

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 301 All Happened by Mistake

"You want me to stay with you for one night?" Armand Bernie's squint his eyes and his tone were as icy as the northwest wind in the winter.

What did she take him as?

Furthermore, now Phoebe Lewis was so insane that he couldn't feel her innocence and compassion before this.

"I'm not going to betray my wife." He stood firm.

"I'm not asking you to sleep with me but just accompany me," Phoebe paused for a while, she lowered her voice and her fists clasped tightly.

"Neither can I." Armand continued to reject.

"Are you truly so compassionless?" "If you leave today, I assure you will see me again as a corpse. I said it, I mean it. You may go if you don't believe that," Phoebe remarked with a deranged smile.

Phoebe sat on the sofa after rising from the ground.

"Are you forcing me?" Armand's eyes dimmed.

Phoebe realized that if she continued to pretend to be generous, she would never be able to get him. Therefore, she would do everything she could to make him stay and to confuse Theresa Gordon.

She had a chance only if they divorced!

"You force me. Indeed, I'm the one who left first, but I never violated the love between us. It was you, you did not even think about those good old days we had. You are so harsh to me. How can you blame me for being immoral?" She lifted her eyes and stared at Armand.

Armand remained in the same spot for a long time before looking at Phoebe, "Are you serious, as long as I stay with you today, you will not disrupt my life in the future?"

"Yes, everything will end after this, I follow what you want," Phoebe agreed.

Armand paused and nodded as he agreed. When Phoebe left that time, they had not formally met. Now that he had married Theresa, Phoebe disclosed the truth about the year, not because of the betrayal of their relationship, but just that they deserved to have a relationship cutoff.

In some ways, he was the one who let the partnership down.

It should be reasonable and ok if she just wanted him to accompany her.

"I'm going to make a phone call." Armand decided to contact Theresa and informed her that she should not wait and that he would explain everything to her when he returned.

The phone call was made, but it was not picked up.

Armand's assistant was not off duty since Theresa was there, thus he was staying inside while the other lawyers had already left.

"Do you want to keep waiting for Armand?" The assistant inquired.

Because Armand and Theresa's marriage did not take place in B city, few people are aware of it, and Armand had not had time to announce it.

Originally, he planned to gather everyone in the business together to have dinner together, and then introduce Theresa as his wife to everyone.

Only, as the end of the year was around the corner, he had something to handle and was not free to do so.

Theresa pulled out her phone to see what time it was. However, when she took out her phone, she saw that it had automatically shut off when the battery ran out.

"What time is it?" She inquired of the assistant.

"It's almost twelve," the assistant said as he looked at the time.

After all, he had broken his word, so she felt a bit upset and disappointed.

She pretended that she was fine but she felt sad and heartbroken deep inside.

"Can you assist me with a divorce agreement?" Her voice was a bit shaky.

"OK, give me a second," the lawyer's assistant was so used to handling such a thing.

The assistant thought that Theresa was here to get advice from Armand and it was obvious that she filed for divorce.

"Why would you divorce? Is your spouse cheating?" inquired the assistant.

Nowadays, most of the couple divorced for this reason, particularly for female parties to come to their chamber and most of them were here to file for divorce because their husbands cheated on them.

"Yes. I think so," Theresa said as she faked a smile.

The assistant was a man, he felt that this was so injustice after he heard this, "Presently men are not something to be thankful for."

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He found that this lady looked so youthful and delightful and he wondered why her husband still wanted to cheat on her.

Was it true that the mistress was always more attractive than their wife?

The assistant acted quickly, he was holding the PC to draft the content, while asking Theresa's circumstance, "Do you have kids? Do you guys have any issue with the distribution of property? What

would you like to get from this as your husband was the one who cheats and he was the wrong party, we can fight for you to maximize your well-being."

Theresa felt harsh, her mouth was bitter and she shook her head, "We don't have any kids, neither do we have any issues about the distribution of property. To be honest, we don't even have a marriage certificate, we only have our family members witness our wedding, in the event that I need to end our relationship, what to do then?"

The assistant was dumbfounded as they didn't even have a marriage certificate which meant their marriage was not protected by law.

There were cases in numerous provincial regions in which individuals who got married before they reached the eligible age. Since they were not mature enough to get a marriage certificate so they just simply had a wedding that was witnessed by their family members.

Indeed, that actually didn't mean that they were husband and wife by any means, and their marriage was not protected by law.

"For this situation, you can just both arrange and have a talk over this. Obviously, if the other party doesn't agree, or requested something unreasonable from you, you could file a legal proceeding against him, that is, settle all this through judicial progress. However, this is not considered divorce but just a dispute. Legitimately you are not husband and wife, so this can't be handled like a divorce case."

Theresa likely comprehended, in other words, if she wanted to cut off the relationship with Armand, both of them would need to discuss with him.

"Wait, I'll ask our boss." The assistant wasn't truly adept at dealing with such things. He needed advice from Armand. He called Armand.

Right now, Armand was sitting on the couch, and Phoebe didn't bother him, she was sleeping beside him instead.

When he heard the telephone ring, he thought it was Theresa and promptly took out his telephone, and when he saw that it was the assistant, his face looked serious. He pressed the button and answered the call, "What's up?"

"Here comes a customer who needs to get some information about some lawful issue, I don't know much about ..."

"Look for Mr. Wong, he's good at handling lawful issue about marriage." Now Armand didn't want to manage such things.

After saying that, he hung up the telephone.

The assistant looked at the phone for quite a while. Armand was not like this usually, he was so careful and serious about work, what was wrong with him?

Theresa asked, "Are you calling Armand?"

She just speculated, the voice she heard was just like Armand's.

The assistant nodded and mumbled, "It's Armand, I don't have the foggiest idea what he's occupied with, usually, he'll be patient and explain to me, unlike this time, it's extremely surprising."

Theresa grinned, he was now dating his mistress, how would he focus on work?

He probably had totally forgotten that she was actually waiting for him.

What could she expect from him?

She stood up, the assistant put down the PC and followed, "Mr. Wong is excellent at handling this type of cases, would you like me to contact Mr. Wong for you?"

Theresa said, "I will come back again if I need your help."

She turned back and left the chamber, she remained on the road for some time. It was still the same blue sky but people changed

Perhaps it was all false from the beginning.

Presently the time had come to end it.

She took a taxi to get back.

Mrs. Leslie was not there, the house was in dead silence, she got back to the room. She found her luggage from the cabinet, she put all her attire and daily supplies in it. She didn't have many things initially, simply because the warm clothes for winter occupied more space, in any case, the luggage was enough for all her things.

She sat on the edge of the bed. The area below her feet was the place where Armand slept last evening.

Out of no reason, she grinned.

From the start, she thought that Armand cared about her feeling so he didn't sleep with her.

She thought clearly about it again, wasn't it because the lady he loved had returned and he wouldn't want to stay close with her?

What exactly was she to him?

Was she just a sex object?

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Chapter 302 I'll Get a Great-grandson Next Year

Someone opened the door, the voices of the maid and Mrs. Leslie could be heard. They were talking to each other and Mrs. Leslie was in a good mood and talked happily.

This was a matter between her and Armand, she didn't need Mrs. Leslie to know, she was too old to even think about dealing with something like this.

Not for the sake of Armand, just because that Mrs. Leslie treated her very well.

She pulled open the door of her room, the maid was hanging the laundry for Mrs. Leslie.

"I don't know that you're home." When the old woman saw Theresa, she was a bit astonished, then, she grinned, "Come, sit down, I have something great to share with you."

Theresa faithfully sat down on the couch, and the old woman grasped her hand excitedly.

"What great thing makes grandmother so happy?" Theresa concealed her feelings well, without letting Mrs. Leslie realize it at all.

Despite the fact that she had not spent a long time with Mrs. Leslie, her thoughtfulness, and friendliness

had effectively melted her.

Regardless of how she and Armand were, she couldn't hurt Mrs. Leslie.

"I met a face reader today, he said that my face is ruddy and I would be blessed with good fortune which means something great is occurring." Mrs. Leslie actually believed in face reading.

Most elderly folks believed in face reading.

People from the previous generation were more superstitious.

Theresa couldn't help but giggle, "Do you just believe what he said?"

The old woman's eyes widened, "Let me tell you, I didn't tell him that I had a grandson, however by reading my face, he could tell that I had a grandson who got married and said that one year from now I would get a great-grandson, could I not trust it?"

The housekeeper interrupted, "Mrs. Leslie was so glad that she gave him a red packet with a considerable amount of money."

The grin on Theresa's face gradually faded away.

Mrs. Leslie held Theresa's hand tighter and came closer, "Theresa, about this, I'm counting on you."

As she said, her eyes fell on her tummy, "Maybe my great-grandson has already been in your womb."

Theresa couldn't fake a smile, nor could she say anything to coax the elderly person.

When Armand returned, she will leave and to repay Mrs. Leslie's thoughtfulness, she stood up, "Let me cook."

She cooked for Mrs. Leslie.

"No need, just sit here." Mrs. Leslie pulled her and didn't let her do anything, "It's New Year's Eve, where is Armand? Is that he still hasn't completed his work in his office?"

Theresa said nonchalantly, "Perhaps."

"This fellow deserved a punch in his face. He had no sense of time and family, when he comes back home, I would beat him up." Mrs. Leslie really thought was that if he didn't come back home, how could she get a great-grandson then?

Theresa alone couldn't have a baby.

The night was falling, and Armand still hadn't come back.

Theresa insisted prepare a meal for Mrs. Leslie herself despite that Mrs. Leslie was stopping her.

Her cooking skill wasn't good, however, she just did it as a token of her regard.

With the guidance of the maid, she made a couple of dishes that Mrs. Leslie ordinarily enjoyed more.

Pork Ribs and Turnip Soup were a great dish to eat in winter, and there came the crispy bean curd, seared shrimp with garlic, and boiled Chinese yam. All was a light diet.

The food was cooked and served on the table, Theresa washed her hands to serve the rice, and called Mrs.Leslie to eat.

Mrs.Leslie was still so happy about what occurred during the day as she was told that she can get a grandson, of course, she was so happy about that.

So she didn't pay attention to Theresa and didn't discover what was wrong with her.

She was so kind that she cooked for her actually, she was so glad about that.

Armand made the right choice to marry her.

Armand wasn't around and the maid didn't sit in. There were only Theresa and Mrs.Leslie at the table, Theresa didn't have an appetite, she simply didn't want Mrs.Leslie to know what was in her mind so she forced herself to eat some, "I heard that you like to eat these, I didn't make the dish well indeed..."

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"Excellent, it's already very good, I found it's delicious." Mrs.Leslie picked up a piece of crispy bean curd. Although Mrs.Leslie was old, her teeth were still tough, as long as it wasn't too hard, she could eat it.

"You eat as well." Mrs.Leslie served soup to Theresa, " We need to eat white radish in the summer as the saying goes people eat white radish during winter and eat ginger during summer. The saying is actually logical."

Theresa grinned as she agreed.

She finished the soup that Mrs. Leslie served to her.

After eating, she helped the maid to tidy up the kitchen and then watched TV with Mrs. Leslie in the living room.

After ten o'clock, Mrs. Leslie was drowsy.

Theresa held her and helped her get into the house, "You sit down first, I will get you a pot of hot water to douse your feet, so you may sleep soundly."

After today, she might leave, she treated her with filial piety.

After all, she used to call her grandma.

She got the water in the restroom. She tested the temperature of the water with her hands and felt that it would not be hot before she took the towel and brought it out, she put the water bowl close to Mrs. Leslie's feet and brought her feet into the bowl, "Will it be too hot?"

"No, I'm fine with it. If it's too cold, then it will be uncomfortable." Mrs. Leslie peered down at Theresa and reached out to caress her head, "You are a good kid, Armand is so blissful that he could marry you."

Theresa bowed her head, the tears streamed down, and dropped into the bowl of water.

"I'm the one who is blissful that I can meet you, regardless of what occurs later on, I will still treat you as my grandma."

Mrs. Leslie didn't hear clearly what she said, she just said cheerfully, "Oh girl, stop saying so. You wedded Armand, then I'm your grandma, you can't deny it."

The water turned cold, Theresa took the old woman's feet out and dried them. She helped her lay down and rested, "It's late, sleep early."

Her feet were comfortable after washing them, Mr. Leslie hummed. "You too, sleep earlier. Armand has not yet returned, you call to hurry him, let him return early."

Theresa covered Mrs. Leslie's but then she stopped and nodded her head, "I will, you may just rest without worrying about us."

Mrs. Leslie shut her eyes happily, Theresa brought the bowl of water into the washroom and discharged it, she put the towel aside and left while Mrs. Leslie was tired and was at that point sleeping right now, Theresa walked soft and shut the door of the room.

Right now, the maid rested as well, the whole living room was empty and quiet.

She was able to hear her own breathing.

She got back to the room, the luggage was still positioned on the bedside, she didn't clean up and sleep, but went to the window, tenderly lift the drape, the night was getting dull, and she didn't have a sense of drowsiness.

She looked at the dull and bleak sky. There wasn't even a star, very much like her feeling now, there was no light and appeared to be hopeless.

She paid for her foolishness.

She thought that she could make it with Armand.

She thought that possibly he would fall in love with her.

She thought that she loved him.

But after all, only her last thought was true.

She was drawn to him, but what he gave her was a strike.

She was left alone and pitiful in the haziness of the evening.

And now, he was having a great time with the woman he loved. Was he having a heart-to-heart conversation with her?

Nope, to be exact, they just continued their relationship and expressed their feeling.

Theresa stood by the window and Armand was back at the crack of the dawn.

He pushed open the door of the room, he also didn't sleep for the entire night. His face was pale. He saw Theresa was standing by the window. When he was about to ask her, how came she to get up so early. As he touched the luggage on the bedside, he was a bit shocked.

"Theresa." His voice was somewhat low and somewhat terrified, "What did you get luggage for?" _____

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Chapter 303 Reunion Of The Past Lovers

Theresa turned around slowly. With this movement, she realized that her legs were numb. She bent down to rub her knees. Armand quickly walked over to look at her legs, "Are your legs not well?"

Theresa remained silent.

Armand reached out to massage her legs, but he was pushed away by Theresa.

"Don't need to trouble you."

Armand raised his head, "I have something to tell you, last night..."

"You were with Phoebe." Her words were firm. It wasn't a question, it was a firm statement.

Armand widened his eyes, "How did you know?"

Theresa laughed, "A reunion of the past lovers, wasn't it fun?"

Armand felt restless in his heart, "Don't misunderstand, there's nothing between me and her, she requested for me to keep her company for a night..."

"I know." Theresa pointed at the lipstick stain on his neck. She wanted to say to him nonchalantly, 'Isn't she just an ex-girlfriend?'

'Wasn't it just a night? I don't care.'

But she wasn't as gracious as she wanted herself to be, and she couldn't endure this kind of cheating!

"I've already seen it, you don't even have any regard to my feelings. Are you showing me on purpose?"

Armand reached out to touch his neck, the lipstick stained his hands. He recalled, when he was about to leave, Phoebe had hugged him, refusing to let him leave. It seemed like she had kissed his neck then, it must have happened during that time.

"Please hear me out, we didn't do anything. It was her that kept pestering me, I've already told her everything clearly..."

"Armand!" Theresa cut him off. She raised her head, stopping her tears from trickling down, "Let's break up on good terms. It's lucky that you haven't gotten the registration. What happened in White City, let's treat it as just a farce. I have already packed all our stuff."

She fished out the thing that was given to her by Mrs. Leslie, and put it on the bed, "I shouldn't have taken this since the beginning. Now that I'm leaving, even more so I shouldn't be taking it. Whether you want to keep it for yourself, or whether you want to continue giving this to Mrs. Leslie, it's up to you. Seeing that we are still acquaintances, let's not make things too awkward."

She turned to look at Armand. With all her might, she squeezed out an uncomfortable smile, "I've said all I wanted to. Finally, I wish you happiness."

Finishing her words, she pulled her suitcase, and went to open the room door. Armand grabbed her suitcase from her hands, "I don't allow you to leave!"

“Who said you can end it just like that?” Who are you to say it’s just a farce? You’ve already put on the wedding gown, and promised to God that we would stay together, in front of all my closest relatives and friends. How can you leave just like that? Let me tell you Theresa, you can’t even step out of here!”

Theresa wiped the tears in the corner of her eyes, “Armand, you are an adult, don’t be so childish.”

“How am I childish?” Armand retaliated.

Theresa retreated a few steps, her tone particularly firm. She admitted that she did like him a little. However, she couldn’t accept disloyalty.

She couldn’t resign quietly to it, so she could only give it up.

“What you’re doing now is very childish, if you don’t want to talk properly, we can go the legal way.”

Armand’s Adam’s apple moved up and down. What was she talking about?

Legal way?

“How do you intend to go the legal way?”

Theresa clenched her fists, and forced herself to remain calm, “We don’t have a marriage certificate, so firstly our marriage is not valid in law. You had cheated in the first place, so I have a right to set my boundaries clear, so you cannot harass me.”

“I didn’t cheat on you.” Armand reiterated, “I’ve already told you, nothing happened between us...”

“You didn’t come back for the whole night, and there’s even a lipstick stain on your neck. Then you tell

me, there's nothing going on between both of you. Armand, do you think I'm a three-year-old child?"

"Why do you not believe me? She wanted me to keep her company for a night, and then she won't pester us anymore from now onwards."

Theresa laughed heartily, until her tears rolled down. She wiped them, "Armand, do you really care about me?"

"Of course."

"Do you treat me as your family?"

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"Of course, we sleep on the same bed, of course we are very close."

"Then are you hiding anything from me?"

Armand remained silent.

Yes, but it wasn't about Phoebe, it was about his parents.

He didn't think that was anything serious.

“We all have something that we don’t want to talk about right?”

“You told your ex-girlfriend about it, but you don’t want to let me know. You said we are the closest family. But, it looks like you are even closer to her than me. She can share your secrets with you, but for me, I don’t know anything.” Theresa didn’t want to continue being around him, wasting her time.

“Return me my suitcase.” She softened her voice, allowing herself to calm down.

She shouldn’t be accusing him right now.

If she had decided to break up, there was no use in pointing fingers.

The more she entangled herself in this, the more heartache she felt.

It would be better if she cut things off.

“I won’t.” Armand didn’t let go.

“There’s nothing much inside anyway, it’s fine if you don’t want to give it back.” Theresa didn’t want her suitcase anymore, she didn’t want to continue debating with him anymore.

She opened her room door.

“I won’t agree to the divorce!” Armand hugged her from behind.

“I’ve already said, our marriage wasn’t valid, I’m not divorcing you. Now that I’m leaving, can’t you leave a good final impression for me?”

"I don't want to." Armand was in utter despair. Theresa was being very serious, and she really wanted to leave. Her words, her actions, were all too firm.

"There's really nothing going on between me and her, she was drunk, and bluffed me into going over" ...

"What are you guys doing?" Mrs. Leslie had heard the commotion. When she listened carefully, it sounded like Armand and Theresa were having a fight. Without even having time to put on her clothes, she draped on her clothes and came out.

With a look, indeed, it was really them quarrelling.

Noticing the suitcase behind Armand, Mrs. Leslie was taken aback, "You, what are you guys doing?"

Mrs. Leslie was very anxious, she pointed at Armand, "Did you do something wrong to make Theresa angry."

Armand let go of Theresa, and came over to comfort Mrs. Leslie, "We are alright, you go back to your room first."

"Seeing you guys like this, how can I go back to my room?" Mrs. Leslie yelled, slapping him on the back. After hitting him, she said in heartache, "You are already an adult, why are you still worrying me every day?"

"It's my bad." In order to calm Mrs. Leslie down, to soothe her anger, Armand quickly admitted his mistake.

"If you want to admit to your mistakes, do that to Theresa." Mrs. Leslie ignored Armand and walked over, pulling at Theresa's hand, "Theresa, if he did something wrong then you just give him a beating. You guys have just gotten married, how can you leave just like that? On behalf of me, forgive him one more time?"

Theresa didn't want to make Mrs. Leslie sad. However, she was even more unwilling to continue being around Armand, "Grandma, there's no right or wrong between me and him, our personalities are incompatible, that's why we decided to break up. I think, he will find someone more suitable for him in the future"...

"There won't be anyone more suitable!" Mrs. Leslie interjected her, "Yesterday you cooked for me, and helped me washed my feet. Were you already thinking of leaving then?"

Speaking of this, Mrs. Leslie's eyes reddened. She clutched Theresa's hands tightly without letting go, "What are you unhappy about him, tell me, I will give him a lesson on behalf of you. Promise me, you won't leave, alright?"

Theresa lowered her head, her tears streaming down her face, "I'm sorry Grandma."

Mrs. Leslie's body shook, "You are still leaving?"

At this moment, the doorbell rang. _____

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Chapter 304 You Are So Heartless

The servant had already woken up, but seeing that there was an argument, as a servant, she didn't dare to speak up.

Hearing the doorbell ring, she went over to open the door. In her mouth she was mumbling, "Early in the morning, who could it be?"

Opening the door, Phoebe was standing outside.

The servant didn't know Phoebe, asking, "Who are you looking for?"

"I'm looking for Armand." Phoebe smiled.

The servant turned over to look at Armand, "A lady here is looking for you."

Mrs. Leslie was quick to react, she let go of Theresa's hand and walked over. Seeing that it was Phoebe, her face immediately changed. She said fiercely, "What are you doing here?"

At this moment, Phoebe saw Armand and Theresa who were standing by the door, as well as the suitcase that was hidden behind Armand. She thought to herself, was Theresa leaving?

She smiled, as if she hadn't seen Mrs. Leslie's ugly expression, "Grandma I'm here to see Armand."

"Who's your Grandma!" Mrs. Leslie was not the least bit polite to her. In the past, before Armand became wealthy, he was dating her, and he hadn't had such a nice house.

When Armand brought her back, she was even a little disdainful.

She later dumped him, making him so devastated. Therefore, Mrs. Leslie didn't have a good impression of her, she always had a feeling that she was a gold-digger. She didn't even know why she had left in the past.

The purpose of her coming was to add salt to injury. Only if Theresa left, then she can enter. She intentionally spoke louder, "I came to return Armand something. Last night, he left his watch at my place."

Speaking of this, she took out the watch.

Mrs. Leslie took a look. Indeed, it belonged to Armand.

"You, what are you talking about? Armand left it at your place?" Mrs. Leslie looked as if she was thunderstruck. She was unbelievable, "He was with you last night?"

"Yes" ...Phoebe looked at Theresa, "Don't misunderstand, even though we were together, but nothing happened."

Theresa turned her body, not wanting to look at her, and said softly, "I didn't misunderstand, I don't need your explanation Ms. Lewis."

Armand walked over, and said deeply, "Who said you can come over, didn't you say you would never appear in front of me" ...

"I came to pass you your watch." Phoebe quickly cut him off.

When they were having an argument yesterday, she had intentionally taken it off his wrist. He was in a rage then, hence he hadn't noticed that his watch had been taken off.

Armand took it from her, and said, "Go back."

Phoebe looked at him, "I really don't have to explain to her on behalf of you?"

"No need for that." Armand was huffing in anger. If not for her, why would Theresa misunderstand. Now she had even come over, it would only deepen Theresa's misunderstanding.

Her explanation would only make things worse.

Phoebe took a look at Theresa, and gave a cold laugh in her heart, thinking, 'I'll see whether she leaves this time round'.

"If you need me to explain anything, just let me know" ...

"Please leave quickly, and do not come over anymore!" Mrs. Leslie was angry, hating this woman to the core. If not for her, Armand wouldn't have a misunderstanding with Theresa.

Hold on, Armand was with her last night?

Her heart trembled. No wonder Theresa was so angry. If this happened on her, she would definitely be angry too.

Mrs. Leslie grabbed the watch from Armand's hand, and threw it outside, "Throw this away, why do you still want it!"

Mrs. Leslie turned her gaze to Phoebe, "And you! It was you who dumped Armand in the past, why are you here harassing him now? Do you not have a tinge of shame?"

"Grandma, I" ...

"I am not your Grandma, please leave." Grandma was so angry that she was shaking.

Phoebe took a look at Armand, and then another look at Theresa. She secretly raised her lips, but on the surface, she pretended as if she was feeling terrible, "Then I'll leave first. I hope all of you will be fine, don't argue because of me."

Finishing her words, she turned to leave.

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Jared Kushner & Ivanka Trump Dropped Off The Planet

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Theresa pulled her suitcase and walked over, "Grandma, please take care of yourself."

"Theresa." Mrs. Leslie tugged at her, not knowing what else to say to make her stay. She glared at Armand, disappointed in him.

"Theresa, there is really nothing going on between me and her, please believe me" ...

Armand tugged at her, "I'm sorry, it's all my fault, I didn't consider your feelings, please don't leave alright?"

Theresa turned to look at him, "It's not your fault, the fault is with me, I shouldn't have agreed to try it out with you. You already had someone else in your heart, you should have told me. It's me who is too stupid, agreeing too easily to you. This is a detour I have to make, a hardship I have to endure, I can't avoid it."

"Theresa." Mrs. Leslie was very anxious. Once she leaves, would she come back?

She couldn't let Theresa leave.

Mrs. Leslie's body wobbled, her eyes rolled over, and she passed out.

"Grandma." Luckily Armand was near her, he quickly caught her in his arms.

"What's happening." Theresa also had a fright, why did she suddenly pass out?

Without a second word, Armand pinched her philtrum. Mrs. Leslie had purposely pretended to pass out, so as to make Theresa stay, but who would have thought that Armand would be so heavy on his hands, and she frowned in pain.

Pretending that she was very weak, she opened her eyes, "Armand, will I ...Will I not make it?"

Seeing Mrs. Leslie wake up, Armand was so anxious that he was speaking gibberish, "No, no, you will live to a hundred years."

"I am almost angered to death by you, how would I live to a hundred years?"

Mrs. Leslie pulled at Theresa's hands, "Theresa, if you leave, I don't think I can live anymore."

"Grandma what are you talking about" ...

Mrs. Leslie suddenly clutched Armand's thighs, why was this person so slow?

Armand's words got stuck in his throat. Looking at Mrs. Leslie's rosy complexion, it didn't look like she was ill at all. Could she be acting?

So as to make Theresa stay?

Theresa looked at Armand, "It's better if we send her to the hospital. Grandma is already old, with this sudden passing out, it's better if we get her checked."

"I don't want to go for a check." Mrs. Leslie refused, and she clutched Theresa's hand, "I just want you to keep me company."

Theresa pursed her lips, without agreeing, "Armand can accompany you."

She shook away Mrs. Leslie's hand.

"Theresa." Armand clutched her wrist, "Are you really so heartless?"

"If I don't cut it off now, it would come back to haunt me in the future. Armand, you should know it better than I do, I'm not like you, I don't have a sensitive heart." Theresa pulled her suitcase over, and walked towards the door.

Mrs. Leslie hit Armand furiously, making him think of ways to make Theresa stay.

Theresa was very firm about leaving. With only words alone, it wasn't enough to convince her.

Suddenly, Armand hugged Mrs. Leslie's head, "Grandma, why did you pass out again, quick wake up."

Mrs. Leslie couldn't react in time, she was dumbfounded for a moment. Armand's head lowered down and gave her a hint, asking her to continue acting.

Hearing that Grandma had passed out once again, Theresa indeed stopped in her tracks. But when she turned around, she realized something was wrong. If something was really wrong with Mrs. Leslie, it was impossible that Armand would only be there hugging her, and not send her to the hospital.

“Armand, is it useful to play such childish tricks?” Her tone was indifferent.

“Why has nanny fainted.” Armand said stiffly.

In his heart he thought, had she found out?

“If she had fainted, shouldn’t you send her to the hospital?” _

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 305 We Had Nothing In The Past

Armand was stunned. Wasn’t she only pretending? Why send her to the hospital? If she went to the hospital, wouldn’t she be exposed?

Besides, Theresa was skeptical now.

Armand was in a dilemma.

Mrs. Leslie’s head suddenly ached and her body convulsed violently.

Armand thought that she was pretending to be sick so he wasn’t worried at all and continued to think of ways to make Theresa stay, “You will only believe me when I take my grandma to the hospital?”

Theresa didn’t know what to say.

She was completely speechless.

Mrs. Leslie's convulsions became more and more severe and she couldn't even speak. Her breathing became more and more rapid, her mouth became crooked and she uttered in a raspy manner, "Ar ... Armand" ...

Theresa had a hunch, "I think something is really wrong with her. Take her to the hospital immediately."

At this moment, Armand also noticed that her body was twitching and her muscles were tense. He picked Mrs. Leslie up and walked out.

"Coat." Mrs. Leslie was wearing thin pajamas and it was cold outside.

In a moment of desperation, Theresa put down the suitcase, ran into the house and took out Mrs. Leslie's mink coat and walked out with Armand.

Armand laid Mrs. Leslie down in the back seat and Theresa covered her with her coat, "You drive, I will keep an eye on her."

Armand looked at Theresa, his heart surged with emotions, "Theresa, I"...

"Just Go, drive!" Theresa whispered. She felt that Mrs. Leslie's condition was getting really serious, she was foaming at her mouth.

Armand was also a little flustered by now.

This was obviously not a pretense.

He quickly started the car and drove towards the hospital.

Theresa sat in the back seat holding Mrs. Leslie. Her consciousness was already blurred and she wasn't responding to Theresa's calling at all.

Armand was anxious and ran through a few red lights in a row and several times almost got into a car accident.

Originally, it was a twenty-minute ride to the hospital, but Armand got there in ten minutes.

Armand picked Mrs. Leslie up in his arms and took her out of the car. Theresa followed. There were many people in the hospital lobby. He carried her straight to the emergency room.

Soon, Mrs. Leslie was admitted, "What is wrong with my grandma?"

The doctor asked the medical staff to take Mrs. Leslie in the operating room and took that time to turn towards Armand and said, "Preliminary judgement is that she had a sudden cerebral hemorrhage. You should wait outside the door."

After that, he closed the door to the operating room.

Armand stood there stunned for a long time and didn't return to his senses. 'Cerebral hemorrhage?'

This was a sudden illness and if it was very serious it could be fatal.

At first, he had thought that she was pretending and he didn't know if because of that the treatment had been delayed. Armand punched the wall in anger, making a dull sound.

Standing to the side and hearing it, Theresa's heart trembled.

At this time, a nurse came over, "Who is the family member?"

Theresa saw Armand was busy worrying and blaming himself, so she came over, "I am."

The nurse handed over a list, "Pay for these please."

Theresa took the list, "I will go pay right now."

She was also afraid of delaying Mrs. Leslie's treatment. She was still holding Mrs. Leslie's coat in her hand. Without even putting it down, she ran downstairs.

The billing office was on the first floor.

She took out her card and paid the bill.

Back outside the operating room, she saw Armand sitting on the chair, his head was drooping. There was blood on the back of his hand. He must have sustained this injury just now when he punched the wall.

Theresa walked over and looked at his hand. The injury looked a little serious, especially at the joints where the skin was torn and oozing blood.

“Go and have it bandaged. Grandma will be worried when she comes out.”

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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Armand looked up at her, his eyes looked a little red, “I was raised by her. She is my only family in the world, if something happens to her”...

“No, nothing will happen to her.”Theresa interrupted him with a tone of certainty.

Armand asked, “Will she really be fine?”

His heart felt hollow. He just wanted to find someone to give him an answer.

Theresa comforted him, “Really.”

Armand stood up and hugged her, his voice rough, “Thank you.”

Theresa stiffened, but in the end, she didn’t push him away, “I got to know her and she has been very kind to me. There’s no need to thank me, besides, I didn’t do anything.”

Armand didn’t speak, only hugged her tightly. Only when he was holding her in his arms did he feel like he was alive and his heart felt warm.

How long had it been since he felt this way?

He couldn't remember it anymore.

It had been too long.

His voice was very faint, "Phoebe was my first love. I met her in my second year in university. The night before my graduation, she left. For a while, I was so devastated and dejected because of her and was only able to carry on by relying on Boyce and Matthew. I admit that I loved her a lot but after she left for ten years, the relationship has long been stranded."

Theresa froze. Her heart stirred a little, but she stifled it down quickly.

She couldn't lower her limit just because of Armand's confession. It was a fact that he did not return all night and it was also a fact that Phoebe was his first love.

People always say, first love is always hard to forget because all of the youth and beauty is given by the first love.

Theresa believed that the first times of everything were hard to forget.

Even after a long time, traces were bound to remain in the heart.

He said that Phoebe was pestering him, so why didn't he tell her before?

Why didn't he tell her?

Did he have to wait for something to happen before he explained?

“Armand, you don’t need to tell me all this. I have already decided. You can’t give me the stability; you can’t give me the sense of security that I want. We are really not suitable for each other. It is not too late to realize that, you and I are both young and we can meet people more suitable to us than each other.”

Armand’s eyes widened in shock. He grabbed Theresa’s shoulder and looked at her, “Are you really this sure? Don’t you miss the feeling we had in the past at all?”

Theresa smiled, “We had nothing in the past.”

Armand was taken aback, “What do you mean?”

“How long have we known each other?” Theresa looked at him, “You and I have only known each other for two three months, were we ever in love?” She laughed at herself, “You mean the one-night stand?”

“If you are talking about the past then it should be you and Phoebe. In fact, by leaving, I am giving you a chance. You should thank me.”

Armand couldn’t say a word for a long time. It took a while for him to find his voice, “The time that we have known each other is indeed short, but are feelings measured by time?”

“Then what else are they measured by?”

However, at this moment, the door of the operating room slid open, interrupting their discussion. Theresa and Armand walked quickly to the door. The doctor was still wearing the blue surgical gown. He took off his mask, “The patient had an acute cerebral hemorrhage. Fortunately, she was brought here just in time and there had been no life-threatening implications. However, she may need some time to recuperate here in the hospital.”

"Thank you, Doctor." Mrs. Leslie's life was not in danger, it was the best news for Armand.

"The patient will be brought out in a while. Because she is sick and old, she may need someone to stay with her." The doctor said again.

"I see." Armand had already decided in his heart that he was going to accompany Mrs. Leslie himself while she was sick.

Now that he was well-off, he didn't need to run around for money anymore. Plus, the firm was developing pretty well, even if he didn't go, it was still going to run smoothly and he was going to earn as usual.

Soon, Mrs. Leslie was brought out.

Although she was saved, her mouth was still a bit crooked.

She cared about her looks a lot, she was definitely not going to be able to accept such a crooked mouth once she woke up.

"Doctor, will her mouth be fine?"

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 306 Drown Sorrows in Wine

"Don't worry too much, it takes a while to fully recover. But considering Mrs. Leslie's age, it might be a bit slower. And she won't be the same as she used to be, there could be some sequelae." The doctor said.

Armand Bernie was clear about it, so he pushed Mrs. Leslie to the ward.

The doctor ran some tests on Mrs. Leslie showing her physical conditions were good. Then the doctor told them something they need to pay attention, "This ward is a temporary one, if you want to upgrade it according to your own needs, you can go to the inpatient department to go through the transfer procedures."

"Of course we will have the best one." Armand said it without any hesitation.

To let his grandma live a happy life was the reason he worked hard.

"Yeah, you can go fill out forms for admittance." Then the doctor left the ward with others.

Theresa left Mrs. Leslie's jacket on the back of the chair and said, "I will do the paperwork, you can stay here with Mrs. Leslie."

Armand didn't say anything.

Theresa knew Armand wanted to stay with Mrs. Leslie as they had always been close to each other. So he must be hoping to stay with her grandma for the time being. So she left the ward to do the procedures.

Armand actually heard what she said, but he didn't answer her purposely. He was thinking a lot in his mind, so it would be better to have a serious talk after they clear their thoughts.

It took Theresa an hour to finish the procedure. She wasted a lot of time on the queue because there

were so many patients in the hospital.

With the help of the medical staff, Mrs. Leslie was transferred to the VIP ward. After things were settled, Armand's phone rang, and he took a peak, it was from Boyce Shawn.

He pressed it and answered, "Yes, Boyce."

"Are you available tonight? Let's gather together tonight? I have called Matthew." Boyce asked.

Armand looked at Mrs. Leslie and hesitated. It was impossible for him to leave at the moment actually.

Boyce knew nothing about Mrs. Leslie was in the hospital, and he also didn't know Armand was in trouble with Theresa. So he teased, "What? Do you forget us after getting married?"

Before Armand said something, Boyce continued, "About Sampson, everything is fine now, don't you always want to teach him a lesson? Now it's the time."

"Where do we meet up?" Armand asked.

"See you at the old place."

They had a place where they always gathered, so Armand asked again, "What time?"

"At 7 o'clock."

"Yeah, I will be there on time." He hung up the phone and looked back and found Theresa was wiping Mrs. Leslie's face and hands.

He was quite tensed, "Theresa" ...

Theresa didn't even look at him, "It's not because of you that I'm taking care of her. People should know how to repay others kindness."

Armand pursed his lip, "Can you do me a favor?"

Theresa didn't say anything because she was afraid he was going to talk about something related to their relationship.

"Boyce wanted me to meet him tonight, can you help me take care of grandma?" Armand asked. He explained more in case Theresa turned him down, "Sampson's matter was solved and he wanted Matthew and me to meet together about the next step."

Theresa thought about it for a second, and agreed, "Ok.."

Because she couldn't fully trust a stranger to take care of Mrs. Leslie.

Armand came up to her trying to say something but just signed and left.

The law office was closed because of Spring Festival. Everyone was preparing for the festival. The whole city was filled with joyful atmosphere of the New Year in the B city.

Armand almost spent the whole day at hospital without eating anything, but he still had no appetite. He was the first one who arrived the spot. So he ordered some wine to drink first. Shortly, Boyce arrived and saw Armand was drinking alone. He closed the door and jokingly said, "What's wrong groom? Why drinking alone?"

Armand didn't answer him.

Armand wasn't like this and he must say something back if it was in the past. Boyce put on a serious face and sat beside Armand, "Drown your sorrows in wine?"

Armand took a sip and told him, "Phoebe is back."

Boyce's lips twitched, 'He knew it so quickly'?

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A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

Boyce pretended to know nothing about it, "What are you going to do? Theresa is a good woman, please don't hurt her."

Armand took a peak at him, drank some wine and said, "She changed."

"Bullshit, didn't you change? How old were you back then? Look at you now, you even have wrinkles now." Boyce poked the part under his eyes.

Armand hadn't have any time to sleep, he did look really bad with dark circle under his eyes.

Armand stared at Boyce and told him, "Don't touch me."

Boyce poured himself a cup of wine and said slowly, "I really don't want to, but don't make yourself like a precious treasure."

"Theresa wanted to divorce me." Armand signed, "My grandma suffered a sudden cerebral hemorrhage, and she is still in the hospital."

Boyce felt shocked and asked with concern, "Everything fine with your grandma?"

"Yeah, she survived."

"That's great ...So Theresa found out Phoebe was back?" Boyce thought a while and asked.

"Yeah, we had some misunderstandings. She is determined to leave me." Armand was heartbroken as long as he was thinking about Theresa's attitude towards it.

"What do you think about it?" Boyce asked.

Armand glared at him, "What do you mean by what do I think about it?"

Boyce sighed and was thinking this guy was done, "Of course I mean who do you love? Theresa or Phoebe. Was it that hard for you to figure things out? You are an adult now. If you still love Phoebe then tell Theresa about it. You still have time to make her up. But it will be hard to make up just with money I think."

Armand poured a full glass of wine and drank it in one go, then he frowned, "I no longer love Phoebe. I'm done with her."

"So you mean, you love Theresa?" Boyce asked curiously.

“But she wants to leave me.” Armand was annoyed, “I don’t know what to do to win her trust back.”

“Her sense of security is from you.” Boyce patted on his shoulder, “You have to confess yourself to her if you want to save your relationship.”

No one could help except himself.

He had to do it himself.

Click, the door of the private room was opened, they both looked back at the same time, seeing Matthew come in.

Matthew glanced at the wine and pulled out a chair for himself and sat down.

Armand and Boyce kept silent.

“Sampson is in jail.” Because his case was not a death sentence, they only extended the sentence and he had to stay in jail for more time.

Matthew hummed and seemed not in a good mood.

After Boyce said the news to Matthew, no one kept on saying anything. The private room was quiet and everyone was sitting there awkwardly.

“How about we order some food? I haven’t had dinner yet, how about you?” Boyce tried to say something to make the environment less awkward.

But still, no one answered him.

Armand drank one more glass of wine.

Boyce thought, 'What happened? Were they all in a bad mood?'

"Let's have something to eat first. We can talk while eating." Boyce ordered a lot of food.

He broke the silence first, "Matthew, why you seem in a bad mood?"

He knew Armand was trapped by love, but Matthew should live a happy life since he has wife and children, his business is also good, what was bothering him?

Boyce totally understood Armand but not Matthew. He was quite confusing. _____

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 307 Seems Like... It's Because of You

Boyce told the waiter to take a clean glass over and poured the alcohol for him, "Why don't you tell me?"

Matthew glanced sideways at him, "When did you become such a gossip?"

Boyce sighed, "I was thinking like, it's almost new year, thinking that the three of us can get together and talk to you about Sampson, who knows that I come to see Armand drinking alone in depression because of many troubles, I thought that it'd be good if you came, who knows that you're not in a good mood either."

Matthew lifted the glass of alcohol that Boyce poured, drank it all in one go, loosened his collar, and put down the alcohol glass heavily ...Dolores had brought the two children there today.

He could clearly sense that Dolores and Victoria were pretty close.

They didn't seem like they had met each other for so many times, but they seemed very close.

That made him felt uneasy.

They could be so close, it would mean that they secretly contacted each other.

But Dolores had never taken the initiative to mention about her and Victoria.

"Boyce, what should I do to get Theresa back?" Armand was quite drunk, he stood up swaying as he put his arm on Boyce's neck, "She was very determined of leaving, I really don't know what I should do."

Boyce frowned and spoke in disdain, "You reek of alcohol, get away from me."

The more Boyce said that, the tighter Armand held him, "Getting held in my arms is respectful for you, you're so old but you don't even have a woman, you're even sadder than me."

Boyce was speechless.

"If it were me, I would leave you too." Boyce made him feel worse.

Armand was sad, but he didn't resent him.

He usually wouldn't let him off.

Boyce sighed, "Look at you, so tipsy, use your sincerity if you want to get her back, it's best to talk about it clearly and draw a clear line with Phoebe, you should give her a sense of security."

"What is sense of security?" Armand stood up and patted his own chest, "I have explained to her that Phoebe was just my first love and we have broken up, I had no feelings for her since long ago, but she just won't believe me, I said that there's nothing between me and Phoebe, she won't believe me."

"Did you meet Phoebe and she saw it?" Boyce asked.

He felt that Theresa wouldn't have such resolute attitude for no reason.

Armand sniffed, "Phoebe said she left me back then because she couldn't have a child and she didn't want to trouble me, now she comes back because she can't forget me, she keeps asking me to be with her for a night..."

"What?" Boyce banged the table in annoyance, "Armand, do you have a brain? You're married, you were together with your ex girlfriend for the night? Are you crazy?"

"We didn't do anything, just simply staying in her house for the night, I thought that it was not her fault for leaving back then, so I just compromised." Armand spoke softer and softer, he felt that he was wrong for that matter and he should have told Theresa in advance.

"Now, how can I get her back?" Armand asked.

Boyce shrugged, "I can not do anything, but I think you should still use sincerity..."

Buzz...

At that time, Matthew's cellphone inside his pocket rang, he took his cellphone out, seeing the caller ID on the screen, his eyes looked serious as he pressed the accept button and put it by his ear.

"It's me."

Matthew softly said yes.

"Bring them over tomorrow noon."

Matthew softly said yes again.

The other side hung up, he then put his cellphone down too.

Boyce looked at him, "Your uncle?"

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Matthew didn't speak, he looked serious without saying anything, Boyce was quite for some time, he then lifted his hand to pour the alcohol, smiled, and said, "Even if you don't like getting advantage of the Harris family, and you're not even willing to use the Harris family reputation for your convenience, he still treats you well, I don't understand what you're worried about."

“Dolores and Victoria are close...”

At that time, the door of the room was opened.

Matthew stopped talking and glanced, leaning back calmly to avoid the light, his entire face was in the dark.

The waiters wore the same clothes, lined up, and put the dishes one by one to the table.

In the end, the waiter said, “Call me again if there's anything you need.”

Boyce waved his hand, “I got it, get out.”

The waiter bowed, left the room, and closed the door.

Boyce gave it thought and said, “Because of your mother, that side and Jayden didn't get along for years, you're afraid of Dolores and Victoria getting close, and they'll be unhappy because of it?”

Matthew took a sip of the alcohol, “I don't like how they are so close either.”

He somehow felt that because of Victoria, Jolene...

If Jayden and Victoria didn't get involved back then, how could he marry her when it was yet a month after Jolene passed away, he couldn't hold back?

Even if Victoria liked him, she wouldn't agree to it.

He had never been able to let go of that matter.

That meal was tasteless for Boyce, each of them had their own worries, making he seem feel alienated, he had nothing to worry about and nothing bothering him.

When everything was over, Boyce sent Armand home, he was quite drunk, he probably wouldn't get home if no one else had sent him home.

Armand didn't sit still in the car, he would either whine or toss and turn, Boyce glanced at him and sighed, "Why are you so weak to alcohol? You become like this just after a few glasses?"

As if Armand didn't listen to him, he shouted, "I'm sad."

"Hold it. "Boyce was going to bring him home, thinking that he said Theresa was taking care of Mrs. Leslie, he thought, Armand was so drunk so he should let Theresa know that everything happened because of her.

He turned the car around at the intersection up front, and drove towards the hospital.

In the hospital, Mrs. Leslie had yet to regain her consciousness, Theresa stayed by her side, she didn't dare to leave, afraid that there was no one that could take care of Mrs. Leslie when she woke up.

Someone pushed the ward's door open, Boyce walked in as he was supporting Armand, Theresa stood up from the chair, looked at Boyce and asked, "What's wrong with him?"

"He's drunk. "Boyce glanced around the room, there was no place for him to sleep, the only place for him to lie down was a small two-seat sofa.

VIP ward was already so personalized, it had everything, not much different from a home, it was just a bit small and it had no bed inside.

“The nurse said that we can have extra bed, I'll ask them for an extra bed. ”the sofa was so small, it would be hard for Armand to curl up in it.

Boyce thought that Theresa was still very concerned about him, he then nodded, “Okay.”

Theresa went to the nurse station and asked for an extra bed, because they were in the VIP ward, the service was also great... Soon, someone pushed a bed inside and placed it against the wall.

Boyce put him up, “He seems slim, but he's still quite heavy.”

Theresa poured some water and handed it to him, “Why did he drink so much?”

Boyce accepted and took two sips of the water, he then paused for a moment before saying, “He's in a bad mood. ”he looked at Theresa , “Seems like... It's because of you.”

Theresa turned around and lowered her head.

Boyce softly patted her shoulders, “Armand met Phoebe was indeed his lack of consideration, he cried and regretted it, what about giving him another chance?”

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 308I Can't Bear to Leave You

Theresa was lowering her head, “He still doesn't understand what I really care about.”

The thing that she wanted was Armand could be honest to her and didn't keep any secret between them. She hoped that he could tell her all about him, whether it was about his parents or Phoebe.

She felt that honesty was the most important quality for either couples or lovers.

He kept emphasizing that there was nothing happened between Phoebe and him. However, why didn't he just tell her first at that time?

He actually had lots of opportunity to tell her about it. Even if he forgot to tell her on a call, he should also tell her when he met her at the office. However, he just said nothing.

"He can't provide me a sense of security. So, it's better for us to be apart now than we make do with each other."

Boyce was looking at Theresa's back. He didn't expected her to be so determined and she was really assertive.

Armand must work hard by himself if he wished to get her forgiveness and let her accept him.

The part that he could help him on it was really limited.

"Then, I just pass him to you. I still have some matters to settle. Do you need me to call someone to assist you if you are too busy on taking care of him?" Boyce actually was free but he just felt that he wanted to give them space to get along with each other.

"No need, I can take care of him by myself. If I am not able to do so, I will call a temporary caregiver." Theresa also didn't want to trouble Boyce.

“That’s great. Just call me if there is anything that you need my help.” Boyce said.

Theresa nodded.

Boyce was leaving after that. Theresa walked him to the door. She was looking at his back when he was leaving. Then, Theresa closed the door of the ward.

Armand was lying there with his topcoat.

He was suffering as he had drunk like a fish. Armand was murmuring continuously, “Sick, I am feeling sick.”

Theresa walked over and stood by the bed. Then, she asked him, “Where is the part that makes you feel sick?”

She had no idea whether Armand was really in the state of unconsciousness or he was pretending to be unconscious. He turned over in bed. “I am awful. I am feeling sick all over. I felt sick in my heart.”

Theresa had made some struggle in her heart. “Since we have been together, I will only take good care of you for this time.”

She bent down and took off his topcoat. However, Armand was not cooperating. He was lying there and he didn’t move at all. Thus, Theresa was not able to take off the other sleeve of his coat.

She frowned and said, “Armand.”

Armand was in a daze, "Hmm?"

"You will be uncomfortable if you sleep with the topcoat. Make a move and I will help you to take off your coat."

Armand opened his eyes and he seemed like he just saw Theresa in his semi-consciousness. He was grinning. "It's you, Theresa."

Theresa was speechless.

He really drank like a fish. He was totally filled with the smell of alcohol.

He pulled Theresa's sleeve, "Please don't go, okay? I can't bear to leave you."

Theresa pursed her lips.

"I am sad because you want to leave me. Then, I drank too much accidentally. You are not angry, right?"

Armand grabbed Theresa's shirt and rubbed it with his face. "Theresa"...

Theresa grabbed her shirt away, "You are drunk."

"I am not drunk." Armand seemed like going crazy after drinking. He growled and he seemed to be distressed and very helpless. "Why don't you believe in me?"

Theresa lowered her eyes, "I really want to trust you but you have never given me a reason to do so."

Suddenly, Armand turned over in bed and opened his eyes. He was staring at her with his bloody red eyes. It was obvious that he had drunk a lot. He spoke with his hoarse voice, "I will listen to you on everything in the future, is it okay?"

Theresa was stunned. He...he was not drunk?

At that moment, she had no idea what to say.

"You...are not drunk?" Theresa asked.

No one was answering her. Armand closed his eyes and he seemed like falling into a deep sleep.

Theresa called him, "Armand."

However, she still didn't hear any answer.

After a while, Theresa heard his even breathing.

Armand was really drunk and he had fallen asleep at the moment.

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Theresa was speechless.

At the same time, she was relieved too. If Armand was not drunk, she must have no idea how to continue the conversation.

However, Armand just turned over and she could just take off his topcoat.

She placed his topcoat on the bedside and took off his shoes as well. She then put them nicely on the bed and pulled the quilt to cover his body.

She went to the bathroom and took a basin of warm water. Then, she used it to wipe his face and hands.

Mrs. Leslie still had not awoken. The doctor had come to check her room at the night time and said that all her parts were normal. After she had settled Armand, she sat on the sofa and took a rest.

She had not slept for the whole night and she was feeling tired at that moment. Then, she heard Armand's voice when she was in a daze and was going to fall asleep.

"Thirsty, I'm thirsty." His eyes were closed and he felt an intense pain at the parts of his stomach and throat like they were burnt on fire.

Theresa got up to pour a glass of water for him.

"Thirsty." He was murmuring continuously.

Theresa sighed and then she brought the glass of water over. She assisted him to get up. After that, she placed the water near to his lips and tilted the glass.

Armand felt the water and drank in a big gulp.

He felt that the dryness and pain in his throat was relieved a little bit after he finished drinking a glass of water.

“Do you want to have some more?” Theresa asked.

Armand did not answer her question and he seemed to fall asleep again. Theresa placed him down and used the quilt to cover him. Since she saw that he was sleeping soundly, she went to put the glass down at the other side.

On the other hand, Matthew who had finished the meal with them went back to the Nelson family. Dolores and their two children were all staying there. Even though he did not want to see Victoria, he still went there.

The villa looked bright as it was lighted up. He heard laughter coming from the villa through the door. He had no idea what they were doing. He pushed the door and saw Jayden who was watching the TV news in the living room. Then, he also saw Dolores who was wrapping dumplings with their two children in the dining room. It seemed like they were having fun and the two children were very happy.

Thomas walked over and called him softly, “Young master.”

Matthew threw his topcoat to him and walked in.

“Daddy.” Simona who was holding a dumpling that was just wrapped by her in her hand ran towards him with her short legs as she wanted to show off her dumpling in his front. “Daddy, look! This is the dumpling that I wrapped, does it look nice?”

Matthew bent down and carried his daughter. He smiled and replied her, “Hmm.”

“Daddy, come and join us. Mummy have made many dumpling of different ingredients. We can make seafood and pork-stuffed dumplings, garlic chives and eggs dumpling and also beef dumplings. Which one do you like to have?”

Matthew pinched his daughter’s small little nose, “Daddy likes the dumplings that you wrapped.”

“Daddy, you think the dumpling that I wrapped look nice, right? ”The little girl was holding the dumpling in her hand and showed it to Matthew.

Matthew was looking at the ‘dough ’which was held in his daughter's hand. His eyelashes were flapping. He was sure that he couldn’t recognize it if Simona didn't tell him that it was a dumpling.

Obviously, it looked like a dough and he did not find out any sign of dumplings on it at all.

“Who taught you to wrap dumpling?”

“Mummy. ”Simona answered proudly.

Matthew walked over. There were two kinds of dumplings on the table. One of it looked very delicate and another one looked really bad. Matthew laughed lightly, “You didn't inherit the true ability of wrapping dumpling from your mummy.”

Simona was blinking her eyes as she did not understand his words.

Dolores raised her head and looked at him, “Do you think the dumplings that I wrapped look ugly?”

Matthew shook his head, “No, it’s not ugly.”

It was obvious that it looked so nice and delicate.

Samuel showed Matthew the dumplings that were wrapped by Dolores, "This is the dumpling that is wrapped by mummy. Does it look nice?"

It could be considered looking like a dumpling.

Matthew looked at his son, "Didn't you the one who wrap this dumpling?"

"This is the dumpling that was wrapped by mummy." Samuel just revealed the true answer.

Matthew headed up and saw Dolores who seemed like asking him, "Is it really like that?"

"I have not wrapped dumplings before this." That was the first time for her to wrap dumpling. Furthermore, she just learned it from Victoria.

All those delicate dumplings were made by Victoria.

"All these dumplings that looked delicate were wrapped by grandma. They look beautiful, right?" Samuel headed up and asked Matthew while looking at him. _____

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 309I was Cold-hearted

The smile on Matthew Nelson's face was gradually disappearing, leaving only a cold expression.

Victoria Forbis was serving the cooked dumplings, she coincidentally saw what had happened in the dining room just now, the smile on Matthew's face was disappearing.

She felt very sad, but she didn't dare to express it. She pretended as if nothing had happened, she smiled and said, "The dumplings are done, do you guys want to have some?"

Matthew cast a glance, all of the dumplings inside were looking nice, so that meant all of them were made by Victoria. He pretended that he didn't listen of her, he pulled the chair and sat down holding her daughter in his arms.

Victoria stood there, she didn't know what she needed to do next.

The two children enjoyed making the dumplings so much, but about eating, they were not hasty.

When Dolores Flores just wanted to say that she wanted to eat, Jayden Nelson walked towards them, pulled the chair and sat on the seat of honour, then he said, "Give me."

Victoria lowered her eyes and served the dumplings.

"Dumplings shall be eaten together with vinegar, I'll go get some for you." Samuel Flores slid down the chair and said, "I'll go get some for grandpa."

Jayden Nelson looked amiable, his eyes were filled with gratification when he smiled. Since he married Victoria, his relationship with Matthew was not good, but he didn't think of his grandson for being so considerate.

Samuel laughed, "Grandpa shall give me a big red packet during Chinese New Year."

For the past Chinese New Year, Dolores Flores and Jessica Lennon were always the people who would give him red packets, he didn't care of the amount of money inside, but he enjoyed the happiness of receiving red packet.

Happiness was important during Chinese New Year.

Jayden Nelson laughed out loud, "Alright, I will give you a big one."

The brother was going to get a big red packet, Simona Flores was not willing to be outdone too, she shouted, "I want a big red packet too."

"Alright, both of you will get it, how come I will leave out Simona?" Jayden stretched out his hand and rubbed her head, "Come here, grandpa feed you the dumplings, let's have a taste on them."

The little girl was a little foodie, she was attracted when she heard of eating. She stretched her hands to let Jayden hold her in his arms, Jayden then held his granddaughter onto his legs and placed the dumplings onto the plate, "The dumplings are hot, let's chill them down first before eating."

The little girl smiled and nodded in his arms.

With the help from the busy servant in kitchen, Samuel got them a small plate of vinegar, as well as the minced garlic and coriander that had been prepared by the servant.

Matthew sat alone there, as if he was the outsider and the happiness here was not related to him.

Maybe because he felt so bored, he stood up and was going to leave.

This was a good chance to build the relationship among the family members, Dolores called and stopped him, "You help me to make the dumplings."

"I don't know," He said.

Dolores smiled while talking, "I'll teach you."

Matthew's eyes fell on the dumplings made by her, he frowned unpleasantly. Even she herself was making them look so ugly, how dare she wanted to teach him?

Dolores seemed to notice the objection in his eyes, she purposely said, "Mother can make nice-looking dumplings, should I let mother teach you?"

Victoria was standing beside and she suddenly felt anxious, she was looking forward to, but at the same time she was scared to be rejected by Matthew.

However, she was mostly awaiting for a miracle to happen, what if he agreed with it?

She lowered her head and was looking forward with full of joy.

"I'm not interested." Matthew rejected directly.

Victoria felt so down in a moment, he was still not willing to accept her.

Jayden didn't raise his head, he seemed to be talking to the two children, but also seemed to be talking

to Matthew, "Do you guys like grandma?"

"Sure," The two children said smilingly.

Jayden tousled Simona's hair and his words were freighted with meaning, "Yes, don't regret only after losing someone."

The little girl didn't understand about the meaning of this sentence, her big eyes blinked, "Last time when I met grandma, there was an old master who had given my brother and I some gifts."

Matthew looked up, when was the last time they met?

He narrowed his eyes, Dolores was still in contact secretly with Victoria as he expected.

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

Dolores glanced at her daughter, but she didn't say anything. She was not as mature as Samuel, it was too late to take back the words. Based on Matthew's keen observation, perhaps he had already noticed it.

Victoria was a bit panicked, she was worried of causing a quarrel between Matthew and Dolores due to this thing, so she purposely touched Dolores's hand, "It's almost done, you can stop and go for a rest first, we'll dine later."

Dolores was clear about Victoria's meaning, she looked at Matthew and said, "I'll finish these first."

Victoria sighed because she seemed to make everyone unhappy again.

The little girl was not aware that she had made a trouble, she enjoyed eating the dumplings, "I still want some vinegar with my dumplings."

"Little greedy cat." Jayden touched her little nose, laughed pamperedly and dipped the dumpling into the vinegar, "I'm helping Simona's dumpling to get some vinegar."

The little girl laughed happily.

She ate the dumplings.

Matthew left quietly and went back to his room alone.

Victoria took away the dumpling from Dolores's hand, "You should go to have a look at him."

Dolores pressed her lips together, "He was having anxiety."

There was no medicine for this.

To be honest, she could understand his feeling. If it was her, without knowing the deep facts inside, she couldn't accept too if her father married a new woman just within one month of her mother's death.

"I'll go to have a look." She washed her hands, took out the apron and went upstairs.

Knowing that they were back, Victoria had tidied up the room upstairs for them to stay, and she would stay downstairs with Jayden.

Matthew stood in front of the window with his hands behind, the window was opened and the cold wind was blowing. Dolores closed the door and walked near him, then she closed the window.

“Aren’t you cold?”

“I’m cold-hearted.” Matthew didn’t move. His spouse wasn’t by his side, how could he feel not cold-hearted?

Dolores kept silent for a while, “Are you angry with me?”

“Why am I angry?” He asked back.

“Because of the relationship between Victoria and I, you’re not comfortable with it, so you’re angry. From the beginning when I forced you to come, you’re not happy already right?”

Dolores said directly.

Matthew looked at her silently, didn’t she know the relationship between Victoria and him?

Why would she do that?

Dolores gave him a hug and stayed in his arms, “I know that you have a knot in your heart, but the past is the past, can we just forget it?”

Matthew didn’t move, he didn’t hug her, could the past be forgotten so easily?

No, it couldn’t.

Jolene Harris's legs didn't recover, he heard that it was because of an accident that had occurred not long after his birth, and Jolene's legs were injured in order to save him. At the age of five, he accidentally spilled a bowl of hot soup when he was eating, and Jolene had burnt her hand to protect him. The scar on the back of her hand were still there, it couldn't be cured even after using the best scar gel.

He always kept in mind.

If he was going to accept Victoria, how would Jolene feel in her grave?

"I can't do it," he said directly and resolutely.

Dolores frowned, "You can't forget it, then do you want to remember this forever and continue to maintain this kind of bad relationship with them?"

"So what?"

To let him accept Victoria was impossible.

Dolores still wanted to persuade him, but suddenly someone knocked the door

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 310 Huge Doughball

"Young master and young madam, the dumplings are ready downstairs. Mrs. Nelson asks you to go down." Thomas stood in the doorway.

Dolores swallowed the words that hovered on the tip of her tongue and said, "Let's go down."

When Matthew was drinking with Armand and Boyce, he just drank some wine but did not eat anything. He was a little hungry at the moment.

So, he responded with a light hum.

It was not yet the end of the year, but Victoria had prepared a sumptuous meal, presumably it was because Dolores and Matthew had brought their two children over, so she prepared a lot of food to make Matthew happy.

But she did not know what he liked, so she prepared more.

Dolores knew what Victoria was thinking. She looked up at Matthew.

Matthew pretended he did not see it and pulled out a chair to sit down.

Dolores went into the kitchen. The maid had just turned off the fire. There were dumplings inside the pot. Dolores picked up a ladle, "I'll serve it."

The dumplings in the pot were prepared by Victoria, Dolores and her children, which seriously affected the attractiveness of all the dumplings.

Dolores put the dumplings made by her two children in a large bowl.

The maid took a look at it and was a bit confused, "Since you're serving them together like this, it's not appetizing. Who can finish such a big bowl of dumplings?"

Dolores smiled and said, "Someone can finish it."

She was doing it on purpose.

He did not want to eat the dumplings that were prepared by Victoria. Then, she gave the dumplings prepared by her and the children to him.

It was good to make him feel extremely full.

He was so stubborn.

Simona had eaten the dumplings and did not want to eat them now. So, Dolores served the rest of the dumplings in three bowls, one for Samuel, one for Victoria and one for herself.

The maid helped to bring them to the table.

Dolores put the big 'miserable' bowl in front of Matthew and said, "You won't mind, right? These were all prepared for you by me and your children."

Matthew looked at the big bowl of dumplings in front of him and trembled his eyelashes slightly, was this feeding the pigs?

"Daddy, you have to finish eating it, don't let us down." Samuel was so smart that he could know what Dolores was thinking at a glance. So, he added and pulled his sister, "Sister, look at daddy eating the dumplings you made, are you happy?"

“Yes. Daddy, do you like the dumplings that I made?” The little girl asked with blinking eyes that were full of hope.

Matthew was speechless.

Could he say that he did not like it?

He took a spoon and stirred it. It looked like a huge lump of dough with vegetables on top of it. It did not look like a dumpling in any way.

“Why aren’t you eating, daddy?” Simona did not think too much, she just felt a sense of achievement when her father ate the dumplings she made.

Dolores ‘kindly’ poured vinegar for him, “Dumplings taste good with vinegar.”

“It’s true, daddy, it’s good when being dipped in vinegar,” Simona said innocently.

Victoria sat aside with a little distress. There were so many dishes, could he still eat other food after finishing that big bowl of ‘dumplings’?

She hesitated for a moment, “Give me some.” She placed an empty bowl in front of him.

Without even raising his eyes, Matthew scooped up a dumpling and put it into his mouth. He would still eat them even they were ugly as they were prepared by his wife and his children.

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It was clear that Matthew would rather eat them himself than accept Victoria's kindness.

Victoria was sad. Dolores put two of her dumplings inside the empty bowl and brought it to Victoria. She did not want Victoria to feel embarrassed and sad. Trying to not embarrass her, "Mum, I can't finish it, you help me to eat some."

Victoria smiled stiffly and said, "Okay."

After eating that huge bowl of dumplings, Matthew could not sleep well as he was still very full.

Tossing and turning, it did not matter how he lay, he still felt ill.

It was morning and inside a hospital.

That night, Armand called several times for water. Mrs. Leslie woke up for a while during the night. She was not very conscious. After a while, she slept again.

Theresa barely closed her eyes during the night. She could only take a nap for a while on the sofa when it was almost morning. She gradually slept soundly in the nap. She did not notice that the sun rises in the morning.

After drinking for one night, Armand's whole body ached. He turned over and opened his eyes slowly. He remembered that he was drinking with Boyce and Matthew last night. Then, Boyce took him out of the restaurant. After that, he could not remember anything.

He got up and looked at his surroundings. He realized that Boyce had sent him to the hospital.

He looked around and noticed that Theresa was not covered with anything. Although the air conditioning was on in the ward, it was still a bit cold as it was the twelfth moon of the lunar year.

He picked up a thin quilt on the bed and went to the sofa to cover her gently. When he lowered his head, he saw green patches beneath Theresa's eyes.

It was obvious that she had not rested well.

Armand thought secretly, she must have not slept all night, otherwise, she could not be this tired.

It might be because Armand had just woken up, the quilt was still warm. So, she felt warm and moved her body to find a comfortable position to continue sleeping.

Armand squatted by the sofa and looked closely at her. She seemed to have lost some weight and she did not look good.

He thought that it must be because of his and Phoebe's matter, Theresa was sad and hurt.

Armand sighed slightly. In fact, he never wanted to hurt her, but he had inadvertently hurt her.

The door of the ward was gently pushed open. Armand heard the rattling and thought it was the doctor warding round. He stood up and looked towards the door.

However, it was not the doctor, but Phoebe. She stood at the door with a fruit basket and a bouquet of flowers.

"I hear that grandma's sick, so I come here to have a look."

In fact, she did not leave the Bernie family's house that day but hid outside to see if Theresa had left. Later, she did not see Theresa leaving but saw Armand running out with Mrs. Leslie in his arms.

She followed them to the hospital at that time and knew that Mrs. Leslie was sick. She did not show up yesterday as it was too obvious, so she came over today.

Armand's face sank, "What are you doing over here?"

"Can't I see grandma? "Phoebe's eyes were red, "No matter what, in the past, you had formally brought me home to meet with grandma and I had called her grandma, now that she is sick, is it wrong for me to come and visit her?"

Theresa seemed to hear a loud noise, her brow furrowed in impatience, as if she did not like such a cacophony.

Armand helped her to cover the quilt nicely, afraid that Phoebe would wake her up. He glanced at Phoebe, "You come out with me."

Phoebe looked at Armand's action just now and her heart ached. He used to do all this for her, but now he was doing it for another woman.

She could not help but clenched her hands. She did not show much expression on her face, "I'll put the things here."

She put the flowers and the fruit basket on the table, then looked at Armand and said, "Okay."

Armand did say anything and walked towards the door. Phoebe followed him at the back.

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 311 Bring You to Meet Someone

Armand walked to the green area outside the inpatient department. Then, he stopped with Phoebe standing behind him, "What do you want to tell me?"

"To confess everything with you." Armand turned around. He looked at this woman who was once familiar. Although it was still the same face now, he felt strange.

He used to feel familiar, but now he found that he did not understand her at all.

He always felt that he could not see through her, as if she had hidden many things inside her heart.

"You shall understand that by the time you chose to leave, we're over. It does not matter what's your reason, you left, meaning that you had given up on that relationship. You'll only make me despise you when you pester so much now. I think it's better to leave something nice for you and me. You don't have to come to the hospital in the future. I hope you will keep your promise and don't bother my life again."

Phoebe did not expect that Armand would be so determined.

Inwardly, she was lost. The man who once loved her had changed. He did not love her anymore and no longer took care of her emotions. He only wanted to get rid of her now.

She clenched her hands into fists. She laughed softly, "Are you really so desperate, not even thinking of the love you once had?"

"You also said it was love that had passed, the past has become history to me." Armand was

emotionless.

It was true that he had let go of the past.

He thought he had not let go, but when he saw her, he realized that he had let go.

There was no resentment and no complaints.

Phoebe bit her lip. She thought she could easily win him back by coming back this time, but she did not expect that Theresa would appear out of nowhere and disrupt her plans.

She had relied on Armand to give her happiness for the rest of her life. She was not young anymore. She understood that although she had never married, her body had lost the tightness she once had. It was impossible for her to marry a man who was from good background and rich.

Moreover, she was infertile. Many men could not accept this fact, not to say the one who was handsome and rich.

"I shall not come back." Phoebe left after saying the words. She stopped after two steps, "I wish you happiness, in the future ... I won't appear in front of you again."

Phoebe knew very well that if she wanted to win back Armand, Theresa had to take the initiative to leave. By then only she could have a chance to get him back as it was obvious that Armand would not leave Theresa now.

It would be better to leave a good impression on Armand first. She would plan again.

She had gained many experiences being a mistress. She had a lot of means.

The corners of her lips curled into a grim smile.

Her straightforward manner made Armand a bit uncomfortable.

But this was the best.

After Phoebe left, Armand did not go back to the ward but walked towards the main entrance. There were many breakfast shops outside the hospital. He thought that Theresa would definitely be hungry when she woke up. Furthermore, his grandmother had to eat as well. So, he went to buy some breakfast before going back.

When he went back, Theresa was still sleeping, but Mrs. Leslie was awake. Her eyes were half-opened, as if she was conscious. Armand quickened his steps, "Grandma, are you awake?"

Mrs. Leslie was trying to speak but she could only make a whooping sound. Her words were not clear. When Mrs. Leslie was in a hurry, her voice became even hoarser and harder to hear.

Armand put down the things in his hand and held her hand to soothe her, "Grandma, don't worry, it's okay. The doctor said that you will slowly recover, you just need to rest well."

"Whoop Whoop..." Mrs. Leslie tried to speak, but when she opened her mouth, only a whooping sound could come out. It was completely without any syllables, making it hard to hear what she was saying.

Armand patted her hand soothingly as he gained insight into Mrs. Leslie mind and asked, "Do you want to ask about Theresa?"

Mrs. Leslie nodded her head.

Armand told her to look at the sofa. When she looked up, she saw Theresa lying and sleeping on the sofa. Mrs. Leslie was relieved as Theresa did not leave. However, she was nervous immediately.

She was afraid that Armand will lose Theresa because of Phoebe.

“Whoop Whoop...” She wanted to tell Armand that Phoebe might not be as innocent as she looked, so that he must not fall into her trick.

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But at the moment, she was not able to say it out. Her face was red as she was suffocating.

“You don't be emotional.” Armand soothed her, “Don't worry, I won't let Theresa leave, you can't get agitated now.”

Mrs. Leslie clutched Armand's hand tightly, hoping that he would keep his promise and would not do silly things.

In the morning, the doctor came over to ward round, Mrs. Leslie needed to be treated slowly. She could not be cured in a hurry. After the surgery, all her indicators were within the normal range.

He told Armand to take good care of her.

After the doctor left, Armand took out the breakfast that he had bought, “You must be hungry, right?”

Mrs. Leslie nodded.

Armand raised the head of the bed and put a cushion behind Mrs. Leslie so that she could lean back comfortably. Then, he picked up the bowl and fed her the porridge spoon by spoon.

After breakfast, Mrs. Leslie was a bit tired. She had just undergone an operation so did not have much energy. Armand helped her lie down, "I'll stay here to look after you, you can sleep in peace."

Mrs. Leslie closed her eyes. Without even a nod, she fell asleep in a short while.

Theresa did not show any signs of waking up.

Armand asked the nurse to keep an eye on them. He wanted to go back to his house and change his clothes.

The smell of alcohol still overwhelmed him. His clothes were wrinkled. He could not stand the smell on his clothes.

He thought that Theresa would not wake up in a short time. He would go back and come back as quickly as possible.

On the other hand, Matthew did not have his breakfast in the morning. The 'dumplings' he ate last night had tormented him.

Dolores saw that he was fully dressed. She leaned against the door to look at him, "Are you going out today?"

The company was on holiday. There was no need for him to go to the company. Dolores thought he

would be wearing casual clothes and rest at home.

It was a rare moment of leisure.

Matthew stood in front of the dressing mirror. His delicate features were deep and quiet. He stopped his hand which was buttoning and slowly raised his eyes to look at Dolores who was standing by the door through the mirror, "Later on, I'll bring you to meet someone."

Dolores stood up straight, "Who is it?"

She had a vague suspicion in her heart.

Matthew's relative was over there. Although Jolene had passed away many years ago and Jayden had remarried, it was New Year now and there would definitely be some visits.

"You'll know when you go there." Matthew turned around with a smile and looked at her, "Why do you look nervous?"

Dolores pretended to be relaxed, "I am not nervous."

Matthew walked over, his gaze lingering on her face for a minute, his dark eyes were deep. He reached out to pinch her chin and rubbed his fingers, "Do you know that I was very sad last night?"

Dolores froze and quickly understood what he was referring to. She had served him a huge bowl of dumplings because she wanted to help Victoria.

In order not to disappoint the two children, he had finished eating them.

Dolores bit her lip, “If you’re willing to give in, I won’t ...”

“In the future, don’t interfere with our affairs.” Matthew gave her a light peck on the lips, “If this thing happened again next time...”

He smiled lightly, “I’ll punish you. ”

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 312 Rebellious Since Childhood

Dolores Flores blushed when she inexplicably heard something charming. She deliberately changed the topic, “Are we going to bring the both of them over?”

“Mhm.”

“Then I’ll go change their clothes,” Dolores turned around and went downstairs. It was as if she was running away from him.

After she changed the children’s clothes, Dolores tied Simona Flores’ hair. The little girl’s hair was a bit wavy. If she didn’t tie it up, it would look frizzy. After she tied it up in a ponytail, she looked prettier with a full forehead. Her little face was extremely sophisticated. She looked more like Matthew Nelson now that she had grown older. The outlines of her tiny face were extremely clear and sharp.

After she tied her daughter’s hair, Dolores let her wear a Chinese cotton-padded jacket. Victoria Forbis prepared it for her for the new year. The red color looked extremely festive. The combination of Chinese and modern craftsmanship was unique. The Chinese knot buttons slanted across the placket, and a flawless round white jade pendant hung on the first Chinese knot button. A Chinese knot with tassels was wrapped in the middle of it. It looked extremely exquisite.

Simona looked like a doll after she put it on. Her skin was like porcelain, and her eyes were big, bright, and lively.

Samuel Flores' clothes were also prepared by Victoria. However, it was exactly opposite to Simona's. His clothes had trendy elements for a gentleman.

He wore a beige wool sweater with a white shirt inside. He also wore a small suit and trousers with a dark coat on the outside. He looked like a western gentleman.

"Where are we going, mommy?" Samuel stood in front of the mirror to see what else was wrong with him.

"We're probably going to meet someone," Dolores was also not sure that he would bring her to see Jeffery Harris since Matthew didn't say anything.

Samuel blinked and looked at Dolores, "Mommy."

"Hmm?"

Dolores picked her daughter off the bed. She already wore her leggings, so she just needed to wear her shoes later.

"Will grandma come celebrate the new year with us this year?" Samuel asked.

He grew up in an environment where Jessica Lennon and Dolores were the only ones at home since he was a child. It had been a long time since he had seen Jessica, so he missed her a little bit.

“Yeah, mommy. How about grandma?” Simona stood beside Dolores’ legs and pulled the edge of her shirt.

Dolores felt upset every time she thought of Jessica. Up until now, she still couldn’t understand why Jessica did that.

“I’m afraid she won’t have time to celebrate the new year with us,” Dolores held the two children’s hands and deliberately said, “Come on, go wear your shoes.”

She didn’t know how to tell the kids the situation regarding Jessica. She could only avoid it since she wasn’t willing to face it.

Matthew walked out of the study room in a suit with a coat over his arm. It looked like he had talked to Jayden Nelson already.

“Are we going now?” Dolores asked.

Matthew lowered his head to look at the time and faintly grunted in agreement.

“Then I’ll go put their shoes on,” Dolores took the two children and walked to the entryway to help them wear their shoes.

Matthew wore his coat and took Dolores’ down coat from the clothes rack. He waited until she finished helping the kids wear their shoes and gestured her to wear it.

Dolores put her arms into the sleeves. Matthew helped her zip it up and put her collar close together.

When he saw the bracelet on her wrist, he reminded her, “Don’t let it show when you take off your coat.”

Jeffery wasn’t very friendly toward Victoria. If she wasn’t protected by Jayden, no one would know how hard Jeffery would make things for her.

Although he wasn’t sure whether or not Jeffery knew that this belonged to Victoria, he still shouldn’t let Jeffery see it to prevent Dolores from giving him a bad impression.

Although the two families rarely contacted each other after Jolene Harris died, but the Harris family was good to him after all.

So he didn’t want Dolores and the Harris family to settle unhappily just because of Victoria’s matter.

Dolores pulled her sleeves down and pretended to casually ask, “Is your relationship not good with Forbis family?”

Matthew stayed silent for a moment, but in the end, he still didn’t say anything.

However, Dolores saw through it. They must not have a good relationship, or else Matthew wouldn’t remind her of such a small thing.

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She took a deep breath. She felt a bit uneasy inside.

It was cold outside. Matthew held Simona in his arms and pressed her head under the coat to prevent the cold wind from blowing into her face.

The driver opened the door of the car, and Matthew put the little girl inside the car. Samuel didn't want to be held, so he climbed inside by himself. It was very spacious inside the car. It didn't look crowded even when they were seated.

The driver steadily reversed out of the garage and drove into the road.

A strong gust of wind blew over outside. Even the sun in the winter couldn't beat the chilly northwest wind.

After around more than forty minutes, the car finally parked in front of an old house.

The driver went down to open the door of the car. Matthew went down of the car first and picked his daughter up, then Dolores and Samuel followed after.

One could see a clear and entire view of the house by standing in front of it. Although they could see that it was renovated before, they could still feel that this house had been around for some years already. However, when they entered a while ago, she noticed that there were soldiers guarding the entrances and exits.

The house here might be old, but the people who could live here were of high status.

Jeffery wasn't eligible to live here base on his rank. This house was distributed by the heads during Terrell Harris 'time. Jeffery took it over after he died. Although his rank wasn't as high as Terrell's, his rank now wasn't low either. Additionally, it was an old house from his father's generation, so the heads didn't ask him to move away.

Although it wasn't as flourishing as high-rise buildings here, the people who could live here had high status.

The driver went up to ring the doorbell, and someone quickly came to open the door.

A woman that didn't look very young with her hair tied to the back of head and an apron around her waist stared at Matthew and the people with him from head to toe as soon as she saw them. Then, she smiled and said, "Come on in. Quick, it's cold outside."

Matthew slightly nodded. He held his daughter in his arms in one hand, and held Dolores' hand in the other. He was afraid that she might feel restrained and uncomfortable coming here.

Dolores turned her head and glanced at him. Then she silently averted her gaze.

The woman smiled as she spoke, "Your uncle said that you're coming, so he asked me to go grocery shopping early in the morning. He has been sitting in the sofa waiting for you for a long time already."

Matthew politely apologized for bothering them.

That was just how he was. In fact, he actually had a good relationship with them here. He was just not a warm and friendly type of person.

This woman was also used to it already. She continued enthusiastically, "They are the two children, right?"

Matthew grunted in agreement.

After Mrs. Harris looked at Samuel, she looked at Matthew. She felt like he was a complete carbon copy of his father. They look too similar.

They actually didn't look that alike before, but they looked more alike as they grew older. Even Simona looked more similar to him, too.

"He looks so handsome. He's a really lovable child," Mrs. Harris smiled, "Ah, look, you already have children. Yet Noah still only knows to play all day long. Your uncle was extremely worried of him."

"Is he not coming back this new year?" Matthew subtly asked.

Noah Harris was Jeffery's only son. He was extremely rebellious since childhood. If Jeffery asked him to hit the dog, he would definitely go catch the chicken. If he asked him to go south, he would definitely go north. He was extremely rebellious.

At first, Jeffery wanted him to serve as a soldier and be his successor, but he didn't want to. He applied to a foreign university and left them. However, he wasn't even able to apply his specialization, since he became an idol celebrity.

Jeffery looked down on celebrities. He felt that celebrities were almost like the clowns back then. However, his son deliberately wanted to do the exact opposite. The more he disliked something, the more he would do it.

He was doing quite well now and quite popular. However, since he changed his stage name and Jeffery didn't allow the people who knew this to tell anyone about it, almost no outsiders knew that his son was a celebrity.

Once they entered the house, Mrs. Harris closed the door to leave the cold wind outside. It was warmer inside the house.

Dolores looked inside the house and saw a man sitting on the sofa. The newspaper in his hand blocked all sights away. _____

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 313 Hand Over the Family Business to the Daughter

“He’s not coming back, saying that he has some matters to attend to. I’m not sure what it is, but I only know that he is very busy. I’m not even sure if he’s really busy or not. In any case, he’s not coming back.” The lady helped Simona with changing her shoes. The house was not grandly furnished, it was a relatively simple design. There was no servant in the house, so everything was taken care of by this lady. It was good that the house wasn’t too big.

This lady was Jeffery’s wife, Marina Barnett. Because of Jeffery’s status, in addition to the tense situation right now, the authorities had been making tight checks. Hence, this lady was keeping things very low, afraid that she would bring trouble for Jeffery.

As if hearing some noises, the person on the sofa put away his newspaper, and looked towards their direction.

The lady walked over, “They are already here, the kids are very likable. You guys have a chat, I still have some dishes not ready yet, I’ll head in first.”

Jeffery waved his hand, “Go busy yourself.”

Perhaps because Dolores had heard about Jeffery from Victoria, so she was extremely curious. When Jeffery put down his newspaper, Dolores took a look at him.

Because there was air-conditioning in the house, there was warm air, so he was only wearing a sweater. There was grey hair on his temples, and he looked similar in age to Jayden. However, the feeling that he gave off was totally different. Perhaps because he came from a military background, he looked very serious when there was no expression on his face. Jayden on the other hand was more easy-going.

Dolores thought to herself, Jayden definitely had some feelings for Victoria. Thinking about it, if he was with a woman that he didn't like, how could he manage to settle down?

At the same time, Jeffery looked at Dolores. She didn't deliberately dress up, her face was completely bare with no make-up. But she had good skin, so it totally didn't affect the comfortable look she gave off. Her dark black hair was tied back in a ponytail, and her features were clear. Her eyes were bright, her nose was straight, her lips were pink. Her features were not particularly outstanding, but when they were put together, it gave others a surprising feel.

Jeffery's eyes sparkled slightly, for a moment, he was lost in his thoughts.

It was Matthew's call of 'uncle 'that brought him back to reality. He waved at the two kids, "Come over, let me look at you."

Samuel walked over without any feeling of shyness at all, totally unafraid of Jeffery's foreboding aura.

As an army, even if he was gentle, he was not as easily approachable as normal people.

Simona on the other hand was a little scared, not daring to take a step. Matthew ruffled her head, "Go ahead."

As if his deep voice had given her a sense of safety, she mustered her courage and walked over.

Jeffery looked at the two kids, turning to his left and right. Finally, he nodded his head "Good, good, good."

Jeffery had repeated his 'good 'three times, it was obvious that he was in a good mood.

"Must be cold outside?" His voice was a lot more gentle.

"It's alright, we were sitting in the car so it isn't too cold." Samuel said.

Jeffery laughed, there were few children that weren't afraid of him. When he wasn't smiling, he gave off a very strict feel.

His large palms fell on Samuel's shoulder. He touched his bones, and nodded his head, "This kid has a good bone structure." He looked at Samuel, "Are you interested in joining the army with me?"

At this moment, Marina came out. In her hands were piping hot coffee. She took a look at Jeffery, "Please don't, you want to pull everyone you see into the army. Didn't your son get scared away by you?"

Thinking of his son, Jeffery gave a cold snort.

Marina placed the coffee on the table, "Please have a seat, you guys are not outsiders, don't have to be so careful."

These words were mainly for Dolores, and Dolores gave a polite laugh.

Matthew pulled her hand to sit down, "She's younger than me."

He meant that, if there were things that she didn't do well, not to blame her.

Marina was taken aback for a moment. After a second, she understood, and said with a smile, "She looks young."

As if a fresh graduate from school.

"Please don't mind, your uncle is like that. Matthew had also been brought to the army for a few days. But he is the sole son of the Ernest family, so he had to come out to take over the family business. That was why he didn't continue staying there." Marina patted Dolores' hand, asking her not to take Jeffery's words to heart.

Jeffery gave a huff, "What's wrong with joining the army? Matthew's performance was so outstanding then. If he didn't leave, his achievement now would be even higher than me. What a pity."

The Ernest family only had Matthew as their son. Regardless of how strong Jeffery was, he was still the son of a sister. At the end of the day, Matthew's surname was Ernest, not Harris.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

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

Jeffery felt that this was a regret.

Seeing his kids now, his idea came back to him again.

Marina was his closest relative, she knew him to the core. Quickly stopping him, she said, "Now Matthew only has this one son. If he really joins the army, who would take care of such a large family

business?”

Marina still had a very old mindset, not taking into account that Simona could take over the family inheritance. This is because Simona was a girl and she would be married off someday.

Matthew hugged Simona and put her on his lap, saying, “My daughter is the same.”

He didn’t have the idea that only his son can take over his business. What’s more, he was even more doting towards his daughter.

If his daughter was interested in the future, he would divide the family inheritance equally into two, no biasness at all.

If Samuel was really interested in joining the army, he could hand over the family business to his daughter.

“Are you willing to join the army with me? Carry guns?” Jeffery asked Samuel.

“Are they real guns?” Samuel asked.

Jeffery patted his chest, “Of course.”

“Then I am willing. How cool to carry a gun and point towards the baddies.” When saying this, Samuel even made a pose of carrying a gun.

His pose was very similar, making Jeffery guffaw, he was very happy. He raised his head to look at Matthew, “You guys are still young, you guys can give birth to another one. This one is for me.”

Marina was a cold blanket, "What's the use of giving to you, they are so young."

"Then I'll wait for him to grow up a little. "Jeffery really wanted Samuel to follow his path. On first sight at him, he had already liked him a lot.

"Alright, let's go to the dining room, the dishes are ready. "Marina stood up and headed to the kitchen to bring out the dishes. Dolores followed by standing up, "Let me help."

Matthew nodded.

"Let's go to the dining room. "Jeffery was holding Samuel's hand.

The rectangle table had six chairs, just enough for everyone.

Jeffery sat at the head of the table, letting Samuel sit next to him.

In the kitchen, Marina looked at Dolores, "No need for you here, you go sit outside, I'll be ready in a second."

Dolores turned on the tap to wash her hands, "I have nothing to do now anyway, it'll be faster if I help you."

Since Dolores had already said this, Marina didn't reject her, allowing her to help. Marina had prepared many dishes, the dining table was filled when they finished bringing everything out.

Jeffery was in a great mood, getting Marina to bring over the wine, wanting to make a toast to Matthew, "Bring over the Maotai that I collected."

Marina looked at him, not because he wanted her to fetch the alcohol. She was instead laughing at him, "Matthew is a big boss, what has he not drunk before?"

Jeffery gave a sigh, "Isn't this my best alcohol? It feels like the new year today, and I am in a good mood. I'm just getting you to fetch the alcohol, why are you nagging away, quick bring it over."

As if he suddenly thought of something, he looked at Matthew and asked, "What are the names of your two kids, I don't know yet."

Before Matthew could say anything, Simona replied on behalf of him, "My name is Simona Flores, my brother is Samuel Flores."

Perhaps because they had spent a bit of time together just now, the little girl was no longer as afraid of Jeffery.

Jeffery's face changed immediately.

Flores? _____

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 314 Let Me See Whether Your Tummy is Bulging

These two kids had the surname of Flores?

Who did their surnames follow?

"What happened?" Jeffery's tone was serious.

The children would follow the father's surname. This tradition had already seeped into the bones. Especially for the older generation, they take this very seriously.

At this moment, Dolores brought the soup over. Before she put it down, Jeffery was asking her, "The kids follow your surname?"

He had heard a little about Matthew's marriage. However, because Matthew was very rejecting of it at that time, so he hadn't told him about his situation with Dolores before. He was also very busy during that period of time, so he wasn't very clear about Dolores' background and identity.

Dolores was taken aback for a moment and didn't manage to react in time. Jeffery's question came all too sudden.

"This story is very long. If we had to pursue it, it's because I did something wrong to them. Regarding who their surnames follow, I personally think, they should follow her surname because she brought them up." Matthew could tell naturally that Jeffery cared a lot about it. He was even a little unhappy.

He took Dolores' hand in front of Jeffery, and pulled her to sit next to him.

"When we divorced in the past, I didn't know that she was pregnant, I only found out after that" ...He didn't clarify the things that had happened in between. He wanted to just say that everything was his fault, and now he won't change the surname of the kids too.

If there has to be a child that follows his surname, then they will give birth to another child, since Dolores had already agreed to it.

Regarding Matthew's marriage and divorce, Jeffery knew a little about it. He knew that they had a divorce soon after they got married.

Looking at the child's age, it matched the facts.

"There're three kinds of being unfilial, the biggest being not having offspring. Even though the blood in Samuel is yours, but if he doesn't follow your surname, how would his identity be like in the future? Would he be a member of the Ernest or Flores family?" Jeffery still felt that the two children should change their surnames.

Regardless of what excuse, it can't change the fact that the child must follow the father's surname.

Matthew tightened his grip on Dolores' hand. His palm was rubbing the back of her hands, and Dolores turned to look at him.

He didn't look at her, he only showed her the side of his face. Looking at him from this angle, his eyelashes were so clear.

His voice was very soft, but very serious, "We are a couple, there's no me or her."

Jeffery choked on his anger, "You" ...

"How does your dad say?" This matter had to leave it to Jayden.

Jayden was clearer on the whole situation than Jeffery. Hence, he hadn't said anything about the children's surname.

After all, it was Dolores who was bringing up the children alone all these years. In the future, if Dolores was willing to change their surnames, he would naturally be very happy. But if she was unwilling, he wouldn't force her to.

"He is old and confused. He's been charmed by that woman till he can't differentiate black from white." Jeffery felt angry thinking about Jayden. He hadn't forgotten that in the past he had married Victoria not long after Jolene had passed away.

Dolores' body stiffened, she knew clearly who was the woman Jeffery was talking about.

Matthew could feel the change in her body. He knew in his heart why she was feeling this way.

Was she already so close to Victoria?

She would even feel nervous when others talked about it?

"It's been so many years since what happened in the past, I don't want to talk much about it. I know you are very reluctant to accept it, but there's something that I have to let you know." Jeffery's face was serious, "In the past, your father was able to marry her, only because he agreed to my one condition. However, I realized that she might have broken her promise"...

"Let's eat first, if there's anything let's talk about it after dinner. Why talk about the past out of nowhere?" Marina placed the alcohol in front of him.

Jeffery thought about it. Since Matthew didn't come by often, if he said it, they might not have the appetite to eat anymore. He said to Marina, "I'll listen to you, pour some alcohol for me."

Marina smiled, filled the alcohol for him, and refilled Matthew's glass.

“We’re happy today, drink a few glasses with your uncle.” Marina said smilingly.

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

Matthew raised his head.

Dolores who was sitting by the side looked a little absent-minded. What Jeffery hadn’t managed to finish saying just now, Victoria must have already told her by calling her.

It has been so many years, why was he still so unwilling to let go?

What’s more, what happened was wholly directed by Jolene, but now Victoria had to take the blame for it.

She felt that this was very unfair.

Victoria had sacrificed too much.

“If you are free, bring the kids over more often.” Marina filled up some soup for Dolores. The men were drinking alcohol, and they don’t drink, so they’ll start eating first. “I don’t know what you like to eat, I’m not sure whether the dishes cater to your tastebuds.”

Marina’s voice broke off Dolores’ thoughts, she quickly came back to her senses, and said smilingly, “I’m not a picky-eater, this is very good for me.”

“Then don’t be polite, make yourself at home.”

“Alright.”

Marina was very caring, helping the kids fill their plates.

Jeffery didn’t bring up Victoria during dinner. He and Matthew chatted about current situations, about politics, and the development within and outside the country.

“We don’t understand what they are talking about either.” Marina filled Dolores’ plate, “Let them talk about their own things, let’s eat.”

Dolores smiled, and replied politely. But in her heart, she was feeling very restless, she didn’t know how Matthew would react if he knew that the cloud yarn belonged to the Forbis family.

Because he was very clear that she had already mastered the techniques of making cloud yarn.

With his intellect, he would definitely relate it to what happened in White City.

She was afraid that this matter could not be hidden anymore.

She felt at odds within herself. On one hand she wanted to let Matthew know, but on the other she didn’t want to. Wanting to let him know was because she didn’t want him to live with regrets in his lifetime. If throughout his lifetime he didn’t know who his biological mother was, what a tragedy it would be?

But she didn’t want to let him know because she didn’t want the hardships that Victoria went through all these years to go to waste.

After dinner, Jeffery asked Matthew to follow him to his study room. Dolores and the kids were in the living room. Marina turned on the television for the two kids to watch, afraid that they would be bored.

She cut some fruits and put it on the table, "Have some fruits." Marina entertained the two kids.

Simona pursed her little mouth, and said sweetly, "I am already full."

While speaking she rubbed her belly. Marina was tickled by this little girl, "Let me touch and see whether your little tummy is bulging."

Perhaps it was ticklish, the little girl giggled.

Dolores looked towards the study room once in a while. She was very anxious, but she didn't dare to show it in front of Marina.

"What did Jeffery want to say just now?" Dolores tried to ask something from Marina.

"It should be about Victoria. His relationship with Jolene was very strong, when she passed away, he closed himself up for three days without eating or drinking anything. When Jolene passed away, it was my first time seeing him cry, I saw the gentle side of a man made of steel. He has always been very sensitive about the fact that Jayden remarried, and he is prejudiced towards Victoria."

Marina had married him a little before Jolene passed away. In addition to that, Jeffery hadn't intentionally talked to her about what happened those years. In regards to what really happened in the past, she wasn't very clear about it too.

Marina gave a sigh, "Up till now he hasn't let go. I advised him that things have passed for so long, now everyone is already old, he should stop pursuing it anymore. But his personality is very strong, I can't persuade him."

Dolores agreed, "Yeah, it's been so long, he has to let go, over-worrying is not good for the health."

"Who hasn't said that to him before, but he just doesn't listen. I see Victoria is pretty good, sometimes I pity her too. She has no children all her life. A woman raising a child without getting pregnant, how would that be considered a woman. It must be a lifetime regret for her," Marina sighed. ____

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 315 Don't Show up in Front of Me

Dolores looked down, even if she gave birth to Matthew, she had missed the period where he needed care and love the most.

Matthew was not even close with her at that time.

Victoria was very regretful in her life, she was pitiable and great at the same time.

If it were her, she might not be able to do it.

"Give Matthew more advice, tell him not to think about it anymore." Marina sighed, "Actually, I also understand it, if it hasn't been a month since my mom passed away and my dad marries someone else, I might hate her more, maybe even stab her with a knife... Such matter, if it doesn't happen to you then you won't be able to understand it, saying that you sympathize, can you really sympathize? No, only men can stay calm, even if Matthew and Jayden's relationship was rigid these years, but in the end he didn't do anything over the line, such indifference, he just can't let go, as his wife, you should enlighten him."

Dolores softly said yes.

Some of what Marina said was true, there was no sympathizing for such matter, you could never feel what the person involved was feeling, only those who had ever experienced the same thing could experience that state of mind.

After she listened to Victoria's problem, she kept looking at the problem from Victoria's point of view and gave Matthew advice.

But she did not look at the problem from Matthew's point of view.

He didn't know that Victoria was his mother, the previous twists and turns, he didn't even know the sacrifices Victoria had made for him.

So she should also look at the problem from his point of view.

"Today, I'm going back first."

The door of the study room was opened, Matthew and Jeffery walked out one by one.

"I'll send you guys home." said Jeffery.

Matthew refused, saying that it was cold outside, the car was just right in front, they could just enter the car after going out.

Seeing them coming out, Dolores stood up from the sofa, Matthew walked over, "Let's go home."

Dolores nodded.

"It's still early, why don't you stay for a little more?" Marina held them back.

"Nah, it's getting late." Dolores really wanted to know what Jeffery and Matthew were talking about.

Marina said that out of courtesy as well, she could see that Dolores was indeed hoping to leave, "Come and visit if you have time."

"I'll visit when there's a chance to." Dolores put the jacket on her two children, Marina came over and helped her, "Tomorrow is the New Year's Eve."

"After the new year, I'll be one year older." Simona blinked as she spoke cutely.

Marina was amused, "Yeah, you'll be a year older again, when you've grown up, I'll be old."

"You're not old." said Simona.

Marina smiled widely and praised, "You're a smooth talker."

Jeffery walked over at that time, handed the two children two red packets.

"It's your first time here, here's our first meeting gift, new years money, I'll give you more when you come again."

"No need." Dolores didn't think that it was good, the red packet seemed very thick, she could see that even if Jeffery was very extreme about Jolene's matter, he was an upright and good leader.

"I gave it to the children, furthermore, it's their first time coming to my house, it's a tradition and my good intention." Jeffery liked the senior tone of speaking.

Marina also agreed, "Keep it, make the children happy, I don't have anything prepared for the children."

Dolores told the children to thank Jeffery.

"Thank you Jeffery." the two children said that at the same time.

"Yes, sure." Jeffery stroked Samuel's head, "Eat nicely, when you've grown tall it will be easier to come with me and be a soldier."

"Yes." Samuel nodded strongly, seemed like he was really interested in being a soldier.

Marina and Jeffery stood by the door and saw them out.

The car quickly drove out, Dolores sat next to Matthew, she could faintly smell alcohol from his body.

In the end, Dolores couldn't help asking, "What did you guys talk about in the study room?"

Seemed like Matthew had predicted that she would ask, but he didn't expect her to ask so impatiently.

He leaned back and looked at her seriously.

Dolores was annoyed because of his gaze, she blinked, "Why do you look at me like that? Am I not supposed to ask?"

“Yeah.”

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A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

Dolores' heart thumped.

Seeing Dolores' changing expression, Matthew sighed and hugged her.

“I'll tell you when we get home.”

Dolores leaned on his embrace, gave it a thought, and said, “Sorry that I kept advising you to accept Victoria, but I have never consider your feelings.”

Matthew looked down, quite surprised, the good kind of surprise, he then hugged her tighter.

“Shall we change their surname?” Dolores suddenly asked.

She had heard it from Boyce before that the children should change their surname back, she didn't mind it at that time... This time, Jeffery had such a big reaction, she thought that maybe changing their surname back was the right thing to do.

After all, she had accepted him and that family.

“Why should we?” Matthew didn't think that it was a problem.

“If we don't, don't they belong to the Flores family?” Actually, Dolores didn't want their surname to be Flores, she had no choice.

“We are yours, nothing to do with the Flores family.” Matthew never thought that they belonged to the Flores family because their surname were Flores, for him, the two children belonged to Dolores, she was pregnant for 10 months, foster them, no one was qualified to replace her.

Dolores grabbed his collar, “We are husband and wife now, what will other people think when our children follow my surname?” she teased him on purpose, “Won't others think that you're a man married and lived in a woman's family? That's why our children follow my surname?”

“Naughty.” he laughed hoarsely and kissed her earlobe, “I'll be willing to, if I can marry you with that.”

Dolores immediately pulled away, there was the driver in front, but he didn't refrain himself from doing that.

He smiled even more.

The hospital.

It was already afternoon when Theresa woke up.

“Are you hungry?” Armand had changed into clean clothes and returned to the hospital, seeing that she had yet to wake up, he just kept watching over her.

He didn't even go down and buy some food at noon, he told the servants at home to send him some, Mrs. Leslie couldn't eat foods from outside.

Theresa slept for quite a long time, she was a bit dizzy... She got up from the sofa, sitting up straight, it took a while for her mind to recover, she rubbed her eyes and looked at Armand, her brain became clear, she wanted to leave but Mrs. Leslie suddenly had cerebral congestion, so she followed her to the hospital..

She got off the sofa, "I should leave."

Armand clenched his hand, pretending that he didn't hear her, "You slept for so long, aren't you hungry?"

Theresa shook her head, "No. "she looked up at him, "We... Let's just end it here."

Was she so heartless?

Armand stood up and shrugged, "You can leave, but you must compensate me for the emotional damages because you've slept with me."

Theresa was speechless.

Her expression changed in an instant.

He was still fooling around as always!

"How much do you want? "Theresa looked for her bag and took her wallet out.

Armand smiled, "How much do I worth?"

He gave it a thought, 500.000“.”

He thought that Theresa couldn't give him that much money, and if she couldn't, he would have a reason to hold her back.

“You thought that you're a royalty? You don't worth that much! ”Theresa nearly shouted, 'why don't you just rob me?!'

Her remaining rationality told her, that she was in the hospital and it would be very impolite to do that, thus she didn't shout.

He couldn't hold her back with the soft way, she was heartless.

He acted arrogant and careless, “You should know best whether I'm worth that much or not, that is my price, if you can't give me the money then stay as my wife.”

Theresa was so angry that she smiled, took a card from her wallet, and threw it on his face, “Don't show up in front of me anymore!”

Armand was slightly dumbfounded, she unexpectedly could give him the money. .

She was just Dolores' assistant, how could she have so much savings?_____

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 316Bought Her a Birthday Gift

Theresa Gordon didn't bother to look at his changeable face.

She put on her jacket and headed out.

Armand Bernie looked down at the bank card dropped beside his foot. He picked it up and followed up to her. He tugged at her who was just out of the room and pulled her all the way out with him.

Theresa asked angrily as she struggled, "What are you going to do?"

Armand ignored and hauled her to the car park and tugged her into the car to keep her from getting out. The moment he put Theresa in, he locked the car.

Theresa was irate and slapped the car window hard, "Armand, what do you want?"

Armand still ignored her and was rapidly getting up to drive the car out of the emergency clinic.

"The undeniable reality that you are faithless, yet additionally rouge which makes me hate you more, how might I consent to wed you? If I do so, I should be insane!" Theresa scoured her face hard as she attempted to calm herself down a bit.

Yet, as she was confronting such silly Armand, she truly couldn't calm down.

He just simply let her down!

"Don't you want to leave? The luggage was still at home and I'll send it to you to get it." Armand giggled jokingly, "I'm heartless, I'm dregs of society, and you? You just simply leave whenever you want without hesitation, have you considered how I feel? After long deliberation then I made the decision to wed you. Indeed, my ex is back, however, I don't love her anymore. I don't cherish her, but yet you can't get over it, you would prefer not to give me any trust!"

The more Armand said, the more he felt upset.

"If you don't trust me. Then how could I do so?" Theresa looked at him, "I offered you an opportunity, did I say that you are not allowed to meet her, yet you went to see her more than once. There were chances that you could tell me about that but you didn't do so. If you really care about me, you would consider me, would I be restless and anxious that you went to see her, would I be miserable and upset that you went to see her. I was an orphan, although I was adopted by a decent couple and I had a nice childhood, in any case, actually I feel insecure deep inside and I chose to wed you, do you know that I need to pluck up my courage to make the decision to marry you?" Her voice was raspy, "Do you know how much I expected from this relationship?"

Armand's eyes were really red. He was unable to talk back after hearing what Theresa accuse him of.

Regardless of what the reason was, it's obviously true that he went to see Phoebe.

Theresa covered her face with two hands, "We both need to calm down."

Right now the car stopped at the local parking area.

Armand sat peacefully, both of them kept silent.

After a while, Armand opened his mouth first, "I returned this to you." He put the bank card on her lap and clarified, "I said it to irritate you on purpose. I hope you don't mind."

Theresa didn't move nor did she reply to what he said.

There was another snapshot of quietness.

Sooner or later it was Theresa who took the main action, she pushed open the door of the car and strolled down without saying anything.

Despite the fact that she remained silent, Armand actually knew what she went to do, he felt vulnerable and simultaneously helpless.

He was the one who caused everything to happen. Who else could he blame?

Theresa pulled the luggage and left, she strolled to the door of the car and put the key on the seat, "This is the key to the house."

She was about to leave and had no point to keep the key anymore.

Armand remained silent.

Theresa looked at him but she didn't actually say that she was going to leave. All she did was just took the luggage and headed to the outskirts of the town.

Armand pulled open the door of the car and took a look at her back, "If you have time, could you go see grandma, she doesn't hope to see us break up, I lied and said we made up, I don't want her to worry about us. If you don't go see her, she will speculate that we didn't make up by any means, for her old age, could you please do so?"

Theresa stopped and said, "I will."

Not for Armand, but rather for Mrs. Leslie.

Armand moved forward as he wanted to make her stay, but he couldn't make up any reason and lastly could just say, "Thank you."

Theresa didn't turn around and walked away without saying anything.

Armand closed his eyes and crouched to the ground without caring about his image. He scratched his hair hard and regretted that he didn't let her stay.

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In any case, as he thought about Mrs. Leslie who was still in the hospital, he needed to get a hold of himself and returned to the hospital to take care of Mrs. Leslie.

He couldn't show his disappointment in front of Mrs. Leslie as well.

Armand felt that he was presently much sadder than the time when Phoebe left him.

He got back to the hospital, Mrs. Leslie woke up. Since she couldn't speak clearly so she looked dull. This was actually normal because no one could accept that they couldn't talk all of a sudden.

"Ah..."

Armand came over and held her hand.

"Ah..." Mrs. Leslie wanted to speak, Armand tapped her hand and asked, "Would you like to ask about Theresa?"

Mrs. Leslie nodded.

Armand lied, "She didn't rest well these few days, I sent her back to rest."

In case Mrs. Leslie didn't trust him, he added, "She will come over when she was free, you may just take a good rest."

Mrs. Leslie held his hand back, despite she had many things to say but all she wanted to say turned into a sigh.

She could just pray in her mind that Armand would never break up with Theresa.

"You rest, I'll take care of you." Armand tapped Mrs. Leslie as if he was coaxing a baby.

In the Nelson family.

The two kids got back and promptly opened the red envelope. The money probably explicitly was just got from the bank. The notes were all new and the serial number was consecutive.

Samuel Flores counted them, "It's 6666."

Simona Flores gave her own to her sibling, "You help me to count as well."

Samuel looked at his sister as he murmured. He appeared to be helpless, and reached out to take her red

envelope, "We should have a similar sum."

"How would you know it's a similar sum on the off chance that you don't check it?"

"This is the ability to deal with individuals, we are siblings. We two won't be dealt with in an unfair way."

"Could you still check it for me?" The young lady was exceptionally industrious.

Samuel couldn't do anything with her, so he needed to spill out the notes and tally them.

When Samuel counted the notes, the young lady felt bored, so she took the cash Samuel counted on the couch. She played with them by stacking them up, she gazed toward Samuel, "Samuel, you have such a lot of cash, how are you going to spend it? Will you get me a present for the New Year?"

Samuel looked at his sister, "I will purchase a birthday present for mom."

The young lady squinted, "Oh ya. It's nearly Mommy's birthday after the New Year."

Matthew Nelson was standing before the floor-to-roof window as he was answering the phone call. As he heard the discussion among them, his eyes projected over, a few seconds ago they were discussing Dolores Flores 'birthday, weren't they?

When was it?

When would Dolores 'birthday be?

"Call me after you've finalized your plans."

There was a yes, Matthew hung up the phone, tomorrow was one more day before the New Year, every year the company has an annual meeting. Because this year Matthew was not in the company for a long time, so this year's arrangement was a little late, in time for the day before the New Year.

Domestic and overseas branches would also provide year-end reports.

Abbott Baron phoned him as soon as he walked in the door and informed him of the situation. Dolores went upstairs, the two children were counting money on the sofa, and Matthew and Victoria Forbis were not present.

"When is your mother's birthday?" He inquired of his kid. _____

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 317 By Skill

Samuel checked the cash and gave it to his sister as he lifted his head to take a look at Matthew. He blinked his eyes and his eyelashes were rippling, "How could you don't even know when is your own wife's birthday?"

Matthew was speechless.

He was too angry to speak, indeed, he was not a good husband. Their marriage had been six years and after tomorrow will be seven years. Their children had been six years old but they still hadn't spent a night with each other.

Wasn't he a disqualified husband?

He didn't satisfy his wife. It was all his fault.

Presently Samuel had accepted him. But he would never forget that he had been neglected. If he wanted to get back mommy, then he might need to pay extra effort.

"You check yourself." Samuel was obviously reluctant to say. He put his hands crossed over his chest, "Let me give you a hint, there wasn't much time left."

Matthew raised his eyebrow. Did he just say not much time left?

Were there just a few days left?

Matthew crouched and looked horizontal to his child, "Do you believe that I could know it by just asking a question?"

Samuel responded especially rapidly by covering his sister's mouth with his hand.

He worried that he would ask his sister, Simona was a nose of wax, and furthermore, she was extremely close to Matthew. If she was asked, she would reveal it to Matthew.

"Don't you coax Simona?" Samuel scowled at Matthew.

Simona totally had no idea of what had just happened.

For what reason did Samuel abruptly cover her mouth?

"Hmm ..."

"What are you all doing?" Dolores descended from higher up and saw Samuel covering Simona's mouth so she inquired.

Matthew looked at his child and grinned enjoyably, "Quite recently Simona said that your birthday is on the second day of the Lunar New Year, then, at that point, Samuel said that she wasn't right and covered her mouth."

"It's on ..."

"Mom!"

Samuel interrupted her noisily. He worried that she would say it and scowled at Matthew wildly, "You cheated!"

"Did I?" Matthew spread his hands, "We all just get what we want by our own skills, don't we?"

This time it was Samuel who turned speechless.

Dolores was puzzled, she tapped her child's shoulder and advised him to let go of her daughter, "You continue to cover her will make her felt uncomfortable."

"Mom, you should not reveal to him when your birthday is, let him examine himself. If he couldn't figure it out, that means he is not sincere." Samuel told Dolores.

Dolores flickered his eyes as though she sorted out what was happening.

He trusted Dolores, yet he didn't know about his sister, so he pulled her back to the room, "Let's get back to our room."

"What about my money?" Simona took a look at her sibling. With such a lot of cash, she could request her mom get her a lot of things.

She couldn't leave it there. What if it was gone?

"Mom. You pick it up for us" Samuel insisted not allow her sister to have contact with Matthew, this man was too cunning. Just now, he nearly deceived Dolores to tell him.

Dolores nodded.

When the two kids went into the room, Dolores gazed at Matthew and questioned him, "What are you battling with the kids for?"

Matthew sat alongside her and covered her hand that was holding cash. He took the cash in her hand and assisted her with picking it up, "It was your child who provoked me first."

Indeed, he was the victim.

It was clearly Samuel who picked on him, wasn't he?

Dolores looked up speechlessly.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

Jared Kushner & Ivanka Trump Dropped Off The Planet

Matthew put the cash into the red envelope and put it on the table, "This evening you go with me to a gathering."

"What sort of gathering?"

Dolores asked, nearly had speculation in her heart. She knew that was not for work for sure and ought to be the organization's gathering.

Without letting Matthew finished saying, Dolores rejected, "I would prefer not to go."

She knew Matthew's intention of bringing her along to the yearly gathering was unquestionably to introduce her as his wife to the worker in the organization.

Presently her relationship with Matthew was not stable, she would not like to be impacted by the rest of the world.

She comprehended his intention.

She leant in his arms, "We didn't have a wedding. Our wedding ceremony was low-profile, there were just a few of them know. I unexpectedly showed up in the organization-yearly gathering, you introduce me as your wife, what will others think about this? Are we unexpectedly wedded? If they know the presence of two kids, and how might they think about this? Will they say that we wed because I'm pregnant? Or then again I utilized the kids to force you to marry me or something like that? People might have discussions about it due to your identity, and I simply need to go through my days in harmony and calm with my children. I know care a lot about me and want them to know my presence but it would be better to just let it be."

She gazed toward him, "I comprehend your intention but I'm not prepared at this point."

Matthew tightened his lips, he simply wanted to expose her presence to others. However, he didn't think about the negative impacts if he did so. Without a doubt, due to his identity, if he out of nowhere said that he was wedded, people might gossip about this.

"What did uncle say to you?"

Dolores actually wanted to know what Jeffery Harris had said to Matthew and what action he had taken.

What Matthew was thinking, she had to know.

Before he truly didn't think about Victoria's experience, he hadn't intentionally attempted to discover.

This time, he knew from Jeffery's mouth that the first Tea Silk was from the Forbis family.

Victoria had the option to wed Matthew in return for the skill that had been passed down in the family for ages.

However, presently, this speciality, once more, had been taken.

Jeffery realized that somebody had taken in this speciality, yet didn't realize that it was Dolores.

When he heard that, he was additionally dumbfounded.

He brought his head down to kiss the side of her brow. He didn't leave but stayed there, and asked, "You should know the background of Tea Silk, right?"

Despite the fact that he was asking, he sounded affirmative about that.

Dolores was a bit nervous, she lowered her voice as she attempted to make her voice sound natural, "When Kevin Forbis taught me he told me that, it is actually the family business of the Forbis family."

His kiss moved to the corner of her eyes, "Do you still choose not to tell the truth?"

Dolores's body stiffened, "I promised that I won't tell others."

So don't force her.

"Does he want you to pick on me?" Dolores' voice turned hoarse.

Without a doubt, Jeffery said so around then, "She guaranteed me but now she goes back on her word, she's the person who broke her guarantee and stepped on my bottom line. If I didn't know about it then it's ok but if I know it, then I won't let her go."

Around then, Matthew didn't stand up for her as if he prompted Jeffery not to seek after this matter but rather will make him dubious.

Around then, he took the blame on himself, so he could secure Dolores and not make Jeffery find him dubious.

Presently he truly speculated that this was Victoria's plot to purposely get Dolores associated with this matter so neither he nor Jeffery could lay a hand on Dolores.

"With me around, nobody can hurt you." Including Jeffery.

Dolores realized that as of now, Matthew should be in a dilemma.

She didn't need him to be in a dilemma, nor did she need to abandon what she had said to Victoria.

Victoria had sacrificed much for Matthew. How could he let the art that had been passed down for ages be forfeited just like this?_

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 318 Waiting for You

"I won't let anyone know temporarily." She wanted to leave aside the fact that she knew Gambiered Canton Gauze and the costume show at the end of the year first.

She was not going to give up on this, but she wanted to wait for the right time.

If she did not care about anything for the time being now, she would put Matthew in trouble.

The good thing was there was still plenty of time now.

His kiss slid to her ear and he said in a low, muffled voice, "You still don't want to say anything now."

Her forehead and the bridge of her nose were full of sweat. She was struggling and trembling inside.

In the end, she still did not tell anything.

At three o'clock, Abbott called and said that all the arrangements had been made there and Matthew could go over now.

Dolores stood in the foyer to help Matthew to straighten his collar and tie his tie. She was serious and focused. He hugged her by her waist, "What if I don't want to go?"

Dolores mused, "If you're not afraid of hurting employees, then you don't have to go."

There were one to two hundred executives in the company and the branches. Many of them did not see him for a year. It would be unreasonable for him to not show up at the annual meeting.

Matthew pinched her chin and examined her carefully. His fingertips brushed over her lips, "Will you wait for me to come back?"

Dolores nodded, "Yes."

"I'll try to come back early." He pecked her lips. The lips were soft and supple. The more he kissed, the more addicted he became. He then wrapped his arms around her to kiss her wildly.

Clatter.

There was a rattle of the door opening, Dolores hurriedly pushed him away and Matthew obediently released her.

Jayden and Victoria walked in one after the other. Seeing Matthew fully dressed, Jayden asked, "Going out?"

“To the company,” Matthew replied succinctly.

Jayden understood and did not make clear of anything. After all, he did not care about the company for a long time. Matthew was capable of managing the company.

Dolores held up the coat while Matthew stretched his hands into the sleeves and shook his shoulders. The coat was neatly put on his body. There was no a single wrinkle on the top grey cashmere coat. He looked smart when putting on the coat.

Dolores sent him out of the door.

It was cold outside, so Matthew asked her to go back.

After seeing that the car had left the courtyard, Dolores closed the door and entered the house.

“You went to the Harris family?” Victoria was standing behind Dolores when she turned around.

She answered according to the fact, “Yes.”

“He didn’t give you a hard time, did he?”

“No, he didn’t know it was me. Matthew had helped me, so I don’t think he will know in the near future. ”If he did not know, he would not do anything.

If he did know, Dolores thought that Jeffrey might not be as cruel as before on the fact that she was

Matthew's wife.

She could see that he cared for Matthew.

Regarding the surnames of the two children, what Jeffrey cared about was not to not take the surname of the Nelson family, but to not take Matthew's surname.

Since Jayden had married Victoria, Jeffrey might not have much affection towards this former brother-in-law.

Victoria let out a slight sigh of relief, "That's good."

She was afraid that she might cause trouble for Dolores.

Victoria waved at Dolores and asked her to sit on the sofa.

She asked the maid to pour two cups of hot tea and brought them over.

"Today we went to Jolene's grave. "They went there every year, "At first I wanted to ask you to go together, but there are two children, so I didn't ask you."

No matter what, Jolene had helped her to take care of Matthew for six years. It was true that Jeffrey had gone too far with her, but Jolene did not do anything wrong.

After all, in the beginning, it was all of her voluntariness.

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

Victoria drank some water and asked, "What do you want to eat tonight? I'll prepare it."

Dolores did not have much appetite, so she said, "Anything."

Victoria smiled, "Alright. I'll prepare anything that I can prepare."

"I see that you don't look very well, go and rest," Victoria said.

Dolores did feel a little bit tired.

There was still some time before evening, so she said, "I'll go and take a nap then."

"Yea, sure." Victoria waved her hand.

Dolores lay down on her bed. She did not know when she fell asleep and did not wake up even when the sun set. It was the knock on the door that made her awake.

"Mummy, it's dinner time," Samuel called her.

She got up, washed her face and went downstairs. Everyone was already in the dining room except Matthew.

At first, she wanted to sleep for a while and then help Victoria to prepare dinner. However, she had slept soundly.

It was really inappropriate for her to sleep while the elders were cooking.

“Why don’t you call me earlier?”

“There are no outsiders and you were out a while ago, now that you are back, you need to rest.” Victoria served her a bowl of nourishing soup, “This soup is suitable for winter.”

Dolores brought it over with both her hands. It was still steaming. She took a sip. It was still a little hot. There was a ginseng taste in the soup.

“I put red ginseng in, it’s good for women to eat, drink some more if you’re still not full later,” Victoria said.

Dolores nodded, “Thank you, mum.”

Victoria responded with a heavy “eh”. It was comforting for her to have her daughter-in-law’s acknowledgement even though his son did not call her mum.

After dinner, the maid cleaned up the table while Victoria took the initiative to take over the work of bathing the two children and making them sleep. She wanted to take care of them in person. The two children did not treat her as a stranger as they had met before and they were willing to spend time with her.

Dolores was also happy as they had some time to get along since Matthew was away.

She watched TV with the two children downstairs for a while and then she went upstairs.

She looked at the time, it was not yet nine o’clock. As she had taken a nap, she did not feel sleepy. She

took a shower and wore a white velvet robe. She found one of the books that she liked better among those she had brought with her and sat on the bed to read it.

Unaware that it had already passed twelve, she got drowsy and yawned. She put the bookmark to the page she stopped reading, closed the book, put it on the table, pulled the quilt and turned off the bedside lamp. When she was ready for bed, she heard a door opening sound coming from downstairs.

It was late at night, so a little movement could be heard.

She turned the bedside lamp back on.

After a while, she heard footsteps sound coming up the stairs, one at a time ...

Then, the door of the room was pushed open.

Under the pale yellow light, he saw the woman lying on the bed. He opened his eyes and looked right at her, "Still awake?"

"Waiting for you."

Dolores saw the white colour on his shoulders and asked, "Is it snowing?"

Matthew realized he had come up in his coat. He glanced sideways and saw a few snowflakes had fallen on his shoulders. They fell on his shoulder when he walked to the house from the car.

He responded with a "hmm". Afraid of bringing the cold inside, he hung his coat downstairs before coming back upstairs.

He closed the door of the room and walked in.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, he looked at her. Her long black hair was like being splashed by ink. Her pale, flawless skin revealed some light red. Her pink lips were like rose petals.

He had an urge to taste them.

He approached Dolores and leant against her closer and closer. Dolores could smell his breath. There was a faint smell of alcohol. It was not very strong.

“You’ve been drinking?” _

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 319 Randolph Had Passed Away

“A little. ”The general managers of several branches had toasted him, he had to drink.

He got even closer, the hot air from his words sprayed next to her face, tingling and itching. Dolores slightly turned her head sideways. Matthew pinched her face to make her upright and looked at him. He asked, “Does it smell bad?”

Dolores nodded, “It’s all the smell of alcohol, what do you think?”

“Then I’ll go bathing. ”He smothered a laugh, “Do you want to bathe with me?”

Dolores blushed in shame and pushed him, “Don’t be silly.”

Seeing her blush, he smiled even deeper. He stood up from the bed and went to the bathroom.

Soon the sound of rushing water came out from the bathroom.

Dolores wrapped herself tightly in the quilt. She was inexplicably nervous.

Not long after, a low voice came from the bathroom, "Help me with my clothes."

Dolores looked up and looked at the glass door of the bathroom, remembering that she had put the only bathrobe on when she took a shower. There was none inside now.

She held her forehead as she forgot to put another set inside.

She got up and went to the cupboard to find a new set. She did prepare these household items when she moved here. She tore off the label, walked to the bathroom door and knocked, "Here you go."

Soon, the door of the bathroom was opened and a grip was placed on her wrist. Before she could react, she was pulled inside and she was pinned against the wall.

He had just taken a shower. The whole bathroom was foggy. His firm body was covered with dense crystal droplets of water.

"What are you doing ... Hmm..."

Before she could finish her words, she was kissed on the lips and drowned in his passion.

...

A pair of shadows shifted on the glass door of the bathroom.

It was fiery and long.

Dolores did not know when he would finish. In the end, she lost her strength and relied on him to hold her, or else she would have lain down.

In a daze, she was carried to the bed and wrapped in the quilt. She was exhausted but there was still someone making a mess on her mouth. She used all her strength to bite his lips. Matthew frowned and soon he stretched his brows. He asked in a muffled voice, "Still want to continue?"

"Bastard!" Dolores rebuked angrily, but she was so tossed out of breath that the word she came out was as if she was acting coquettishly.

Her body was covered with his marks. He knew that she was really tired, so he did not continue to torment her but instead he hugged her and slept. He gently patted her back and coaxed, "I'm an asshole, I'm an asshole ..."

Dolores slept soundly. When she woke up, no one was around her.

She got up, took her phone from the table and glanced at the time. It was almost one o'clock. She opened her eyes widely. Had she slept all morning?

It was not just Matthew here. Victoria and Jayden were here too. Why she did not wake up?

What would others think of her?

She quickly lifted the quilt and got out of bed. Not sure if it was because she was moving too fast or because she had been 'abused' by Matthew last night, her legs went weak and she almost fell. Luckily, she held the bedside table quickly so she did not fall. She stood and rested for a while before walking. When she went to the bathroom to wash her face and brush her teeth, she noticed the marks left by Matthew. She frowned, how could she go out and meet others?

In her mind, she cursed Matthew a thousand times again.

After washing her face and brushing her teeth, she went to the cupboard to find herself a black turtleneck jumper and a plaid skirt. After tidying up, she walked downstairs.

She was slightly relieved as she did not see Victoria and Jayden in the living room, otherwise, she would feel embarrassed.

"Get up already?" It was New Year's Eve and there was no one at the villa, so they called her over to spend New Year's Eve with them. She greeted Dolores when she saw her.

Dolores scratched a handful of hair to hide her discomfort. She did not look at Coral's eyes and gave a faint "hmm" sound.

Hearing Dolores' voice, Matthew shut his computer. He was looking at the year-end report but he did not want to look at it now. He stood up from the sofa and looked at her, "You shall be hungry, right?"

Dolores ignored him as she was angry.

She walked down the stairs and walked towards the dining room.

Coral smiled, "There's rice heating up for you in the kitchen, I'll go and bring it to you."

Dolores pulled out a chair and sat down as Coral brought her the hot dishes. Seeing Matthew enter, she went out sagely, "It's snowing outside, I'll go to the courtyard to enjoy the snow scene."

Matthew came up from her back, braced his hands on her two sides, and put his lips to her ear, "Are you angry?"

Dolores buried her head, held the bowl with both her hands and took a sip of hot soup.

She completely treated Matthew as air.

Matthew kissed her cheek. The more Dolores ignored him, the more reckless he became, his hand reached down from the hem of her shirt to her jumper ...

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"Matthew!" Dolores was annoyed and stood up angrily to glare at him, "Do you want to be shameless? If people see this, do you plan not to meet anyone anymore?"

Seeing her angry face, he found it cute and laughed lightly, "There's no one at home."

Victoria and Jayden had gone out early in the morning with the two children and said that they would not return until the evening.

There was no one at home.

“Why didn’t you call me in the morning? You’re not the only one here, there’s a whole family here. All the adults and children had woken up and I’m the only one sleeping. What do you want the elders to think of me? Have you ever thought about me?”

“I can see that you are very tired. ”Last night when he came back, it was late, and he ... she had barely slept until morning, so she slept soundly. How could he have the heart to wake her up?

Matthew came over and hugged her. Dolores pushed his hands away.

She was scared of Matthew.

Matthew ignored her resistance and forcefully wrapped her in his arms. To prevent her from struggling, he pressed her hands across his firm chest. He stuck at her slender back, nibbled her ear and asked, “Did I hurt you last night?”

Dolores’ eyes were lowered, with light traces of water in them. She had begged for mercy from him many times but he did not want to let her go.

Up until now, she still had a burning up sensation.

Matthew buried his head in the nook of her neck. He lost his control when he wanted her so much. He hoped that he could put her inside his body.

He wanted to make her a part of his body.

“I don’t know what’s wrong with me, I just can’t control it. ”His voice was muffled into her ears.

He'd lived for over thirty years. He'd held it in for so long. It was terrifying once he got his release.

He lifted his face from the nook of her neck and rubbed his cheek against hers, "I'll be more gentle next time."

Dolores squirmed and rubbed, "I, can I not?"

"No!" He could obey her and comply with everything, but not this.

He coaxed, not daring to scare her away, "I'm a normal man, I'll get sick if I hold it in too long. Three times a day, can?"

This was really a wedding night for Matthew. It was his first time to smell her taste and his first time to be a man while he was awake.

Dolores was speechless.

She could not stand it, "Once."

"No."

"Then no more talk." Dolores was determined.

Matthew blinked. His thick eyelashes scraped the corners of her eyes, it was a little tickling. She tilted her head sideways. Matthew thought she was angry and sighed inwardly.

"I'll listen to you, once." Once was all right. He would make it longer.

It was not really a big loss.

He kissed the corners of her eyes, her cheeks and little by little he worked his way down to kiss her neck.

Dolores almost broke down and said, "I haven't eaten yet."

Matthew was stunned for a while. Although he was reluctant, he still let her go. She was already so thin, if she did not eat enough food, would she break her waist?

At this time, Matthew's mobile phone, which he had left on the sofa, rang.

Dolores found an excuse to get rid of him, "Go and answer the call."

Matthew pulled her chair back, "You sit down first."

Dolores sat down obediently. She was well behaved. Matthew kissed her forehead, "Eat more, you are too thin."

Dolores did not say anything but stuffed her mouth with food.

Matthew smiled and went to get the mobile phone that kept ringing on the sofa.

He picked it up and Boyce's voice came from the other side.

"Are you Matthew?" He was afraid that the person who answered the phone was not Matthew, so he wanted to make sure first.

His voice sounded urgent.

Matthew frowned, "It's me."

Then only Boyce dared to say reassuringly, "Randolph has passed away."

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 320 He Abused You

Matthew lifted his gaze and looked at the woman who was eating her meal at the table. He frowned deeply not because Randolph had died but because he believed that Jessica was directly related to Randolph's death.

From the moment she had decided to restore her marriage with Randolph, Matthew felt that something was amiss. Just as he expected, Randolph died when New Year was not even over yet.

He walked to the front to the window. When he was sure that Dolores couldn't hear him, he said, "Where did he die?"

"In his house. I am currently there. When I heard of the news, I was also shocked. He just died for no reason. Neither he had any terminal illnesses, nor he was struck by any disasters. Could it be divine retribution for his crimes?" Boyce said.

Matthew didn't believe in superstitions.

This was a materialistic world.

"I will go there now. "If Dolores wasn't related to this, he would definitely not interfere with this matter. He would not interfere with this matter even if Randolph was involved. He feared that Jessica was related to it.

Dolores and Jessica had depended on each other for many years and had a close relationship. Although Jessica had gone against Dolores's wishes and restored her marriage with Randolph, he could see that Dolores cared a lot about Jessica.

Things would be fine if she was not involved in this matter. But if...

He ended the call and entered the restaurant. Dolores was looking down, so she didn't notice him.

A strand of Dolores's hair got in her face. Matthew who was behind her tucked her hair behind her ear and said softly, "I am going out. I have things to do."

Dolores acknowledged his words.

"There is nobody in the house today. Go upstairs and nap for a while after you have finished your meal," he spoke gently.

Dolores nodded and asked, "Are you going to the company?"

Matthew hesitated for a while and lied, "Armand and Boyce have organized a gathering and have asked me to join them."

"Ok. Don't drink. Alcohol is bad for you," she said out of concern.

Matthew was taken aback. Immediately, his eyes showed happiness. His heart felt the warmth of her

words. He knew that he had many habits, but he never cared about his health. He kissed her forehead, "Wait for me obediently."

Dolores pushed him, "You should leave now. Don't let them wait for you for too long."

Matthew acknowledged her words, grabbed his coat from the coat rack at the entryway and left the house.

Coral came in not long after Matthew had left.

She took off her coat covered with snow at the entryway and walked in. Looking at Dolores who was still at the table, she noticed that Dolores's sweater was rolled up without Dolores's knowledge. There was a bruise on Dolores's waist.

Coral thought that she was seeing things. She walked closer to Dolores and bent down to look at her waist.

She took a closer look. There was really a bruise on Dolores's waist. She widened her eyes, "Your waist" ...

Dolores pulled down her sweater hurriedly and seemed to be panic-stricken.

"Does the young master have violent tendencies? He abused you?" Coral widened her eyes in shock. If Matthew wasn't the one who had hit her, where did she get the injury?

"It is nothing like that. I accidentally knocked my waist," Dolores lied in a panic.

Coral was still unconvinced, "How did you knock your waist?"

Dolores lowered her head so that her long hair hid her blushed cheeks, "I got that injury when I slipped and fell on the bathroom floor. I will go upstairs now."

She got up and escaped the dining room. She was terrified that Coral would get closer to the truth.

Coral noticed that Dolores had not finished her soup and shouted, "Are you full? You haven't finished your meal."

"I am already full."

Dolores ran to her room and closed the door without turning back. She let out a deep breath, walked into the bathroom and pulled up her sweater. Looking at the back of her waist in the mirror, she saw the bruise on her waist clearly. Matthew had pressed her against the side of the wash basin. No wonder she had felt great pain.

She unzipped her skirt and tucked her sweater into her skirt so that it would not roll up accidentally again.

She was tired but she could not fall asleep when she lay in bed.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

Jared Kushner & Ivanka Trump Dropped Off The Planet

When she went downstairs, Coral was wiping the table. Coral did not have to prepare for New Year's Eve dinner as they had decided to order dishes from a restaurant. As a result, she had more free time.

“Coral, let’s go shopping. ”Since they were going to celebrate New Year, they should buy new things for the family members and the two kids.

Coral nodded and said while smiling, “Sure. You should wear more layers of clothing. It is snowing outside.”

Dolores acknowledged Coral’s words and went upstairs to take her bag and her coat. Then, she went out with Coral. There were no chauffeurs on standby in the house, so Dolores drove her car. She asked Coral who was seated in the back seat to sit in the front passenger seat.

No matter how Matthew spoke highly of Dolores, it was clear to her that she was only a servant.

Dolores smiled, “We are a family. Don’t mention it.”

Coral sat in the front passenger seat and felt warm inside. Despite the snowy weather, her heart was filled with warmth.

“It is the young master’s blessing to marry you. ”Coral wasn’t referring to Dolores’s beauty, but her kindness, friendliness and humility. Dolores had never put on airs about her status as Matthew’s wife in front of her.

In many wealthy families, servants were treated as slaves by their employers. Sometimes, they were closely watched and regarded as potential thieves. If they didn’t do as they’re told, they would be reprimanded.

Coral thought that she was fortunate to serve the Harris family and the Nelson family. Unexpectedly, Dolores was also easy to get along with.

Dolores didn’t consider herself as a very kind person. Coral earned her respect because Coral took care

of Matthew for a long time.

Honestly speaking, the amount of time Coral had accompanied and taken care of Matthew was longer than Victoria's and Dolores's time with Matthew.

Coral was a kind and amiable person.

The car was parked in the parking lot of the shopping mall in a short time.

Dolores and Coral entered the shopping mall together.

Every wall of the shopping mall was decorated with red paper decorations that had a theme of gold mice. Because the day after today was the first day in the Year of the Mouse, a lot of people came to the shopping mall to do some festive shopping.

They started their shopping trip at the first floor. The first floor was a child's heaven. A variety of things was sold there: food, drinks, toys and clothes. The two kids were not at her side, so Dolores wanted to buy some new things for them.

She was familiar with their palates.

Soon, she made a lot of purchases at the food store and clothing store.

They went to the second floor and passed by a men's clothing store. Dolores went inside as she noticed a suit on display which Matthew would look good in.

Coral followed her and smiled. The current Dolores looked like a dutiful wife who was purchasing new clothes for her children and husband.

It resembled a heart-warming scene in a common household.

All of Matthew's suits were dark-coloured. They had tones of blue, grey and navy. The suit which caught her eye was black suit with a dark plaid pattern; moreover, the suit would have a tinge of blue under light. Matthew had outstanding body proportions. She believed that Matthew would look good in it.

The staff complimented her taste, "Our store specializes in high-end men's clothing. This suit is a limited edition and is suitable for all formal occasions. The dark colour makes the person who wears it look serious and steady."

Dolores looked at the price tag and was taken aback. The suit cost one hundred and eight thousand.

She had never bought so expensive clothes.

But the suit had really caught her eye. She asked the staff, "Does your store have any discounts?"

The staff shook her head, "I'm sorry. We don't have any discounts. If you find it too expensive, you can take a look at the suits in this section. They cost from thirty thousand to sixty thousand."

This store was surely a high-end men's clothing store, even the cheapest suit cost around tens of thousands. However, Matthew's suits were of better quality and more expensive than the ones in this store.

He had the money to afford them, but she was not as wealthy as him.

Thinking that Matthew couldn't wear poor quality suits at events, Dolores gritted her teeth and asked the staff to wrap up the suit.

When the staff swiped her credit card, her heart ached at the thought of spending so much money.

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 321 The Warmest Clothes She Had Ever Worn

They walked out with their bags and continued shopping. Dolores bought Victoria a fur coat. She noticed a cashmere coat in black that was not very long. It was suitable for Coral. She asked the shop assistant to take it down so Coral could try it.

When Coral heard that Dolores asked her to try, she waved her hands, "I don't want it. I have my own clothes. There is no need to take. I'm not going to try."

"It's your daughter's filial piety to buy you something. She asked you to try, then you just try. Wearing nice clothes can make you appear younger." The shop assistant guessed Coral's age was roughly the same as Dolores' mother's age. In general, it was rare for a daughter-in-law to bring and buy clothes for her mother-in-law. She only met a few of them in a year. Most of the time, it was the daughter who bought for her mother.

So, the shop assistant said something like this.

Coral's face immediately turned pale. She scolded the shop assistant, "What have you said? She is the mistress of the family. I'm just an old lady who takes care of them. Don't you want to embarrass me by saying something like this?"

Dolores patted Coral on the shoulder, "Don't be agitated. It's all right. Your age is indeed about the same as my mother's."

"I'm sorry. "For a brief moment, the shop assistant was taken aback and quickly apologized to them. This was the first time that she met the employer who bought such nice clothes for the servant in her home.

The shop assistant wondered in her heart, how could such a kind and wealthy person exist in this world?

She broadened her horizons today.

"If you come across such a wonderful family, you should accept it. How many people have such good fortune as you? "The shop assistant wanted to have a good sales performance. She hoped that Coral would give it a try and then bought it.

"Give it a try. "Dolores smiled.

"But" ...

"Come, come try on your clothes in the fitting room. "The shop assistant dragged Coral to the fitting room.

Coral was not particularly tall, so the short one was ideal for her.

"See, it suits you well. "The shop assistant complimented her.

"Then we'll have this one."

"I have a lot of clothes to wear. "Coral grabbed the shop assistant to prevent her from wrapping up the clothes.

Dolores said purposefully, "I don't buy this coat for nothing. I'll then put you in trouble to look after Samuel and Simona in the future."

"It's my responsibility to take care of them," Coral said, "Moreover, it's not that I don't get paid."

Matthew never mistreated her. Her cards were all unlimited.

It was clear from this that she was very much trusted.

"You really have good luck. I've never met such a good employer. I'm envious of you." The shop assistant joked purposefully, "How about I go and replace you to do your work?"

Coral immediately waved her hands, "That won't do."

It was not that Coral begrudged the money, nor was she unwilling to lose such a good job, but she was worried that other people wouldn't take good care of them.

While Coral was slack, the shop assistant wrapped the clothes.

Coral was hard to refuse at this point. After Dolores had paid the money, they carried the bags and went out.

After three hours, their hands were full of bags, both large and small.

Dolores noticed a down clothing store with the brand name AQ as they made their way downstairs. She came to a halt. Dolores was still very small when they were in Country A before, and Jessica didn't have much money at that time. It was freezing cold during the winter. She was afraid of the winter the most at that time. She still remembered that Jessica using her one-month salary to buy her a short-in-size down

jacket when she was twelve years old. The down jacket was of this brand, AQ.

The down jacket was the warmest clothes that she had ever worn.

She turned her head and looked at Coral, "You go and wait for me in the car first."

Coral nodded, carried all the things, and walked away.

Dolores walked into the store.

The shop assistant of the shop approached her, "These are all new arrivals here. You may have a look."

Dolores didn't shop in the area recommended by the shop assistant but instead walked to the other side.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

The Transformation Of Denise Richards Over The Past 50Years

She couldn't find that down jacket anymore, thinking that the style of that down jacket had already died out.

After all, so many years had passed.

The shop assistant followed her and introduced to Dolores, "Here are the clothes for the middle-aged. Would you like to wear it yourself or buy it as a gift?"

Dolores saw a long down coat, which was over the knee, grey, and had mink fur at the neckline of the cap attached to the down coat. She remembered that Jessica had arthritis in her legs. She had arthritis when they were in Country A. Hence, Jessica preferred long down coats. She said that wearing it could protect the knees.

In addition, Jessica had a height of 1.65meters, could pull off wearing the coat. She looks good in a long down coat.

Dolores stroked the exquisite material of the down coat, recalling the memory of her together with Jessica, "Is there any M size for this?"

The shop assistant shook her head, "There are only L, LX, and LXX sizes. If you want, I can get it for you from the headquarter. If you don't want to collect it here, we can deliver it to your doorstep."

Dolores thought for a moment, "Help me get one."

"All right. Do you want to come here and collect it yourself, or do you want us to deliver it to you?"

"I give you an address. You help me in delivering it there." Dolores was afraid that she would be angry with Jessica again if she met her. So, she decided to let the store assistants deliver it to her.

"All right. Then please provide us with the address." The shop assistant handed Dolores a piece of paper and a pen, "Please provide your contact information also. We'll notify you once it has been delivered."

Dolores gave a hum and provided with the address of the Flores family. She finally provided her own contact information. After paying the money, she left the store.

The Flores family now.

It was under curfew. The servants and Jessica were brought to the police station for investigation.

Randolph had passed away on the bed. Now an autopsy was being performed by a forensic investigator.

“There is no mark of a fight in the bedroom. According to the servants, Jessica had a close relationship with Randolph after she moved in. Jessica prepared meals herself for Randolph every day. They were almost always together. This shouldn’t be premeditated murder.”

At first, Boyce also suspected that Jessica was the one who had murdered Randolph. Randolph was, after all, a scumbag before.

But after he came to the scene, there was no evidence of homicide at all.

Matthew raised his eyes and looked at Boyce, “If you were Jessica, would you forgive someone who had betrayed you, indirectly caused your son to die, and didn’t care about you for many years?”

Boyce thought for a moment and shook his head, “No, I’m not crazy”...

Boyce quickly realized what Matthew meant, “You suspect that”...

“Not suspecting.” He was certain. Jessica was so firm about remarrying Randolph at that time. Randolph died not long after their remarriage. He certainly didn’t think that it was a coincidence.

The forensic investigator was making his way down from upstairs at this time.

Boyce walked towards him quickly, “Any clues?”

The forensic investigator nodded, “Yes.”

Boyce frowned, “What did you find?”

"I'm not sure right now. I can only tell you the exact answer after I go back and run my laboratory test," the forensic investigator said.

Boyce asked, "When will it be done?"

"The latest will be the day after tomorrow," the forensic investigator answered.

"I see. Take them back," Boyce instructed his subordinate.

He walked to the side of Matthew, "If it is really Jessica"...

He didn't say the following sentence. If it was really Jessica who had done it, murdering was against the law. She had to undertake criminal responsibility. Then how about Dolores?

"You try your best to keep it under control. Don't let it spread." It was not the worst it could be right now. Fortunately, no evidence could prove that Jessica murdered Randolph. _____

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 322 Don't Spill it Out

He could only hide it from Dolores at that moment.

"Notify me anytime when there's a new progress." Matthew glanced at the time, "I'm leaving first."

Boyce said yes.

Matthew stopped by the door.

“You're alone, come and eat the new year's eve meal tonight.”

Boyce was not from City B, none of his family was there too, he didn't spend the new year at home for the previous years, the three of them would meet outside, but it was different that year, Armand was married and had his own family, Matthew also had Dolores and the two children, he would definitely not be able to go out during new year's eve, Boyce seemed lonely.

“Okay.”

Boyce smiled, “I thought that you forgot me because you're all married.”

Matthew reminded him, “Don't spill it out.”

“I know.”

Matthew walked out the villa, it was snowing hard outside, his grey coat blew in the wind, leaving a thin piece of snow on his hair, he pressed the car key's unlock button, the car light flashed, he then opened the car door and got inside.

He lowered the car window and glanced at the villa, which was almost covered by snow, then he retracted his gaze, started the car engine, and left.

The car stopped at the Nelson family's, red lanterns were hung on the roof, it was very eye catching among the white snow.

He went in and saw the two children hanging 'firecracker, fish...' and various decorations which symbolized the new year, they felt that it was fun so they were very excited.

Jayden and Victoria followed them, in case they accidentally fell down.

Coral came over to take the clothes he took off.

"What about her?" Matthew asked.

"In the room." Coral answered.

"She slept for the whole afternoon?" Matthew asked again.

Coral shook her head, "She went shopping." she flaunted and said, "She even bought clothes for me, I have never seen such a good woman."

Coral choked up when she talked to the end.

She never got married in all her life, she had no son and daughter, even if Matthew treated her well and gave her a lot of money, but no one had ever bought things for her.

Matthew patted her shoulders, "I'll go and take a look at her."

Coral smiled and say, "Hurry, go upstairs."

Upstairs, Dolores sat by the window, with the square pillow in her embrace, she held her chin with both hands as she looked at the heavy snow outside.

She didn't even sense it when the room door was opened.

Matthew walked over and put his hand on her shoulders, "What are you thinking about?"

Dolores raised her head, at that time, Matthew saw that her eyes were red so he caressed her cheeks, "What's wrong?"

"I miss my mom." Dolores hugged his waist, she actually wanted to go to the Flores family to visit her, but she was afraid that they would quarrel again.

They had always celebrated new year together, that was the first time they didn't, she felt sad at heart.

"What if I send someone to pick her up?" Matthew tried to ask her.

Dolores shook her head, "Forget it, I'm afraid that we'll argue again, I just don't understand, Randolph is a selfish guy, she should've understood."

"Don't think about it, do you want to change your clothes? Later we'll go and eat the new year eve dinner." Matthew deliberately diverted her attention.

"By the way, I bought clothes for you, try and see if you can wear it." she let go of Matthew, went down to wear her slippers, opened the bag on the bed, and took the suit out, "I think that it's very suitable for you, so I just bought it."

Matthew's clothes were all custom made from overseas, he would not need to go and buy clothes in the mall for all the four seasons of the year, they had his measurements and they would send it every season.

He walked over, Dolores was excited, "Try it, okay?"

Matthew said yes respectfully.

Dolores took his clothes off, put on the one she bought, it was very well-fitting, actually she didn't know Matthew's size, as a fashion designer, she was extremely sensitive to a person's build, as long as she saw someone's height and approximate weight, she knew which size would be fitting.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

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

She straightened out his collar, ironed very well, she then puffed her cheeks, "I don't even have the heart to buy such expensive clothes for myself."

Back then she just wanted to save money for the children, it was the first time that she spent so much money, mostly for him.

Matthew laughed softly, "Then, do you love me more than you love yourself?"

She didn't have the heart to buy for herself but she would buy for him?

Dolores pouted, "I regret it, I'll take it for a refund tomorrow."

Matthew was speechless.

“I won't allow that.”

He liked it, not because it was expensive, just because Dolores picked it for him, even if it was from stalls by the street, he would wear it too.

Dolores put the clothes into the back and deliberately said, “There's no use even if you won't allow that.”

He was surprised, the corner of his eyes glistened, “Is that so?”

“Yeah... No, no...” she immediately changed what she said when she met Matthew's face, smiling but didn't seem like a smile.

“It's too late.” before his words ended, he already pulled her into his embrace, Dolores pushed him away, “Don't make a scene.”

“When did I make a scene? Hm?” he bent down to lean over, his lips pressed against her cheeks.

Dolores immediately changed what she said, “I won't refund it, I'll buy more for you if you like it.”

That way, she might go bankrupt.

“Mm, good girl.” he kissed her cheeks, “Let's go downstairs.”

“Knock knock...”

Coincidentally, there was a knock on the door, it was Coral, "Young Master and Madam, we should go now."

Matthew said, 'okay', he let Dolores go and tidied her hair that he messed up before, her hair was so smooth, waist-length, had never been dyed, and so shiny.

"Don't keep them waiting. "said Dolores.

When they went downstairs, Boyce was already there, he had gotten along with the two children so they were very familiar with him, Simona was the most excited one, she pulled him and said, "We have a lot of fireworks, do you want to set it with me?"

Boyce rested his cheeks on his hand, deliberately acting like he was thinking, "Fireworks, is it fun?"

Simona innocently said, "Of course it's fun. "she made gestures with her hands, "Just like this, it will go into the sky with a swish, then boom, it'll explode, thus there will be a huge and shiny flower, very beautiful."

Samuel was covering his eyes on the side, he really couldn't help mocking her, "You thought that Boyce knows nothing? He's toying with you."

Simona blinked, "Toy me...?"

Samuel was speechless.

He was utterly speechless.

Suddenly Simona ran towards Dolores who just went down, she looked up and acted coyly, "Mommy,

I'm hungry.”

“Let's go now, the restaurant has called and prepared. ”Victoria took Jayden's coat and handed it to him,
“Wear this first.”

Matthew carried the girl who was hugging Dolores' leg.

Not sure why she wanted Dolores to hug her, “Mommy, hug me.”

“You can't. ”Matthew refused.

The girl was unhappy, “Why?”

Matthew glanced sideways at Dolores, “You see how she's so slim, she can't carry you in her arms.”

“She can, she used to carry me and my brother at the same time. ”Simona refuted.

She thought at heart, 'You don't understand my Mommy as much as I do'.

“Your mommy is injured, she can't carry you in her embrace. ”Coral interrupted by saying that, thinking of the surprising bruise on Dolores' waist, she then said, “Is the bathroom upstairs still not slip resistant?”

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 323 Resist Temptation

Coral never got married in her life. She knew what went on between couples, but she didn't know that they would be this crazy about it.

Everyone, including Matthew Nelson, looked toward her, "Are you hurt? Where are you hurt?"

Coral spoke ahead of Dolores Flores before she was able to say anything, "She slipped while she was taking a shower. Her waist was covered in bruises. I saw it when her sweater rolled up while she was eating. If I didn't see it, she would definitely not say anything."

"Are you okay? Why don't we go to the hospital for a checkup?" Victoria Forbis asked in concern.

"I'm fine. I'm fine," Dolores forced out a normal voice to talk to Victoria.

At this moment, she just wished the ground would swallow her up. She didn't want to face anyone.

Matthew thought, did she trip last night?

How did he not know about it?

"Let's go. It's getting late already," Dolores helped Samuel Flores wear his clothes. She deliberately changed the topic.

Matthew's eyes fell on her waist. His lashes trembled as if he understood the reason.

Victoria was still worried. She went beside her and asked in a whisper, "Are you really alright?"

Dolores didn't dare raise her head. She replied while helping her son wear his shoes, "I'm really fine."

Victoria could see that Dolores didn't want to talk about this.

Only Coral couldn't see that Dolores kept on avoiding this topic. She asked again, "Is the bathroom upstairs not slip-resistant? It won't do if it's not. It would be slippery."

"They are slip-resistant," Victoria said. They actually used quality slip-resistant materials. Thus, she shouldn't trip. It might be an accident that Dolores slipped.

Victoria didn't think of other things.

Coral still couldn't understand it. How did she trip when it was slip-resistant already?

"Alright, let's go out now," Jayden Nelson yelled.

Everyone wore their coats and walked out of the room one after another. The wind whooshed outside. It creaked as they walked on the snow.

Even Simona Flores didn't want Dolores to hold her anymore. She lay obediently in Matthew's arms.

Maybe the snow lit everything up. The sky was already dark, but it still looked bright.

Several cars drove out of the villa one after another.

The tires rolled on the white road with criss-crossed marks.

The place was reserved by Jayden. It was a large private room big enough for 20 people. Back when Matthew didn't come home to celebrate the new year, the house helpers and drivers would eat with them. The people who stayed with them at home were the same as their own family.

It also looked more lively like that.

Jayden was extremely happy this year. He couldn't even remember how long it had been since he spent the new year's eve with Matthew.

After the group of people sat in their seats, the waiter walked inside to ask if they wanted to serve the foods now.

Before Jayden could say anything, Simona spoke ahead of him, "Serve them. I'm hungry already."

The waiter smiled and asked Jayden for his opinion, since she was a child after all.

Jayden waved his hand, "Whatever my granddaughter says."

The waiter said okay and walked out of the private room. After a short while, waiters walked one after another and filled the huge turntable with delicious foods.

Simona was starting to drool already, "Wow, it smells so good. I want to eat it."

She couldn't wait to taste them already.

"Before we start eating, I have a few things to say," Jayden suddenly spoke. He let Victoria take out the things he prepared.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

Jared Kushner & Ivanka Trump Dropped Off The Planet

“Six years ago, I wasn't able to take care of them since I didn't know that I have a grandson and a granddaughter. I'm really sorry for that. Of course, I also need to thank Dolores who gave birth to them and raised them.”

Jayden signaled for the waiter to pour the wine. The waiter understood him. He walked to Dolores 'side with a wine flagon in his hand and filled her glass for her.

“Here's to you for the first toast,” Jayden raised his glass.

Dolores was shocked. She stood up as she held the wine glass with both hands, “You're being too serious. I did all of these willingly without any complaints. I'm not worthy of your toast. I'm a junior, so I should be the one giving a toast to you.”

Dolores drank first. She drank the entire glass of white wine in one shot. It was so spicy that her throat burned like it was on fire.

She covered her mouth, “I'm not good at drinking.”

Matthew put food on her plate, “Take a bite to ease it down.”

Jayden waved to let her sit down.

Dolores put the food Matthew placed on her plate into her mouth. Then, she swallowed it after chewing it roughly.

Jayden was in a good mood. He was very satisfied with this daughter-in-law. She was the one who made Matthew willingly come home and gave birth to two lovely kids for the Nelson family.

He took the two envelopes from Victoria, "These are my shares in the company. I divided it into two, one for Samuel and another for Simona."

The company was being managed by Matthew. He still had shares, but he was giving it to the two kids now.

Dolores stood up again, "They are still very young. They can't accept something as valuable as this."

Jayden didn't allow her to reject him, "I'm giving this to the two children. I already signed the documents. You can keep it for them since they are still young right now."

Jayden handed the folder to Dolores, but Dolores didn't dare accept it, "This"...

"Why? Are you despising that it's too little?" Jayden pretended to be angry. This was half of WY Group's shares, yet she wasn't tempted at all.

Deep inside, Jayden was nodding secretly. The people around Matthew must be staid and be able to resist temptations. Seeing this, he was also completely relieved.

"No, it's because the two kids are still very young. They don't need these. I can understand your gesture, and I also appreciate it. But this is too heavy for them. I really can't decide on this for them," Dolores still didn't dare take it. That was half of WY Group.

If she took it, the two children would own half of the WY Group. Though it was for the two children, they

were just six years old. They probably didn't even know what these were. As their guardian, she had the right to keep it for the two children.

However, she couldn't take it for that reason.

If he gave it to them after the two kids grew older, she wouldn't stop them. They were part of the Nelson family's bloodline after all.

Matthew took it for Dolores. The Nelson family didn't have a lot of descendants. During Jayden's generation, there were two brothers. Jayden had a brother, but he died when he was a teenager. Tracing back, there were actually two brothers in the generation of Jayden's father. Jayden's father was the eldest, while Jayden's uncle was the second son who wasn't good at doing business. They opened two branches of the company for him, but both closed due to bankruptcy.

Later on, he also realized that he wasn't suited for that, so he gave up. He didn't work and just received money with the shares he had from the WY Group.

Later on, he actually had a son. He was in the same generation as Jayden. According to the lineage, he could have half of the shares of WY Group.

However, he was sterile. He was born with necrostermia. He spent a lot of money trying to treat this disease everywhere. In the end, he was still not cured. He was a little younger than Jayden and was still alive now. However, because of his body condition, he was antisocial and never interacted with Jayden.

He still had 20% of the shares.

The rest were the 50% with Jayden and the 30% with Matthew.

The 20% that was scattered outside had almost no use. The only use was that he could receive 20% of the assets. 20% of the company's annual profit would also be credited into his bank account.

Although he didn't have children, he didn't spend his life for nothing. He was quite carefree when he was young. Although he wasn't young anymore, he still had fun as usual since he still had money.

Matthew put food on Dolores 'plate, "Don't worry. Just take it."

Dolores mumbled, "Aren't you afraid that I'll take your position away?"

She quietly whispered, but Matthew still heard her. He leaned over and spoke to her in a volume she could only hear, "It's all yours. I'm all yours, too."

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 324 New Year's Eve

Dolores blushed.

If Dolores wanted to, she could grab Matthew's position as she held fifty per cent of the shares in her hands.

Victoria had also prepared some gifts for the two children. The gifts were different from Matthew's. The gifts were not money but gifts full of love.

She went to the South China Temple to pray for a talisman in person, hoping that the two children would grow up without any illnesses or disasters.

Victoria hung the gifts around their necks. The blessing bag was made of yellow silk and embroidered with lines, which might belong to the Buddhist.

This was not superstition. It was a trust for the heart.

Hanging by a red string, the two children were happy.

"Today is New Year's Eve, I can't be empty-handed either." Boyce also prepared Nephrite pendants for the two children, "I don't know much about jade but I heard that this jade is good to wear. When I bought the jade, the boss told me that men wear Avalokitesvara and women wear Buddha, I don't understand what does that mean."

He gave the Avalokitesvara to Samuel and the Maitreya Buddha to Simona. The little girl opened the red velvet box and inside it was the Maitreya Buddha which was beautifully carved. The Maitreya Buddha held Mala in its hand and grinned in a very pleasing manner.

The little girl liked it very much and touched it with her fingers, "Thank you, Mr. Shawn. I like it very much."

Boyce was relieved, "I am worried that you will not like it."

It was New Year, so it was inappropriate to give a gift that was too cheap but he could not afford to give something expensive. He was worried that the children would not like the jade pendants. He was apprehensive for a long time.

He was worried that the child would not like them as gift giving was about giving the right gift to the right person. He could not just give stuffed toys or something, after all, it was New Year's Eve.

Samuel was also very polite, "Thank you, Mr. Shawn. I like it very much too. "Growing up abroad, he did not understand Buddhist etiquette in his home country. He replied to Boyce, "

Men wear Avalokitesvara and women wear Buddha. Is it because girls have to wear male ones and men have to wear female ones?"

Buddha is male and Avalokitesvara is female, that was how he understood it.

There was an instant silence at the dining table.

Everyone did not expect Samuel to come up with such a sentence suddenly.

Dolores stroked his son's head, "You can't interpret it that way and you can't say like that, it's disrespectful."

"It's alright, children's words are not disrespectful." Matthew waved his big hand, "Let's eat."

Because of Boyce's presence, Matthew drank two glasses of wine with him. That was not much. If they did not drink on this occasion, it was not satisfactory.

The drivers were there, so even if they were unconscious, they could send them back.

There were fireworks outside. Bang! Bang! Bang!

The little girl sped up her meal. When Dolores fed her soup, the little girl was also holding the bowl. She 'poured 'the soup inside her mouth. Dolores frowned, "You better slow down a bit, why do you eat in a hurry?"

"I want to play fireworks." The little girl wanted to eat quickly and did not even raise her head to answer her.

Dolores stroked her hair, "There's no need to be in such a hurry. There are so many of us. If you have finished eating earlier, you can't go off alone too, right?"

The little girl thought about it and it seemed true. It was not fun for her to play alone. It was fun to play with everyone.

She slid down from her chair and hurried from one to another, "Eat quickly, eat quickly, I want to play

fireworks. You all eat quickly, don't make me wait for too long."

Boyce was amused, "There are so many dishes. If I take one bite for one dish, I have to take twenty minutes to finish eating all of them."

The little girl blinked, "Then you just eat the plate of fish in front of you."

Boyce was speechless.

"No way." He took a crab bun, "I want to be full, and I don't like fish."

The little girl blinked, "If you eat too much, you'll get fat. A fat guy can't find a girlfriend. You look at Mr. Bernie. He has married Ms. Gordon. What about you? Who will marry such a fat guy like you?"

At once, there was a silence at the dining table. Then, there was laughter.

Boyce found it hard to swallow the crab bun inside his mouth, how come it had no taste?

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He put down his chopsticks, "I don't want to eat anymore."

He did not even have a girlfriend. If he ate any more, he would become fat and he would not be able to find a girlfriend.

Samuel brought Boyce some food, "Mr. Shawn, I think it's better for you to eat."

Boyce stroked Samuel's head, "Samuel is very thoughtful as you bring me food."

Samuel took a piece of roast pork and stuffed it into his mouth, whimpering, "Even if you're not fat, you're not able to find a girlfriend, so you might as well eat."

Boyce was speechless.

Haha ---

The New Year's Eve dinner ended in delightful laughter. They left the restaurant and the car drove to a vast area because Simona wanted to play fireworks.

In the boot, there were a lot of fireworks, big and small, various kinds of them.

The little girl was so happy.

Boyce lit two 'Little Stars' for her first. It was named so because it looked like stars when it exploded.

She took one to Dolores, "Mummy, Mummy this is for you."

The fireworks lit up the little girl's face. Sometimes it was bright, sometimes it was dark.

Dolores bent down to take it. Then, the little girl ran away. She wore snow boots and they were covered in snow.

Matthew and Dolores stood side by side. Boyce led them to set up the big fireworks far away.

“This is, for the first time, they celebrated New Year at home. There are no fireworks abroad.” Looking at the children’s happiness, Dolores smiled lightly.

Matthew hugged her by the shoulders and asked, “Are you happy?”

“Happy, but not perfect. ”It was because Jessica was not there. This was the first time she was not by her side during New Year.

She had slight discomfort.

And a little regret.

It was because she had found her two children a father this year, but she did not spend this reunion year with them. Because of her absence, this reunion seemed less perfect.

Matthew could sense her depression clearly. He deliberately buried his head in her coat, “When did you fall down, how come I don’t know? Let me see if the fall is serious. ”As he spoke, his hand reached inside her coat to lift her jumper.

Dolores was startled and pushed him away, not knowing if it was because her force was too strong, or if Matthew did it on purpose, or because his foot slipped, the moment Dolores pushed him, his body leaned back and he fell down. He grabbed Dolores ’hand and pulled her down together.

“Ah...”

Dolores instinctively shrieked. Afraid of alerting Boyce and the children, she immediately shut her

mouth.

Matthew's back landed first. In the process of falling downwards, his coat opened up and Dolores fell on his chest.

Dolores tried to stand up but he pulled hard so Dolores fell down again. He held her head and tilted his head slightly to kiss her on the lips.

Her long hair slid down and covered their faces. His kiss was deep and his body was hot although it was snowing.

His other hand fondled the back of her waist with her jumper on.

Dolores struggled.

"Don't move." He loosened his grip and said gently, "I'll be more gentle next time."

At that moment, there was a ping! A fireball shot up into the sky and exploded with a deafening bang. It was like a huge, gorgeous umbrella, enveloping the sky in glorious, beautiful light.

Dolores pretended not to hear it and took advantage of the moment when he was watching the fireworks to get up and run away._

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 325 How Comes It Was with You

Dolores ran in the 'roaming sky of stars and fire'. It was an extraordinary year. Many things had happened. Each and every one of them was out of her expectation. This year might be lucky, might be bad, might be full of surprises, full of --- surprises!

Holding her two children's hands, she stood amidst the white, looking up at the splendour blooming in the sky.

Matthew's coat was covered with snow as he stood there. He looked at the three backs, one large and two small, which were not far away.

This year, was it unexpected for him?

How could it not be --- a surprise?!

They had to stay up late on New Year's Eve. They played outside for a long time before going back. Pushing open the door of their room, they were greeted with warmth. Jayden and Victoria were sitting on the sofa, watching TV. The Chinese New Year Gala was playing on the TV. Coral and another maid had prepared a lot of fruits and dried fruits on the table.

It was not known that whether it was because they had too much fun, the food they ate during dinner was all digested. When the two children went inside the house, they ate again while watching TV.

At 12o'clock, the New Year's bell rang.

The new year had arrived.

The two children were too excited so they did not want to go to sleep and ended up not being able to wake up the next day.

The two children spent their day on their bed on the first day of the New Year.

The second day of the year was Dolores 'birthday.

Samuel bought her a super big cake.

After giving birth to her two children, Dolores had never celebrated her birthday. She had experienced severe pain during labour and understood that her birthday was a day of suffering for her mother.

So, in the past, every year on her birthday, she would not buy a cake, she would not bother to remind anyone about her birthday, she would only buy a present for Jessica.

She did not expect that Samuel would buy her such a big cake with eight tiers. On the top, there was a doll in a wedding dress.

True, it was a doll in a wedding dress, it did not look like a birthday cake but it looked like a wedding cake.

"Does it look good?" Samuel asked.

Dolores nodded, "It looks good but it's a bit strange."

Samuel pointed at the doll on the top, "You mean that she's weird?"

Without waiting for Dolores to say yes, he explained, "You are a fashion designer and have designed

wedding dresses for many people, but you had never worn it yourself. I want you to wear it once, I think, if you wear, you must be the prettiest.”

Samuel heard that Dolores had never worn a wedding dress from Jessica.

Once, Dolores had designed a wedding dress for a client. It was super beautiful. Samuel said, “Mummy must look even better if you put on it.”

Jessica looked gloomy by the side.

Samuel only knew that Dolores did not wear a wedding dress when she was married when he beat around the bush.

In his heart, he despised Matthew. He thought that he was a mean man!

Matthew stood in front of the French sash to answer a call. It was Boyce who called. The results had come out. Randolph did not die suddenly but he was poisoned. He had consumed nitrite.

“According to the maid, Jessica has been preparing three meals for Randolph a day. She had the opportunity and the motive, now Jessica has been officially detained, waiting to be investigated.”

Matthew cast his gaze over, looking at the scene in the living room. His eyes were deep.

“I, as a criminal police officer, can’t do anything to condone such matter. Of course, I know who she is, all I can do is to try to make it manslaughter. I won’t let her suffer. Randolph is certainly wrong but she is breaking the law by doing this. About Ms. Flores...”

There was a big difference between intentional homicide and manslaughter charges.

“Don’t let her know first. ”He had not figured out how to tell Dolores yet. They were very happy now. He did not want to disturb them.

He did not want to spoil it.

“I know, ”Boyce said.

Matthew hung up the call and walked over.

He had just heard Samuel’s words. He looked at the doll on the cake.

“Dad.”

“Hmm?”

The little girl beckoned towards him, “You bent down, I want to share you a secret.”

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Obediently, Matthew bent down and leant his ear towards her.

“The secret is that I ...”

She suddenly stretched the hand behind her back and wiped Matthew's face with cake.

"The secret is that I'm going to wipe your face with cake, hehe..."

Matthew froze for a moment before picking her up, "Little naughty girl."

The little girl smiled happily.

"Aren't you giving mummy a present?" Samuel said it purposely. He felt that Matthew did not know today was Dolores' birthday.

Hearing her son's words, Dolores was anticipating something.

Matthew pondered for a moment and said, "No, I did not prepare anything."

Samuel pulled his face down, "Don't think that my mummy belongs to you."

Dolores was also a little disappointed, but she knew him well that he would not prepare a gift for anyone. If he did, she would feel surprised.

Matthew looked at Dolores and laughed lightly, "Who dares to want her?"

Whoever dared to ask for her, he would peel his skin.

"Alright, alright." Dolores brought the two children to wash their faces and hands. There was cream everywhere.

"I still want to eat." Simona did not want to go and wash her face and hands.

"I'll wash her later," Coral said as she walked.

Dolores thought for a moment. That was what she could do for now. There was cream on her body. She wanted to go upstairs to change a clean shirt. There was no one in the house. She found her clothes from the cupboard, stood in front of it and took off the cream stained clothes she had on. She did not notice that Matthew also followed her up.

Matthew pushed the door open and saw that she was naked on the top half of her body. The bruise around her waist had not yet completely faded. Her skin was white. So, that patch was particularly noticeable. She quickly put on a jumper and this hid Matthew's view.

Dolores tidied up her collar. She saw Matthew standing in the doorway when she turned around. Her first reaction was to ask, "When did you come up?"

"When you came up, I came up?" He deliberately asked a rhetorical question.

Dolores frowned. It meant that he had been watching her when she changed her clothes?

Although the two of them had been intimate. She still felt shy when recalling that she took off her clothes in front of him.

Matthew came in, closed the door and looked at her slightly red face. He lifted a strand of her hair and twisted it in between his fingers, "Are you blushing?"

"No." Dolores turned her head.

"Don't be shy. Moreover, I had seen all your body."

This man!

Dolores glared at him angrily, "Can you behave properly?"

"I won't let you suffer." He reached out with his long arms and hugged her into his arms, approaching her ear, his voice was soft, "At night, I'll let you look at me." Without waiting for Dolores to get angry, a box was shoved into her hand, "What is this?"

Dolores lowered her head and lifted her hand. It was a blue velvet box. It was not large, diamond-shaped, no extra decoration, simple but looked nice.

"Open it and have a look."

Dolores blinked, somewhat in disbelief, "A gift for me?"

He responded with a "hmm" seriously.

Dolores opened it under Matthew's gaze. There was a huge diamond ring laying inside. It was oval in shape and pink in colour.

It was a veritable pigeon's egg.

"Pink Star?"

This time it was Matthew's turn to be surprised, "You know about it?"

"I've seen it at the Century jewelry Auction. It was named Pink Star, oval in shape, a flawless pink

coloured diamond, bought by a famous domestic jewellery tycoon in 2017 with 71.2 million dollars, how come it's with you?"

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 326 Why Do You Look So Ugly

This time, Matthew Nelson was the one who was shocked. He looked at Dolores Flores.

Before Matthew asked, she smiled and said, "Are you going to ask me why I know so much about it? I actually also went to the auction that time."

She didn't go to buy. She just wanted to enrich her experience. This was the last auctioned item on that auction that day.

As a fashion designer, she needed to have a lot of inspirations and collect materials.

Matthew deeply thought. When it ended, he saw a figure that looked very much like her from behind in the Century jewelry auction three years ago. When he chased over, the person was already gone. There were a lot of people that time, so he wasn't able to find her. He let Abbott Baron take the related surveillance videos. Unfortunately, the surveillance cameras malfunctioned that day.

In other words, he wasn't seeing things that day. She was that person!

Dolores suddenly had a realization. She stared at Matthew without blinking, "Are you the one who bought it?"

She laughed. How did she forget that Matthew was a businessman?

Ever since De Beers advertised diamonds as 'A diamond is forever' in 1947, diamonds became the symbol of love.

Diamond rings were a must at weddings to show that you loved me. 'A diamond is forever' meant that the marriage between two people would last forever.

If you loved me, you should buy me a diamond to prove that your love was stronger and harder than the diamond. After the value of love was endowed upon the stone, it became priceless. It also brought huge wealth to those who sensationalized it.

Dolores touched the pigeon egg cut diamond inside the brocade box. She pursed her lips, "All businessmen are profiteers."

She wasn't familiar with WY Group's businesses. She also didn't know how many businesses Matthew had developed.

"Are you talking about me?" He hugged her waist from behind, "Try it on."

Dolores rejected him, "I'm afraid that I'd be robbed."

This thing looked too glaring once she wore it on her finger. This kind of pigeon egg cut was also not suitable for her slender fingers.

"Hmm?" He made a sound from his chest and tightened his arms. Her back was forced to be in contact with his chest. She could clearly feel his strong heartbeat.

Matthew took out the ring from the brocade box and put it on her finger. The diamond was very big and Dolores' fingers were too thin. Since the ring was a little big, he took it off and put it on her middle finger. However, it was still a little loose. In the end, he put it on her index finger. It managed to barely fit. He frowned, "Why are your fingers so thin?"

Dolores laughed, "It's not that my fingers are too thin. It's because this ring doesn't suit me at all."

Matthew remained silent for a while, then he said, "Then should I find an artisan and turn it into a necklace?"

Dolores, "..."

"I don't want that, "It would still look glaring whatever it was turned into.

She would also buy some dainty jewelry herself. She also attended a lot of fashion parties. As a fashion designer, she was very sensitive to fashion.

He bit her neck and vaguely asked, "What do you not want?"

Dolores' heart trembled for a bit. She bit her lips, "I don't want anything."

Matthew paused for a while, then he bit harder as if it was a punishment. Dolores groaned in pain.

He kept his hands off her last night because she used her back pain as an excuse. He did do it that day.

However, she agreed to do it once a day herself.

He hid in her long hair and grinned, "We need to do it twice today to make up for yesterday."

"Matt...Hmp."

Before she could finish talking, he grabbed her by her waist, flipped her over, and pressed her onto the bed.

Matthew grabbed the edge of her clothes and pulled it up. He tried to take it off, "Don't wear this kind of clothes in the future."

It was hard to take it off.

It would be best if it had buttons, which would be easier to remove.

Dolores breathed quickly. Her nervous hands grabbed the sheets beneath her.

As he looked at her tense and flushing face, Matthew grabbed her chin and carefully looked at her face from left to right. A hint of smile fluttered in his eyes. After a long while, he teasingly complained, "Why do you look so ugly?"

Dolores stared at him, "How am I ugly? If I'm ugly, then why did you "...fuck me. She was too embarrassed to say the last two words.

He crazily and arrogantly acted like he was powerful, "I have no choice. I can't change one now. I can only put up with you."

His laughter sounded deep and had a subtle warmth and adoration.

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Buzz--

At this moment, the phone Dolores put on the table suddenly vibrated. Dolores turned her head to look. Just when she was about to stretch her hand to get it, Matthew took it first.

“Let me see who it is,” Dolores quickly said it because she was afraid that he might hang up.

It was a number with no name.

Matthew didn’t want her to take a phone call at this moment. He said that it was definitely an spam call and hung up.

Dolores, “...“

Although it was a number with no name, it wasn’t necessarily a spam call.

However, it rang again within a minute after he hung up.

Dolores responded quickly this time. She took the phone and picked up the call. A woman spoke from the other line, “Are you Ms. Flores?”

Dolores agreed with a grunt, "I am."

"I wouldn't be able to deliver the clothes you asked me to deliver. Do you have time to get the clothes from the boutique?"

"Why can't you deliver it?" Dolores asked.

Did she write the wrong address?

"That villa was barricaded. I heard from the people around there that someone died inside. The police have already intervened" ...

Dolores couldn't hear what the staff said in the end anymore. Her face became paler. Someone died?

Who?

She flinched in fear. Could it be Jessica Lennon?

"Are you okay?" Matthew frowned as he held her pale face.

"Some, something might have happened to my mom," Her voice trembled uncontrollably.

Tears filled inside her eyes.

Matthew's heart sank and immediately took the phone on her hand. He wanted to know who made the phone call.

However, at this moment, Dolores rushed outside crazily.

She wanted to go find Jessica.

Matthew closely chased after her. He couldn't care and listen to the voice in the phone anymore.

She ran out without any clothes on. Matthew took the coat from the clothes rack and chased out.

He pulled her who had already lost control, "I'll bring you there. Wear your clothes first."

"No, I can't wait any longer. I knew Randolph Flores wouldn't become a better person. Why wouldn't she believe me? I will never spare Randolph if anything happened to her!"

At this point, she probably couldn't hide it any longer.

"Get into the car. I'll bring you over," Matthew zipped up his down coat.

Dolores nodded and quickly got into the car.

After Dolores got into the car, Matthew took out his phone and quickly sent Boyce Shawn a text message. He told Boyce that he was going to bring Dolores over right now and asked him to settle it there first.

Matthew got into the car and started the engine. He asked, "Who called a while ago?"

"The boutique. I went to the mall to buy a down coat for my mom. I was afraid that we might quarrel again if I met her, so I just let the boutique deliver it for me. However, they called a while ago and said

that they couldn't deliver it anymore. The reason was" ...

Dolores choked as she spoke.

Jessica was a weak person in her eyes. Thus, she instinctively thought that Jessica might have been killed.

Tension and fear filled her entire head. She worriedly gibbered, "What should I do, what should I do" ...

Matthew held her hand, "Jessica wasn't the one who got into the accident."

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 327 Let Me Tell You another Secret

"How, how could you know?" Dolores was taken aback.

She narrowed her eyes when she realized what was going on the next second. "You've known all along but didn't tell me?"

"Don't think too much..." Matthew said, tightening his grip on her.

"I wasn't thinking too much, if you didn't know, how could you tell just now?"

Her thinking was becoming clearer now that she had overcome the initial stage of terror.

A notion like this went through her mind ...Matthew had a reason to hide from her.

Was it Randolph, rather than Jessica that got into trouble? And Matthew kept it hidden from her because it had something to do with Jessica?

Jessica's plan to remarry Randolph was clear to her, and she had a purpose for it.

She regretted not stopping Jessica when she thought of this.

"How long has it been since it happened?" With her eyes lowered, she asked.

"Before the new year," Matthew said after a little pause.

That was a few days ago.

"Is there proof?" Dolores continued.

"Randolph ingested too much nitrate, and your mother has been cooking his meals all by herself, according to the maid."

She opened her mouth but couldn't say anything.

Why hadn't she seen Jessica's motive sooner? It was all remorse and guilt.

In the middle of the breezing night, Matthew stopped the car in front of the police station of City B.

Boyce was standing at the door, and when he saw their car approaching the gate, he took a step

forward.

Dolores exited the car and paused at the door.

Matthew approached her, hugged and consoled her. "Boyce is here to look after her, she'll be alright."

Dolores nodded.

Boyce said, "Let's go."

Boyce led them to his station office, where he had made plans to bring Jessica over tonight.

"I'd like to have a private conversation with her." Dolores expressed herself.

Boyce looked at Matthew and said after he permitted. "Come in, I'll bring her over later, no one will be here today."

Meaning she could talk to Jessica without fear of being monitored or eavesdropped on.

Dolores entered the office with a nod.

Boyce cleaned up the place and made it look neat and tidy.

Dolores sat on the sofa, her mind blank, she was eager to meet Jessica and inquired whether what she had imagined was true.

Her body froze with her back straightened as the door was pushed open, but she was scared to turn her head.

While Jessica's steps sounded cautious, Boyce poured two glasses of water and placed them on the table.

"Take your time," he said.

They were free to stay as long as they wanted.

Dolores replied with a yes and Boyce went out closing the door behind him.

Jessica stood behind her and called, "Lola."

Dolores clenched her fists but remained silent.

Jessica sighed and walked over.

Dolores looked up and saw Jessica, she lost weight. She wasn't cuffed because of Boyce, she looked like her usual self.

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She gazed at Jessica for quite some time.

She had a lot to say, question, and blame before she arrived, but she couldn't say anything once she saw her.

Maybe she didn't know where to start.

Jessica took the seat across from her and said, "I'm sorry."

Because it was her fault, she only cared about herself and ignored everyone else.

Dolores who had been enduring exploded, she mocked, "What exactly is the purpose of your apologies? Is it worth it to give up your freedom because of a decision you made..."

"Of course it is." Jessica interrupted. "Did I do something wrong sending my son the man that murdered him?"

Dolores was taken aback and looked at her in bewilderment.

"We started communicating after we ran into each other when we returned. I'm sure he was preying on your relationship with Matthew and hoping to profit from it. So I took advantage of the opportunity to get closer to him, and he mistook me for the naive girl he knew!" Jessica was overcome with emotion as she spoke about it.

Randolph's struggled face before he died as the poison took effect was still clear in her thoughts. She stood by his bedside, watching him struggle to death with no one around to save him.

"You?" Randolph screamed angrily.

"Yes." It was colder than the pile of snow outside when she peered down at him. "After everything you've done to me, what makes you think I'll forgive you?"

"You've always sought vengeance." Randolph gulped for air as if he was about to die from suffocation.

Jessica burst out laughing. "A person like you has no right to live. If it weren't for you, Lola wouldn't have to put up with me. I harmed my brother by failing to look after him, I am also responsible for my son, whom I gave birth to but allowed to suffer a difficult existence before being murdered. You were the one! Randolph Flores, it was all because of you!"

"If you hadn't thrown me away, Lola would not have suffered, and my son would still be alive today, Randolph Flores!"

Randolph's face flushed, son, what son?

"Son?" He said as he climbed to the edge of the bed and grabbed Jessica's shirt.

"You sent me away while I was pregnant." Jessica halted and glanced at Randolph.

"However, due to my emotional instability during pregnancy, the baby was born with autism..."

Jessica's heart still hurts when she thought of her dead son.

She could never get over the loss of her son.

If it hadn't been for Dolores, she might not have lived to see today.

Despite having his lips wide open, Randolph was unable to speak. He had a son, but he passed away?

Because Beulah told him she was expecting a son, he decided to send Jessica away.

He had no idea Jessica was expecting a child, and it was a boy.

Randolph felt bad about what he'd done right now.

He was a man that had always desired a son.

Now Jessica informed him that he had a son, not via Beulah, where that baby had been miscarried, but a son he did not know of, who had been born and had seen the world.

Even savage beasts watched after their young, and his heart was filled with remorse at this time, no matter how cruel he was.

Jessica grinned as she looked at Randolph's struggling face. "Since you're dying, let me tell you another secret, Lola isn't your daughter."

Randolph looked at her, puzzled. What exactly did she say? Dolores was not his daughter?

"You... cheated on me..." Has he been duped from the start?

Jessica kept her mouth shut because she wanted to watch him in agony.

"Bit...Bitch." Randolph's hand fell to the ground, he took his last breath and died with his eyes wide open, grieving.

Jessica was completely unconcerned with what was going on. If her brother hadn't died of cancer at such

a young age, she would not have gotten married to Randolph along with her family fortune.

Randolph seemed like a kind guy, but it turned out he wasn't even human.

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 328 Is This for Me?

"I don't have any regret." Jessica felt happier and relieved now that Randolph was gone, she didn't think she had done anything wrong.

Dolores stared at Jessica silently for a few moments before asking. "Have you considered whether or not this is against the law, and how it would affect me?"

"I have." Jessica believed she could continue to look after the kids for her if she managed to flee or that she would take responsibility if she was arrested, but she could no longer do so. "Even without me, you'll have a fantastic life. Matthew appears to be a kind man, and since you are the mother of his children, he will treat you properly even if it is for the sake of his children."

"So, you had everything prepared for me?" Dolores clenched her fists.

"Please accept my apologies." Jessica couldn't think of anything more to say.

Dolores was emotional, and it took all of her strength not to cry in front of Jessica. "What should I tell Samuel and Simona in the future after they claimed they missed you two days ago? That their grandmother is a murderer?"

Jessica's face tensed as she heard the word murderer.

Dolores had realized her lack of sensitivity and immediately regretted it.

"Enjoy your life." Jessica then stood up and walked over to the front door. She paused for a moment, her hand on the doorknob. "There's no going back for me now, don't blame me because I can't keep my commitment to look after you properly, I'm sincerely sorry."

Dolores was self-blaming and didn't realize the meaning behind her statements.

Jessica would have noticed her intention and stopped her if she had concerned her a little more.

She had the chance to put an end to it all, but now...

Dolores sobbed, her face buried in her hands, knowing Jessica would be going to prison no matter what.

She had the opportunity to have a happy life in her remaining years, but she decided to ruin it to get revenge on Randolph.

Was it all worth it?

Hearing Dolores cry hurt Jessica's heart. "Don't be sad, I made the decision understanding the repercussions, the only thing I forgot to consider was your and the children's feelings, tell them..."

"Tell them their grandma went to a faraway location, don't ever bring them over and don't tell them what I did, I'm not a good role model," Jessica added, her eyes stung.

"You, too, don't come to see me again," Jessica said as she opened the door.

She hurriedly left after that, fearful of hearing Dolores' cries and fearful of regretting her decision if she stayed any longer.

Boyce and Matthew were standing in the hallway, staring as the door opened.

"May I chat with you privately?" Jessica fixed her gaze on Matthew.

Boyce sensed Matthew's intention when he didn't respond, so he said, "You two have a chat," and walked away.

Jessica walked up to him, her hands clasped in front of her. "Can you do me a favour?" she requested after a while.

"Please go on," Matthew said calmly, his tone devoid of passion.

"Lola went through a lot when she was with me since I didn't take good care of her and now I've made her sad. I'm sad and guilty, and I'm afraid I won't be able to care for the kids any longer, please look after them."

"They are my wife and children, and I will not allow any more harm to come to them." He didn't make a commitment, but he made it sound like one.

"I have faith in you." Jessica reached into her pocket and handed Matthew a piece of jewellery. "Please give it to her and tell her it was given to her by her mother."

Matthew turned it down.

"She is pretty emotional right now, so..." Jessica swiftly explained.

Matthew grasped the situation and took the necklace.

There was no pendant on the platinum necklace. He contemplated the necklace as he remembered Jessica's words. "You left her this?" he inquired, having a strange feeling.

Jessica remained silent for a moment before responding, "Yes." She said after a little pause.

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"She's still in the room, her feeling is unstable, have a look at her."

Jessica then went to the door and called for Boyce.

Boyce didn't immediately bring her out, instead, he looked at Matthew for his thoughts.

Matthew made a wave. Boyce understood that gesture and took Jessica away.

Matthew took a step back and examined the necklace in his hand, sensing a deeper meaning in Jessica's words.

But then he convinced himself that if Jessica wasn't her mother, who was?

He believed he overthought it, but Jessica's method of putting it was strange.

He then set the jewellery down and proceeded to Boyce's office.

Somebody was sobbing behind the half-opened door.

It sounded sad and depressing.

His sight darkened and he gently pushed open the door.

Dolores instantly turned away from the sound of someone entering, not because she was feeling better, but because she didn't want to cry in front of others.

Dolores didn't glance at Matthew when he approached. "Let's go," she replied, wiping her face.

Matthew pulled her into his arms and stroked her hair. "You don't have to be tough in front of me if you want to cry."

"I'm upset and sad not because she didn't tell me, but because what she did is not worthwhile, it's not worth it to lose her life for such a bastard," Dolores said, her head buried in his chest.

"Perhaps it is worthwhile for her?" Matthew consoled her. "Do you believe she could relax or be happy in her life if there is always something concealed in her heart that she can't let go of?"

Matthew had his points, and Dolores was silent. She couldn't accept it, though.

"How long will she be imprisoned for if there is adequate evidence?" she asked, her hands gripping Matthew's collar.

With his hand, he massaged her back, rubbed down her spine, and reassured her. "It won't be long."

Dolores was still nervous, but she had gotten better. She hoped that with Boyce's help, Jessica's sentence would be reduced.

"Let's go home." Matthew encircled her waist with his arms.

He wrapped Dolores in his jacket and walked out of the room as Dolores nodded in his arms. Outside, Boyce was waiting for them.

"Don't worry, I won't let your mother suffer, this is just an accident, and her penalty will be reduced. It won't take long." He reassured Dolores.

He put a lot of emphasis on the word "accident."

Dolores instantly grasped the situation. "Thank you," she expressed her gratitude.

"There is no need to thank me," Boyce said with a smile.

Even after the New Year, the weather remained frigid, with snow melting and water tickling everywhere.

The vehicle arrived at the Nelson residence.

Dolores cleaned her face and delicately patted it to improve her appearance. She didn't want the kids to know she was crying because it was New Year.

Simona dashed up to her as soon as she entered the home, hardly having time to change into her

slippers. "Mommy, mommy, is this for me?" Simona grabbed her leg and showed off the pigeon egg in her hand.

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 329I Can't Help You

Dolores looked down and saw the 'pigeon egg' in her daughter's hand.

She was in a hurry to leave and left it on the bed in her room. Simona went up to look for her, and instead of finding her, she saw something shiny on the bed.

Simona loved the shiny diamond. She didn't know what it was worth, and just thought it was funny.

Dolores didn't know what to do. She looked back at Matthew and asked his opinion. This was not an ordinary toy, and she could not make the decision.

Besides, how could this be a toy?

Matthew, however, thought it was no big deal. Dolores didn't like it anyway, and he was happy that Simona liked it.

He stroked his daughter's hair dotingly, "You like it?"

Simona nodded seriously, "Yes. It's so shiny. I have never seen such a shiny stone. Daddy, mommy,

where did you pick it up from?"

She wanted to pick one up too.

It was so pretty.

And girls all loved pink and sparkly things.

Dolores was speechless.

A stone?

She squatted down at Simona's eye level, and taught her patiently, "Simona, this is not an ordinary stone and can't be picked up, and it's very rare. You can't take it outside. I'll put it away for you. When you grow up, I'll give it to you again, okay?"

It would be more than worth it if she took it outside and then let greedy people see it and invite disaster to her.

Simona didn't understand what her mother meant, and she just learned that this stone seemed to be a bit valuable.

She looked down at the "pigeon egg". It was really shiny.

She liked it a lot.

Dolores could see that Simona didn't want to give it to her. She sighed slightly, "I'm not saying I won't give it to you, but it's worth a lot of money. If you take it outside and the bad guy sees it, he'll rob you of

it."

Simona seemed to be able to imagine someone robbing it from her already, so she held the diamond tightly in her arms.

She moved in an exaggerated manner that made Dolores wanted to laugh and weep all at once.

How come she had never noticed before that Simona liked shiny things so much!

"Then you're not allowed to take it outside, okay?" There was definitely no way she could get Simona to give her the diamond now. She would put it away for her when her interest was not so strong.

Simona, however, hesitated. Dolores' comment about being robbed hit her soft spot. If the stone was taken away, she would lose it forever.

Although she was very reluctant, she still handed it to Dolores, "Mommy, just keep it for me. When I grow up, you can give it back to me."

Dolores pinched her cheeks, "Okay, my good girl."

Dolores grinned, showing her row of white teeth.

"Mr. Nelson, Missus," Coral approached, "Master has asked you to come to the study."

Dolores asked Simona to play and turned her head to look at Matthew.

Their eyes met and Matthew said gently, "I see."

Dolores was a little apprehensive. Jayden must have called them for something, and she just didn't know if it was good or bad.

Matthew shook her shoulder, "I've got you."

She then was slightly at ease.

Walking up to the study door, Matthew looked up and knocked. A voice came from inside before he pushed the door open and Dolores walked in.

Jayden was alone in the study while he was practicing his calligraphy. When he saw them enter, he put down the brush in his hand and told them to sit.

"The two kids are almost school age. What are your plans?" In fact, Jayden wanted to ask them why they didn't let the two children go to kindergarten first to get familiar with the learning environment. But when he thought of how inconvenient it must have been for Dolores to take care of the two children alone for so many years, he didn't ask.

After this year, they would be six years old, and in the second half of the year, they would be ready to start elementary school. He thought that they could go to kindergarten and get familiar with the school environment.

"I've already made arrangements." Matthew had thought about it and had arranged it years ago.

Dolores looked at him. How come she hadn't even heard him say that?

He hadn't had much of a chance to talk to her during the New Year's days, and he had wanted to talk to her today. However, he didn't have a chance to say it again because of Jessica's matter.

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"Washington?" Jayden asked hesitantly.

In terms of education and environment, this kindergarten was the best. It was invested by WY Group, and he trusted the teachers there. He could also rest assured that his two grandchildren were in it.

As the saying went, "The grandfather and the grandchildren are closer to each other." "Maybe there was a reason for that. He was more concerned about the two children than Matthew was as a child.

Matthew nodded.

Jayden said, "You guys go ahead and do your thing. We'll take care of the two kids from now on."

He knew Matthew was busy, and Dolores seemed to have a career of her own. He and Victoria would be the ones to take care of the kids in the future.

The reason why Victoria did not appear in the study was that she was afraid that Matthew would not want to.

In fact, in this period living here, Matthew didn't treat Victoria as coldly as he did before, except for not talking to her.

He had been reluctant to let go just because of Jolene.

Dolores was willing to do what they wanted. She was not yet familiar with the country, and she was comfortable with Matthew's arrangements.

They were in agreement, so the conversation was quite pleasant. After all, they had the same goal, and they both wanted what was best for the children.

After the talk, Matthew and Dolores left the study. As they were about to go upstairs, the doorbell was rung.

Coral answered the door and Armand stood wobbling in the doorway. He was wearing a thin suit without a coat and smelled of alcohol.

Coral knew him and knew about his relationship with Matthew. She turned her head, "Mr. Nelson, it's Mr. Bernie. He seems to be drunk."

Matthew frowned. What was he doing here drunk?

"Dolores, Dolores..." Armand shouted against the door frame.

Dolores came over and saw his face. It looked like he had been drinking a lot.

Matthew gave him a disgusted look, "Come in."

Coral helped him sit on the couch in the living room.

Dolores went to the kitchen to make a cup of honey water and handed it to him, "Drink some honey water to sober up."

Armand smiled, "Thank you, Dolores." Then he took the glass and finished it in one gulp.

He handed it to Dolores, "Can you pour me another one?"

Dolores took it and went to pour him another cup. This time, he didn't finish it.

"Say, what's the matter that's gotten you into this mess?" Dolores took a seat next to Matthew.

Armand looked at Dolores with resignation, "Dolores, you have to help me. Theresa doesn't want me anymore."

On New Year's Eve, Theresa showed up at the ward and stayed up late with him and the old lady, who was in a good mood.

But for the past two days, he couldn't reach Theresa. She didn't see him and even avoided him.

Dolores frowned, "Did you have a falling out?"

She was not worried about Armand, but Theresa.

When it came to relationships, women were more delicate and more vulnerable.

At this point, he had to tell the truth, "I had an ex-girlfriend, right? She came back, and we met a few times..." With that, he hurriedly explained, "We just met, and nothing else happened. But Theresa didn't believe me and had to break up with me."

No matter who was right and who was wrong in this matter, she was on Theresa's side.

Armand and Theresa were already together. Why would he go see his ex-girlfriend?

"Do you still have feelings for your ex-girlfriend?"

"No."

"No, then why did you go to see her?"

In the face of Dolores' sharp questioning, Armand was speechless. He took a long time to find the right explanation, "Although we are not lovers anymore, we are still friends..."

"I can't help you." Dolores interrupted him decisively. Having spent so many years with Theresa, she knew about her, "She's not unreasonable. You must have touched her bottom line, otherwise, she would not be so determined. Since she agreed to marry you, she must have expectations. And if she decides to break up with you, it must be that you broke her heart."

"Yes, it's my fault," Armand admitted he was at fault. He shouldn't have gone to see Phoebe without telling her, but she shouldn't have denied him even the chance to explain, right?

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 330 Theresa Is Vomiting

"I know I'm wrong, Dolores. Just help me." Armand tugged on Dolores' sleeve and pouted, "For the sake of me being so pathetic, just help me contact Theresa, okay?"

Matthew's brow furrowed deeply. Then he squeezed his shirt and yanked him away, "Just talk. Don't touch her."

Armand didn't know what to say.

"Dolores, if you don't help me, I really can't live." Armand glared at Matthew and nestled into the couch, "If I don't see Theresa, I won't leave."

Armand acted shamelessly.

Anyway, it was nice here, and there was food and drink. It was a big place, and there was no shortage of rooms for him to sleep in.

"Suit yourself." Matthew dragged Dolores upstairs.

Dolores looked at him uncertainly and asked, "Are you really going to leave him alone?"

Matthew did not speak and pulled her upstairs in silence. It was not that he did not want to care about Armand, but how could he care about matters relating to love?

It was up to Armand to talk to Theresa. He did not want Dolores to get involved in their relationship.

If they were reconciled, it was okay. If they broke up, then who was to blame?

Dolores?

In fact, Dolores could see that Armand was very sad.

But she had to make him suffer a little, so that he would know to cherish Theresa in the future.

"I'll give Theresa a call." Dolores looked to Matthew who was closing the door and explained, "I'm not meddling in their relationship, but I want to know what's going on with Theresa now."

She was sure that Theresa also did not feel well when they broke up.

Since she was able to agree to get married back then, she must have had feelings for Armand as well.

She took out her cell phone and dialed Theresa's number.

Theresa had moved out of the place where she lived with Allison, and no one knew about this new place she was living in. It was not a big house, but it was just big enough for her to live alone.

The sound of water dripping came from outside. She sat in front of the window reading a book called *What Happiness Is*. There was a sentence in it that she had read countless times. "What is happiness? Happiness is a ray of sunshine in the winter that warms you up. Happiness is a cup of iced tea in the middle of summer that makes you comfortable. When you are easily satisfied, a ray of sunshine and a cup of water will give you happiness."

"How true!" She thought. If a person wanted too much, they would not know what they wanted and they would lose their happiness.

Just like now, she was complaining and regretting in her heart. She blamed Armand for not doing what he said he would do and regretted why she agreed to marry him and made such a fool of herself.

But when she thought about it, as long as she let go, it was no big deal.

Armand was just a passer-by in her life, who added a ray of joy and sorrow to her memory and would not stand in the way of her future.

She was happy now, too, if she wanted to be. She was feeling the slightest bit of warmth under the winter sun.

Buzz-

The cell phone she had placed at her feet rang. She looked down and saw the caller ID on it, and didn't answer it right away. The store was scheduled to open on the eighth day of the month, and it was not yet time. It must have something to do with Armand as Dolores was calling her at this time.

She thought for a moment before picking it up, "Lola."

Dolores walked to the window. The snow was already melting, and snow water was dripping down from the treetops and eaves. She mulled it over in her mind before speaking, and instead of speaking directly about her and Armand, she said, "Are you free?"

Theresa pursed her lips, "Did Armand ask you to contact me?"

Dolores didn't hide it from her, "He was drunk and came to my house and asked me to contact you, otherwise he wouldn't leave. But don't worry, that's not why I'm calling you. There is room for him here. I wanted to ask you, are you okay?"

Theresa bowed her head, "I'm fine."

She was fine as she let go.

Theresa figured out that letting go was not hiding, but facing.

"If he's being unreasonable again, tell him to just contact me." She had blacklisted Armand from her address book.

Now she decided not to do so... She was not forgiving him, but letting go of the matter and no longer holding on to it. Even if she face Armand again, she could still be calm and collected.

Dolores laughed, "I can see that he's really sad. I'm not trying to persuade you. I'm just stating the facts as I see them."

Theresa also laughed, "He makes me feel insecure."

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Maybe he still had some feelings for her.

"Then I'll tell him," Dolores said.

The two talked some more about things at work and had a great time. After hanging up, Dolores went downstairs and tried to tell Armand that now Theresa would take his call, but found that he was asleep.

Coral took a blanket and put it over him. Dolores sighed and didn't call him, thinking she'd wait until he

was awake.

Dolores came back to the room and found Matthew lying on his back in the bed. Dolores looked at him, "Armand is asleep. Do you want to get him into the room?"

Matthew turned on his side, propped his face on one hand, and crooked his finger at her, "Come here."

As for Armand, the house was heated, so he wouldn't freeze even if he didn't sleep in the room.

Dolores almost instinctively took a step back and looked at him warily, "What are you doing?"

He smiled as his eyes twinkled, "I'm not a monster that eats people. Why are you so afraid of me?"

Dolores curled her lips, "I don't think you're normal."

Matthew was speechless.

What about him was not normal?

"Come here. I have something for you."

Obviously, Dolores didn't believe him and backed up even more.

Matthew was speechless again.

He suddenly felt that he was such a loser. How could Dolores be so afraid of him?

He sighed helplessly and pulled out the necklace Jessica had given him from his pocket, "Your mother asked me to give it to you."

Dolores stared at the necklace in his hand and hesitated, "My mom?"

She walked over and didn't immediately go for it, but judged the veracity of Matthew's statement in her mind.

She had never seen Jessica wear a necklace like this, but it didn't seem like something Matthew would buy either.

She reached for it. As soon as she touched the necklace, he clutched her hand. He pulled hard and she fell into his arms.

He then asked with a smile, "Are you still hiding?"

Dolores shook her head decisively, "No."

She nestled quietly in his arms and asked, "Did my mom really ask you to give it to me?"

Matthew answered seriously.

Dolores examined it carefully and found nothing special. This was just an ordinary platinum necklace. Matthew hugged her from behind and said, "Put it away."

Dolores shook her head, "Put it on for me."

In fact, she had already let it go a long time ago. It was just that she felt heartbroken about what Jessica would have to face in the future.

Since it was hers, she had a reason to wear it close to her.

It was as if she was still around.

Matthew wrapped the necklace around her neck and snapped it on from behind. On the inside of the catch, there were very small letters, and he didn't look closely at them. He thought it should be the name tag mark of the necklace, so he did not pay much attention to it.

The necklace was thin, but very bright, and looked very conspicuous against her black sweater.

Life after the New Year was quiet. The two children went to school after the 15th of the first month. Her original plan to hold a clothing show with Gambiered Canton Gauze as the theme was put on hold. Matthew was a little busy, always leaving early and coming home late.

As for Theresa and Armand, she didn't pay much attention to them. That day, after she told Armand that Theresa was willing to see him, Armand left and never came back to her.

In a flash, almost a month had passed since the new year. Before February, Dolores got a call from Matthew before work. He asked her to come to his office, and he just asked her to come without saying what he wanted her to do.

She hung up the phone. However, as she was getting ready to go to Matthew's office after work and passing by the restroom, she saw Theresa vomiting.