_\_ Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 189: Married Woman

His gaze casually fell downstairs. Matthew could only see the heads of the crowd. Frowning, he withdrew his gaze.

"Hi there, Mr. Nelson!"

Matthew looked back, seeing that the mayor was walking to him. The mayor smiled and said, "I thought I've seen an illusion. It's really you, Mr. Nelson. Are you also here for the annual party of the White Group?"

He was quite uncertain because he hadn't heard there was any cooperation between WY Group and the White Group.

Charles was young and outstanding, and Matthew was the best of the young generation.

Matthew told his daughter to wait for a moment and hung up the phone.

He put it away.

"No, I'm not."

When he answered, the gentle look on his face disappeared immediately. He put on his socializing mask as usual.

The mayor reached out to him. "It's a big pleasure to meet you here."

Matthew reached out his right hand and shook hands with the mayor. It didn't take long. They withdrew their hands quickly.

Matthew didn't want to waste any time here with him. However, he must consider the mayor's dignity. Since ancient times, citizens should not fight against government officials.

Particularly, Matthew was a merchant.

"Mr. Nelson, Mr. White wants to set up a factory in my place. We need to talk in detail." Charles still had something to deal with now, so the mayor came upstairs to wait for him.

He planned to talk to Charles while having dinner.

"Why don't we have dinner together so you'll know each other?" The mayor wanted to introduce them to each other. However, he thought of something and smiled awkwardly. "Have you two known each other already?"

Based on Matthew's identity, he wouldn't have shown up here unless he had the cooperation with the White Group.

"I don't know him," Matthew answered neatly and straightforwardly.

“Look. That’s Mr. Charles White, the owner of the White Group over there. Although he can’t walk, he’s quite capable. I like him a lot. Of course, the White Group couldn’t be comparable to WY Group. Mr. Nelson, I heard that you’ve invested in a lot of projects overseas and set up investment banks with your partners. You rock!”

Matthew wasn’t interested in Charles at all. However, the mayor said that Charles couldn’t walk, which made Matthew curious. A lead in a wheelchair must be quite outstanding in some way.

Otherwise, his subordinates wouldn’t have obeyed him.

He looked towards the downstairs.

A few executive managers were surrounding Charles and Dolores and teasing them.

Charles had never had a girlfriend. Suddenly, he brought a beautiful woman to all of the employees, so everyone was quite curious about what relationship was between them.

“Mr. White, you’ve been hiding so well! You even didn’t tell us, who experienced life and death with you. You didn’t do this thing properly.”

“No...”

“You can’t deny. If you don’t have anything to do with each other, why would you have brought her here?” someone directly interrupted Charles when he tried to explain.

Charles smiled, "I wished that I could, but..."

"But what?" those managers asked in a union. In an instant, they all understood what he hadn't finished. Then he looked over at Dolores in a union. "Don't you like our Mr. White?"

Right at this moment, Dolores felt that she had been framed by Charles. There were so many traps in this party.

She was about to explain, but Charles pulled her arm to get close to him and whispered in her ear, "Please don't embarrass me in front of my employees. If you want to reject me, you can do it after we go home. Please! I'm begging you."

When Matthew looked over, he happened to see Charles whispering to a woman. Because of the angle that he was standing on the stairs, he didn't see Dolores's face but only her slender figure.

"I've agreed to be your date tonight but I haven't agreed that I will pretend to be your girlfriend." Dolores was quite determined.

Charles wasn't angry at all. He could tell that Dolores was quite smart with strong self-consciousness. "Do you still want to know the master who knows how to make the water gauze?"

Dolores was speechless.

It wasn't until now did Dolores understand why he had shown her the water gauze. "You did it on purpose!" she said quite affirmatively without asking.

Charles didn't deny, smiling quite brightly. He looked charming in this way. Approaching Dolores again, he said, "I'm quite curious what kind of man can control you." Dolores pushed him away, standing upright.

When she turned around, Matthew saw her face clearly on the second floor.

Time seemed to stop at this moment.

The mayor didn't sense anything wrong. Looking down at what was going on in the lobby, he said with a smile, "Mr. White is quite funny - he has never had a girlfriend before, but suddenly he brought a date with him tonight. The woman is quite good-looking."

"She- "Boyce also saw the woman's face downstairs. He turned to look at Matthew. "She is..."

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A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

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He was about to ask Matthew if that was Dolores, but the latter had already gone down before he could finish his question.

Boyce immediately followed him.

It was still noisy downstairs. People were teasing Charles and Dolores.

Although Dolores didn't agree verbally, Charles knew that she agreed.

When he was about to introduced Dolores, a tall and strong figure appeared at the entrance. With an annoyed look and strong charisma that was based on all his life experiences, he attracted people's attention as soon as he showed up.

Dolores's gaze wandered to the back of the lobby. She was in a daze of beautiful clothes, and her eyelids were tingling. She stared at the surging of the entrance without a blink.

Soon, she saw a familiar figure, and her heart stopped beating.

Behind the crowd, Matthew walked to her against the light. He walked steadily and slowly.

That was how others felt when looking at him. He had been on the business battlefield for a long time and wearing steel-like armor. Nobody could tell what was going in his mind.

He was just used to be calm and indifferent. The more excited he was, the calmer he looked.

All the muscles on his body were tightened. His heart was trembling.

He stared at the familiar but strange face at this moment.

Dolores stood there motionlessly as if she was standing quietly and meditating. Inwardly, she was so excited to see him, but she found that she couldn't utter a beep at all because her throat was choked.

In Matthew's opinion, Dolores had never dressed up so enchantingly. He had been missing her so much after she was missing and he couldn't sleep at night. However, she had dressed up to another man in such a way that Matthew had never seen before.

"What are you doing?" His voice was like the tumbling atmospheric pressure. It was the voice from his chest, sounding dull and sharp.

He wondered if she knew how tortured he had been in the past days.

Did she know how worried he was?

Did she know how much he missed her?

Did she know that he couldn't sleep at night and kept thinking about her?

He doubted if she knew it.

"Why don't you answer me?"

"I..."

"Do you know each other?" As soon as Matthew appeared, Charles knew that the man came for Dolores, but he still deliberated raised the question.

Right then, Matthew looked over at Charles, curling up his lips into an ironical smile. "Mr. White, do you like a married woman?"

Charles's expression slightly changed. Dolores had said that she was married with children, but he never believed it. He thought that she lied purposely to get rid of him.

However, he wasn't so certain now.

"She looks quite young..."

Matthew grabbed Dolores's hand and raised his eyebrows slightly. The muscles on his face shook when he smiled horribly. "She married me at the age of eighteen. Why isn't she young?"

Charles frowned. In his opinion, Dolores was an assertive woman. He doubted why she had married Matthew at such a young age.

“Are you kidding?” When he asked, he looked over at Dolores as if he was confirming with her.

He doubted the truth of Matthew’s words.

“Samuel and Simona are still waiting for you.” After finishing his words, Matthew pulled her to leave.

He didn’t allow her to speak a single word to Charles.

He was as overbearing as a kid, who realized that someone was competing for his favorite toy now.

Like a clamp, his hand pinched Dolores’s hand extremely tightly. He dragged her to stride away fast.

Dolores’s ankle hadn’t recovered completely, and she was wearing high-heels, so she couldn’t catch up with him at all. Bearing the faint pain on her ankle and sole, she said, “Slow down.”

Matthew looked back at her. “Aren’t you willing to leave here?”

Dolores shook her head. “Not really.”

Right after she finished her words, Matthew lifted her and carried her in his arms. Dolores let out an exclaim in silence, wrapped her arms around his neck by instinct, and closed her mouth tightly.



Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 190: Did You Investigated Me

Right now, Dolores could feel his hammered heartbeat. When she was about to ask why he was here, she found that she couldn't utter any sound when parting her lips.

In the passageway, Matthew looked back at Boyce. "Go back to your room."

Boyce understood what he meant within a second. Without saying anything, he went directly back to his room.

The light was a bit dark in the passageway. Dolores could clearly hear the heartbeats, but she couldn't tell if they were from her or him.

"Why are you here?" She finally calmed down and found her tongue after Matthew walked up two floors with her in his arms.

Matthew didn't answer.

Dolores stared at his face that was swept by the light and the shadow and asked, "Are you here to find me?"

She couldn't help grabbing the back of his collar, hoping that he would give her a positive answer.

However, she was afraid that her wish would come to nothing. “Do you have business here?” she asked again.

Matthew still didn't speak. His silence made Dolores quite uneasy. She hesitated and felt scared. Then she asked gingerly, “What's wrong with you?”

Right then, they had arrived on the floor that was fully reserved by Matthew. Boyce had already sent the other men back to their rooms. Now, Boyce was hiding in the room of Samuel's and Simona's. Matthew pushed a door open, entered, and locked the door from the inside. Then with Dolores in his arms, he held her into the bedroom and put her on the bed.

Dolores dared not to speak anymore. His silence made her panic.

Matthew looked at her in silence. She didn't like putting on makeup, so she always looked neat and pure. If she wore jeans and a T-shirt, others would even mistake her as a college student. Nobody could see that she was a mother of two kids already.

However, she was dressed up now. Besides her purity, she looked more enchanting. When she looked around, she was so charming.

Right then, she was sitting on the bed. As soon as he looked down, he could see her bosom in the deep V-neck. Her bosom was fair, tender, and plump.

This woman dressed up in front of another man while his children and he lost appetite and couldn't sleep because of her disappearance. He wondered what she wanted.

Did she fall in love with that cripple?

“What were you doing with that cripple just now?” As soon as he recalled that Charles and she whispered to each other so intimately, he lost control.

Was she blind?

How could she fall in love with a cripple?

Dolores was taken aback. Then she understood that “cripple” he said meant Charles. She had never seen him so man before. For some reason, she wanted to burst into laughter.

“It’s quite complicated. I can’t explain it simply...”

Staring at her red lips that kept parting and closing, Matthew bent over and clung his own on them tightly. He pressed the back of her head in a domineering manner, making her cater to him. He interrupted her unfinished words.

He didn’t want to listen to anything about that man at all.

Thinking how intimate she was with Charles, he acted more rudely. His overbearing temperament overwhelmed her.

Dolores widened her eyes. Her face blushes deeply. She wanted to push him away. She could hardly breathe.

However, he didn’t want to let go of her at all. It seemed he wouldn’t stop until he had swallowed her into his stomach.

“Hmm- ”Helplessly, Dolores bit his bottom lip. Matthew felt the sharp pain and let go of her for the time being. But shortly after, he kissed her again.

They tasted blood between their lips and teeth.

“You refuse my kiss, don’t you? ”Matthew muffled to ask.

Dolores wanted to deny it. It was because his kiss was too passionate, and she was almost suffocated. However, when she opened her mouth, a sound that she couldn’t control was uttered. “Ehn-”

It was a seductive moan.

However, Matthew mistook that she admitted it.

For punishment, he bit her tongue. They tasted more blood in their mouths probably from her as well as him.

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Legally Blonde: Side-By-Sides Of The Cast Then Vs. Now

She Ended Up Sitting Next To The Man Who Would Become Her Husband

He sucked her tongue and swallowed her sweet saliva and blood, his Adam’s apple bobbing.

The scene was extremely passionate.

Dolores felt the pain as well as aggrieved. She had experienced so many difficulties, but why did he treat her this way as soon as seeing her?

She kept wondering why.

He thought that she was heartless, didn't he?

"Matthew Nelson, do you think I'm with a bastion of iron and I won't feel any pain no matter how you attack me?"

He heard her sobs while she spoke. Gradually, he let go of her lips.

In just a few minutes, her red lips were tortured to reddish and swollen.

Tears welled up in his eyes. Pinching her chin, he asked, "Do you feel any pain? How can you feel any pain? Do you know how much I worried and missed you when you are missing in the past few days?"

"Whenever Simona asked about you, do you know what did I say to lie to her? I said you were playing hide and seek with us, and we should go look for you. However, what were you doing during the period?" As he spoke, he looked at her up and down bit by bit. He let out a sneer from his throat. "You were having fun with another man. How can you feel any pain?"

"No, I were not!" Dolores immediately denied it. She wouldn't admit anything that she had done.

"I was forced to do so!" She finally managed to escape from Sampson. If it weren't for Charles, she doubted whether she could have survived.

"I almost died. What right do you have to question me and suspect me? Who do you think you are?" Even she didn't blink, tears dropped from her eyes.

“Simona and Samuel are...” She covered her heart. “They are exchanged with my own life. How could I not miss them and worry about them? Since they were born, I’ve never parted with them for such a long time. I tried hard to look after them because they are my children, flesh from my body. When I couldn’t see them, I missed them all the time. I wondered if they would be starved, wear enough clothes, and be taken care of. I wondered if I would die and never be able to see them again.”

Matthew looked at how suffered she was and pulled her into his arms. Kissing her forehead and hair, he felt sorry for her in silence.

“I’m sorry...” He wildly kissed her eyes and the tears at the corner.

Dolores didn’t calm down until a long while later. Matthew still rubbed her temples and hair and kissed her cheeks and eye corners. “You are a married woman. You can’t get close to any other man. I don’t like it.”

Dolores looked down slightly. She could feel how much he loved and cared about her, but there were so many things in their love. She still didn’t have the guts to open her heart up to him.

“Matthew, can you accept me?”

She implied his family background and his identity.

“Can you accept Samuel and Simona?” She couldn’t help shedding tears again.

Matthew’s arms wrapped around her were slightly trembling. “Six years ago, in Room 1908, Kong-Tsing Hotel, Country A...”

Dolores’s body was tightened. She wondered how he got to know those details.

She pushed him away and snapped, "Did you investigate me?"

Only a few people knew about this matter. How did Matthew know it?

This matter was a pain in her heart that she could never dare to talk about, and also it was the embarrassment and humiliation that she was never willing to talk about.

It was also a secret at the bottom of her heart that couldn't be exposed.

Matthew had to take a step back by her push. Standing two steps from her, he noticed her panic, loss, shame, and rejection.

"In that years, your mother and younger brother had a car accident. You needed money, so someone introduced you..."

"Stop it!" Dolores interrupted him, pushing him away like crazy. "Go! Go away! I don't want to listen to you!"

Matthew grabbed her restless hands. "You sold yourself to a man just for money to save your mother and brother."

She was ashamed and hesitant at a loss. She even wanted to hide from him. She felt as if she was stripped and standing in front of him naked. As if the erotic scene and the passionate sex were disclosed to present to him, he was watching and mocking her.

She was trembling all over and couldn't even utter a complete sentence. "Are you happy now? Are you satisfied now? Do you have a great sense of achievement to tear open my scar and enjoy watching me?"

























Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 191 Wait for Me to Fall In Love With You

Time had stopped.

Dolores Flores stood there and was wobbling as if she was about to collapse.

Matthew Nelson stared her in the eyes desperately and spoke word by word.

"That night, it was me."

She was stunned by Matthew's remarks and was thrown into confusion as if she had gotten struck by lightning.

She stood rooted to the ground.

"What...What did you say?" "How can it be, how can it be, how can it be you?" She said, covering her face with her hands while weeping and laughing at the same time.

It was unbelievable, she walked back and forth, thinking how could that be.

"Back then Sampson Herbert investigated for me, he said... he said it was a local that night, how could it be you?" Her leg accidentally knocked the bed edge, tumbled onto the bed, and rubbed her hair vigorously.

Matthew seized her self-injury-like scratching hand, held her chin, and forced her to look at him, "What did you say? You've investigated it?"

There were still remnants of tears in her eyes.

She looked at him with fear and anxiety, her mouth was like holding an ice cube in it, she whimpered for quite a long time but couldn't get the words out, she pulled out her hand that Matthew had clutched, her fingers swept over his cheek, slid to his neck, along his collar, and touched his shoulder, "I suspected it when I discovered bite marks on your shoulder. So I requested Sampson to assist me to investigate, and he subsequently informed me... that night was a local."

She gradually calmed down; could it be that her original thoughts were correct and Sampson had lied to her?

Sampson had always been there for her, taking care of her and assisting her, and had frequently stated that Samuel Flores and Simona Flores are pathetic without a father.

But, in reality, had he already known the truth all along but was keeping it from her?

"Did he lie to me?" she said, raising her gaze.

Matthew reached out to her and covered the back of her hand with his warm palm. He held her icy hands tight by wrapping them up with his hands.

At this time, his emotions were indescribable; All the words that he wanted to say turned into a kiss that deeply covered her lips.

Dolores was still in a dreamlike state where everything was so blurry and surreal.

Like a bubble in an illusion which burst after a poke.

But the heat from him who stood very close to her was so real and so intense.

"Have you looked into it?"

She wondered whether this was a falsehood he made up to comfort her.

"No need to investigate, I know it's you," Matthew said as he grabbed her hand in his palm and softly kneaded it.

He had no idea where the strange familiarity with her came from until he discovered the truth.

It was later revealed that there was a reason for all of this.

Dolores withdrew her hand, his palm abruptly became empty, which makes him felt uneasy, and he gazed up at her.

Dolores gazed at him, "I don't want to make a mistake."

When she calmed down, she was extraordinary calm; this was not a simple thing; It was about the father of her kid.

Matthew rubbed the corners of her eyes; she'd lost weight again, and her skin was chilly, he can imagine how much she'd endured.

"How do you believe I'm aware of this?" Matthew sat at the bedside, snatched her into his arms, stroked his hand on her shoulder, and informed her about Jayden Nelson who performed the paternity test behind her back.

So, there is no question that Samuel and Simona are his children.

Dolores closed her eyes slowly.

She still felt as though she were dreaming.

"Pinch me."

Matthew noticed the scar on her forehead when he dropped his gaze. The scar was not particularly visible and was hard to be noticed due to a layer of foundation covering them up. He lovingly caressed the scar. He kept lingering and caressing lightly and gently, with a hint of uncontrollable quivering.

His eyes were red. The redness in his eyes was caused by her leaving as well as the grief that resulted from him being not able to discover and protect her in time.

He cared so much about her, he felt protective of her. She had never seen such a vivid, profound, sympathetic look on his face, he used to treat her well, but always with reservations, she had never opened her mind, but now things changed a bit.

"What brings you here?" Matthew inquired.

According to Bess, Sampson was bringing her to Sichuan Province.

Why would he show up here and be involved in something with Charles White?

What had happened all this time?

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جرمن نزل جو سائز باکریا

And what had she encountered?

She couldn't help but shudder as she recalled the days when she was confined by Sampson; even after encountering countless life-and-death situations, she still had a lingering fear at that moment.

He kept comforting her by massaging her slim back with his warm and wide palm.

Dolores was finally able to talk calmly about her experiences at this time, "I was taken here by Sampson and after I fled, it was Charles who saved me."

She didn't say anything about the danger encountered.

Matthew could tell that she must be concealing something since the location where she was imprisoned alone was so startling. He grasped her slim waist and lie her down. Just like this, they lie across the bed. They did not cover themselves up, he stayed close to her, with his own temperature, to warm her up.

Matthew finally fell asleep holding her in this position after some time.

Dolores turned around and watched him dead-asleep. She noticed there were dark circles under his eyes and she couldn't help but stretch out her hand. Her fingertips barely brushed across his skin, and he

grasped her hand with his eyes closed. He put her fingers on his lips and kissed it, "Stay with me for a while."

He hadn't gotten a good night's sleep since she was not around, and now that she was in his arms, he felt at ease.

"Ok," She said.

Dolores closed her eyes too.

Dolores had not slept well either throughout this time and at this point amid 'the tranquility of life,' she genuinely felt drowsy.

Dolores had no idea when she fell asleep, all she knew that in her dreams, there was always someone kissing her neck, hair, cheeks, the tip of her nose, lips...

They stayed in the room for a day, with Boyce keeping watch outside to ensure no one bothering them.

Dolores awoke and found that a pair of deep eyes gazed at her.

She was then wide awake.

"You're awake, are you hungry?" Matthew gently brushed the layers of hair on her brow.

Dolores nodded as she was hungry.

"Let's go to the other room, Samuel, and Simona would be delighted to meet you..."

"Wait, what?" Before Matthew could continue his sentence, she was agitated and interrupted, "Samuel and Simona are here?"

"Ya..."

"How come you didn't say so earlier?" She gave Matthew a mournful expression. She hadn't seen her two children in a long time and missed them so much.

She was so eager to see her son and daughter and quickly got up from the bed that she didn't notice that Matthew had pressed the ties of her gown. As a result, the straps ripped open, she felt cold, she let out a surprised cry and instinctively wrapped her hands around her chest, she turned back and found that the ties on her gown had been pressed.

Matthew attention was drawn to her.

When his eyes met hers, they were both dumbfounded.

"Get up," Dolores said as she blushed.

Matthew did not rise up obediently but peered below her clothing; her belly is extremely flat, with no additional fat. Her skin was white, touched with red, and vaguely there were mild stretch marks below the navel, but they were not deep but shallow, and white...

His Adam's apple rolled uncontrollably.

Dolores pushed him with embarrassment and rage, he grabbed her wrist and dragged her along, she lost balance and fell on the bed. Matthew rolled over and got down.

She was unclothed and was pressed under him.



The man above her was beautifully dressed although was wrinkled a bit, his powerful figure was above her, the strong feeling of lust and love burnt him but it was still under control, "We are a legitimate couple," he said.

By definition, they were still husband and wife as long as they had not obtained a divorce certificate.

"But you still need my consent," his gaze sizzled and scorched her throat dry.

"But I don't want to wait," he said, pressing his fingertips on her hand and rubbing against it.

"I want you," he said softly as he bent his head to the corner of her eyes and kissed her gently. His face was buried in the crook of her neck. "I wish to..."

"Give me some time," Dolores said, slightly slanting her head.

She wasn't ready yet.

"How long will it take?" Matthew said. He moved her face to face him and kissed her lips.

"When I was young, I also looked forward to an unforgettable love affair, but in fact, I have never even been in love, I don't know how it's going to be like -" Dolores gazed at the ceiling with a floating halo of light.

"Waiting for me to fall in love with you," she said as she looked around. Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 192 I'm Not Young Anymore

Matthew's face was engulfed in a halo which was sometimes bright and sometimes dark, the fire of desire was not fading but growing instead.

"I got it." Dolores let out something that was unrelated.

"What do you know?" Matthew said, frowning.

"Sampson Hebert is aware of it as well; she was the one who sent me the message to catch me out." She stated this on purpose to distract Matthew's attention.

Of course, Sampson understood that everything at that time was made up by her.

Sampson's face looked serious as he thought about this woman.

Dolores remained still and sought to get out from beneath him, but Matthew pressed on her shoulder and it was only then that he realized she was doing it on purpose.

The lust in his eyes was about to overflow like water meanwhile he said, "I'm not young anymore, how long are you going to keep me waiting."

"I've heard that sex is the best way to express love," he whispered as his body bent lower and flirted beside her ear.

Boom!

Dolores' mind went blank for a time. She couldn't believe he was saying such words.

How could he be so shameless?

"You are not good-looking, but how can I be so eager to get you?" Mathew pinched her face. Her face was squeezed and was examined from side to side. His eyes brimmed with a powerful trace of a smile, "You say you're not good-looking, how can I be so eager to get you?"

"If I am not good-looking, do you still want to...?" Dolores quickly closed her mouth; you still wanted to sleep with me almost out of her mouth.

She was flushed. She was so shy that she couldn't face him.

It was very embarrassing.

Especially she was in front of him.

Matthew grinned and asked, knowingly, "What else do I want to do?"

"Get up, I'm starving." Dolores attempted to flee.

"I feed you, isn't that good?" Matthew's face straightened, he bent his head and kissed her lips.

"..." Dolores was speechless.

Knock, knock!

Dolores 'eyes widened as she heard a tap on the door. This person had arrived at the right time as she was looking for an explanation.

"Open the door quickly." Dolores pressed against him.

Matthew didn't move, and his face wasn't as brisk as it had been.

Who arrived at such an inconvenient time?

"Dad," says the knock.

A little voice followed the knock on the door.

"It's Simona." Dolores 'voice was trembling, that was her daughter.

She turned to stare at the man above her and was irritated that her daughter had called him instead of her.

"Are you there, Daddy?" She said again.

Matthew had to get up then reluctantly because his daughter was waiting outside.

He reached to retrieve Dolores 'clothing and she smacked his hand. It seemed like she was irritated

because her daughter didn't call her, despite the fact that she was the one who gave birth to her, and had raised for six years but ended up being so close to this man.

Matthew saw her dissatisfaction and rubbed her nose, "Are you jealous of your daughter?"

Dolores didn't say anything as she lowered her head to knot the lacing on her garments.

"We are father and daughter, blood is thicker than water"

It was natural that they were close because they were biologically related.

Dolores didn't want to talk to him and hurried over to open the door. Simona had no idea Dolores had returned, and as soon as the door opened, she shouted out for her father.

"Mommy, where have you been all this time, Daddy, and I have been seeking for you for a long time, I miss you so much," she said and her eyes were red and filled with tears as she saw it was Dolores.

"Mommy," she shouted and flung herself into her arms with her arms wrapping around her waist. She burrowed into her arms.

She worried that her mother will hide again since she can't see her.

Boyce Shawn stood at the door, Matthew had been in the home all day with Dolores, they should have finished all that they wanted to say and wanted to say.

So he took it upon himself to bring the two kids over without telling them that he had located Dolores and was planning to surprise them.

Samuel wanted to go to the toilet as Simona knocked on the door and yet he had not returned.

Dolores crouched and held her daughter's face. It seemed like she had gained weight and her face was round.

"Mommy, where had you been all this time, and how come I can't find you?" The small girl pouted her pretty pink lips.

Dolores grabbed her daughter into her arms. She didn't know how to respond to her daughter's query. Only then did she notice Samuel standing at the door, his thin tiny body stood up straight, his hands locked into fists at his sides.

"Samuel." Dolores gazed at her kid, who had lost weight and had the same angular face as Matthew.

She reached out to her son.

Samuel shouted out, his eyes were red and his neck stretched, "Where had you gone for so long? Do you realize how worried I was about you?"

"Please accept my apologies-" Dolores was at a loss for words as she stretched out to pull her kid into her arms.

Samuel lifted his hand and wiped his tears away with the back of his palm. He choked with sobs and said, "Mommy did not do anything wrong, it's my fault, I didn't take care of Mommy, I'm the man of the family, but I lost you, it's my fault."

"Oh, sweetie." Dolores pressed her son's head into her arms. He was still a youngster, but he was indicating he didn't care for her.

She couldn't describe how she felt, all she felt was only the sourness flowing out of her nostrils and the

increasing anguish in her eyes.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

Matthew approached and reached out to stroke his son's hair.

Dolores took good care of them. They were brilliant and thoughtful, especially the son, who was so thoughtful that she felt guilty for him.

"Is daddy the one found mommy?" Simona pushed her head out of Dolores' arms and turned her head to gaze at Matthew.

Matthew agreed gently.

"I appreciate it," Samuel spoke these words, despite the fact that he was upset about what this father had done in the past, but this time he was the one who assisted in the search for his mother.

He was willing to express his gratitude towards him.

"How about we go out to eat?" Boyce was standing at the entrance. This dramatic scene was unbearable to him.

He had never been a father and had no idea how they felt.

"I had reserved a room below as a celebration for Miss Flores' safe return?" Boyce suggested.

Dolores cleaned her son's face before standing up and bowing towards Boyce, holding her son and daughter's hands. "Thank you for assisting me in taking good care of them while I was not around."

Boyce was taken aback and took a step back. He didn't himself deserve this.

"Mathew and I are friends, this is what I should do. I don't deserve this.

His eyes were drawn to Matthew as he talked.

Surprisingly, Matthew didn't even glance at him; his attention was focused on the two children and Dolores. He was not free to glance at him.

He glanced down awkwardly and touched his nose.

Why did he feel so unneeded?

Simona grabbed Dolores' hand and said, "Mommy, I'm starving."

Dolores gazed down at her kid, wondering why did she become that chubby.

"All right, let's go." With a grin, Boyce said.

"Thank you very much." Dolores took the two children out of the room, and Simona, who was used to being carried in the hand by Matthew, pouted and said, "Mommy, can you carry me?"

Dolores couldn't reject her daughter, and despite her imaged feet, she leaned down and scooped her up.



Samuel sighed as he saw that.

"This kid is too childish."

"You are also a child," Dolores rubbed his son's head.

Samuel snorted, he wouldn't be as immature as his sister.

Why did she need to be carried by others while she can walk by herself?

All of them entered the elevator, Matthew frowned, wondering why does he appear to be unneeded at that moment.

Dolores had also 'forgotten' him, and his daughter was not clinging to him.

They were on the third floor, so it was fast to get down; the elevator stopped with a 'ding' sound; Boyce intended to lead the way, and stepped out first, but was stopped by Matthew, "Wait a minute."

Boyce turned around to ask him what he was doing, but when he looked him in the eyes, he couldn't say anything.

He silently retracted his feet and stepped back into the elevator again.

Dolores assumed they had something to say, so he led his son and daughter out first.

Dolores only asked after Dolores had left, "Is there something wrong?"

Wasn't it good that Dolores had been found? Why has he kept a straight face, as if someone had insulted him?

Boyce did some soul-searching and couldn't recall that he had done anything wrong.

What was he going to say? He better didn't leave him hanging.

"I..."

"I'm not divorcing her."

Matthew finally opened his mouth, just as Boyce was about to speak.

What did this signify, Boyce blinked and wondered?

Could it be that he just mispronounced Miss Flores' name?

"From now on, I'll refer to her as Mrs. Nelson." Boyce attempted to inquire.

Matthew was the oldest of the three.

Armand Bernie was the youngest of the group.

"Yes," Matthew answered.

"..." Boyce was speechless.

"Alright. I will follow what you say" Boyce inquired whether they should go or not or else the elevator went up again.

Matthew paused for a time before asking, "In your opinion, how to maintain a relationship?"

Boyce almost lost balance.

What was that?

He couldn't keep up since the topic changed too fast.

How to maintain a relationship?

This way of conversation did not match his style. \_\_\_\_\_

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 193 He Really Wanted to Satisfy Her

PROMOTED CONTENT Adskeeper

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"I have never been in a relationship. Anyway, do you still need 'that stuff'?"

He already had a wife and children.

In a relationship?

With whom?

Boyce opened his eyes big, "Are you" ...

But Boyce thought that he was not that kind of playboy. He was anxious when Dolores got lost, he must love her very much.

Matthew frowned, he recalled Dolores's keen sight. He really wanted to satisfy her.

Boyce glanced at him and asked carefully, "Is she reluctant to do so?"

Matthew returned him a cold sight.

Dolores was not reluctant, Matthew could not tell him, right?

Or else, he would laugh at Matthew.

Boyce smashed his mouth, "You should ask Armand how to please a woman."

Ding!

Just then, the lift returned to its original position. The door of the lift opened.

In the lobby, Dolores did not go to the VIP room while she stayed there and talked with Charles. Matthew stayed far away from them, he could not hear what were they talking about. He changed his expression when seeing them chatting.

He walked forwards. Boyce slowed down his pace and kept a distance from him.

Matthew looked upset, Boyce dared not approach him.

When Charles saw Dolores bring the two children, he was dumbfounded.

She said that she was married and had given birth to babies, was that true?

“Why haven’t you gone back?” Dolores did not expect to meet him.

Charles said honestly, “I’m waiting for you.”

“For what?” Dolores asked.

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Legally Blonde: Side-By-Sides Of The Cast Then Vs. Now

Charles intended to know the relationship between Dolores and Matthew. But at the moment, he knew that his speculation was wrong. She was married.

He was depressed but he smiled, “We are quite pre-destinated, right?”

Dolores did not understand why he said so.

He indeed saw Dolores jumping into the river at that time. He asked people to save her because of humanity. He did not want to waste a life in this world.

After saving her, he saw the jade bracelet on her hand, he thought that she was Victoria's daughter and brought her home. Then, Sampson could not find her.

To fulfil his foster father's last wish, he did not allow Dolores to contact her family member. He just asked her to stay at his home. Since he would marry her, they should spend more time with each other.

That was why he did not allow Dolores to contact her family.

He would allow her to go home after they became familiar, then he would pursue her because they were friends at that time and they knew each other well.

But...

He did a terrible mistake. She was not Victoria's daughter instead, she was a married woman.

His sight rested on the children held by Dolores. They were adorable, they looked like her and the man.

"Can you tell me how do you get the jade bracelet? "If she were not Victoria's daughter, how could she get the jade bracelet?"

What was the relationship between Victoria and Dolores?

Dolores did not know what was the relationship between Charles and Victoria.

He seemed to be interested in the jade bracelet.

She did not tell him honestly. She kept a sharp lookout on him.

“It might look the same as the one you see but they are not the same thing.”

Obviously, she was reluctant to tell him the truth.

Charles could not help but look at the children and asked her, “Are you going to have your meal?”

Dolores nodded.

“I know the delicious food here, can we eat together?” Charles tried to ask.

“Cannot, we are waiting for our father,” Simona rejected him quickly.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Body-Positive Models To Follow: These Girls Rock

Legally Blonde: Side-By-Sides Of The Cast Then Vs. Now

The uncle sat in a wheelchair, he was not as handsome as her father.

Samuel responded differently. He never saw a man that was more handsome and richer than Matthew.

Although the man who sat in the wheelchair was not as handsome as Matthew, he looked positive when

he smiled.

Samuel felt sorry for him to be a disabled man.

If he was not disabled, Matthew must support him to pursue his mother.

He wanted to let Matthew know that his mother was charming.

But he did not want a disabled man to pursue his mother.

That was too cheap.

Charles did not feel embarrassed after being rejected, he smiled at Simona, "I don't mind eating with your father."

The little girl blinked, she showed a confusing sight.

Why did the uncle want to be together with them?

Just then, she saw Matthew walking towards them. She released Dolores's hand and ran towards him, "Daddy."

Matthew bent and lifted her.

Samuel also reacted fast, "Uncle, you want to eat with us, right? Let's eat together."

Samuel did not care much. Although he was a disabled man, Samuel wanted to let Matthew know that



his mother was hot but he never appreciated her.

Samuel would not allow his father to bring them home easily.

His father should be sincere and loved his mother.

Or else, he would disagree.

Charles looked at Dolores, the child seemed to have a lot of thoughts?

Dolores looked at her son, she knew why he wanted to do so because he was born by her. She stretched her hand and caressed his head.

"I hear that you have saved my wife," Matthew lifted Simona and walked towards them.

The sauce was better than the fish. Matthew seemed to tell Charles that Dolores was his wife and he must not have any intention to grab her away.

"It is just a piece of cake, it is not worth mentioning," Charles smiled.

Matthew held Dolores's hand, her fingers were thin and soft. His big palm could cover her entire hand. His deep voice was stable, "I don't like to owe others anything. Mr. White, if you need anything, just tell me."

His words meant that he would take the responsibility to return the token of appreciation to Charles instead of his wife. He seemed to tell Charles that if he wanted any return, just looked for Matthew. Charles should not have any thought on Dolores.

Dolores looked at him. She felt a sense of warmth. He took consideration on her so that she would not owe Charles a favour.

It was hard to return the token of appreciation to someone.

No matter what was the intention Charles had initially, he indeed saved her life.

Charles 'sight rested on his hand which held Dolores's hand for a while. Then, he gained back his attention. He knew what Matthew meant. He looked at Dolores's high heel and asked, "Why do you wear high heel? Don't you know that your injury on your leg has not yet recovered?" She was too exhilarated to see her children, so she did not really care about her legs. Furthermore, her legs felt better now.

"I am fine."

Matthew changed his expression and he did not look as calm as just now. He did not know that her leg was injured.

He held her hand, "We should go now."

"The VIP room is there," Boyce was smart. The place belonged to Charles yet he could not utilize his power.

"Here, Mr. White," Boyce made a welcome gesture.

Charles looked at him and said, "Let's go."

Tom then pushed the wheelchair.

Boyce had booked the largest VIP room in the hotel. The dining table in between could occupy twenty people. The room was spacious and bright.

Simona put her knee on his legs and hugged his neck face-to-face, "Daddy, when do we eat?"

Matthew pinched her daughter's tender face and spoke.

When talking, he looked at the bottom of the table. He saw Dolores's legs, her ankles did not have any obvious scar.

Where did she hurt herself?

When waiting for their meal, Charles talked with Dolores, "Are you free tomorrow? Can I take you to see the master?" \_\_\_\_\_ Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 194 I Want to Sleep with You

"I am free," Dolores said without hesitation.

If she could persuade the master to follow her back to City B, it benefited her business.

Furthermore, she also wanted to settle the issue as soon as possible and brought her children back.

"Okay, I will arrange it," Charles smiled.

Matthew showed a discontented expression.

He did not drink any water when eating. If the children were not there, he would bring Dolores to leave because he did not want Charles to know that he did not have a normal marital relationship with Dolores.

After eating, Charles looked at Matthew, "Thank Mr. Nelson for your treat today."

Matthew stared at him coldly, "You're welcome."

Charles found that Matthew was not happy since Dolores agreed to meet the master that excelled in making tea silk. He would like to stir up trouble. He looked at Dolores and said, "I will pick you up at the hotel tomorrow morning."

He glanced at her legs when talking, "Wear flattie tomorrow, the master lives in a remote area, the road was not that smooth."

"I know it," Dolores did not thank him for reminding her because she knew that he said it purposely. She turned to look at Matthew. Surely, he showed a worse expression.

Obviously, Charles said that purposely.

"Mommy, hug me," Simona stretched her arms and wanted Dolores to hug her.

Matthew hugged her waist, "Daddy hugs."

Her leg was injured, not sure whether it was badly injured or not.

Simona curved her lips, "I want mommy hugs."

She did not see Dolores for a long time, she wanted to stick to her mother.

"Good girl," Matthew kissed her daughter's forehead, "I will buy something delicious for you later."

"Really?" Simona asked.

"Yes."

"Alright, then daddy hugs me. But I want to sleep with mommy."

Samuel held Dolores's hand and looked at Matthew, he said, "Mommy, I also want to sleep with you tonight."

Matthew was speechless.

Dolores agreed without hesitation, "Okay."

She missed her children too after she was separated from them for so long.

They went upstairs. Dolores bathed the two children and changed their clothes. They rolled on the bed and played in their pyjamas.

Dolores wore the bathrobe provided by the hotel after bathing because there were no clothes for her there.

“Mommy.”

The two children rushed towards Dolores after she went out of the bathroom. Dolores hugged them, three of them hugged each other. Simona looked up, “Mommy, if you want to play hide-and-seek again, you must bring me. I don’t want to separate from mommy again.”

Dolores hugged her daughter tightly and promised that she would not leave them again.

Outside of the house, at the end of the corridor, Matthew stood in front of a French window. The riverside could be seen through the window. The bright light and faint pearly lustre reflected on his face and reflected back. His contour was dark and blurry. His back was straight and wide. His waist was thin, he did not have much flab. It connected with the compact hip, the outline was balanced and fit.

He put one of his hands in the pocket while another hand unbuttoned his clothes. He said calmly, “Don’t have any trace at all?”

Boyce shook his head, “No, I think he must hide now. If he wants to survive, he must leave here. If he still wants to take revenge, he must seek for appropriate timing.”

Sampson was missing. He was like a time bomb, no one knew when would he appear.

He was a dangerous person.

“We don’t have many people, just ask two people to trace him, the remaining stays, ”there must be some people to protect his children and Dolores.

“Ok, I will arrange it,” Boyce left.

Matthew stood by the window alone and seemed to meditate. After a while, he took out his phone and called Abbott. He asked Abbott to find up Charles’s background and his business, the White Group. Abbott agreed.

After hanging up the call, he went back to his room.

He opened the door, he could see the dim lighting and it was a piece of silence.

The children were tired after playing, they slept in Dolores’s arms.

Dolores worried that they would not sleep well, so she turned the light off. There was only a dim bedside lamp on.

Matthew shut the door and walked in, he stood by the bed.

Dolores leaned against the bedside and lay on her side. The children’s head pressed her arm. Simona lay in her arms and put her hand on Dolores’s chest.

It was Simona’s habit.

He bent and lifted the corner of the blanket. Dolores’s legs were revealed. She did not sleep soundly, she could feel a sense of coldness. Then, she moved her legs subconsciously. Then, she opened her eyes slowly, she saw Matthew by the bedside. She wanted to sit up but the children slept on her arms. She did not want to move and disturb them. She asked him softly, “What are you doing?”

“Where do you hurt your leg? Let me see,” he touched her legs after saying.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Dolores moved backwards, she bit her lips, "My leg is recovered now."

Matthew looked up at her, after a while, "I want to know the truth."

Dolores did not speak anymore, she surrendered.

Matthew sat by the bed and put her legs on his legs, he asked, "Which leg?"

"Right leg."

She felt itchy when he touched her leg. The sense connected to her heart and she felt something.

Her hand held the bed tightly.

Matthew lowered his head and examined carefully. He found a wound on her leg, her ankle was a bit red, "How do you get injured?"

"I sprain my ankle when escaping," Dolores said honestly.

"Is it painful now?"



Dolores shook her head.

Matthew put her leg down. He went to the toilet and soaked a towel in hot water. Then, he wrapped her ankle with the towel.

The warmth penetrated her skin and entered her bloodstream. She felt warm and her hand held the bed even tighter.

Matthew sat on the bed again. He held her legs and massaged her ankle gently.

He seemed to ask unintentionally, "Are you familiar with Mr. White?"

Dolores shook her head, "No."

"Then why do you agree to go out with him?"

Matthew did not want to admit that he was not happy with that.

Dolores grabbed the dress she took off, "You see."

Matthew was not an expert in the aspect, he could not see any difference.

"The material is tea silk, it is not available in the market anymore but he knows the master that is excel in making the material. I want to hire him," she would show an interested expression whenever talking about clothing and design.

"The material is soft and thin. It will not crumple easily, it is suitable for all kinds of summer clothes."

She would talk continuously when it pertained to her known field.

Matthew looked at her quietly, she looked so charming in this way.

“So I must hire him. If I can’t do so, I also can learn it by myself.”

“Since the skill is going to be lost, it must be a complicated skill. It is hard to learn it, ”if it were a simple skill, people would learn it earlier.

Dolores was melancholy, “Yes, there are a lot of skills lost in our country, ”she did not have the power to stop them from losing.

She braced herself up, “I am not afraid of painstaking, it is my career.”

It was her dream and passion too.

“By the way, ”she thought of the relationship between Charles and Victoria, her expression changed, “He will save me because of Victoria.”

Matthew stopped massaging her leg, he was dumbfounded.

Charles had a relationship with Victoria?

Dolores stretched her hand, she examined the jade bracelet on her hand carefully under the dim light. What was the secret behind this jade bracelet?

“I think there must be a secret behind him, ”Dolores said out her speculation.

She did not trust Charles's words totally.

Let say he was adopted by Nathan and he saved her because of Nathan's last wish and he thought that she was Victoria's daughter. Then, what was the relationship between Victoria and Nathan?

Matthew did not want to talk about Victoria.

He took away the towel and put it in the bathroom. The sound of splashing water could be heard.

After forty minutes, Matthew went out with a bathrobe. His collar was opened slightly. Waterdrops could be seen on his light-yellow skin. His black hair was messy and wet. He rubbed his hair and walked towards her. Dolores squinted and almost fell asleep.

He threw the towel on the table and lay on his side. There was no more empty space there instead, there were more inside there.

But he wanted to sleep with Dolores.

Dolores pushed him, "You go inside."

Matthew held his waist and got closer to her. He kissed her earlobe and said with a coarse voice, "I want to sleep with you."

Dolores moved to another side and ignored his kiss. She made him some space, "Sleep well."

Matthew approached her and stuck to her body. He had a soundly sleep in the morning, he was not tired at all. He just wanted to hug and kiss her. \_\_\_

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

## Chapter 195 An Arbitrary Clause

Matthew felt that he was the saddest man in the world. He was hugging his wife in his arms but he couldn't have sex with her.

He buried his face into her hair and could smell the faint scent of shampoo, as he nibbled and kissed the back of her neck.

Half of Dolores's face was buried in the pillow. She looked at her sleeping son and daughter before reaching out to touch their cheeks.

When she looked at them, she thought of the crazy images she spent with Matthew that night. She did not feel good but gloomy.

"Matthew, how many women have you slept with?"

She didn't know why, but as she thought he had been in bed having sex with other women too, she felt upset.

Her first time was his.

Although she had been deliberately trying to forget it, he had left a great impression on her.

She agreed with the statement which said that women were sentimental.

She always had a special feeling towards this man who made her lose her virginity.

Matthew who was kissing her stopped for a moment. He could still smell the scent of her body lingering in his nose. It was light but refreshing.

His voice was even a bit hoarse, "Why are you asking this suddenly?"

Dolores buried her face deeper into the pillow, "I just simply asked it. I'm sleepy. Let's sleep first."

However, Matthew didn't feel that she was simply asking him.

He grabbed her by her shoulders and pulled her over. Dolores tried to escape from him and said in a low voice, "Don't touch me. I'm sleepy now."

Matthew didn't care about her resistance and forcefully pulled her body over, looking at her face, "Tell me, what's wrong with you?"

Dolores pretended to be calm, "I'm just sleepy."

Matthew cupped her chin and lifted it, making her look at herself, "Are you jealous?"

"No." She immediately denied it.

She just felt that she got the short end of the stick as she had the first and the most precious sex with him but she wasn't the first woman he had sex with.

She was adamant as she denied that she was not jealous.

"Then why are you angry?" His eyes lighted up as his fingers rubbed her pink and soft lips. He felt comfortable pressing her lips.

"I didn't." She just didn't want to admit that she was upset and jealous.

He smiled, "Good, you are not jealous"...

As he finished her words, he moved towards her and wanted to kiss her. When Dolores moved, he threatened her, "If you want them to see me kissing you, then move."

Dolores was concerned about the two children and stopped moving. Her eyes turned red as she was upset.

Matthew kissed her tenderly and said in a vague voice, "I've never slept with any woman except you."

In his life, he only loved this woman.

"What about Maria?" She had seen treating her well.

He had even spent the night with her at the villa.

She didn't believe it if he said they didn't have sex.

Not only did Dolores not believe it, but Matthew himself also didn't believe it.

"I used to think I was abnormal. "It wasn't that he couldn't have any sexual desire towards Maria, but also any other women.

He didn't have a sexual desire for any woman except Dolores.

He used to be nice to Maria because Maria said that she was the woman who had sex with him at the night.

He thought that Maria had given him the most precious thing a woman could have and he should be responsible for it.

It wasn't that he loved or liked her. It was just that he thought that he should be responsible for her.

"Um ...Mummy " ...Simona was moving her hands crazily as if she was having a nightmare.

Dolores gently patted her daughter's back, "Be good. Mummy is here."

Simona's little hand touched Dolores's chest as if she was trying to make sure it was her mummy before she quieted down again.

Dolores wrapped her arms around her daughter and helped to tuck Samuel in the blanket before saying to the person behind her, "It's getting late. Let's sleep."

Matthew was speechless.

He moved towards her and hugged her.

Matthew did not have a good sleep this night and he did not fall asleep until midnight.

Samuel had the best dreamless sleep and he was the first to wake up in the morning. When he saw Matthew hugging Dolores, he frowned and sat up in bed as if he was angry.

He finally couldn't hold his anger and took away Matthew's arm and got in between them to separate them.

His movement caused both Matthew and Dolores woke up, and he reacted quickly by hugging Dolores. He pampered himself in her arms, "Mummy, please hug me."

He rarely did this.

Dolores became soft-hearted seeing his sudden action as she hugged him in her arms and kissed him on the forehead.

Matthew was speechless.

He rolled over and silently looked at the ceiling.

He just wanted to get his wife back. Why did even his son have to go against him?

"Mummy, did you have a good time before?"

Dolores couldn't understand Samuel's words and she thought that Ohe was talking nonsense in the early



morning.

She reached out to touch her son's forehead. Samuel moved away his head, "I'm not having a fever."

"Then what did you ...what did you mean just now?"

Samuel glanced at Matthew behind her, "When you were pregnant and had us inside your belly, there were people saying you to be pregnant before you married with him. You had a hard time giving birth to us and raising us up alone. So, you should never be soft-hearted towards those who had disappointed you and abandoned you during your hardest time. Otherwise, he'll think you're easy to cajole and won't cherish you. He will even hurt you next time."

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

She Has A Fashion Flair: Ivanka's Most Controversial Outfits

Dolores finally understood why his son was like this early in the morning.

She reached out to pinch his cheeks, "Where did you learn all these 'great principles'?"

"Mummy, please promise me that you will not casually, easily forgive people who hurt you." Samuel showed his serious little face.

She felt pleased but also upset seeing her son's serious face. She felt like she shouldn't reject his request and nodded, "I know."

Matthew rolled over again and laid on the bed. He knew that Samuel was saying those words for him to hear.

However, he couldn't even refute a single word.

As people said, "The evils we bring on ourselves are the hardest to bear."

If he hadn't trusted Maria so easily just because she had saved his life, he wouldn't have ended up in this situation.

There was no one else to blame.

The curtains which shaded the sunlight made the room look dark even it was almost seven o'clock. Dolores got up to find clothes for the two children. She also dressed them and washed them up.

Matthew buttoned his shirt and stood at the bathroom door, "Let's go to the mall."

She had no clothes to wear.

Dolores nodded.

After washing up, she put on the dress and when she went to the door to change her shoes, Matthew pulled her towards him, "Just wear slippers and go to the mall."

The wound in her arch had not yet healed completely. It was not good for her ankle if she wore high heels.

Dolores looked down at the hotel slippers she was wearing on her feet and blinked, "Is it good to go outside like this?"

"I won't mind you being like this." Matthew put his arm around her shoulders to reassure her, "Don't worry. I'll be with you."

Dolores looked up at him who was dressed in a suit. He looked tall and distinguished, displaying the aura of a successful man. She lowered his head, thinking that what was she worried about as he didn't even mind her being like that.

After having breakfast downstairs, they all got into the car and the three cars left the hotel one after another.

After about twenty minutes, they arrived at the largest shopping mall in White City.

The mall was not very big. There were four floors, with lifts going up and down the hall. There were entertainment facilities for children to play. The first floor was for clothing, while the second floor was for jewellery, and the cinema and restaurant were located on the top floor.

Simona didn't want to go up with them when she saw there were entertainment facilities downstairs.

"You two wait for me down here. I'll go up and buy some clothes. Then, I will come down." Dolores knew her daughter well. If she didn't allow her daughter to play, she would make trouble again.

Dolores let go of her son and let him play with his sister downstairs as well, "Take care of her for Mummy."

Samuel nodded, "Then, Mummy, come back faster."

"Yes."

Dolores went upstairs alone, trailed by the bodyguard arranged by Boyce.

Dolores was a fashion designer and she knew how to choose clothes well. The first thing she considered was whether the clothes were comfortable. She chose some casual clothes as she was not attending an important event.

She saw a casual outfit branded MO, which she had bought before. She liked both the style and the comfort of the clothes when she wore them. So, she walked in.

She was quite a little surprised that there was such a brand in this small place in White City.

Dolores wanted to buy a beige hoodie and she looked at the salesgirl who was sitting on the sofa using her phone, "Is this hoodie available in size S?"

The salesgirl didn't even raise her head, "The hoodie costs 4800Yuan. Are you sure you want to try it on?"

Dolores was speechless.

In the past, she was always served well when she entered the shop. She was really surprised by the salesgirl's attitude.

Dolores took a breath, "I'm sure."

The salesgirl finally got up. She took a glance at the slippers on Dolores's feet and taunted her mockingly while pouting her mouth, "Is it a trend to wear disposable shoes out now?"

Obviously, the salesgirl thought that Dolores couldn't afford such expensive clothes seeing her outfit.

The salesgirl was still chattering as she took the clothes, "All the clothes sold in our shop are branded.

They are all designed by foreign designers. You have to buy them if you try them on”...

“Then don’t take it for me. Thanks.” Dolores didn’t understand why was she taunting her when she just wanted to buy a hoodie.

Did she say that she must buy it after trying it on?

What kind of arbitrary clause was that?

It was the first time she encountered this kind of situation.

The salesgirl slammed the clothes she took out. She stood up and looked at Dolores, “What do you mean? Did I ask you if you were sure you wanted to try it? You said you were sure, so I took it for you, and you are telling me now that you don’t want it after I take it out. Do you want to play with me now?”

“No”...

“What do you mean?” The salesgirl looked aggressive.

Dolores felt that she couldn’t communicate with this kind of person. She turned around and wanted to leave, but the salesgirl pulled her arm, “You can’t leave. I’ve already taken out the clothes. You have to buy them!”

“This doesn’t make any sense!” Dolores was really shocked by the salesgirl’s bossiness. She thought that normally the staff in a clothing shop was professionally trained, how could she be so unreasonable?

“If you can’t afford it, why are you wasting my time here acting like you are a rich woman?” The salesgirl pouted her mouth and said coldly as if she wouldn’t allow Dolores to leave if she did not want to buy the shirt today, “If you ask me to take it out, you must buy it. I have told you the price. It’s 4800Yuan. Pay it.”

“Ask your boss to come here. ”Dolores felt that she couldn’t communicate with her.

“The boss is not available now and you can talk with me. I am the boss’s cousin and I can help my boss to make the decision.”

Dolores finally realized that the reason why she dared to be so arrogant was that she had a relationship with the boss.

“Miss, you shouldn’t treat your customer like this”...

“Cut the crap. Pay me the money. Then take your clothes and leave! ”The salesgirl was so arrogant as if she thought that she was the boss of the shop being the boss’s cousin.

“What if I don’t want to pay? ”Dolores also displayed a cold look.

“Oh, then I won’t let you leave the shop. For your information, my cousin knows Charles White. Do you know him? He is my cousin’s friend. This mall is owned by him. If you want to act like a rich woman, you have come to the wrong place.”

Dolores felt that the people who came from a poor family would act arrogantly if they had a backer, just like this salesgirl.

Chapter 196 Every Cause Brings a Consequence

As the salesgirl spoke with Dolores, she sized Dolores up. She thought that the dress that Dolores wore was cheap and she was wearing a pair of disposable slippers used in the hotel. There were hickeys left by Matthew when he kissed Dolores last night. The salesgirl sneered, “Miss? How much do you earn a night? How many nights does it take for you to earn money for a set of clothes?”

Dolores was speechless.

She frowned and looked unhappy. The salesgirl's words had really pissed her off.

She just came to buy a dress. How come she met such a psychopath?

She even taunted her that she worked as a prostitute. This was too humiliating!

But she didn't curse her as she knew that it was impolite to do so.

"Please let go of me immediately, or else I'll call the police?!" Dolores said in a cold voice that could make others tremble.

The salesgirl was stunned as she did not expect her to have this kind of aura as she thought that Dolores was a prostitute. However, she calmed down soon and thought that she was just putting on air!

"Do you think I will scare you when you say that you'll call the police?" The salesgirl raised her head, "We are in White City. As long as my cousin goes to find Charles, the police have to respect him. Cut the crap, pay me the money. Otherwise, I won't let you go!"

She was so unreasonable and difficult to deal with.

Dolores was so angry that her body trembled. She wondered how could there be such a brutal and unreasonable person in this world.

"Take out your money." When the salesgirl saw that Dolores was not moving, she reached out to take

the wallet in her hand. Just as she was just about to touch Dolores's wallet, the bodyguard who had been standing outside finally sensed that something was wrong and rushed in. He pushed the salesgirl away.

The bodyguard hired by Boyce had great strength. He only used a little strength when he pushed the salesgirl away but the salesgirl fell to the ground. As she fell, she instinctively tried to grab something to support her body, but she pulled down a row of hangers and the clothes were scattered on the ground.

The salesgirl landed on her buttocks first and she felt pain. She grimaced and glared at the bodyguard who rushed in, "Who are you? How dare you make trouble here? Do you want to die?"

As she said, she took out her mobile phone and called her cousin, "Sister, come to the shop. Someone is making trouble in our shop."

The bodyguard frowned and also took out his mobile phone to call Boyce, saying that Dolores was in trouble.

Boyce was worried as he wondered if Sampson had appeared.

He looked towards Matthew who was playing the claw machine with his children, "Dolores is in trouble upstairs."

Matthew looked back at him.

"Could it be that Sampson couldn't hold his breath and come out?" Boyce guessed.



Matthew picked up his daughter with one hand. Then, he held his son and walked up the lift. Boyce quickly followed them, along with a few bodyguards coming up with him.

As soon as they reached the first floor, they spotted Dolores through the glass window of a clothing shop.

“Mummy’s over there.” Simona pointed to Dolores who was standing in the shop.

“Yes,” Matthew responded to his daughter.

Boyce was a little confused as he wondered what was going on here.

It was only when they entered the shop that they found the clothing shop in a mess.

“Mummy.” Samuel ran over and hugged Dolores’s leg, “Why did you take such a long time to buy a dress? By the way, what happened here?”

“I saw her pulling and tugging at Missus just now. She even wanted to beat her so I didn’t hold my strength when I pushed her until the person and the clothes fell on the floor.” The bodyguard came up to explain why he rushed in. He explained that he saw the salesgirl went to grab the wallet Dolores was holding when he was standing outside the door. From his angle, it looked like the salesgirl was trying to beat Dolores so he rushed in.

Matthew displayed a cold and serious look. He looked at Dolores and asked her if she was hurt.

Dolores shook her head and said she was fine.

The salesgirl felt that something was wrong. She wondered why so many people came to the shop and the bodyguard was calling Dolores "Missus".

But she knew that the most powerful person in White City was Charles and she had never seen the person before.

As she thought that, she plucked up courage and said, "Don't try to scare me. I'm telling you all now. I'm not afraid of you all. You all need to pay me the money as you all have made the clothes fall on the floor and become dirty."

Dolores knew that the woman was unreasonable and she didn't want to mess with her at the moment anymore as she thought she would waste her time, "Calculate how much should be the clothes. I will pay you."

The salesgirl pouted and she said impolitely, "I know you all are bringing so many people here to scare me. The White family is the most powerful family in White City. Do you really think that you are an important person when you only work as a prostitute?"

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

جرمن ٹیل جو سائز باکریا

The atmosphere immediately became unsettling. The bodyguards and Boyce looked at Matthew at the same time. The words said by the salesgirl were too offensive and they also understood her words.

Matthew's eyes displayed a serious look and he tried to keep calm as he said fiercely, "Repeat what you just said."

Simona could feel that her daddy was angry and she hugged him immediately. She buried his face into

his daddy's body and breathed anxiously.

The salesgirl who was using the calculator trembled. She was intimidated and jerked for a moment. She looked at the man in front of her, trying to keep calm. She trembled as she said, "You, you all, don't try to scare me. My cousin knows Mr. White. You all better don't mess with me."

Dolores walked over holding her son and reached out to shake Matthew's hand, "Forget it."

She didn't want to mess with this kind of person.

Matthew lowered his eyes slightly and looked at Dolores who was a reasonable woman. He knew that the woman was not easy to deal with. She kept flaunting her background and he guessed that she treated Dolores very rudely when he wasn't with her.

He smiled, "I only allow myself to bully my wife."

He meant that he couldn't just forget the matter.

Did she flaunt her background?

His face turned gloomier.

He ordered his subordinates to smash up the place, "I don't care who your cousin is. Call your cousin to come here. I will wait for her."

With that, he pulled Dolores out of the shop.

The few bodyguards scurried into the shop and smashed up the shop. The salesgirl was dumbfounded

and stood at the checkout counter, screaming in fear.

Boyce raised his eyebrows as it was the first time he had seen Matthew get angry over such a thing, but he felt that the salesgirl really needed someone to teach her a lesson.

She was calling Dolores a "prostitute". Not to say that Matthew was angry, even he would be angry if his wife were said like that.

Dolores wanted to persuade Matthew that it was not good to do so, but she was pulled by Samuel. He didn't allow her to speak to Matthew.

"Every cause brings a consequence. If we do not teach this kind of people a lesson, there will be others in the future who make her in bigger trouble. She doesn't know how to behave, let's teach her."

Matthew looked down at his son and reached out to touch his head, "Good son."

Samuel moved backwards to prevent Matthew from touching him. Matthew was not angry, but said to his son, "We shouldn't bully people even if we are powerful, but we must make sure we are not bullied either. Sometimes we can tolerate when we are bullied, but sometimes we shouldn't. There is no need to be soft to those who repeatedly provoke us with their words."

"He's still young" ...

"He's my son." Matthew interrupted Dolores, "This society is cruel. The weak people are the prey of the strong people."

In the future, he was going to hand over the company to him. If he didn't have the guts, he would make others bully him.

When Samuel took over the company after graduating from university, many people would not respect

him and make him in trouble if he was too soft-hearted.

He must make himself strong enough so that others would respect him in the company.

He held the back of Samuel's head and asked him to look at the scene, asking him, "Are you scared?"

After all, he was only five years old. Looking at those tall men who acted like gangsters smashing up the shop madly, he became a little timid.

"You told me that you were brave. How are you going to protect your mummy like that?"

"I didn't say I am scared!" Samuel raised his head to show that he wasn't scared.

At that moment, the salesgirl's cousin came into the shop.

Everything in the entire shop had been smashed, even a hole had been made in the ceiling.

"Cousin, finally you are here." The salesgirl cried. She walked out of the crowd and walked towards her, "Finally you are here. These people have smashed up our shop."

The woman was young and pretty. She looked a bit younger than the salesgirl. The woman showed a serious look, "Why did they do that?"

"She didn't want to pay for the clothes she bought, so she got someone to smash up our shop. Cousin, don't let them off!" The salesgirl pointed at Dolores while crying and complaining.

At this time, the woman turned her head and looked at Dolores.

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 197 Refuse To Admit

Dolores was just about to open her mouth to explain the situation when she was interrupted by the waitress, "Lacey, don't listen to her. She's the one who got these people and smashed our store like this. You'd better get someone quickly and arrest them all."

Dolores frowned.

Matthew handed his daughter to Dolores, "Go wait for me in the car."

He would take care of things here. Although he wanted to train his son to be courageous, he did not want his daughter to be exposed to this. Daughters were not the same as sons.

Dolores picked up her daughter. She was just about to leave with her in her arms when she heard the waitress's cousin, Lacey Ward, speak out to stop her, "The matter was started because of you. How can this matter be made clear when you are gone?"

Matthew looked up indifferently. His voice was cold and harsh, "Talk to me."

When Lacey met Matthew's eyes, she felt timid. He looked even more intimidating than Charles, while his cold and rigid face was handsome and monotonous, and the chill he exuded from his body made people flinch.

She clenched her hands, "We are just businessmen. Is it too much for you to do like this?"

Matthew's lips curled into a cold smile.

The waitress ducked behind Lacey, "They are definitely gangsters. Hurry up and call Mr. White to come over."

At this time, Boyce came out of the store and whispered in Matthew's ear.

Lacey couldn't hear what they said. It was just that the store was smashed, and she and her cousin, two weak women were definitely no match to them.

After thinking it over, she chose to call Charles.

Hopefully, he could help her out.

It was obvious that they were bullying her because they were outnumbered.

On the other hand, Charles was leaving to pick up Dolores from the hotel to meet the master who could make cloud yarn. As a result, he received a call from Lacey.

"Is something wrong?" He asked nonchalantly.

"My store has been smashed. Can you come over?" Lacey lowered her head. She and Charles both grew up in orphanages and knew each other since childhood. Later they were each adopted. It wasn't until a year ago that she and Charles met again.

It was also thanks to Charles that she was able to have such a nice store in this mall.

Charles took a look at the watch. There was still time, so he promised her to come over.

He just didn't expect to meet Dolores and Matthew after he came over.

The waitress who had been hiding behind Lacey tilted her head when she saw Charles coming over, "See, I told you that Mr. White and my cousin are very close. You are looking for death as you dare to make trouble here."

Lacey frowned and looked at her cousin. Although she had a connection with Charles, she didn't want to make trouble for Charles on account of this connection.

So when she heard her cousin's words, she couldn't help but frown.

Charles was a smart man, and he probably guessed what happened when he saw such a scene.

As he passed by Dolores, he looked at her and asked with concern, "Are you all right?"



Dolores stood closer to Matthew and shook her head, "I'm fine."

There was so much she didn't know about Charles.

And for the sake of her two children, she didn't want outsiders to see that she and Matthew weren't a normal couple.

Charles watched her movements. His eyes flickered slightly, but he regained his composure quickly.

Her action made Matthew, who had been sullen, raise his eyebrows, and the corners of his lips curled up a little, too.

"You've come just in time. I was just about to ask you for an explanation." Matthew took Dolores by the shoulders and walked into the messy store. Boyce had someone clean out the couch, then Matthew motioned for Dolores to sit down.

She had an injury on her foot. Standing all the time was slow for her to recover from the injury.

The waitress was completely dumbfounded. What was going on?

How could this man not even be afraid of Mr. White? And he looked even more imposing than he was?

In White City, Charles was the most powerful person. Who was this man?

And who was this woman?

Even Mr. White was caring for her.

She grabbed Lacey's hand nervously and tightened her grip unknowingly. Lacey's arm hurt from the grip. She frowned and looked at her cousin, "They are the ones who caused the matter. What are you afraid of?"

The waitress was flustered. She had always relied on Lacey and Charles' relationship to run roughshod over this mall. No one dared to refute her every time.

This time, she felt that she had met a powerful guy.

She was used to bullying others, and suddenly, someone who even Charles had to be courteous to came, so how could she not panic?

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Legally Blonde: Side-By-Sides Of The Cast Then Vs. Now

Why Chrissy Metz Is So Much More Than A Number On A Scale

"Lacey, who is he?"

"I don't know." Lacey had never seen him before either.

But it seemed like he was no ordinary guy.

This time, the waitress was even more scared. Even Lacey didn't know who he was.

Tom pushed Charles into the store. The floor was a mess with barely any place to get down. He glanced casually around the store, then turned his gaze to Matthew and asked with a smile, "Are they not serving you well?"

Matthew curled his lips and said nonchalantly, "In Mr. White's place, of course, no one dares to make trouble. But ..." He gave Boyce a wink, "We'll talk after you've seen it."

Boyce understood. He had someone bring a laptop from the car, put it on the front desk, and then plugged in a flash drive. He clicked on the flash drive while saying, "I got this video from the store's surveillance. As for what happened, we'll see."

The waitress was completely dumbfounded. How could she forget that the store was equipped with surveillance?

The contents inside ...

No, she couldn't let Lacey see what she was doing in the store, or all the bad things she had done would be revealed. She rushed up and tried to destroy the computer and grab the flash drive. Boyce had known that she would be annoyed, so he had already had someone take precautions.

As soon as she rushed up, she was stopped.

Soon the video was presented successfully.

Just now Boyce whispered in Matthew's ear, and told him that he got the video of the store, and found something else.

The video was not intercepted from Dolores entering the store, but when the waitress took advantage of Lacey's absence and put the money from customers buying clothes into her own pocket. She also often threatened the customers who came to the store that they had to buy the clothes as long as they tried them on, or else she would threaten them by mentioning Charles, saying that he was her backer.

No one in White City didn't know Charles.

So, of course, no one wanted to mess with him.

They all chose to pay and get it over with.

Charles looked like crap.

It was the worst look Dolores had ever seen on his face since she had known him.

Lacey's face was livid and even worse than Charles's.

Seeing that things were exposed, the waitress wanted to escape, but was stopped by Boyce, "Why are you in such a hurry to leave?"

"You faked all these. You tried to set me up!" The waitress was determined not to admit it.

Boyce didn't bother to pay attention to her.

Boyce only intercepted the important clips, but this also played for half an hour before the scene of Dolores entering the store.

The waitress looked down on her at first and thought Dolores was someone who couldn't afford to buy clothes. Then she pulled Dolores, didn't let her go, and insisted that she had to buy them, and even mentioned Charles to scare her, saying she was a prostitute ...

But Dolores just ignored her. When she heard Charles' name, she was ready to pay for it.

Then the bodyguards rushed in.

It was obvious that the waitress had a bad attitude and said something nasty.

"Lacey ..." At this point, the waitress still tried to defend herself, "Lacey, it's all made up by them. They are trying to set me up. You must not believe ..."

Snap!

Lacey rushed up and slapped her. She was shivering with anger, "The evidence is overwhelming. Do you still want to deny it?!"

The waitress covered her face with her eyes widened in shock, as if she didn't expect her to rush up and slap her.

Half of her face was unconscious.

"Lacey, I was really wrongly accused." At this point, she could only bite the bullet and deny it.

Otherwise, she would be screwed.

Lacey gritted her teeth. Even at this point, she still didn't repent.

She still wanted to deny it?

"If you want to die, no one can save you." Lacey, who was furious, calmed down instead. The people she 'blackmailed' today were not ordinary people. Even if she didn't pursue it, she was afraid they wouldn't let her go.

"I'm sorry." Lacey walked up to Charles and apologized with her head bowed, "I really didn't know that she used your reputation to blackmail the guests who came in just because I knew you ..."

Charles raised his hand to indicate that he didn't want to hear her explanation.

He still smiled and looked at Matthew, "What do you want to do?"

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 198 Cunnig

Matthew looked over to Dolores, who was sitting on the couch holding her daughter, then gently tucked the hair hanging in her ear behind her ear, "No one can hurt my woman, much less bully and insult her."

He raised his eyes, and a smile showed on his calm and serious face, "But because you saved my wife's life, I will not pursue the matter this time. Consider it as a favor I returned to you for saving my wife."

After that, he bent down and picked up their daughter in Dolores' arms and said, "Let's go."

Dolores took a deep breath. She hadn't expected things to come to this.

"Wait."

Charles called out to Matthew.

The usual smile on his face disappeared, "Mr. Nelson, you are so tactful. With such a small matter, you deliberately make a big deal, then you pay me back the favor for saving ..." Speaking of Dolores, he paused for a moment, "Your wife."

Matthew did not deny Charles' words. Because from the time he heard the waitress keep emphasizing that they had Mr. White behind them, he decided in his mind that Mr. White was Charles.

That was why he deliberately made a big deal of it. When Charles came, he gave him the favor of not pursuing the matter and returned him the favor of saving Dolores.

He didn't want Charles to hold on to this favor and hang out in front of Dolores.

Matthew straightened his daughter's somewhat wrinkled collar and looked at her with a gentle smile. But it was to Charles that he said, "Mr. White, thank you. It's just that your people are so ineffective that they gave me the opportunity."

Charles' fingers on the armrest clenched. He had to take it. It was true that there was someone who was taking advantage of his power and bullying others.

He could not say anything to refute.

He looked to Dolores, "I'm sorry for what happened today." As he spoke, he looked Dolores up and down. He knew what she came to the mall for, "I own the mall. If you need anything, just pick it up today, and all the charges are on me. It's my way of making up for the trouble I caused you."

"Mr. White, that is very kind of you. My wife is not in the habit of spending other people's money."  
Without waiting for Dolores to say anything, Matthew took the initiative to say no.

Dolores looked up at Matthew's handsome face. She really didn't expect him to think of this, and she thought at the time that he was just trying to give Samuel a lesson. This man's treachery and sophistication was something she never expected.

Dolores put on a polite smile, "Thank you, but there is no need."

Charles also smiled, "Well, in the future, if you need me for anything here, just ask. I'm afraid we'll have to meet with the master a little later."

Dolores probably understood that he had to deal with things here, so she said, "If you are free tomorrow, then we'll go tomorrow."

Charles pondered for a moment and responded, "Okay, I'll pick you up at the hotel then."

"Okay." Dolores took her son.

They didn't go back immediately. This time, Matthew followed Dolores every step of the way, fearing that she would be bullied by others again.

Dolores grumbled, "You're making me look like some rare animal by following me around like this."



What kind of woman would go shopping with her husband and children and a group of bodyguards?

Whether it was people shopping, or people passing by, they would give her two more looks, which made her very uncomfortable.

Matthew said seriously, "I'm worried about you being alone. What if you get bullied again?"

"I'm not a kid ..."

"You just didn't fix it."

Dolores was speechless.

She couldn't even refute him.

Compared to their relaxation, Charles was annoyed by this unexpected trouble.

Lacey kept saying she was sorry, but that was not what Charles wanted.

The waitress was stopped inside the store by Tom. She stood by the door and shrank inward, trying to reduce her presence, and hoping that Lacey would plead for her.

"Cousin ..."

"I'm not your cousin!" Lacey got anxious by her cry. She was adopted, and her adoptive parents did not treat her well. Of course, she was not her real cousin either.

But her cousin's mother was quite kind. Once she was scolded by her adoptive parents and locked out of food, it was her cousin's mother who took her in and gave her food.

Lacey remembered her mother's kindness, so she let her come to the store to help when she didn't have a job. She just didn't expect her to not only steal money from the store, but also threaten customers to buy clothes like this.

No wonder she felt that business in the store was getting worse lately.

It turned out that it was all because of her and the store's reputation was ruined.

"I was wrong. Lacey, I know I'm wrong. Please plead with Mr. White for me." If Tom hadn't stopped her, she would have pounced on her.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

Metz Went Through Difficult Times To Get To Where She Is Today

"You have to bear the consequences of what you do yourself. I can't save you either." She could see that Charles was angry. Although he always had that smile on his face, she knew that at the moment he was angry.

He was like that when he was a child, and never showed his joy or anger on his face. He was always smiling and even the dean liked him.

Who would like a kid with a bitter, unpleasant face all day?

That was why he was chosen by Nathan in the first place.

"Tom, I don't want to see this woman ever again," Charles spoke soberly.

"Okay." Tom held both of her arms down and prepared to pull her away.

The waitress panicked, "Lacey, don't you forget that when you were beaten by your parents and locked out of the door without giving you a meal, who took you in and fed you? It was my mother ..."

"Enough!" Lacey interrupted her in a stern voice, "I returned these favors long ago!"

After she grew up and was able to support herself, she often gave them money and even gave her a job. And how did she do it?

She made her lose face in front of Charles.

Charles waved his hand, indicating that he did not want to see this woman again. Tom understood and then pulled the waitress out of the mall, despite that she was crying.

Her voice was quickly isolated and the store immediately fell silent.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know it was because of her, and I called you here ..."

"What are you going to do here?" Charles interrupted her. At this point, it made no difference to the matter even if she apologized, it would only hurt their relationships.

After all, they had known each other since they were children, had seen each other's distress, and had lived together in an orphanage for several years. They had a bit of affection for each other, anyway.

"I've already bothered you. I got this place into this state by trusting others too easily." Lacey sighed, "You've already helped me a lot. If you were not willing to give me this store, the head office would not have let me open a store here. If the head office knew that I had made this store look like this, I'm afraid they would have to ask me for compensation. I think it's better to use the excuse that the consumption level here is not going up and close the store."

"Have you thought it over?" Charles asked indifferently.

Lacey nodded, "I've thought it over."

"Since you have thought it over, I won't persuade you. Here ..."

"I can clean it up." Lacey did not want to trouble him too much.

"Okay." Charles didn't say much. After all, they were all adults, and each had his or her own thoughts and ideas.

"I'll walk you out." Lacey offered.

Charles didn't refuse either. There was a small step in front of the store, and he had to have help to get down.

"Is it really incurable?" Lacey looked down at him with unspeakable feelings hidden under her eyes. It was harder for her to see him in a wheelchair than it was for Charles himself.

When he was adopted, his legs were sound and now he was in a wheelchair. This must have been caused later.

Charles's eyes half narrowed as he thought back to the old days ...

He used to be able to walk. It was because of an accident.

At that time, he accompanied Nathan to inspect the factory, but there was a fire that caused an explosion. He got his leg blown up trying to save Nathan, and that was why he was in a wheelchair.

"It's hard." There was no change on Charles' face, but his heart was in turmoil. After all, no one would like to be a cripple and not even be able to take care of themselves.

"You know the one who just ..."

"Lacey, I don't like people asking me about my personal matters."

Charles interrupted her.

He knew Lacey was trying to ask him about Dolores.

"I'm sorry."

"You don't always have to say that." Charles looked calm again.

On the other hand, Dolores bought a few sets of change of clothes before going back to the hotel with Matthew.

Because Dolores had to go to see the master who could make cloud yarn, she would not return to B City for the time being, and Matthew also wanted to find out Sampson's whereabouts here.

So they reached a consensus that they were going to stay here for a few more days.

When they got off the car, they just walked into the hotel and saw the people waiting for them in the hotel lobby. \_\_\_\_\_ Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 199 Destined Fate

Armand and Theresa were sitting in the place beside the window. There were a few empty cups on the table and it seemed like they had been sitting there for a long time.

Armand looked worn-out. When he saw them come in, he pounced on them without bothering his image at all, "You guys are finally back. We've been waiting for you guys for half a day."

Boyce disgustedly pushed him away, "Lost? What took you so long?"

He said he had left long ago and by right, he should have arrived early.

As he spoke, he glanced at Theresa who was walking towards Dolores. Why did he bring her here also?

What did this guy do to her?

Armand was vexed so he did not notice Boyce's strange gaze. When he came, he was caught by his grandmother and she kept asking him when did he want to get married, otherwise, she would not allow him to come out.

He lied and said he was getting married at the end of the year and he managed to come out only after

saying so.

So, he was delayed.

The main problem was that he did not even have a proper girlfriend yet.

“Don’t mention it, it’s caused by my grandmother. ”Seeing Armand’s troubled look, Boyce understood what was the exact reason.

Although the Bernie family was not a great noble family, it was also considered a family of scholars. However, Armand’s parents died early and he had only a grandmother left. Now, Armand was also a man in his thirties so it was normal that his grandmother was anxious about his marriage.

“She urges you again? ”Boyce used his shoulder to touch him.

“Yeah.”

“Isn’t that a ready-made one? ”Boyce raised his chin in front of him. Not far away, Theresa was hugging Dolores and she did not let go of her, “I can finally see you. I was very afraid when you disappeared. I was afraid that you were in danger. You said that our trip back to here this time would be thrilling and exciting.”

“It’s fine, don’t worry, isn’t that I’m fine? ”Dolores patted her shoulder.

Armand looked at Theresa and twitched his lips, “This woman is not bad but it’s hard to hook up with her.”

"You're so good at tactics, do you need to worry that you can't conquer this woman?" Boyce joked.

Armand glared at him, "Am I someone who is that mean?"

"Haha." Boyce laughed inwardly. He thought that he was trying to pretend to be a good man again. Who was the one who changed women every day as if he was changing clothes.

However, Boyce knew that he was just playing around without being serious.

"By the way." Boyce hooked his neck and went to the side to whisper, "I found that Matthew and"...

"Dad, what are they talking about?" Simona, who was lying on Matthew's shoulder looked at the two people standing not far away who were whispering beside the window.

"Don't care about them." Matthew carried her upstairs.

Dolores helped Theresa pull the suitcase, "You must be tired after having a long journey. Go up and take a rest."

"Okay." Theresa did not let Dolores help her, "I can do it myself." She reached out to caress Samuel's head, "Samuel."

"Theresa, how come you come together with him?" Samuel looked at Armand and then looked at Theresa.



Dolores originally also intended to ask how come they came together.

“He went to the store and told me that he found you. I was anxious to see you so I came along with him. When you weren’t at the store, the store didn’t receive orders and they were very few customers.” Theresa was a bit disappointed. She felt that she was still not capable enough. Although the two guests she served were satisfied with her design, they said that there was nothing more special and stunning so they eventually did not place any order.

Now, Allison was watching the store so she came over.

Dolores patted her shoulder and comforted her, “It’s okay, it will be fine.”

When she managed to hire the master who knew how to make gambier canton gauze, the store was bound to have many businesses.

Theresa told Dolores what happened in the store during this time. The two of them talked while going upstairs.

Boyce had arranged a sumptuous dinner to welcome Armand and Theresa.

Simona was sleepy and she insisted on wanting to be carried by Matthew, “Dad, hug me when I sleep.”

The little child was very pampered. She wrapped his neck and did not let go of her hand. She sweetly called, “Dad.”

Matthew kissed his daughter’s cheeks. He totally could not refuse upon seeing her cute look.

Matthew whispered to Dolores, "I'll take her up first."

Dolores nodded.

After Matthew left, Dolores used chopsticks to place food in her son's bowl. Samuel took a bite, put down the chopsticks and slid down from the chair, "I'm done eating too."

He wanted to go back to the room himself and he was so understanding that he was like an adult. Dolores was a bit worried, "I'll accompany you to go up."

"No need, I'll be fine since there are people following me." He pointed to the two bodyguards behind him.

Sampson's position was unknown. Matthew worried that he would do something to his children and Dolores so he let the bodyguards always follow them.

"Dolores, you shouldn't be like that. We came from thousands of miles away to come and see you, are you going to leave us alone?" Armand looked at Dolores with the grievance, "Let me toast you since I've tried hard to bring Ms. Gordon to you?"

He originally wanted to say that you should toast me but he did not dare to let her toast him as she was Matthew's wife.

So, he changed his words and he said that he would toast her instead.

Dolores looked at Armand and then looked at Boyce and Theresa. She took the wine glass handed over by Armand and said while smiling, "I toast you guys, thank you for taking care of the people around me during my absence."

She drank it all. Spirit was strong so the moment she drank all, her throat felt spicy and painful. She

frowned, put down the glass and took a sip of water to ease her discomfort.

Armand blinked, "Dolores, you're indeed good at drinking, I'll also drink."

Dolores had already drunk. She thought of the two children and said, "You guys continue to enjoy, I'll go up first."

Armand pulled her, "Dolores, Matthew is really inhumane, in addition to exploit us, he totally doesn't treat us as human beings. I'm aggrieved but I dare not say."

Armand was 'crying' when he complained about Matthew.

Dolores was speechless.

What did this have to do with her?

"Is he really that inhumane?" Dolores asked as she looked at Armand who was pestering her like a 'puppy' and would not let go of his hand.

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Armand twitched his lips and nodded forcefully. He even pointed at Boyce to prove for him, "Ask him if you don't believe me."

Boyce knew that he was deliberately pestering Dolores to drink with him. He pretended that he did not

hear his words, turned to look at Theresa and asked with concern, "You should be tired during the journey, right?"

Theresa shook her head, "No, I'm not tired."

"Did that guy bully you?" Boyce's words meant a certain thing.

Theresa lowered her head, pursed her lips and shook her head, "Mr. Bernie has taken good care of me."

"You see, you see, am I the kind of man who only bullies women? Boyce, you've indeed underestimated me!" Armand got up and pointed at Boyce, "You guys slipped away and left all the mess to me."

Armand was absolutely not drunk. He purposely pretended to be drunk and was pulling Dolores, totally not intending to let her go. He even complained to her about the vast amount of works he had done. But in fact, he was deliberately saying how anxious Matthew was when she disappeared, "Do you know? When you disappeared, I accompanied Matthew to look for you everywhere. When he later learnt that you're here, he came here with Boyce and left me alone in City B to deal with the mess caused by Maria. But, you don't need to worry, I've already dealt with it nicely, she can no longer come out to cause trouble again "...Armand moved closer to Dolores, "She committed manslaughter so she won't be able to survive."

Dolores looked at Armand with mixed feelings. Emotions surged in her mind. It was Maria who threatened and coerced her to come out using the safety of the two children. For the safety of her children, she fell into the trap designed by Maria and was controlled by Sampson.

It was already a surprise to her that Matthew managed to come here and find her.

Unexpectedly, he would also take action to deal with Maria.

Armand poured wine for Dolores and also filled his own glass, "Since I've helped you so much, shouldn't you drink with me?"

Dolores knew that he was intentionally saying this to her. She picked up the wine glass, "You guys are really good buddies."

Armand was stunned. He purposely pretended that he did not understand.

Watching this on the side, Theresa was anxious. It was very obvious that Armand was deliberately making Dolores drink.

She wanted to persuade but was pulled by Boyce to deliberately stop her, "Ms. Gordon, it must be a tiring journey for you to bring Armand over. Thank you for bringing my useless brother safely over."

As he spoke, he stuffed a glass of wine into Theresa's hand.

Theresa was speechless.

This reason was too far-fetched, right?

"But"...

"Thank you, Ms. Gordon." Boyce did not give Theresa the chance to refuse and first said thank you.

This forced her to drink.

The approach of Boyce and Armand was too obvious so Dolores could figure it out easily. She did not refuse to get drunk once, "It's like what you guys think. The relationship between Matthew and I, in fact, is not as good as it seems" ...

Armand and Boyce looked at each other. This woman actually saw through their intentions?

The two people silently withdrew their gaze and pretended to be dumb, "Dolores, what're you saying. You and Matthew have destined fate and you two are a perfect match."

Dolores smiled, "Well, we're probably indeed destined to be together but other than this, it is hard to judge."

The fact that they had been engaged to each other since they were young indeed showed that they were destined to be together.

Armand was careful, "Are you still angry with the previous matter that he divorced you?" Out of the blue, Armand changed the subject and said righteously, "If it were me, I would be angry also. I would never forgive him if he divorces me for another woman."

Soon, Armand's tone became gentler again, "For the sake of the two children, give him a chance?"

Dolores drank a mouthful of wine. They did not understand the twists and turns.

The reason why she did not accept Matthew wholeheartedly was not because of the divorce in the past. After all, at that time, none of them liked each other and they were only bound together by an agreement made by people of the previous generation.

She was just not sure if Matthew's kindness to her was for the sake of the two children.

She was not sure if she really liked him.

And how much did she like him.

She did not like others to judge the matters of her love relationship, "In the future, don't be like this. I'm going to be angry if there is such a thing next time."

Boyce glared at Armand. He realized that the relationship between Matthew and Dolores was not as normal as what was shown so he told Armand this matter. And, he came up with this idea, saying that they could get Dolores drunk and then sent her to Matthew's bed. Everything would be solved afterward.

But, their intentions were seen through by her at a glance.

Armand smiled awkwardly and muttered in a low voice, "A woman who is too smart is not attractive."

"You guys don't make Theresa drink so much. I'm going back to see Samuel and Simona." Dolores's words meant very clearly so Armand could no longer continue to pester her.

He could only watch Dolores walk away.

With hindsight, Theresa realized that Armand was deliberately making Dolores drink but regarding why did he make her do so, she did not understand.

"It's not suitable for you guys to do that." Theresa glanced at Armand, "Being a man, how can you deliberately make a woman drink. It's a terrible thing. Fortunately, Lola is smart as she can see through your trick at a glance."

Armand was with the grievance. Wasn't he just helping his friend?

This little woman surprisingly dared to accuse him.

He pulled the chair and sat next to Theresa, "What do you know? Huh, you dare to accuse me?"

He deliberately sat close to her and when he spoke, the alcoholic breath overwhelmed her. She frowned, "You go away!"

"Go where? It's just a small place." Armand approached her and his mouth was even closer to her face.

Boyce shook his head. It was obvious that Armand was flirting with her. He did not want to be the third wheel so he quietly got up and left the box.

Seeing that others were leaving, Theresa also intended to leave but she was pulled by Armand.

"Don't leave, drink with me"...

"You're crazy, let go of me"...

Boyce closed the door and thought that Armand might really be able to get married at the end of the year.

Theresa was actually quite good. She was young and she looked ravishing.

When Dolores reached upstairs, Simona and Samuel had already hit the sack. Purling water sounds came from the bedroom. The frosted glass door was not shut entirely. The door was opened after she gently pushed it. \_\_\_\_\_ Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 200 It Is Just an Act

Mathew was standing in front of the sink. His cuffs were pulled up to his arms and his white shirt was tucked inside his suit pants. His slender legs were wrapped in his suit pants and the smooth line outlined the curvature of his hips connected to his crotch. He was having broad shoulders and a narrow waist. His



physique was totally perfect and flawless.

Dolores looked at the scene behind his arm and saw that he was surprisingly washing clothes.

It was Simona's skirt, which was stained with vegetable soup during the meal.

Dolores had never seen him do this before. He had someone to arrange food, clothes and accommodation for him, when would he need to do this himself?

At this moment, however, he was washing his daughter's clothes.

This feeling was very subtle.

In a trance, she surprisingly felt that this was how a home should be like.

It was ordinary and warm.

She barely thought, walked in and reached out to hug him from behind. Her face was pressed against his broad back, "Are you a heartless person or an affectionate person?"

This sudden hug made Matthew's body stiffen for a moment. But, it quickly returned to normal.

He sagged his eyes to look at her hands that were clasped around his waist. His eyes instantly flashed

with a pleasant feeling but he suppressed his voice, not showing his emotion, "Why do you ask this?"

Dolores did not hide from him, "I heard Armand say that Maria has gone in and she has no chance to come out for the rest of her life. It was you who did it."

When her words reached this part, she slightly paused. She thought about what should she say next, "Anyway, she had ever been with you, you really can treat her so cruelly?"

Matthew seemed to have not heard Dolores's words. He concentrated on washing his daughter's clothes.

It was not that he did not hear it. He just did not want to explain.

He had given Maria many opportunities but she went beyond the limit of his patience again and again.

She had deceived him and used schemes and trickeries. It was because he believed her as he still remembered that she had saved her once.

But, what about her?

What had she done?

Dolores bit her lips. There was a row of deep teeth marks on her pink lips. She hoped that Matthew would explain that there was a certain reason for him to do so and he was not such a ruthless person.

"Don't you have anything to tell me?"

"What do you want me to say?"

Matthew turned around. Two buttons on the collar of his shirt were unbuttoned. His solid chest could be vaguely seen. When he gave Simona a bath, his shirt became wet. The wet fabric was clung to his skin and when he approached her and looked down at her, his intense aggression overwhelmed Dolores. Dolores could not help but turn her head. She did not dare to directly look him in the eye as his eyes were too alluring.

Dolores's lips moved, "Is it that you will also treat me like this for other women in the future?"

Although the reason that he dealt with Maria was because of her, Maria had been with him. He could still completely ignore their previous relationship and be ruthless to her. What was the difference between him and Randolph who could abandon his wife and children?

She had seen her mother's failed marriage and her father's ruthlessness. So, she was always a little unsure about the love relationship.

She was sensitive and suspicious towards it.

Mathew frowned. His eyes sparkled and then he looked into her eyes, "Is this how you think of me? In your mind, I'm such a person?"

Dolores turned her eyes away, "I don't know!"

"Heh." He chuckled. Without any sign and propriety, he pushed her backward and pressed her against the wall. Before Dolores could react, his body moved forward and pressed against her soft body and her body was entirely pressed against the wall.

She was cold but she was burnt by his fiery body.

“What, what are you doing?”

The nervousness and uncertainty in her tone at this moment could not be hidden.

Matthew lightly kissed her forehead and then, he moved down and kissed her lips. There was no gap between their lips and they were closely attached. There was a light taste of wine in her mouth. It was not intense but addictive. His tongue entangled with her tongue and stimulated the root of her tongue. This kind of deep kiss was causing great pain and it was more like a punishment.

Dolores was so painful that her facial features were contorted. Her hands hit his shoulders forcefully, “It hurts, let go of me quickly...um” ...

Probably because her movements were too intense, her body rubbed his private part that was placed against her waist and she could obviously feel the change there. Her expression changed abruptly, “Matthew, you son of a bitch, quickly let go of me!”

His Adam’s apple moved up and down several times. His lips gently moved away and his thick and long eyelashes scraped across the corner of her eyes. It was tingling and itching. Dolores quivered slightly.

He spoke beside her ear, “Whenever you question me once, I’ll punish you once in this way.”

He deliberately moved even closer to her and said teasingly, “Do you think it’s fair?”

Dolores absolutely did not dare to move an inch, not daring to even breathe. His entire body tensed up and she was afraid that she would stimulate him.

Matthew grinned and did not continue to tease her. He asked softly, “You drank after I left?”

Dolores's eyelashes trembled, "Wouldn't you know?"

He raised his eyebrows, what did she mean?

"Boyce and Armand seem to have realized there is something wrong with our relationship and they deliberately made me drink"...

Matthew's lips twitched. He clasped Dolores's body in his arms, "In the future, be nicer to me in front of them."

If they knew that Dolores did not allow him to touch her.

They would certainly laugh their heads off.

Dolores also wanted to give the two children a good environment for living. Just like Matthew, she did not like others to be concerned about her private life, especially her love relationship.

She was also too negligent just now. Matthew was a proud person and it was impossible that he would tell others the matters of his love relationship.

"Okay." Dolores agreed. At least in front of outsiders, they were going to be a 'loving' couple.

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"Let's go to bed." Matthew wrapped his arms around her and went to bed together. He did not do

anything and was only wrapping his arms around her.

The next morning, Dolores got up at dawn. Not knowing if it was because of drinking wine last night, she slept very soundly. She just felt that Mathew had hugged and kissed her a few times in the night. When she woke up in the morning, she could not fall asleep anymore so she got up early. In the room, Matthew and the two children were still sleeping. She wanted to go outside the hotel to get some air.

At this time, the whole corridor was quiet. No one was up yet.

She walked very gently, fearing that she would wake up the people who were still sleeping.

When she passed by Theresa's room, the door of her room was suddenly opened from the inside. Armand's suit was crookedly worn and his hair was in a mess. When he saw Dolores, he reflexively closed the door with a bang.

Dolores stood in the doorway and could not regain her presence of mind for quite a moment. How come Armand came out from Theresa's room?

Did she see it wrongly?

She looked around. Yeah, this was indeed Theresa's room.

Armand, who was in the room, did not look good. He looked diffident while standing behind the door. How come Dolores was outside so early in the morning?

"What are you doing here, why don't you get lost?" Theresa hid under the blanket, revealing only a pair of reddened eyes.

When the other people left afterward, she was pestered by Armand to drink with him. She had no choice and could only drink a few glasses of wine. Later, Armand talked about the matter that he was forced to

get married.

Theresa then asked, "Don't you have a girlfriend?"

Armand then remembered his first love, Phoebe. His mood became even worse so he drowned his sorrows.

Theresa felt she had brought up something he was unhappy about.

That was why he would keep drinking.

So, she apologized to him, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to bring up your sore spot."

Armand smiled and took the opportunity to say, "I'll accept your apology if you drink a few glasses of wine with me."

In the end, both of them drank too much and she did not even know how did she get upstairs.

In the morning, they woke up naked in a bed.

They were both adults so they understood what had happened.

Armand said that he was going to take responsibility.

Theresa grabbed the quilt and her entire body was trembling wildly. She had the intention to kill Armand but she was still pretending to be calm, "We're both adults, don't say words that are so childish."

Just because of a mistake, the two of them had to be tied together?

Besides, she was clear that Armand was a playboy so it was absolutely not suitable for him to get married.

Also, she did not like him.

“It’s in the 21st century, not in the past. It’s just a one-night stand. I hope we forget about everything and just pretend that nothing has happened.” Theresa reacted very calmly.

Even Armand was also surprised.

He used to play around but he never casually took advantage of a woman. When there was a need, he would always look for those that he needed to pay.

And after the thing was done, he would pay and everyone would be square.

When it was this woman by the name of Theresa, she was surprisingly even more open-minded than he was. She said that he did not need to be responsible and asked him to forget everything and pretend nothing had happened.

How come he felt so unhappy?

“It happened. I remember clearly, your hands wrapped around my neck and you were underneath me” ...

“Get lost!” Theresa was enraged by Armand’s words.

The shame that was suppressed in her mind burst out all of a sudden.



She was too agitated so there was absolutely no way to discuss with her. So, Armand suggested, "Let's calm down and talk about that later."

But, as soon as he went out, he saw Dolores standing at the door.

He stood behind the door and looked at the undulating 'hill'. He knew that she must be crying under the quilt.

No woman who encountered such a thing could pretend that nothing had happened.

She managed to say those words easily just now because she was pretending.

Armand did not want to hide from her. He told her that Dolores saw him when he opened the door.

"What?" Theresa abruptly sat up from the bed. She was so shocked that her eyes widened very much. Then, wouldn't Dolores know that...

She did not even dare to continue thinking.

Her tears streamed down her cheeks continuously.

She was ashamed and resentful.

It was all caused by Armand!"

"You've ruined me." Theresa hugged the quilt and her entire face was buried in it. She was sobbing quietly.

Knock knock...

The door of the room was knocked at this time.\_\_\_\_

Next Chapter