

# Covenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap 51

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That pregnant lady accidentally slipped, screamed and almost fell over. It was a split second between life and death. The mother-in-law of the pregnant lady was terrified and sat there crying hysterically.

Dolores' mind was blank and her entire body tensed up.

After a moment, she replied, "As long as you come down, I'll give you the money that you paid for the house."

The pregnant lady didn't believe her,

"Don't say that just to get me down, I don't

believe you!"

"I'm not lying to you. I will really give you the money. If you don't think of yourself, won't you even think about the child inside your belly?" Dolores continued to convince her.

The pregnant lady seemed to be forced to her wits' end which explained her desperation, "That's exactly what I'm doing. I'm standing here for the sake of my child. Do you think it was easy for us to buy a house? We scraped all of our savings in an attempt to buy a house but how can I let my child live in a place that isn't safe? We are worried that we may be buried in it if it collapses at any moment!"

Dolores knew what she was concerned about, what she was worried about and terrified of. She knew because she experienced it, "I understand, you only want to give a good home for your child. I fully understand. As long as you come down, I said that I'll give you the money."

"Why should I believe you? What will I do if I go down and you don't give me the money?" The pregnant lady refused to give up.

Dolores pursed her dry lips, "I'm not lying to you. I'm Randolph's daughter. I won't lie to you."

"She's that unscrupulous

businessman's daughter?"

"You must pay your father's debt! Return me my money!"

"Give us back our money!" Dolores was immediately surrounded, "Return our money, return our money!"

An agitated man reached out to grab Dolores but Matthew's reflexes were fast. He swiftly pulled Dolores into his embrace and glared sternly at that man. The man was stunned by the stare but he aggressively demanded, "Pay up what you owe, this is expected. Her father swindled our money. If her father doesn't pay up, then she should pay!"

"That's right, that's right, pay for your father's debts. If your father doesn't show up, then you should pay for it!" Someone shouted.

Very soon everyone agreed with this demand. The place became rowdy with commotion and descended into chaos. The pregnant lady was also saved by rescuers when she became distracted.

When Abbott returned with some men, Matthew and Dolores were already blocked by the people and he wasn't able to get to them.

Thanks to the men he brought and together with the help of the rescuers, they cleared a pathway and Matthew was able to get Dolores into the office area of the Flores Group while the people remained outside.

As the pregnant lady was brought down by the rescuers and taken through the main hall, she saw Dolores through the glass doors and broke free from the rescuers ran towards Dolores, "You said that you'll give me the money!"

Abbott and the security held onto her and she wasn't able to get to Dolores. She could only shout desperately at Dolores, "You said that you'll repay me the money. If you lie to me, you'll have a terrible death. You earned the money through unscrupulous means and will be cast into hell when you die!"

Matthew frowned and said coldly, "Throw her out."

Abbot was about to do it when Dolores shouted at him, "Wait!"

She turned towards Matthew, "I know that you'll think that I'm foolish to return this money. Once I do this there will be endless problems. But who would play with their lives if she wasn't at the end of her road? All she wanted was to give her child a home and was unlucky to meet my father. Just as she said, if I don't fulfill my promise to her, then I won't be at peace because I fully understand her feelings..."

She understood that the pregnant woman just wanted to give her child a home. Because Dolores also wanted to give her child a complete family but it was out of her reach and may not happen in this lifetime. Dolores was very petite and thin and could be blown away by a gust of wind. But that pair of clear and bright eyes were so resolute.

It was a determination that Matthew had never seen. He was momentarily stunned and looked at Dolores but he said to Abbott, "Give her the money."

Abbott understood immediately and looked at the pregnant lady, "Follow me."

At the moment, Randolph walked over in a hurry. He had been hiding in the office and came out because he found out that Matthew and Dolores had gone over. It was as if he was filled with hope when he saw Dolores.

"Lola." He was excited, "You came to save me!"

Dolores replied with a cold expression, "How much money do you have?"

Randolph was stunned as he didn't expect her to ask him how much money he had. If he had any money, he wouldn't be in this state.

"I don't have any money," Randolph said as a matter of fact.

"What?" Dolores didn't believe him. Even if he was forced to repay his debts, how could he not have any more money left? "Who can help you if you don't tell the truth?"

Randolph darkened his expression and remained silent. Dolores didn't waste any time, "I won't force you if you don't want to say."

She looked at Matthew, "Let's go."

Matthew stretched out his arm to hold her waist and gently nodded. They proceeded to leave the office area under the protection of the security personnel.

Randolph was stunned and saw that Dolores was about to leave. He clenched his teeth and said the truth, "I don't have much. Apart from the house, I had around two million in cash but it was stolen by Annabelle. I had made a police report but they have not found her."

Randolph didn't want to tell Dolores these. The daughter that he loved the most stole his money and ran away at a time when he was most desperate. On the contrary, it was his daughter who he despised who was standing before him.

His eyes turned red. "Lola, I was blind and that's why..."

"Don't say anymore." Dolores didn't want to hear any of it. The more they went into it, the more it will hurt her, "Sell the house. Get whatever money you have and repay as much as you can..."

"That's my only asset, I..." He couldn't bear to part with it. "Do you have any money?!" Dolores

yelled angrily, "If you don't repay the money and retain your reputation, no one can save you. Decide for yourself!"

Dolores was very firm. Matthew looked at her with heartache but was impressed by her. He didn't expect her to be able to analyze so logically.

If Randolph was smart enough, he would appease these people and not blow up the matter, then he may be able to wait for the rest of the money and the Flores Group might weather through this crisis.

After they departed the Flores Group, Matthew went back to the office while Dolores went back to the villa. She didn't work that day. Matthew wanted her to go back to rest as she didn't look well.

Dolores felt exhausted but she couldn't sleep when she laid on the bed. Her mind was a mess and thinking of a lot of things but couldn't figure it out. So, she decided to get up from the bed. Coral was cleaning the windows and Dolores went over to help her, "I'll help you." Coral waved her hands, "No, no need. Someone will come over soon to do the work."

Each week some people will come over to do a thorough clean up. Someone will be there to mow the grass, prune the flowers, and clean the areas that she normally won't be able to clean. How could she clean such a huge villa on her own? She was a hardworking lady and didn't like to idle around. Someone will be there to clean the windows and other areas that she couldn't clean.

Dolores was pushed by Coral to sit on the sofa. She washed her hands and asked Dolores, "What fruits do you want to eat? I'll get you some."

"Apples," Dolores said.

"Okay." Coral walked into the kitchen.

Dolores sat on the sofa and looked at the panel window. On the window were some suds left by Coral when she was cleaning them. She looked at the suds in a daze as they flowed slowly down the glass.

Suddenly her phone in her pocket rang. She took out the phone and saw that it was Sampson's number. She tensed up. Did he manage to find out any clues?

Her hand trembled unconsciously and she answered the call, "Hello."

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**Very soon, Sampson's voice was heard, "Lola, it's me."**

Dolores' tone became very anxious, "Yes."

Sampson paused for a moment before saying, "The woman you mentioned is dead..."

"What?" Sampson had not finished and was interrupted by Dolores. How did she die? She was clearly healthy and not that old. How could she die just like that?

"Lola." Sampson called out to her tenderly to comfort her, "Don't be worked up. This issue doesn't need to be investigated through this woman..."

Dolores gripped the phone tightly and was anxious. She couldn't calm down and she wasn't sure why she was so anxious. Was it because her hopes were dashed or something else? She didn't know. She only knew that she was unsettled.

Her eyes drooped, "Is there anymore leads?" Did she over expect this?

Sampson was silent. The two remained silent but didn't end the call. It was so quiet that they could hear each other's breathing.

After a long while, Sampson said, "Lola..." he said then paused, "Do you really want to know who the father of the child is?"



Dolores lowered her head to look at her feet. The sun rays fell around her feet and the shadows were swaying. She asked herself, did she really want to know who is the father of her child?

Dolores asked herself. When did she have such thoughts? She only started to have this desire after sensing the clue on Matthew.

"If the answer disappoints you and it isn't the one you expected, will you still want to know?" Sampson continued to ask.

Dolores didn't know how to answer the following questions. Perhaps she was conflicted inside her.

"Why aren't you replying?" Sampson forced an answer.

There were many types of feelings in existence. One type was known as love through familiarity. She had lived with Matthew under the same roof. Would that result in love? This was why Sampson questioned her.

"Lola..."

"I'm listening." Dolores interrupted

him, worried that he will ask something that she couldn't answer. It was at night in A country.

**Sampson**

**was standing by the roadside of a different**

**country. The street lights cast a long**

**shadow of him along the ground...**

**He lowered his head to look at his own shadow. Actually, he also wanted to know if the man that night was Matthew as Dolores suspected. The woman was dead and the hotel's security video recordings had been erased.**

**But he had found out the truth. He took Dolores' photograph and asked within the hotel. A hotel staff recognized Dolores and saw what happened that night and told him confidently that the man was Matthew. But he didn't want to acknowledge that and perhaps he didn't want Dolores to know.**

**If they had a child together, then even if Matthew didn't like her, would he for the sake of the child... He didn't dare to think further and he didn't want Dolores to know. He liked her and wanted to take care of her. He was after all the first one who saw her. He had seen her since she was a kid.**

**"Lola, I found out that the man that night..." Sampson gripped his cellphone tightly.**

**Dolores's heart jumped and felt as if it was stuck to her throat.**

**Suddenly she was covered by a shadow. She turned around and a person approached from the bright light. The deep features were hidden by the bright sunlight. Through the light scattered by the floating dust, she saw clearly who he was and her expression became nervous and defensive.**

She was anticipating for Sampson to

say the person whom she guessed. "He was a local," Sampson said. Boom.

This answer was like setting off a bomb in Dolores' heart. Local? That meant that what she saw on Matthew was just a coincidence. Was her guess wrong?

"Lola, did you hear me?"

"I'm busy, bye." Dolores ended the call in a hurry. In her anxiety, she dropped the phone with a thud.

She was about to bend over to pick it up but Matthew picked it up before her. He looked at the number on the phone and narrowed his eyes, "Who was that to cause you to be so nervous when you saw me?"

Dolores pretended to be calm, "I wasn't nervous. Your sudden appearance scared me."

Matthew laughed and bent over to look at the woman, "Really?"

Dolores felt a chill running down her spine when he stared at her and couldn't reply. At this moment, Coral served the apples and broke the tensed moment.

"These apples are crunchy and sweet. Have a taste." Coral placed the apples on

the table.

Dolores quickly looked away from Matthew's gaze to pick up the apples. They were very sweet and juicy. She took one for Matthew, "Have one."

Matthew looked down and didn't move and stared at her hand with the apple.

Dolores waved the apple at his lips. It was cool and sweet. Dolores blinked and said, "It's really sweet."

Matthew took a bite and looked at her, "I'll forgive you since you're so understanding."

Of course, he knew that she was trying to change the topic. Coral laughed and understood that it was time for her to leave and supervised the workers outside.

Dolores pursed her lips and didn't dare to retort. He chewed the apple while removing his jacket and threw it on the sofa and sat on the sofa. He looked at the piano and asked, "Can you play the piano?"

Dolores turned around, looked at that piano, and nodded, "I knew a long time ago but I haven't touched it for a while. My fingers are all stiff now." She said as she looked down at her fingers.

Matthew looked over at her slim and fair fingers but her palms were calloused. He frowned and was about to reach out for her hands when she stood up and walked towards the piano. She sat at the piano with the lights behind her and her fingers gently rest on the piano keys. Ding, a crisp sound rang from the piano.

The sound was clean and crisp.

She wrung her hands to get back the feel and although it had been years since she last played the piano because she had learned for many years, she was still confident enough to play.

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath and placed her fingers gently on the keys.

She began to play the melodious music of 'Sadness and Happiness'. This was the first music score that she learned and one which she loved. As she played, the images of happiness and sadness appeared in her mind... Her existence was short but she had experienced so much.

Matthew looked at her back view and was deep in thoughts. Were the callouses in her hands caused in A Country? Was she terribly hurt when she was abandoned by her father?

As he pondered, he was interrupted by the ringing of the phone. He was visibly upset by the untimely ringing. He frowned angrily as Dolores stopped playing when she heard the phone ring.

The room immediately fell silent and the ringing of the cell phone became more pronounced. Dolores stood up and walked over curiously as to why he didn't answer the call. As she walked over, she saw the phone indicating the caller's name, Helen.

Dolores sat opposite him, "It's Ms. White, why don't you answer?"

Matthew blinked and looked away as if to indicate that she was intruding. Of course, he didn't feel like answering and that was why he didn't answer. But the caller was very persistent. The phone continued to ring relentlessly.

Dolores smiled, "Are you worried that I listen in to your conversation? Then I won't bother you..."

She stood up and was about to walk away when Matthew grabbed her wrist and with a pull, she fell

and sat onto his thigh. She wanted to move but was tightly gripped by Matthew around her waist.

Matthew answered the call with his other hand...

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Dolores frowned. Why did he grab onto her while he answered Helen's call? Did he want her to witness their intimate conversation? She became strangely melancholy. She struggled strongly but the more she struggled, the tighter Matthew held onto her and said softly, "Don't move."

Dolores was squirming again and Matthew pressed his lips onto her ear and said with a warning tone, "Behave yourself while I answer a call, okay?"

Dolores calmed down and didn't dare to move. Matthew smiled and was satisfied with Dolores' obedience. His thumb carefully rubbed over her clothes and pinched her waist.

The call was answered and a man said anxiously over the phone, "Mr. Nelson, Ms. White was in an

accident and is now at the hospital for emergency treatment."

What? Helen had an accident?

Because she was near to him, Dolores also heard what the man said. She turned to look at Matthew and he was also looking at her in surprise, "When did this happen?"

"An hour ago."

Matthew released Dolores and stood up and took his jacket. He walked a few steps and remembered that Dolores was there. He turned towards her and said, "I need to go over."

Dolores was looking at him, "Go ahead."

That was his girlfriend and someone he liked. She was in danger and he should go to her.

He pursed his lips and appeared to want to say something but yet he didn't say anything. He put on his jacket and continued the call as he walked out.

"Order an air ticket to A Country, the very next flight."

Dolores looked at his back view disappearing out the door and scoffed bitterly. This was their original arrangement, she was herself, and 'they' were 'them'.

She was the odd one out. They were clearly a loving couple and she came between them.

**"Why did Young Master Nelson leave in such a hurry?" Coral asked as she walked in.**

**It was rare for him to come back early and why didn't he spend some time to cultivate their relationship? Was he always so busy? Coral couldn't understand at all and was very upset. Didn't he have enough money? Wasn't he concerned about the importance of his marriage?**

**Dolores pursed her lips and smiled, "Ms. White had an accident and he's going over to take a look."**

**Coral's expression darkened. They just had a few days of peace. What stunt did that woman pull?**

**"She should look for the doctor since she had an accident. Young Master Nelson isn't a doctor. Can he treat her?" Coral did not hide her unhappiness with what had happened.**

**Dolores walked over to remove a leaf on Coral's shoulder and calmly looked at the workers trimming the hedges nearby, "Coral, haven't you noticed that I'm the odd one out? They are truly in love."**

**What? Young Master Nelson was in love with his mistress?**



Coral was slightly upset with Dolores for not fighting for what was hers. Why did Dolores say that her husband was in love with another woman? Was something wrong with Dolores?

"You are the one selected by Mrs. Nelson to be Young Master's wife. You are the one selected by his parents. Who is Helen?" Coral glared sternly at Dolores, "You allowed him to go when he wanted to? Why can't you stand up for yourself?"

Dolores laughed bitterly inside her but she reached out to the adorable old lady. Dolores knew that she said these for her and wanted things to be well for her and Matthew. But Dolores wasn't sure what was going on between Matthew and her.

"Coral, you are so nice to me. What if I

can't bear to leave?"

Coral was startled and looked at Dolores, "Where are you going?"

As per tradition, when a woman was married to a man, she became part of the family regardless of what happened. Since she was married to Matthew, then she belonged to the Nelson family. Where did she intend to go?

In Coral's eyes, Mrs. Nelson had chosen this daughter-in-law and she was Matthew's legal wife. She will not accept any of Matthew's other women.

In about ten days, she would be married to Matthew for a month. She would then leave when that time comes.

Dolores held onto Coral, "I want to go outside for a walk."

"Okay, I'll accompany you." Coral was very familiar with the surroundings and they could have a good chat during the walk.

Dolores went back to her room immediately after dinner. She tossed and turned on her bed and only fell asleep after she became very tired.

A Country. A colleague, Bryan Eastwood, who came with Helen to A Country was waiting for Matthew at the exit of the Airport. He rushed over to Matthew as soon as he saw him.

"Mr. Nelson."

"How is she now?" Matthew asked as they walked.

"Her condition has stabilized and is out of danger. She is now at the patient room but..." Bryan paused as he said and didn't know how to continue.

Matthew said coldly, "Out with it." Bryan looked at Matthew and then lowered his eyes, "Ms. White had a miscarriage..."

Matthew stopped walking and his eyes narrowed, "What did you say?"

His large presence was overbearing, causing a person's breathing to feel stifled.

Bryan ed his liva, "Ms.....Ms. White had a miscarriage due to the accident. The doctor said that she was almost three months pregnant. It was as if Matthew was struck by lightning. He clenched his fists in fury but he didn't know why he was furious. He walked very quickly and Bryan had to break into a trot just to keep up.

When they were in the car, Bryan quietly drove. He didn't even dare to breathe audibly for fear of angering the man seated behind. They reached the hospital very quickly.

Bryan stopped the car and ran around the car to open the door but it was opened by Matthew. He quickly moved aside. As Matthew got out of the car, he looked at his wristwatch for the time. It was daytime over there while it was at night back home.

He lowered his hand and looked at

Bryan and said, "Lead the way." Bryan led Matthew to Helen's room,

"Ms. White is inside."

Matthew paused outside the door for a couple of seconds and then pushed the door to enter.

The room had the faint smell of disinfectant and Helen looked weak as she laid on the bed. When she saw Matthew, she tried to sit up, "Matthew, why.... why are you here?"

Matthew walked over quickly to prop her up, "Don't move since you're injured."

Helen leaned into his embrace, "How do you know that I'm hurt?"

Bryan was scratching his head at the door and Helen understood and pointed to Bryan, "You told Matthew?"

**"When the doctor said that your life was in danger, I took the initiative to inform Mr. Nelson..."**

**"Mind your own business!" Helen threw the pillow at him in anger.**

**"Bryan, leave us." Matthew hugged the agitated Helen and stroked her back, "Why did you keep it from me?" Matthew was very conflicted.**

**Helen lowered her head and tears started to flow, "How could I say? I was already two months pregnant when I found out and you were already married to Ms. Flores at that time. I thought about giving you a surprise after you terminate your relationship with Ms. Flores but then..."**

**Helen wailed bitterly as she said and hugged tightly to Matthew, "Matthew, we lost our child."**

**She cried bitterly, "Matthew, I'm so sorry that I didn't protect our child..."**

**Matthew frowned and was terribly conflicted.**

**He felt emotional that he had a child. Every man yearned to be a father. This woman had his child and yet he sent her here. If he didn't send her here, she wouldn't have that accident and his child wouldn't be lost.**

**He closed his eyes and said, "This is not your fault."**

**It was his mistake. He had also lost his mind to want to seek a closer relationship with Dolores...**

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**It was a week since Matthew left. Eventually, Dolores became at peace with this and went back to work as per normal.**

**"I heard that Mr. Nelson had gone to A Country to keep Ms. White company." Everyone started to gossip during lunch.**

**"Since Mr. Nelson had already regarded Ms. White as his girlfriend, it was normal for him to go and see her. Except that..." The lady looked into her pocket mirror and adjusted her hair. She looked at herself in the mirror and grinned. She felt that the woman in the mirror was truly a beauty.**

**Everyone was already used to her self-professed beauty but was curious about what she wanted to say, "Except what?"**

**The woman glared at everyone and said, "If Mr. Nelson really liked her, why would he send her to A**

Country? There are so many people in the company. Why can't he send someone else?" Some felt that she had a point. But others disagreed.

"If it was as you mentioned, Mr. Nelson doesn't like Ms. White, then how do you explain that he had not come to the company for a week just to take care of her? You should know that that had not happened in the past."

Both of them had a point but their point of view was different. Some said that Matthew loved Helen while others disagreed.

"Hey, Dolores what do you think? Does Mr. Nelson love Ms. White?" A colleague asked Dolores who sat at her place silently, "Why don't you participate with the group?"

Dolores laughed bitterly inside her. Wasn't it ridiculous to discuss whether her 'husband' loved another woman?

A colleague shook Dolores, "Say something will you?"

Dolores helplessly said what she thought, "I don't know. I just came to the company and don't understand their relationship. I think he should like her, if not why would he regard her as his girlfriend?"

Everyone kept quiet for several seconds and felt that she had a point. If Matthew didn't love Helen, why would he acknowledge her status?

"See, I knew that Mr. Nelson loves Ms. White."

They didn't stop gossiping and Dolores made an excuse to sneak away from them. After the break was over, everyone left and Dolores went back to her seat to work.

Matthew didn't go back that day.

Dolores wanted some time alone after listening to the colleagues' gossips. Who would expect Coral to nag when she went home?

"Why hasn't Young Master come back?"

Dolores felt a headache and rubbed her temples. Coral thought that she wasn't feeling well and asked, "Are you feeling sick?"

Dolores shook her head, "No." "Then you..."

"Oh..." Dolores suddenly detected a fishy smell and frowned and looked at Coral, "Did you buy fish?"

Coral nodded and pointed to the groceries on the table, "I just went to the supermarket. I'll cook fish for your dinner..."

Before she could finish, Dolores already cupped her mouth and ran to the bathroom and vomited.

Coral hurried over and stood by the door looking at Dolores, "You... are you pregnant?"

Although Dolores and Matthew had slept in different rooms, they shared the same room during their wedding night. Perhaps they conceived on the first attempt?

Coral was elated, "Come, let's go to the hospital." With a child, any mistresses would have to be discarded.

Dolores shook her head, "No need. I... have gastric discomfort."

"Then we'll have to go as well." Coral Coral was elated, "Young Master, Missus is probably pregnant."

Matthew's expression was unchanged while Dolores felt embarrassed. Their eyes met but they all understood the situation. Only Coral didn't know about the truth and that was why she stared at Matthew, "Aren't you happy that your wife is pregnant?"

Matthew frowned deeply and said calmly, "Let's divorce."

It was a matter of time. Except that she didn't think it would happen so suddenly. It was a wrongful engagement and should be terminated. Nothing was keeping her except that she felt empty. Everything was empty to her.

She smiled, "Okay."

She replied so willingly that Matthew couldn't react to it. It was difficult for him to accept her willingness to divorce.



Dolores said calmly, "Let's do it tomorrow." She turned to return to her room as soon as she finished saying.

Coral felt as if she was struck by a lightning. Did they want to divorce? Was marriage a game to them?

"Young Master, you, you want a divorce?" Coral thought that she heard wrongly. Why would he suddenly request to divorce and both of them were so calm about it?

"I'm tired." Matthew was unwilling to talk about this. He thereafter proceeded to his room.

Coral was stunned and stared at Matthew's back, "This was the marriage your mother arranged for you when she was alive."

Matthew's footsteps paused

momentarily and he continued up the stairs. Coral persisted, "You don't bother even

when Missus is pregnant?"

Bang! The bedroom door was slammed shut. Matthew expressed his unhappiness without saying a word!

The baby inside Dolores wasn't his. Wasn't his! He wouldn't be so angry if the child was his. But his child was dead! Dead! Coral was startled as he very seldom vented his anger at home.

Dolores practically didn't sleep that night. She sat at the head of the bed with her luggage all packed. She didn't have many belongings anyway. She just had a few clothes and some toiletries.

When the day broke, she changed her clothes and walked out of the room. Matthew also woke up and was dressed in a well-tailored business suit that covered his tall and sturdy frame. He was dashing and handsome like a prince out of the fairy tales. He exuded nobility, was dashing and handsome, and his magnetism was without comparison.

Dolores spoke first, "It's still early and the registrar of marriages hasn't opened. I'll go out first to run an errand." She looked at the time as she said, "I'll be back by nine o'clock. Are you free at that time?"

She had to go and look for somewhere to stay. Matthew initiated the divorce so suddenly which didn't give her any time to prepare. This was her mistake as she should have been better prepared.

Matthew walked down and said, "Abbott will settle the divorce." He proceeded to the dining room after he said.

Dolores scoffed to herself. How could she forget? It was Abbott who brought her to get the marriage certificate done and Matthew didn't go personally. So now similarly there wasn't a need for Matthew to go for the divorce procedures.

Their marriage was arranged by fate and was fixed since they were young. However, this short-lived marriage was now a joke. Dolores took a deep breath. It was time to end this.

Matthew sat at the dining table for his breakfast.

Dolores walked over and sat opposite him and asked, "How is Ms. White?"

He went to see her and made his decision to divorce her so he should also be prepared to marry Helen.

**But didn't he know that Helen was very cunning?**

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**It wasn't that Matthew Nelson didn't know, Helen White had some tricks up her sleeve; it was just that the news of her miscarriage was too much to bear with.**

**Matthew was with Helen for quite some time; she even got pregnant and ended up with a miscarriage. So what if she had some tricks up her sleeve?**

**Matthew's eyes were drooping, faintly agreed.**

**It seemed like Matthew was reluctant to talk about Helen.**

**Dolores Flores had no idea what she was thinking about, but she just wanted to hear Matthew say, "After divorcing, you'll get married?"**

**Matthew took his time to put down the cup of coffee on his hand calmly, wiping his mouth slowly, placed down his napkin, finally opened his eyes, and said, "I will marry her."**

**He stood up and left the villa after that.**

**He loved Helen after all.**

**Dolores had no appetite, but she still drank the milk and the fried egg Coral prepared, all for her unborn child in her belly.**

**She left the villa after her breakfast.**

**Now she had to find a place to stay.**

**Luckily, she found a two-bedroom place, enough for her and Jessica Lennon to stay at. The price was reasonable, so she paid the deposit and rented the place down.**

**She left the agency after signing the contract; waited for transport at the side of the road.**

**She took her phone to check the time, 8:50 a.m., 10 minutes away till 9 o'clock. She was worried that she won't make it back in time, but it was difficult to get ahold of any transportation at the moment. It was only until almost 9 o'clock where she finally stopped a taxi.**

She made a call to the villa after getting on the cab; Coral picked up the phone, "If Abbott Baron arrives, please tell him to wait for me, I'll be back soon."

She did not want any misunderstandings about her divorce, nor her delaying the inevitable.

Dolores hung up after Coral

acknowledged it. Just when she was about to put her phone back, it rang. It was from Sampson Herbert.

She picked up the call and heard, "Lola, where are you now? I'm back."

She looked outside the windows, thinking that she had to the Bureau of Civil Affairs with Abbott to deal with the divorce; she had no time to meet with Sampson, so she said, "I'll call you back--"

Before she finished her sentence, when they were crossing the intersection, out of nowhere came a big truck, it seemed to be out of control, and it was coming towards their car!

Her pupils shrank when they saw the truck driver's fierce face

"Lola--"

**BANG! Both cars collided, resulting in a loud crashing noise. The truck was too fast as it knocked the taxi up into the air, rolling a few times, ending upside down at the roadside.**

**The truck continued for several meters, only stopping when it collided with a giant advertisement board.**

**"Lola--"the phone that dropped outside was still speaking.**

**Sampson's voice was getting more worried, especially with the loud crash; it**

**meant something terrible had happened. Dolores's face was covered in blood, her vision getting more blur by the time; the pain was getting the better hand of her too.**

**No, she couldn't pass over, she still**

**had the unborn child, she couldn't die.**

**Suffering from the pain, she screamed, "Anybody there, help me--"**

**Her voice was frail.**

**Someone called the police and the ambulance; meanwhile, someone helped the car crash victims.**

**"Help me--" She gradually lost consciousness, her voice getting lower and lower until it couldn't be heard.**

She ultimately passed out.

When she woke up, the strong scent of

disinfectants filled her nostrils.

Sampson saw her awaken, grabbing her hand, "You're awake."

Dolores looked around her situation. It was in a hospital room.

"You were in an accident, a truck lost control of its brake. When I arrive, you were already rescued."

Blood covered in her body consisted of her blood and the blood of the taxi driver.

He clutched her hand tightly, "Do you know how scared I was? I was afraid that I would lose you--"

He hit his mouth softly before finishing his sentence, "Touch wood, I'm not supposed to say that."

Dolores tried to sit up, but Sampson stopped before she was able to move, "You shouldn't move too much, you're hurt." Dolores frowned.

She knew she was hurt because she still remembered the pain she felt.

Sampson's expression got heavier; holding her hand, he kissed her hand, said, "I have two news, good and bad, which one do you want to hear first?"

Dolores opened her mouth, her voice was dry, "The bad one."

Pleasure comes through toil, after all.

"There's a small piece of metal stuck in your waist, which needs to be removed surgically., otherwise it will compress the nerves in your back, causing you to be unable to walk."

Dolores sighed with relief. Luckily it

wasn't about her unborn child. It wasn't that bad to her, it was just an

injury.

"What about the good news?" She looked at Sampson; his face was paler than ever.

Not a trace of blood on his face. Sampson clutched her hand ever so tightly, "You are pregnant with twins."

What?



How was that possible?

"What did you say? I've already had an

ultrasound scan, it was just one--"

"Two, one was on the back wall of the uterus, blocked by the frontal ones, so we didn't see it from the scan." She was seriously injured, so she had to take the most detailed examination. It was a four-dimensional ultrasound scan, which was far more accurate than the regular ultrasound scan.

It was real; she was pregnant with twins.

Sampson didn't know how to feel.

It was very contradicting, both happy and unhappy.

Dolores stared at the ceiling, unable to calm down.

She was smiling, but tears were trickling down the corner of her eyes, dripped down to the white pillows. God must be kidding?

Did God think that she was too lonely, sending down two angels to keep her company?

She was unlucky, but also lucky.

"Lola--" Sampson was still clutching her hand tightly, hesitating to talk, giving way too many thoughts for his words, before finally deciding to speak up, "Abort this child, okay?"

Dolores stared at him with shock and amazement, what did he just say?

Did he know what he was talking about?

She struggled hard against the hand

that was clutching hers, resisting silently.

"Lola--"

"I'm not listening, so what if their father's a foreigner? They are in my body, part of my life now, can I give up my life?"

She wouldn't give up.

It had been 3 months; their blood and soul were long one together. How would Sampson not know the importance of the unborn child to her?

He clearly remembered the scene when Dolores knelt in front of Jessica

Lennon to keep the child. He wouldn't want her to be sad, too.

Sampson reached out his hand to caress her pale face, softly and gently, "Your surgery must be anesthetized, the child can't be kept--"

Her body trembled slightly, "What if I don't take the anesthesia?"

**"You won't stand it!" Sampson almost jumped, reprimanding her.**

**Surgery without anesthesia was painful enough to kill!**

**"Lola listen." Sampson tried to**

**persuade, "It's just three months, in the future--"**

**"Isn't three months still life?" Dolores's attitude was firm, "I'm not giving up."**

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**\* \* \***

**NEXT: CHAPTER 56: Home » Covenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap » Chapter 56: Samuel Flores and Simona Flores**

**PREVIOUS**

**Chapter 56: Samuel Flores and Simona Flores**

**NEXT**

**Click 'Setting' button to setting theme**

**Six years later in A country...**

**The warm, yellow light illuminated the interior of the house.**

**A thin and slender shadow figure was busy in the kitchen, preparing dinner for the family.**

Sampson Herbert sat on the sofa in the living room, staring at Dolores Flores, who was busy in the kitchen. Simona Flores crawled towards Sampson, "Uncle, do you like my mommy?"

Sampson jumped. Every time he heard that name, he would become very frantic. Dolores refused to accept his feelings toward her, only treating him as a brother.

These two kids both called him uncle.

But they were adorable.

With a pair of big round eyes, tender and white skin, just like spring; curly eyelashes, blinking like porcelain dolls.

Sampson picked up one of them and walked towards the kitchen.

He stood in front of the kitchen, "Lola." Dolores glanced back and smiled, "Are you guys hungry? Dinner's ready soon."

Sampson did not reply, only staring at his back empty.

Six years ago, Dolores insisted on not

getting anesthesia, keeping the baby.

Sampson could only agree.

But, he had one condition, which was to leave the country and returning to A country.

Dolores agreed, and with the help of Sampson, they brought Jessica Lennon with them.

Six years passed.

"I'm going back to the country in a couple of days."

Dolores paused slightly, stirring the soup; the pain she felt six years ago was still haunting her.

She pretended nothing was wrong, didn't turn back, "What's happening?" "So, my sister's engaged," still staring at Dolores's back.

She turned around; after giving birth to Samuel and Simona, Sampson told her he found his long lost sister.

Dolores had been happy for him.

"That's good, you should go Dolores said. back."

Still gazing deeply at her, "She's engaged to Matthew Nelson."

Bang!

The spoon on her hand slipped and fell down to the ground, breaking into countless pieces.

She hurriedly squatted down to pick them up, "He has nothing to do with me anymore."

Six years had been too long, she had even forgotten that man had existed in her life.

Now, she just wanted to take care of her two kids.

It was just that she was confused, wasn't Matthew marrying Helen White six

years ago? How could it be Sampson's sister

now? She looked at him as if a soundless

inquiry.

Sampson looked back at her and pursed his lips, "Sorry, I didn't tell you."

Dolores frowned, "What are you hiding

from me?"

As soon as she said that, she thought of something, then widen her eyes and said her guess, "Helen is your sister?"

"Yeah." That year he helped Dolores to investigate that incident that night and learned about what happened that night from a hotel attendant there. He dug in deeper and found out that the role Helen played.

He never liked a dishonest person, just like Helen. It was just that coincidentally, Helen was also at A country, so they had ran into each other.

They had no interactions, but it was because she wore a suspender skirt, showing a green birthmark on her shoulder, which caught his attention.

His lost sister also had the same green birthmark on her shoulder.

To find out, he did an in-depth investigation of Helen. He found out that Helen grew up in an orphanage without her parents. At first, he was just curious about Helen, having the same birthmark as his lost sister. Naturally, he wanted to know more about her.

But when he found out she was an orphan, Sampson gave birth to a thought: she could be his long lost sister, so he started stalking her, collecting her hair sample and saliva to do a DNA test.

The result showed that she really was his sister.

He knew his sister's secret, also knew that she liked Matthew Nelson.

He had been keeping this to himself, never telling Dolores, not even once.

Sampson put down Simona to play in the living room.

Simona nodded and ran towards the living room with her short legs, "I'll wait for brother to come back, I want to play with brother."

"Hey, slow down. You'll fall." Sampson tugged her, "Slowly."

Simona pouted, she was unhappy.

He let go of Simona and pinched her little nose, "Be good." He went into the kitchen, squatting beside Dolores, holding her hand, "Let me take care of you, okay?"

"I got two kids--"

"I don't care..."

"I care." Dolores looked at him. She didn't want to rely on anyone to take care of her children.

He knew that Sampson's family would not accept her.



Plus, she promised Mrs. Herbert that she would never be with him.

She smiled and let go of his hand, "Go to the living room, dinner's almost ready." Sampson's heart sunk. He might have seen her as his sister before, but these six years had long made him fall in love with this brave and stubborn woman.

He didn't understand why she rejected him that harshly, leaving no chances for him.

"You like someone else, don't you?" He

guessed, "That man is Matthew, isn't he?"

Matthew was the only man that appeared around her anyway.

"No!" She answered swiftly as if proving she was telling the truth, "If it wasn't for you, I would've forgotten that person long ago."

"Then..."

"Mommy." Simona ran in and hugged Dolores's neck, "Mommy, when are brother and grandma coming back?"

Simona came in and interrupted the conversation.

Dolores didn't want to talk about the

topic anyway. She took a quick glance at the clock and picked up Simona with her arms, "School ends at 6:30, it's 6:20 now, they'll be back soon."

Dolores put her down, "Come, be good. The kitchen is dangerous." She held out her hands for Simona to see, "Look at mommy's hand, are they dirty?"

Simona blinked hard with her big eyes,

"Dirty."

"Then are you listening mommy's word?"

"Yes."

Simona looked down and sad. Dolores sighed and planted a kiss on her forehead, "Mommy will give you a bath tonight alright?"

Simona's eye shined, "Okay."

Dolores had no time to take care of her children as she needed to work during the day and study at night.

Jessica was the one who bathed them.

Her condition had been controlled through Sampson's treatment. As long as she's not provoked, she'll be normal like

others.

Jessica was able to take care of the children, giving Dolores more time to study. Dolores's profession used to be a fashion designer. It took her a few years to get her diploma, successfully earning a place at LEO to work.

She was really talented in this area, winning many awards for the dresses she designed. She even designed a wedding dress for the daughter of Country A's leader, which stunned the whole country. Now she was the chief designer of LEO, where she also owned some shares.

Jessica finally brought Samuel during dinner.

Samuel was around 5 years old, but he had an excellent memory and extreme calculation ability. He was very sensitive toward numbers. Dolores, of course, had to cultivate his talent.

But Samuel himself didn't fail his talent, and surprisingly passed AC University's exam. AC was a world-renowned top college

in the field of computing.

Electronic chips and processing systems that were developed here had long been popular in the world.

Compared to Simona, she has not much talent herself, just like an average child. She's just cute and cuddly.

Seeing Samuel back home, Simona ran towards him happily, "Brother--"

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**Chapter 57: Men's Liking for Women**

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**Samuel wore a brown-colored heart-shaped neckline sweater, a white shirt inside, a pair of pants, and white-colored shoes. He stood upright, red lips and white teeth, delicate cheeks, high nose bridge, and curly black hair.**

**He patted his sister's head, "Simona, have you been listening to mommy?"**

**Simona nodded vigorously, adoring his brother. They were both a few minutes' difference, but Samuel was way more mature and understanding.**

**Simona still looked like a little girl next door, naive and cute.**

**Dolores had already brought dinner to the table, "Alright, wash your hands and eat."**

Sampson came over, reaching out for Simona but was stopped by Dolores, "Samp you go eat. I'll wash their hands."

"Let me help you." Sampson did not distance himself with Dolores despite having that discussion just now. "Dr. Herbert, let Lola do it. You should sit down." Jessica said politely.

Sampson had no choice but to settle down at the table, whereas Jessica took a bottle of wine and sat down at the table.

She took a glance on the toilet to make sure Dolores wasn't eavesdropping and said to Sampson, "After all these years, thank you."

She poured a glass for Sampson and for herself. Foreign wine wasn't that spicy compared to white wine, so she finished her whole glass of wine in on gulp. "I do hope she can be with you, but you know Lola. She's as stubborn as a mule, plus, she has to take care of her two kids now. You're not young anymore, Sampson. If you met the perfect one, just go."

"Auntie, if you can, please help me persuade her." Sampson was staring at his glass of wine, not touching it yet.

How would Jessica have not persuaded yet?

She was always grateful for Sampson, always helping Dolores at the most difficult time, taking care of her.

It was fair to say, without Sampson, there will be no Dolores.

Jessica was grateful and satisfied with Sampson.

But Dolores refused, what can she do anyway?

Jessica smiled bitterly, "I've already persuaded her, but she won't listen."

She understood her daughter's intention anyway. She had given birth to two kids, after all. Sampson had a good family and a lovely face, but he didn't mind her at all.

But her daughter minded.

She knew how important one's innocence was to a husband.

Sampson took the glass of wine, and finished it in one gulp, then putting down the glass heavily, "I won't give up."

He was going to wait until she accepted him.

"Why are you doing this, she's not worth your time--"

Dolores came out with Simona hugging her hand, while Samuel in another.

Jessica changed the topic, reached out her hand for Simona, "Come let granny hug.

"I want mommy." Simona wrapped around Dolores's neck tightly, she was closer with her mother.

Dolores was always busy; she had not much time to take care of her daughter. How would she let go of this opportunity having dinner while hugging her mother?

Jessica pretended to be unhappy and said, "Look at your brother."

Samuel climbed up the chair himself to eat. Hearing that Jessica talked about him, he looked up to his sister and said, "She's still young."

Jessica thought, 'You're just a few minutes older, though.'

His man-child alike appearance made everyone laughed. Dolores hugged Simona and sat.

After dinner, Sampson had to leave. Jessica took over Simona who was still at Dolores's arm, and said, "Go see Dr. Herbert off, will you."

Dolores graciously stood up and said, "Sampson, I'll walk you out."

Even if she didn't accept his feelings, she was still grateful for Sampson.

Over the years, he really helped a lot.

"Okay." Sampson smiled.

Two of them walked out of the house one after the other; Dolores was behind to close the door.

"Have you ever thought of going back?" Sampson asked tentatively.

Dolores shook her head, "Nope."

What came out of her was genuine;

she felt that her life was miles better.

Sampson lowered his head, "I won't be able to visit for these few days."

He had work to take care of, plus, he had to go back to the country later, having not enough time.

"You do you, we're fine here." She could go to work while Jessica took care of the kids at home.

"Alright." He reached out to Dolores's shoulder and rested his hands there, and licked his lips, "Just now your mom told me something."

Dolores glanced at his hands that were on her shoulder, "What did my mom say?"

"She told me to give you up, probably thinks that I'm too old, fearing that I'll be lonely for the rest of my life," Sampson said gleefully.



Dolores laughed, "Yea, you're old. Get

married soon, will you." Sampson stared at her, "Can't we

really have a chance?"

Dolores's smile froze; she knew Sampson was good.

Not that she had forgotten about it,

but it was her promise for Mrs. Herbert.

"You deserve better..." "But in my eyes, you're the best."

Sampson stopped walking, holding her shoulder tighter together, facing her, "I like you, not just as siblings, but as man and woman."

Dolores didn't know what to reply.

"I..."

"Shush." His body came closer, feeling his warm breath at this distance, she froze entirely.

Dolores was also an adult; she knew what Sampson was doing.

Just when lips were about to meet each other, Dolores turned over his face, planting a kiss on her cheeks. He wasn't mad, though, "Alright, let's try if you're allergic to this first, next time we'll try lips."

Dolores, "..."

"Sampson--" She wanted to explain they really weren't possible.

"We're not related." Sampson interrupted, he wasn't young, and he really didn't want to wait.

Dolores lowered his head, "I have work tomorrow, I'm going back."

"Okay."

She went back to her house and saw Jessica busy cleaning the kitchen. Jessica knew it was Dolores and said, "The kids aren't letting me bathe them, you got time?"

"Yea, I'll do it." She went into the bathroom to prepare hot water for the kids.

Simona pointed at the pink bottle of

body wash, "Mommy, I want to shower."

She stood in the bathtub naked, splashing the water around.

Dolores pointed at her, "Stop moving or you'll get no shampoo."

Simona pouted, looking unhappy.

Samuel was fine; she needed not much attention for him. Compared to Simona, Dolores's clothes were all soaked, no thanks to bathing her.

She held her with a towel to the bed, gave her a pair of pink-colored elephant pajamas, and put them on her.

Simona started jumping on the bed. Samuel couldn't stand it and said lowly, "Quiet, please."

His words were more compelling than his mother's, as Simona crawled towards him, with her soft voice, "Brother."

Dolores could only sigh lightly, looking at them, Simona only listens to her brother.

"Samuel, take care of your sister, I'm gonna go bath."

"Okay, don't worry, mommy." Samuel patted his chest, assuring her, "I'll take care of my sister."

Dolores scratched her hair, took her clothes, and went to bath.

After bathing, she told them bedtime

stories to put them to bed.

During the morning, Dolores was about to go to work after breakfast, Samuel came and said, "Mommy, can I follow you to work?"

"Huh?"

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"Huh?" Dolores looked at him while changing her shoes. "You don't have any class on weekend, aren't you going to rest at home?"

Samuel replied solemnly, "Simona is at home too. I don't think there's time for me to rest."

Dolores knew the fact that Simona was a clingy child.

She helped her son to put on his coat and brought him to her workplace.

Her son was very quiet, so he wouldn't trouble her much.

If it were Simona, she definitely wouldn't agree to bring her here.

That child was exactly what a normal child should behave in this age. Regarding her son, she didn't know whether Samuel's maturity was a good or bad thing.

She lifted her son up and kissed him on the cheek.

Samuel slightly blushed and said in a shy manner, "Mommy."

Dolores smiled. Her son looked so cute when he was shy.

She picked Samuel up and placed him in the car. Then, she fastened his seatbelt.

When she arrived at LEO Corporation, Dolores parked her car. She hugged Samuel out of the car, held his arm and walked inside together.

"Ms. Flores, the guests who made an appointment with you last time has arrived." said her assistant, Theresa. "I've taken them to the reception room."

The guests had already booked an appointment last month to customise a wedding gown.

Dolores designed several versions for her guests to select. She let Samuel to play by himself, "Don't run around."

"I know." It wasn't his first time here, so he was familiar with the surroundings. The staffs here liked him very much too.

"Make two cups of coffee and serve it to the guests." Dolores checked on the designs again. There was no error, so she

took the designs and walked to the

reception room.

She pushed the door open. A couple was sitting on the leather sofa by the window. When she saw their faces, Dolores stiffened for a moment before her voice recovered. She had a pleasant smile on her face, as if she didn't know them at all, "Hello."

She calmly walked in with the designs.

Helen, no, it should be Maria now.

Maria's face suddenly turned pale. How

could it be her?

She instinctively looked at the man sitting next to her.

Matthew gave a persistent stare at the

woman who walked into the room.

After six years, she had already put everything down.

She just wanted to live a quiet life now. These people, had nothing to do with her.

Dolores walked towards the sofa and sat in front of them, as though she didn't know them. She wore a black suit and elegantly crossed her legs. She put the designs on the table, and pushed it to Maria, "These are the scheme designs, have a look at it."

Maria could obviously feel the chills of the man beside him.

If she knew that Dolores was the famous designer, she would definitely not choose LEO Corporation.

She insisted to choose LEO Corporation back then, so she couldn't go back on her words now.

She could only force herself to pick up the designs and flipped it open. Her hand trembled slightly. Every design had its own unique characteristics, especially this gown named Initial. It was a pink coloured, strapless and wasp-waisted gown. The design was simple, but elegant.

She didn't want to recognise Dolores's design, but she really liked this gown.

Theresa came in with two cups of coffee. She bent down, and put the coffee in front of them. Dolores looked at her, "Theresa, could you bring the finished product of Initial here?"

"Okay." Theresa took the serving tray and left the reception room. Soon, she came in with a model. The model was wearing the wedding gown called Initial.

This gown was even more breath-taking than it was in picture. The specially handled silk fabric of the gown gleamed, especially when light reflected on it. The strapless collar embodied the ideals of sexiness and elegance in women. This gown was wasp-waisted, accentuating the slimness of her waist. She looked modest and conservative in this gown.

There wouldn't be a more suitable gown for her engagement than this one.

Maria stretched out her hand to feel the material of the gown. It was soft and smooth, and she felt comfortable just by touching the material.

"This gown is Flores award-winning work. There were a lot of people who wanted to buy this gown, but Ms. Flores was reluctant to sell it. You have such a good taste to have chosen this gown, since Ms. Flores happen to have decided to sell it." Theresa said proudly.



Matthew's eyes were on Dolores's face, while her gaze was on the gown. She looked at him once when she came in the reception room. Until now, she hadn't taken a glance at him anymore.

She treated him like a stranger, as if she didn't know him?

He was tight-lipped.

Maria raised her head. She was no longer the helpless orphan. Right now, she was the young lady of the Herbert family, so what if Dolores became a famous designer?

Dolores still had to design her wedding gown and watched her getting engaged to Matthew.

Maria felt much better as this thought, so she arrogantly said, "Why is it called Initial?"

Dolores looked down. When she designed this gown, she thought of her initial dream to become an outstanding designer, but she couldn't complete her studies due to some unforeseen events that had happened. Later, she had a chance to complete her studies. After she joined LEO Corporation, she designed this gown.

This was her debut work, inspired by her initial dream. Hence, this gown was named Initial.

When it came to her work, she could always talk confidently with a gentle smile on her face, "In my opinion, everything that happened initially was beautiful. It seemed to me that when everyone was still young, they always had something that they wanted to do. I called it the initial dream. When you first fall for someone, the initial feelings that you have are definitely the sincerest. Am I right, Ms. Herbert?"

She took a quick glance at Matthew, and fixed her gaze on Maria, "It's just like Ms. Herbert and Mr. Nelson's love. No matter what storm you may face, you are destined to get back together, back to initial point where the both of you fall for each other..." "That's enough!"

Matthew interrupted their conversation abruptly. He stood up suddenly, stepped in front of Dolores and grabbed her wrist.

Dolores frowned, "What are you doing?"

Matthew didn't utter a word, but he directly pulled Dolores out.

"Matthew..."

Matthew turned around, showing his gloomy eyes which seemed like a warning. Maria dared not speak anymore. She was afraid, and she could only remain silent.

Dolores tried to break free from his hold, but Matthew's hand was too strong. She couldn't escape at all, so she sternly said, "You're hurting me!"

Matthew couldn't care less about her struggle and dragged her to the stairwell. He pressed her to the wall. His anger spiked as he deadly stared at the woman in front of him, "Why are you hiding me?"

Dolores frowned. Why did she hide? She had never hidden him on purpose,

although she didn't want to see this man.

It was just that her circumstances at that time, Sampson told her that the medical conditions here were suitable for her to have a labour surgery.

She was injured so badly that she had no choice but to follow Sampson's arrangement.

"What do you mean, Mr. Nelson? We had already divorced. Whatever I do now, has nothing to do with you." Dolores tried to calm herself down.

Actually, her heart wasn't as calm as it seemed.

She didn't want to admit that this man who appeared in her life for a short moment, made her calm heart flutter.

Her heart had not felt this way for so many years.

Hence, she didn't want to get involved with her past anymore.

Haha!

Matthew sneered, "Divorced?" He let go of Dolores and took a step

back. He stood two steps away from Dolores and looked over at her. In six years, she had changed. She became much prettier. Her black ponytail was neat and clean. She looked extremely professional with her attire and words. He laughed, "Are you certain that we have divorced?"

Dolores's heart jolted after hearing his words. That day when she was rushing back to apply for the divorce certificate, she had a car accident. After that, she was immediately taken here by Sampson.

Their divorce certificate hadn't been applied at all...

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**[Chapter 59 Sue Me for Sexual Harassing You?](#)**

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**Although the divorce certificate was not applied, but it had been six years. A normal married couple could automatically break off their marriage if they lived apart for six years, right?**

**Dolores pretended to be calm, "A married couple who lived apart for two years can voluntarily break off their marriage..."**

**"Which teacher taught you law?" Matthew taunted her.**

**Six years ago, this woman disappeared without a trace.**

**In life, he had already gotten used to her existence at home. But ever since she left, his villa became so quiet. The villa lacked human warmth and it didn't feel like home anymore. His heart, was empty too.**

**Elaine thought he was ridiculous.**

**"You're getting engaged soon, and we still have marital relations? What's in it for you? Don't you know bigamy is a big crime?"**

Matthew wasn't angry at all as he

quietly stared at her. She was as sharp-tongued as ever.

Dolores felt nervous as he kept staring at her. She trembled anxiously, "I still have work to do."

She wanted to escape after saying that.

Matthew grabbed her arm and pulled her vigorously, causing her to fall backwards. He wrapped his arms around her waist and embraced her tightly. They were so close together that she could feel his warmth and heartbeat..

Dolores stared at him. She stiffened her body as she didn't dare to move and said, "Let me go, if not I'll sue you!"

Matthew rubbed her wrist with his finger pulp, and led her hand towards his shirt. His eyes were charming as he said in a hoarse voice, "Sue me of what?"

Not waiting for Dolores's reply, he continued, "Sue me for sexually harassing you?"

Before Dolores could react, he leaned over while holding the back of her head and kissed her.

**It was a familiar breath, as always.**

**A breath that he was fascinated with.**

**Dolores took a breath and she instantly blushed all over. She felt her heart beating like a storm in her chest. She forced herself to calm down. In desperation, she opened her mouth and bit his lips.**

**Matthew was in pain, and he slightly loosened his lips. With that, Dolores quickly pushed him away.**

**Then, she turned around and ran away.**

**Matthew watched Dolores's back who fled in a hurry. He raised his hand to rub the corner of his mouth and there was blood on the back of his hand.**

**This woman bit him. She wasn't like this before. He swallowed the blood at the corner**

**of his lips where Dolores bit. "Matthew." Maria stood at the door of**

**the stairwell, trembling with anger.**

**Judging from her appearance, she ought to have seen what happened just now.**

**Matthew raised his gaze. He didn't care about her feelings at all and said, "Our engagement is cancelled, I won't marry you."**

**Maria got panicked. She jumped on Matthew and grabbed his arm, "Matthew, our families had already agreed on it. Besides, this was what your father wanted..."**

**Matthew pushed her away**

**aggressively. He might have used too much strength that Maria stepped back several paces. If there wasn't a wall behind, she would surely fall on the ground.**

**"Regarding my father, I'll explain it to him." Matthew didn't have the thought to hold her up. He took a step and walked away. Maria quickly hugged his leg and cried, "Matthew, it has been so many years. Why can't you forgive me?"**

**Matthew's eyes were fierce and firm, "You should have thought of the circumstances when you lied to me."**

**Six years ago, she told Matthew that she had a miscarriage and he thought it was true. He wanted to take the responsibility even though he didn't love her.**

**But she lied to him.**

**She wasn't pregnant at all.**

**This was why he didn't marry her six years ago.**

**This time, it was just a marriage to make connections between two families.**

**It was the order of his old man.**

**He was willing to accept this order**

**without Dolores, but he couldn't now!**

**"I was wrong, Matthew. Could you please forgive me this time? Maria didn't care about her image and dignity. She only wanted this man that she loved so much to come back to her. "I can give you anything you want, except marriage." He turned around and pulled her hands away. "You're the young lady of the Herbert family. There are so many men in this world, why must you shame yourself?"**

**"Matthew...please..."**

**No matter how Maria begged, Matthew couldn't care less and he walked away at once.**

**He walked out of LEO Corporation and immediately called Abbott while opening his car door. Matthew asked him to find out where Dolores was staying at.**

**Abbott couldn't react for a moment. Why did this name appear again after vanishing for so long?**

**"Mr. Nelson, aren't you getting engaged soon? Why did you think of investigating her place of residence now? She had disappeared for so long. There wasn't any news of her at all, where am I supposed to find her place of residence?"**



"Abbott." Matthew voice was calm, but

Abbott knew something wasn't right here. "The capital of A Country." He hung up the call after saying that. He had thought before that Dolores would at A Country. He particularly checked at where she used to live, but there was no trace of her at all.

Even the traces of her leaving the country had been deliberately erased by someone.

She said she didn't hide?

Then, who would have done that? Why

did they do that?

His mind was totally occupied with Dolores that he didn't realise someone was in the car with him.

Samuel saw Dolores being bullied by this man and he felt extremely angry. However, he knew he couldn't beat him because this man was obviously too strong for him.

He wasn't strong, but he was smart.

Hence, he took the advantage to get into the car when Matthew was making a phone call.

He pressed the window down and shouted, "Help! Save me! I've been kidnapped!"

Matthew's car was driving downtown. Samuel's shouting attracted the passers-by's notice as they looked at his car.

Samuel's eyes were red, "This bad man is a human trafficker, he's trying to sell me. Everyone please save me! Call the police for me."

Matthew's face became gloomy in an instant. Since when did this kid get into his car?

And who did he say was a human trafficker?

Who was going to sell him?

"How can someone have the heart to

sell such a beautiful child?"

Tears welled up in Samuel's eyes. His grievance and fearful face caught everyone's attention. Some of them bravely stood in front and blocked his car, preventing Matthew from driving past.

He had no choice but to stop his car. Samuel was rescued. He cried and said, "Thank you for saving me, or else I'll be sold. My organs might even be traded."

The more Samuel said, the more frightened and sadder he became.

"Only the lowest of the low would do this to a child!" Human traffickers, no matter which country they were at, would definitely be the target of criticism.

"He looks decent, but he's actually a human trafficker."

"What a waste of his charming face!"

Matthew was badly criticized and no one listened to his defence.

They were all certain that he was the bad guy.

After all, it was a delightful child who

accused him. No one would doubt a child's words.

The police took Matthew away. Samuel was also brought to the police station to assist the investigation.

Dolores locked herself in her office. Matthew's sudden appearance made her

calm heart flutter again.

She placed her hand under her chin, wondering if she should find a new place to stay.

She didn't want to be disturbed.

Buzz...

**Her cell phone that was on the table vibrated suddenly.**

**She stared at her phone for two seconds. The call did not stop, so she reached her hand to answer the call.**

**"Are you Ms. Dolores Flores?"**

**"Yes, I am."**

**"Your son was abducted by a human trafficker, and a kind man rescued him. He's at the police station now, please come over here to pick him up."**

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**Chapter 60 Pay the Debt on Behalf of Your Son**

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**What? Samuel was abducted?**

**Dolores stood up immediately. Her action was too fast that her leg scratched on the drawer, but she didn't feel any pain.**

**She was just worried about her son's safety.**

Anxiety and fear filled her chest. That child might look more mature than other children of the same age, but he was still a child after all.

She ran out of LEO Corporation, galloping all the way to get into the car.

Whenever she encountered a red light on the way, she held the steering wheel tightly as she couldn't wait a second more.

Twenty minutes had passed when she arrived at the police station.

The police officer led Dolores to the interrogation room.

Matthew and Samuel sat opposite each other. Samuel wasn't afraid at all when Matthew fiercely looked at him.

"Little kid, tell me, why do I have to kidnap you?" Matthew stared at this small but calm little boy.

Although he was framed, Matthew must admit that he was a smart child.

He was curious about what his parents were like and how could they give birth to such an outstanding child?

Without saying a word, Samuel put his hands around his chest and insisted that Matthew was kidnapping him.

When Dolores came in and saw her son, she rushed over and hugged him tightly. She looked him over and asked anxiously, "Did you get hurt?"

Samuel shook his head and said "Mommy, I'm fine. Don't worry..."

"You're fine? You were abducted by someone and you're still saying that you're fine? Aren't you usually very smart? Didn't mommy tell you that you can't talk to strangers nor eat things given by them? How could you still get kidnapped?" Fear

was the heart of love.

This sentence could be used on her right now, because she seldom spoke this harshly to her son.

She was really

Samuel's eyes were slightly red and he reached for Dolores's anxious face, "Sorry, mommy. I didn't mean to let you worry about me."

Dolores's heart softened. She held her son tightly, burying his face deep in her arms, "Mummy didn't mean to scold you, I was just worried about you."

Samuel sniffed his nose, "I know." While saying this, he fixed his eyes on the man who was looking at him at that moment. If it happened again, he would still do this.

Dolores had already calmed down at that moment and thought, who was the bastard that had the guts to kidnap her son?

She put her son down and stood up, "Officer..." Before she could ask anything, she saw a man sitting in front of the table handcuffed. She breathed slightly. How could he be here?

"You..."

Dolores felt very confused. What exactly had happened here?

Matthew's eyes were inspecting Dolores and the little boy. This little boy looked really similar to Dolores.

This was her son?

He should be this big now.

"He's the one who abducted your child." The police officer in charge of this case told Dolores.

**What?**

**Matthew abducted her son?**

**Dolores seemed to realise something. She turned her face around and glanced at her son.**

**Samuel immediately lowered his head and looked at his toes.**

**At this moment, Bryan Eastwood, the person in charge of the branch office in another city of A Country arrived with a lawyer, "Mr. Nelson, our lawyer has negotiated with the police. It should be solved soon."**

**When Bryan received the call, he almost dropped his jaw. Child abduction?**

**Did Matthew have a special hobby?**

**However, he had been working at the headquarters for so many years before. As far as he knew, Matthew wasn't a paedophile.**

**"What happened, Mr. Nelson? Whose child did you abduct?" Bryan really wanted to know which child was so cute to the point where Matthew wanted to abduct him.**

**A child was born innocent. No one would believe that it was the child who framed him.**



**They were only looking for problem on the adult.**

**Children were naive.**

**How could they have so many wicked ideas? On the contrary, Samuel was way more mature than the children of his age. He was very intelligent.**

**Matthew raised his chin and let him take a look at Samuel.**

**Bryan's eyes followed Matthew's hint and looked over. When he saw a little boy standing in front of the table with only half his head exposed, he looked solemn.**

**This child looked really charming. He had a white delicate face and black shiny eyes. When he stood straight, he somewhat resembled Matthew.**

**Bryan was startled when he thought about it. He turned his head and looked at Matthew. Just now, he actually thought this child looked like Matthew.**

**He thought of it carefully. How was it possible?**

**There was only two women who appeared by Matthew's side. One of them was his wife whom he had not seen before. He heard that they had divorced in less than a month of marriage. The other was Matthew's previous**

**secretary, Helen, who was now the young lady of Herbert family. Ever since she self-directed a car accident and lied that she had a miscarriage, Matthew had long despised her when he knew the truth.**

No matter how, Matthew wouldn't have children.

"Aren't you going to say anything?" Matthew looked at Dolores. He was obviously smiling, but there wasn't any smile at that moment.

Samuel was afraid that Matthew might bully Dolores. He held her hand and stepped forward to protect her.

He looked like a real man.

Dolores was touched, but she sighed

helplessly. She patted her son's shoulder, "Good boy, wait here for mommy." Dolores just wanted to go out, and the lawyer had solved the case. The police

officer said that Matthew could leave now.

Dolores didn't want to pursue this matter too. After all, it wasn't a real abduction.

Matthew rubbed his wrist. For the first time in his life, he was handcuffed, and framed by a child.

Dolores held Samuel's hand and walked out of the police station. She couldn't help but squat down and asked, "Why did you do this? Can a good child lie?"

Samuel remained silent. He took after Dolores's stubborn attitude.

"Say something!" Dolores frowned. When did this child learn how to lie?

It was such a big lie that they even ended up in the police station.

Dolores was so pissed that she gasped for breath, but she was reluctant to hit him, "Are you trying to piss me off?"

Samuel held his hands tightly and shouted suddenly, "He's a dirty bastard. Why can't I call the police to arrest him?"

Dolores stunned for a moment. What was he talking about?

Samuel wiped Dolores's mouth with his little hand, "I don't want him to kiss you. He's a bad guy, a robber, a bastard! He bullied mommy, so I'm going to deal with him!"

Matthew walked out the police station and heard a series of criticism from Samuel.

It was the first time he heard someone scolding him so smoothly.

"You guys go wait for me in the car." Matthew walked down the stairs and said, "Little kid."

Dolores held her son in her arms and watched Matthew warily, "He's still a child, and you're fine now. Please don't make a fuss about it."

Matthew smiled faintly, "The unpleasant surprises in my life are all caused by this little kid. You want me to not make a fuss about it?"

Dolores instinctively took a step back. Regarding this man, she just wanted to stay away from him, "What do you want?"

**Samuel's little face was annoyed as he glared at Matthew.**

**He wanted to stare a hole out of his face.**

**Matthew wasn't angry at all and walked two steps towards them. He stretched out his hand to pinch Samuel's face and teased him.**

**Samuel twisted his face away and Matthew couldn't touch his cheeks. He stopped his hand in mid-air for a moment before he withdrew his hand. When he withdrew his hand, his fingers slipped past Dolores's cheek and teased her, "The mother should pay the debt on behalf of her son.**

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**This bastard!**

**Samuel glared at Matthew and his eyes almost popped out.**

**Matthew chuckled, feeling inexplicably pleasant when seeing this little boy being angered.**

**With a panic look, Dolores dodged his hand, lifted Samuel into the car, and then left the scene.**

**Samuel looked out of the window and made a face at the annoying Matthew.**

**Matthew knitted his brows and cursed 'nasty child' secretly.**

**Bryan walked over and watched the leaving car as Matthew did, asking, "Shall we come back?"**

**Matthew took off his suit jacket, tossed it towards Bryan and then headed towards his car.**

**Taking the suit jacket, Bryan twitched his mouth. Not daring to make a complaint, he followed Matthew in strides. Sitting in the car, Matthew caressed his brows and couldn't help but chuckle when thinking of the moment when Dolores appeared.**

**Bryan, who was driving the car, studied him from the rearview mirror, feeling extremely curious about their relationship.**

**Who was that woman?**

She did manage to let Matthew laugh like a nympho.

Oh gosh, it's rare, really rare.

"Mr. Nelson, is that kind of woman your cup of tea?" Bryan was really curious. It was true that that woman was good-looking, but she had two children who were already five or six years old. Why did his boss molest her?

Was that because he preferred young married woman?

Young married woman did have unique charm, but how could his boss take fancy to the one who had given birth to two children?

What if that woman had a husband? Then would he be a home-wrecker and

secretly date that woman?

The more Bryan thought about his, the harder for him to suppress his impulse to

laugh out.

He felt excited by merely imagining about that scene.

Matthew slowly opened his eyes and asked in an emotionless tone, "Which kind?"

"Do you prefer women who have given birth..."

Bryan suddenly felt something had gone wrong. He paused right away and smiled obsequiously and apologetically, "Women who have given birth to a child have their special charms. Judging from her good-looking child, I can tell that she hasn't had any cosmetic surgery."

When hearing the words 'given birth to a child', Matthew felt inexplicably fretful. He pulled his collar, "Will you die if you shut up?"

Bryan soon stopped talking and studied the man who had uncertain moods from the rearview mirror from time to time.

He had been in a good mood, but suddenly turned gloomy. Oh god, could they have a pleasant conversation?

Bryan then arranged a hotel for Matthew.

Matthew stayed at there for the whole night, but he lay tossing and turning and kept thinking about that woman.

He couldn't fall asleep.

She had really changed. In the past, people would feel that she was a pure and meek woman, but now, she became confident and the speech and deportment she had when she was talking eloquently about her profession made her look particularly charming.

Nevertheless... Did she have the other man by her side when she was staying here over the past years?

When thinking of this, he took out his phone and made a phone call to Abbott, asking him to investigate Dolores' living conditions over the past years as well as the people staying by her side.

'Boss' phone calls recently have been all about Dolores. Could it be that he has fallen into her? When has he been caring so much for a woman? He even never cared so much about Helen whose identity is now Maria Herbert. He has gotten more and more indifferent during the past years, but now he suddenly becomes passionate; and all these are caused by a woman who has disappeared for a long time. It's inconvincible to say that he doesn't have feeling for her.' Abbott thought to himself.

Nevertheless, Abbott still couldn't figure out why Matthew would take fancy to Dolores since although they had gotten married back then, they didn't get along with each other for a long time.

He didn't understand this, yet no one could answer his question.

Just as Matthew had hung up the phone, there came the phone call from Jayden.

Matthew could guess his intentions without even answering the phone call. With some lights flashing across his eyes, he slowly closed his eyes in an attempt to conceal his emotions. The gentleness in his eyes when he was thinking about Dolores disappeared and was replaced by coldness. He then pressed the answer button.

"What's going on with you and Maria? I heard from her that you wanted to cancel your engagement..."



"Let's talk about this when I come back." Matthew looked out of the window gloomily. This was the reason why he didn't choose to stay here and asked Abbott to investigate into Dolores instead.

It was because the engagement was not only about his marriage, but also about the business connections between the Nelson family and the Herbert family.

The news about their engagement had gone virus. Now that he wanted to cancel the engagement, he had to explain to both his families and the Herberts.

Therefore, he went back to the country on the next day. Since Abbott had gone to Country A to investigate into Dolores past, it was a driver who came to pick Matthew up. Matthew didn't look tired from the several-hour long journey and asked the driver to head to the Nelson Mansion directly.

The sceneries flashed past the car windows quickly and the car soon stopped in front of a magnificent yet low-key mansion which had high and magnificent doors as well as a courtyard. The round arched windows and the marbles at the corners made it look sumptuous.

After parking the car, the driver walked to the door to backseats and pulled open the door. Then Matthew stooped and got off the car composedly. He stood in front of the first gate and looked up expressionlessly before striding steadily towards the house.

Walking past the broad road that was paved with marbles, he walked into the house.

"Young master." Thomas, the butler of the family, took a step forward and greeted Matthew, and then continued, "Master is waiting for you inside."

Matthew nodded slightly to show that he had got it.

The living room was spacious, majestic and stylish with a vintage decoration which had a heavy color tone, making the whole living room look more solemn. There was a man leaning against the cushion on the black wood sofa that was Jayden Nelson, Matthew's father.

As for the woman sitting beside Jayden, Matthew felt bothered to even glance at her.

He took off his suit jacket, handed it to the servant and then headed towards the sofa and sat beside Jayden.

"What's going on with you?" asked Jayden, who was sitting on the sofa straightly. He looked composed and reserved, and his voice was sonorous and oppressing yet helpless and anxious.

"I will handle it." Matthew replied briefly without any emotions.

Jayden was quite clear about why Matthew was so indifferent. It was all because of the things happened to his mother back then...

He seldom went back in usual times and had been acting willfully...

Nevertheless, this society marriage was related to the future development of the Nelson family.

The Nelson family was like 'a parvenu' in the City B. Although the scale of its company was quite big, it somehow lacked some foundations.

But the Herbert family which had been lasting for a century was quite different. Although it didn't have outstanding performance in the business field at present, it still had its reputation.

It would be a win-win situation if the two families could be connected by marriage.

"I can let you act willfully when it regards to other matters. But you can by no means cancel this engagement." Jayden's attitude became tough. Matthew replied in a lukewarm and

casual tone, "Only I myself can decide on

my marriage."

"You..." Jayden was rendered speechless due to anger and his chest was heaving up and down.

Victoria Forbis, who was sitting beside him, hastily smoothed his back, "Speak slowly and don't be angered."

"How can I not be angered?" Jayden said with a long face.

"Matthew, just follow your father's will this time..." Victoria tried to persuade him.

Matthew's voice became even colder as he sneered, "Who do you think you are to persuade me?"

Victoria's expressions turned hideous.

"She's your senior after all. How can you talk to her in this manner?" Jayden slapped on the armrest and stood to his feet.

Victoria also stood up to support him, "Don't be angry. I can understand Matthew's feelings." Jayden heaved a sigh and reached out

to hold up Victoria's hands, "It must be hard

for you over the past years." Matthew stood up, not wanting to see his father displaying his affections towards

this woman.

He took the suit jacket from the servant and turned his back on Jayden, "I will explain to the Herbert family..

He then strode out of the house after finishing the words.

Jayden pointed at his back, "How... How could he still be so willful? Is he still a child? Doesn't he know what is more important?"

Victoria also briefly let out a sigh,

"Maybe he doesn't like the lady of the Herbert family."

"No." But Jayden didn't think so. He added, "He agreed with it before."

Victoria agreed after a second thought. Matthew agreed with the engagement back then, but suddenly changed his mind when the engagement ceremony was approaching.

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**Have Feelings for a Person**

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**Chapter 62: He Could Still Have Feelings for a Person**

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**Jayden sat down onto the sofa again and asked Thomas to come over, "Go investigate whether if something special had happened to Matthew when he went abroad this time."**

**He couldn't help but think wildly about the reasons behind this since he cancelled the engagement out of no reasons.**

**Victoria reached out to hold up Jayden's hand and said with a worried look, "If he knows that you are investigating into him, he will definitely be annoyed. His relationship with us has already been tensed, why not have a further talk with him later?"**

**Thomas also chimed in, "Yeah. You're also clear about young master's temper."**

**Jayden's pulled a longer face and said coldly, "With his bad temper, can I reach an agreement with him regarding this matter?"**

**He got less gloomy after saying the words and added in a firm attitude, "I can let him act willfully**

when it comes to other matters. But he can't act like that this time."

This matter was crucial to the future of the Nelson family after all.

Victoria still tried to persuade him, yet was interrupted by Jayden before she could say anything, "No need to persuade me. I've made up my mind regarding this matter."

He then raised his head to look at Thomas, "Go."

"Er..." Thomas looked at Victoria with a hesitant look.

Victoria heaved a sigh, "Let it be. The father and the son all have bad tempers. Who can persuade them?"

Thomas could only follow Jayden's order.

Just as Matthew had walked out of the mansion, he was stopped by Maria.

"Matthew..."

Matthew ignored and walked past her and headed towards the car. Maria chased after him and grabbed his arm, "I have been following you for many years. But are you going to abandon me just because a single mistake I made?"

Matthew suddenly paused. His movement was so sudden that Maria bumped against him before

having time to react.

She lifted her head and gazed at his handsome face that she had been infatuated with for a long time.

Matthew looked down at the woman who had been staying by his side for a long time. He had once thought that although this woman was scheming and wasn't as pure as she looked like on the surface, she had given her virginity to him after all and therefore he had to be responsible for her both emotionally and logically.

Although he didn't have affections to her, he should be responsible for her.

Nevertheless, the moment when he saw Dolores again, he felt that his heart, which had been beating steadily, thumped wildly because of her. It turned out that he could still have feelings for a person.

He didn't know what the reasons behind this were.

He just knew that if he married Maria, he would definitely regret it in the future.

Matthew reached out to caress her cheek and said in a gentle voice, "Did you really only make mistake once?"

He had turned a blind eye to her sins for many times and was unwilling to investigate into them.

But it didn't mean that he knew nothing about them.

Maria was a bit stunned, pondering, 'What... what did he know?'

Thinking carefully about it, it was impossible for him to find it out since it had been so many years. Moreover, with the support of her elder brother, he definitely would not be able to find out anything.

If he threw a temper tantrum at her or reprimanded her, maybe she would have room to maneuver this matter.

Nevertheless, he looked extremely dispassionate.

The more dispassionate he looked, the more determined he was.

Maria was very flustered and grabbed Matthew's arm tightly, "Matthew, I love you. Don't you know about my feelings for you after getting along with me for so many years?"

"But I don't like you." After finishing the words, Matthew laughed scornfully.

It was indeed a self-mockery.

Maria shook her head crazily and growled out of control, "No, no, you love me. You are so good to me..."



"That's not love." It was just because he had to be responsible for having taking her virginity that night.

He had forced himself to love her. Nevertheless, over the past years, he still failed to take fancy to her.

"I will compensate you, but not with my marriage." He prised her hand from his arm, apparently not willing to continue this topic any longer. But Maria refused to let go of him, "I don't want your compensation. I just want you."

Although she refused to admit this, it was evident that Matthew had really taken fancy to Dolores.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have changed dramatically like he had changed into the other man after seeing Dolores.

His attitude was so resolute.

She roared in heart, 'Why didn't that

woman die in the car accident?'

"What's so great about that person? She already had a man when she married you back then..."

"Enough?" Matthew interrupted her, "You should go back and calm down yourself first. We can talk about this matter later." He didn't want to talk with her at the moment.

**"Matthew... Matthew..." Maria cried heart-wrenchingly but Matthew just ignored her.**

**The driver had opened the car door and was waiting for Matthew. He stooped**

**and got into the car.**

**When the driver asked him where to go, Matthew rubbed the place between his eyebrows and replied blandly, "Go to the company."**

**In Country A...**

**Dolores had been highly strung up after seeing Matthew and accidentally broke her bowl when having the meal.**

**Jessica gazed at her daughter and asked with concerned, "Is there any problem in your work? You have been absent-minded after coming back. You haven't stopped working all these year. Why not having a rest?"**

**Samuel studied Dolores secretly, pondering his mother's abnormal behaviors must be because that bastard.**

**When imagining about that bastard bullying his mother, Samuel felt so angry that he gritted his teeth and tightly grasped the chopsticks, wishing so much that he could beat up that bastard. Dolores pulled herself together and in order to prevent Jessica from worrying about her, she told a lie, "I'm fine. May... Maybe it's because I didn't have a good sleep last night. It's okay."**

**Samuel put a piece of meat into Dolores's bowl, "Mummy, have more meat."**

**Seeing that her son was so thoughtful, Dolores smiled consolingly and reached out to stroke his hair, "You should eat more since you're in the time of physical growth."**

She then ladled a bowl of spareribs soup for her son.

Simona pouted, feeling unhappy when seeing this and gazed at Dolores, "Mummy, you're biased. You love brother and don't love me."

Jessica chuckled, "See, this child starts to pout at a young age."

Samuel handed the bowl of soup to Simona, "You take it. Is this okay?"

Simona was easy to be coaxed as she was not an unforgiving person. Seeing that her elder brother had handed her the bowl of soup, she cracked a smile.

After the meal, Dolores went to wash the dishes while Jessica went to bath Simona.

Samuel took out his tablet PC.

Recalling that when they were taking dictations in the police office, that man had told the officers that his name was Matthew Nelson, he input his name in the search column of Baidu (Google's counterpart in China).

Then he saw various webpages about Matthew.

He was born in City B in China and was now the president of WY Group. His height was 185 cm and his weight was 65 kg. He was now 32 years old.

He had taken over WY Group and became the president of the company at the age of 22.

He had been on top of the rich list of the nation for many times and was the youngest rich in the country.

But his marital status remained unknown.

He only once admitted a girlfriend Maria Herbert.

Samuel curled his lips as he hadn't expected that that bastard was so rich.

He was rich, but could he behave willfully?

He was rich, but could he bully his mother?

He clenched his fists tightly and swore that he would teach that annoying man a lesson one day.

He then put down his tablet PC and reached out for the phone. When he was about to call his teacher, Dolores walked out of the kitchen. Seeing that Samuel was about to make a phone call, she asked, "It's so late now. But you don't take a bath. Who are you going to connect?"

Samuel was not a good liar as every time when he was lying, he would blush.

He didn't know how to answer the question at the moment. Dolores felt it weird and walked over to study him. She then accidentally found that there was Matthew's information in the tablet PC on the sofa and furrowed her brows.

It was too late for Samuel to hide the tablet PC and he could only watch Dolores picking up it.

Dolores gazed at her son, asking, "Why did you do this?"

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**Samuel lowered his head and said**

**nothing. Dolores frowned, "Say something."**

**Samuel rubbed his hand on another, "He did something bad to mummy, so I need to kick his ass for mummy."**

**Dolores frowned harder. Samuel had been stressing the fact that Matthew was hurting her before too.**

**He...**

**Suddenly Dolores opened her eyes wide. Did Samuel see that Matthew forced himself on her and kissed her?**

**"Samuel..."**

**Dolores didn't know how to explain to Samuel.**

Samuel firmly patted his own chest and said, "Mummy, though I and Simona don't have a father, I am a man now. I will protect you."

Hearing Samuel say that they didn't have a father, Dolores felt like her heart was suddenly stung by something. It was a fact that she had been purposely ignoring.

She didn't want to mention this.

She thought that as long as she loved them very much, they would forget that they didn't have a father.

However, when the matter was suddenly mentioned by her son, she could only feel her chest hurting silently.

She hugged her son and lowered her head to kiss on his hair. Though he was indeed smart, he was only five years old, which made him still a kid.

But he said he would protect her.

Her hand rubbed on Samuel's back, "It

is mummy who should protect you..."

Samuel disagreed and shook his head, "It should be men who protect women. I am a man, so I will

protect you."

Dolores didn't know what to say. She looked at her son and thought how old he was and why he was chauvinistic in personality already?

"Who taught you?" Dolores frowned and asked.

Samuel blinked his big eyes and thought for two seconds, "My teacher."

Dolores carried her son to take him to a bath while thinking on the inside whether she should go talk to his teacher.

Was it appropriate to tell such a young child such things?

"Mummy, actually my teacher is handsome and he is good to me..."

"Stop!" Dolores interrupted her son. He was such a little child, how could he have such complicated thoughts?

Samuel muttered, "Even though you don't think for yourself, I have to."

Dolores dropped him into the water,

"From now on, you will leave adult's

business alone." "Why?" Samuel asked.

"There is no why. This is my decision. Didn't your teacher tell you to listen to and do what your mother says?"

Samuel lowered his head and nodded. His teacher did say that children should listen to grown-ups.

His teacher also said that mummy was very tired trying to raise him and his sister up.

So he shouldn't make his mummy angry.

But if he had a father, mummy wouldn't be so tired.

However, mummy never mentioned this. And he dared not to ask.

Grandma didn't allow him to ask either.

Samuel thought his father must be an irresponsible man who had abandoned mummy.

Samuel reached his hands to hug Dolores, "Mummy, I love you."



Dolores felt like a stream of warmth was traveling through her heart. It was like a spring which wrapped her around slowly. Everything was worth it. Seeing her

two kids being so adorable and sensible,

she felt content.

She kissed Samuel on his cheek, "Mummy loves you too."

Though two kids were all under Jessica's care during the day, at night it was all Dolores who took care of them.

She tugged them to sleep since they were babies.

She was busy during the day and didn't have much time to accompany the kids. So at night she was closest to the kids.

She told them stories.

The kids nuzzled up against her chest,

which made her feel on top of the world.

They were families bonded by blood.

When Dolores left for work, Samuel wanted to follow her. He said he wanted to protect her. He looked quite determined and didn't accept "NO" as an answer.

Even though Dolores wanted to reject him, she couldn't. "What kind of danger will I face when I am working?" Dolores was neither able to cry nor laugh.

As an adult, she needed to be protected by a kid now?

"I don't care." Samuel said firmly. He almost blurted out what if the bastard Matthew came to hurt you again?

Though he was a little kid, he thought a lot.

Dolores couldn't persuade him. She agreed to take him to work. Jessica took care of Monica at home.

After they got out, Samuel got in the car by himself. Dolores fastened his safety belt and closed the car door. When she was about to sit on the driver's seat, she noticed someone in a car nearby was peeking at her.

Her body tensed up. Then she thought she didn't offend anyone in this area. Maybe it was her illusion?

Who would peek at people under broad daylight? So she didn't think too much and got in the car.

As usual, she had breakfast at home and drove directly to LEO.

However, through the rearview mirror, Dolores accidentally found the car which she noticed before was following her.

Her hands grabbed the steering wheel tightly. If it was her illusion before, what about now?

She felt like her heart was grabbed by

something.

She had to figure it out.

There were not many cars on road in morning, so Dolores couldn't get rid of the stalking car.

She thought a lot. In order to prevent her son from any danger, she slowed her car. When she arrived at the shop, it was thirty minutes later. Almost everyone was here now.

She got out the car and asked Samuel to get out too. Then they entered the shop.

It was crowded in the shop, so if the man following her was planning something evil, he dared not to just step in.

After she made some arrangements and ensured Samuel would be safe, Dolores walked to the car.

She wanted to find out who was stalking her and what he was up to.

There was black film on the car windows, so Dolores couldn't see who was inside. She raised her hand and knocked on the window.

Nobody responded and the window didn't descend either.

Dolores stood in front of the car, "You followed me all the way here and got caught up now. And yet you are still hiding. What's the point?"

Inside the car, Abbott scratched his hair. He came to investigate into Dolores but he was in a rush and hadn't gotten much sleep these two days. He slept in the car last night. So he wasn't mentally fine. And that was why he got caught up by Dolores.

Abbott covered his face with his hands and rubbed them on it, which made him feel fresher.

He lowered the window and smiled,

greeting, "Long time no see." Dolores stared at him for two seconds,

"What are you doing here?"

She was surprised.

Abbott suffered from an anonymous guilty conscience and kept avoiding Dolores' eyes, "Em...I have some business to take care of here."

**Dolores smiled coldly. Matthew came here yesterday, and Abbott just happened to have some business to take care of here today?**

**Wasn't it a big coincidence?**

**"What did he ask you to do here?" Dolores had no intention to chat with him and asked directly.**

**Abbott insisted to say nothing.**

**He couldn't just say that Matthew asked him to investigate into her, right?**

**Nobody would be happy after learning that she was being investigating by others,**

**right? "Do I need to call him to find out why?"**

**Dolores was turning tough.**

**Abbott was shocked by Dolores' attitude. He couldn't help but check her from bottom to top. No matter in the way she talked or the way she looked, she was totally different.**

**She was a woman now.**

**And she was a girl before.**

**Abbott scratched his hair, "Em... Mr.**

**Nelson wants to know where you live."**

**Then it was silence.**

**Dolores turned around and walked to the shop.**

**She decided that she needed to move to another place.**

**She didn't want to be disturbed. Especially by Matthew!**

**"Ms. Flores..." Abbott wanted to**

**explain. Dolores gave him no chance to talk and walked straight into ELO.**

**Abbott pursed his lips. He felt like he was a poor victim during a fight between immortals.**

**When Dolores was thinking about moving to another place, Matthew who was in City B of China was invited to dine with the Herbert family.**

**If Matthew had not canceled the engagement with Maria, it would be a great opportunity for the two families to enhance their relationship.**

**However, being invited to dine with them now, he felt like it was a trap.**

**But it would happen sooner or later, so Matthew had prepared himself.**

**Maria dressed nicely. The whole**

**Herbert family was present.**

**Including Sampson who was always abroad most time of a year.**

**The hall was splendid. Everything seemed cheerful.**

**Wearing a black suit, Matthew walked into the hall. He was shrouded with the splendid light.**

**When seeing Matthew walking in, Sampson changed his eye look suddenly....**

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**Chapter 64: We Owed Each Other Nothing**

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**The whole Herbert family knew that Matthew canceled the engagement with Maria, including Sampson. And Sampson knew from Maria why Matthew canceled the engagement.**

**Therefore, when he saw Matthew, he couldn't hide the anger in his heart.**

**His brother Warner, who was sitting beside him, detected his fluctuating emotions. Warner reached**

his hand to pat Sampson's shoulder and said in a low voice, "If it was not because the Herbert family had a long history, we wouldn't have made it a long time ago. City B has changed a lot. You are not in the county most time of a year, and don't know what's going on here. Though it is he who broke the promise this time, we can't just argue with him face to face."

Sampson was angry not only because of the cancellation of engagement, but also because of Dolores. Six years ago, in order to help Dolores to get rid of Matthew, he took her away from City B and hid her in Country A.

He thought with the passage of time, Dolores would accept him one day. And maybe six years would cut her away from her short history with Matthew.

But after six years, Dolores still didn't want to accept him.

And Matthew even canceled the engagement with his sister because of Dolores.

How could he stay calm?

"He thinks he can do whatever he wants with some money?" Sampson didn't try to cover his discontent and detest for Matthew.

Sampson's voice wasn't low, so Matthew heard what he said. He casted his eyes on Sampson. He remembered that his man was close to Dolores before.



He dusted his collar, trying to clean the dust that didn't exist. He said calmly and peacefully, "What did you say? I didn't hear it."

Warner immediately covered for Sampson, "You canceled the engagement with Maria. He was just whining about it. Please ignore him."

While talking, Warner dragged the sleeve of his younger brother, asking him to stop talking.

But Sampson didn't listen to his

brother and said with no fear in his voice, "As a man, you hurt a woman like this. Aren't you afraid that you will get struck by lightning?"

Warner's face changed. He glared at his brother. Did he really want to make an enemy now that Matthew couldn't be a family member?

What's the good in breeding enmity with the Nelson family?

He worked so hard for this family. Sampson never contributed to his family and now he intended to bring troubles to the family?

At this moment, Warner was very disappointed at his selfish brother who only thought for himself and never thought about his family.

Matthew faked a smile and said in an interesting tone, "I am just afraid that the lightning will strike someone else instead."

Sampson clenched his fists. If he wasn't dragged by Warner, he might go out there and have a fight with Matthew.

"They are all in there. You go ahead. My brother has a soft spot for our little sister who had been leading a vagrant life since childhood. So he talks before he thinks. Please don't mind him." Warner smiled to Matthew.

Matthew glanced at Sampson plainly and strode into the hall.

Jayden and Landon were sitting on the sofa at one end of the hall, talking.

Maria sat beside Landon. Her eyes were red. It seemed like she had just cried.

Her delicate make-up was a bit in mess now.

Seeing Matthew walking in, Maria stood up quickly, "Matthew..."

Matthew didn't respond to her and sat on the sofa. He struck first to gain the initiative, "I am the one who wanted to cancel the engagement. Name whatever you want."

Jayden was about to spit out blood.

He and Landon had been talking a lot in the hall. They both didn't want to cancel the engagement.

If the two families were united by marriage, they would have a win-win cooperation. It would be good both for the Herbert family as well as the Nelson family.

They would share mutual benefits.

"Matthew, I don't know about the things between you young people these days. But you suddenly want to cancel the engagement, is it because Maria did something wrong?" Landon said with a peaceful face. His tone was calm too.

He was calmer than his two sons.

Living to this age, he had experienced all kinds of things. So he could keep it cool. If the Herbert family shouted at him and accused him, it would be much easier. Matthew was worried that he would meet such an experienced person as Landon before.

But Matthew was tough too. Though he didn't have as much experience as Landon, he had gone through a lot too. He was trained by many obstacles and challenges. So he didn't look weak, "I don't like people lying to me."

Hearing this, Landon sensed something was wrong. So his daughter really did something wrong?

Matthew didn't want to bring up the past and just wanted to solve the problem in front of him now.

"It is me who was reckless in this matter. I shouldn't have agreed and then broken the promise. After all, it is me who broke the promise. I can compensate you with whatever you want. As long as I can afford it, I will hold nothing back."

"I disagree." Before Landon opened his mouth, Maria couldn't stay silent any more. She stared at Matthew, "I am 28 this year. I gave you my youth. And now you want to abandon me. Do you want me to take my own life?"

It was because of this that Matthew felt like he owed her forever. Or as per his personality, when he knew that Maria lied to him, he would have broken all relationships with her immediately.

"I told you I could compensate you with whatever you want." Matthew knew he was the wrong one.

Just like what Sampson said about him before, did he think he could do whatever he wanted with some money?

But what had happened had happened. He had no other choices.

"Easy." Sampson walked in and held his little sister, who was trembling, into his arms.

He stared at Matthew and questioned him, "Compensate? What can you do to compensate her?"

Matthew looked back at him, "What do you want?"

**Their eyes met in the air. It was a silent confrontation. And killing intentions could be smelled in their.**

**They were from two noble families. If the Herbert family asked for money as compensation, it would be the cheapest action. Not only their friendship would be damaged, but also they would drift apart.**

**Actually, if the Herbert family asked for anything today, when the news were spread out, it would not reflect well on them.**

**"I want your life. Will you give it to me?" Maria shouted out of control.**

**All the people present were shocked.**

**"What kind of nonsense are you talking about?" Though Landon scolded his daughter, he indeed wanted to see what Matthew would do to solve this problem.**

**He said yes to this engagement before and now he wanted to break the promise. Of course Landon was unhappy about it.**

**Though he was not showing discontent on his face, it didn't mean he didn't care about this on the inside.**

**Jayden's face darkened. He was pleased with Maria before, but now discontent grew in him.**

**Although he didn't want Matthew to cancel the engagement too, he was his son after all.**

**And now she dared to make such a crazy request.**

But Matthew stayed calm. He stood up. His long fingers unbuttoned his suit. He rolled up his sleeve and showed his robust arm.

Jayden shouted out of nervousness, "What are you doing?"

Maria froze already, "Ma...Matthew..."

Matthew bent to get the fruit knife

from the fruit plate and walked to Maria.

Sampson was scared too and held his sister tightly.

He was afraid that Matthew would hurt his little sister. Matthew pushed Sampson away and looked at Maria, "If this is what you want, I will give it to you."

He bent to put the knife in Maria's hand and grabbed her hand to put the knife against his chest.

Maria was scared. She was truly scared.

She kept shaking her head, "I... I didn't mean it...I don't want you to die.... "

Matthew smiled, "I owed nothing to nobody in my whole life. But I owe you. If you want my life, I will give it to you. But from now on, we owe each other nothing..."

While talking, he exerted force on his

hand.

"Ah!"

Maria wanted to break away, but Matthew was too powerful. His hand grabbed hers tightly and she couldn't get away.

The sharp knife pierced through his white shirt and into his flesh. Red blood was coming out. What Matthew did was beyond everyone's expectation.

He dared to...

Take his own life!

"No... no... I didn't do it..." Maria's face

was covered with tears.

Matthew reached another hand to remove the tears from her face, "I was 14 that year and was abducted into a mountain. I was accidentally saved by a girl who was only ten years old. Later I knew that girl was an orphan. So I sponsored her to study in college. After her graduation, she had been following me. We were on a business trip, and I was accidentally bitten by a poisonous snake. It was she who saved me..."

His eyes and his actions were both so soft and gentle. It seemed like he was polishing something precious.

"I failed you. You want my life, and now I will give it to you. From now then, we owe each other

nothing."

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**Chapter 65: Incompetent**

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**"No, I don't want it!"**

**Maria was shaking her head like crazy. She repeatedly said, "I don't want it. I don't want to get even with you. I want you to love me."**

**Her tears and messy hair made her look miserable and embarrassed.**

**Even so, Matthew's heart still didn't soften.**

**"Dinner is ready..." Camilla walked in to inform Landon that dinner was ready and they could start eating, only to find that Maria stabbed Matthew with a knife in her hand.**

**The bright red blood got Camilla nervous immediately.**

**She exclaimed.**



It was not until then did all people in presence returned to their senses. Jayden snapped in a deep tone, "Hurry up! Call an ambulance!"

Landon, who was taken aback, yelled at Sampson sitting closest to them, "Hurry

up and pull away your sister!" Originally it was Matthew's fault, but he got injured in the Herbert family's house.

That left them at a disadvantage instead of advantage again.

Since things happened until now, it would be no good for Landon. He was furious but he couldn't vent it out. His hands clasped on the table edges, blue veins breaking up on them.

Crack!

When Sampson pulled his sister away, the knife dropped on the floor, making a crisp sound.

The blade was stained with bright red blood.

"Ah! Matthew, are you all right?" Maria returned to her senses. She reached her hand, aiming to touch his wound.

Matthew tossed off her hand. Right then, a ringing tone rang in the living room.

Everyone looked over at Mathew's coat on the sofa where the ringing tone was from.

Under the white dangling light, Matthew was standing in a pale halo.

He was in a trance. If others looked carefully, they would notice there were cold sweat beads broken out on his forehead.

He picked up the coat, pulled out his phone, and checked the caller ID. It was from Abbott. He swiped to answer it.

Soon Abbott's voice was heard. "Mr. Nelson, I've looked into the matter you asked. Six years ago, Dolores Flores had a car accident, so she broke her words and couldn't come back to go through the divorce proceedings. Sampson Herbert took her mother and her and hid them in Country A. Firstly they stayed in Barney City, and then they transferred to the capital of Country A. During the whole period of time, Sampson Herbert has deliberately erased their tracks to avoid letting others know."

Holding the cell phone, Matthew

slowly looked up, his gaze falling on

Sampson who was holding Maria.

Staring at him, Matthew asked Abbott on the phone, "Has he always been with her all these years?"

"Yes..."

Gloominess rolled over his sharp eyes. "In which relationship?" he asked again.

Although Abbott was on the other end of the line, he could still feel the pressure from Matthew. He couldn't help but swallow. 'Mr. Nelson, I haven't finished reporting yet. Could you please hold back your anger?' he prayed inwardly.

Of course Matthew couldn't hear his pray. Abbott could only answer honestly, "It seemed that Ms. Flores never accepted him, only regarding him as an older brother. Apart from him, there was no male in her life. Well, except for her son."

"I see." After hanging up the phone, Matthew threw a cold glance at Sampson and then looked at the Herbert family members. "You can still inform me your conditions."

Finishing his words, he walked out from the Herbert family's house, seemingly unwilling to tangle with them any longer. There was a mess in the living room. After a moment of silence, Landon finally came back to his senses. Forcing a smile, he said, "Jayden, for this matter..."

Jayden stood up, his both hands on his back. He answered in a displeased tone, "It was my son's fault originally. After all, he didn't keep his promise. What requests do you have? Just let us know."

Since Matthew was injured but Jayden still said so, obviously he was very unhappy. "That's not the case. It's only the

romance between our children. Isn't it normal for them to break up or come together from time to time? Since we couldn't become the in-laws, we are still friends, aren't we? How can I request anything from you?" Landon kept a flattering smile.

Since he had said so, Jayden didn't want to insist on anything. He called the butler, "Thomas, let's go home."

Thomas walked up immediately. "Mr. Matthew has gone to the hospital. Shall we go there? "Of course. He's my only son," Jayden answered deliberately in this way. Landon's expression kept changing. Obviously, there was an implication in Jayden's words.

Landon wondered if Jayden said so on purpose.

Landon suppressed anger in his heart. He had to admit that Matthew was really bold and decisive. That young man forced to reverse the situation that was not originally good for him.

"Warner, see them off." Heard his father's words, Warner, who was standing at the door, hurriedly followed Jayden. "Uncle Nelson, let me see you off," he said with a warm smile.

Jayden didn't respond. Thomas pulled the car door open. Jayden bent over and sat in. Glancing at Warner standing next to the car, he said, "Please send my words to your dad... I didn't take what happened just now to heart."

It was not wise to break up with each

other, for all of them. "Sure, I'll tell him." Warner nodded, closed the door for him gently, and said to the driver, "Drive carefully."

Warner didn't return to the house until the car roared away. Landon was sitting in the living room with a long face, staring at his sons and daughter. He wanted to scold them but he couldn't find any word.

At the end, he sneered. "Matthew Herbert is so tricky."

Warner happened to hear this comment as soon as he walked in. He couldn't help but glance at his younger brother and heaved a sigh. "We are so incompetent comparing to him. I thought Maria could marry him so we could become in-laws. I didn't expect things would become like this..."

"Are you done?" Maria roared. She was the saddest person since the engagement was called off, wasn't she?

"If you were capable enough, would he cancel the engagement?" Landon yelled back at her. He stood up, patting the table.

The whole family was in a chaos just

because of her engagement. How dared she blow up?

Camilla walked to Landon in a hurry, patting on his back to comfort him. "She's just an insensible kid. Don't be mad."

"My own sons are not as good as others. Who else can I blame?" Landon flicked his sleeves, turned around, and walked into his room.

Camilla followed him, continuing to comfort her husband.

She was afraid that he would sulk.

Warner also felt disappointed at his younger brother. He called the servants to tidy up the living room before returning to his own room.

Only Sampson and his trembling sister

were left in the living room. "Let me send you back to your room,"

said Sampson gently. He helped Maria up.

"Why?" Maria still couldn't accept the fact that Matthew wanted to call off their engagement until now.

She couldn't understand how come this matter would get to this point. That woman had disappeared for six

years.

Why did she appear again?

Grabbing Sampson's collar, she asked, "Sampson, it's been so many years. Why haven't you made her your date?"

If Dolores had become Sampson's date, even Matthew had found her, he wouldn't be interested in her, would he?

"You are exhausted. Have a good rest." Sampson helped her sit on her bed.

However, Maria was not willing to let him go. "Sampson." She stared at him, throwing questions at him, "Why did you save her back then? Why didn't let her die? As long she was dead, no one could steal Matthew away from me..."

Sampson frowned. "What nonsense are you talking about?" He stopped her.

"I'm not talking nonsense!" Maria retorted emotionally. She stood up suddenly. Gazing at him, she continued sullenly, "In order to make Matthew feel guilty and marry me, I deliberately created a car accident. To make it real, I was really hit by a car. It hurt a lot! It hurt so much. So I want her to be hit the car as well..."

"Ha ha..."

Maria laughed out loudly.

Sampson was frozen at the spot, now knowing how to react. He had to look at his younger sister with new eyes.

How could she be so cruel?

He could still remember when she was a child she was so innocent and adorable.

"Maria." Sampson looked at her. "Back then, why did you ask Dolores to pretend to yourself?" he

asked.

This had always been something that he couldn't figure out.

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**Chapter 66: My Eating Manner Isn't Indecent**

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**She had a chance to have sex with Matthew herself. But why did she send**

**another woman to pretend to be herself?**

**Maria was startled, and then laughed. She collapsed onto her bed.**

**"I was afraid that he would dislike if he knew I was not a virgin." Maria looked up as if she was haunted. After a pause, she continued, "He took me in but he never touched me... I'm a human, a woman with normal physiology. I need my man to love me and touch me. Ho ho..."**



Upon hearing it, Sampson was stiffened as if he was struck by lightning.

How could his younger sister be like

this?

Maria kept laughing crazily. "I wanted to find him a virgin. Then I would tell him that was me, so it would turn out that I was a clean woman. I saved him when I was young and I've been with him for so many years, so he definitely would take the responsibility for me. Even if he doesn't love me, he would treat me well. It turned out that I was right. He treated me very well. What I did was flawless except for... That woman I picked up at random was an exception. I didn't expect that she was from B City of China. Most coincidentally, she was his fiancée according to his mother's arranged marriage for him when he was young."

If it were not for that woman, she should be living happily with Matthew together already.

Thinking of it, she couldn't help blaming that woman. It was all her fault!

Maria was not reluctant at all, unwilling to give in.

She was the daughter from the Herbert family. With her identity and background, how could she be incompetent comparing to that woman?

Grabbing Sampson's hand, she

begged, "Sampson, please help me."

Sampson looked at his younger sister, who seemed to be a stranger to him. He asked blankly, "What can I do to help you?" Maria rolled her eyes. "You can... Well, you can..." She dragged him closer and

whispered in his ear.

The more Sampson listened to her, the longer his face was pulled. He pushed her away at last. "Impossible!"

"You are worn out. Sleep tight!" He

walked out of her room without looking

back after finishing his words.

"Sampson!"

No matter how Maria called him behind, Sampson didn't stop or look back.

In the hospital, Matthew walked out of the entrance after having his wound bandaged. The driver followed him with the medicine in his hands. He reported, "Mr. Matthew, Thomas just called to ask about your situation. I told him it's not serious and asked Mr. Nelson not to worry..."

"Have you booked the air ticket I asked?" He interrupted the driver.

He was not interested in those trifles. The driver reacted fast. He hurriedly answered, "Yes, I have. It's the last flight today, at eleven o'clock. Would you like to go home now?"

Matthew raised his wrist and checked the time on his watch... it was twenty to ten. There was more than an hour left.

"Go to the airport." He walked down from the steps. The driver hurriedly followed him. "Mr. Matthew, you are injured. Aren't you taking a rest first?" he suggested.

"No."

The driver trotted ahead and opened the car door for him. He was about to continue convincing Matthew to take a rest after getting injured. However, thinking about Matthew's personality, the driver had to swallow back his words. Heaving a sigh, he trotted to the front and sat on the driver's seat.

Country A.

In LEO Corporation, Samuel was sitting on the couch. In front of him there was a bunch of snacks. His big eyes blinked. "May I take away all of them?" "Of course." Female employees in this store all favored Samuel very much. He was cute and smart, so he could easily gain others' hearts.

"Samuel, why are you taking them away instead of eating them here? Are you afraid of letting those misses to watch your eating manner?" Allison looked at Samuel, supporting her chin with her hands. She was over forty, but she always insisted Samuel addressing her Missy.

With his bright eyes widened, Samuel looked at Allison innocently. "Auntie, my eating manner isn't

ugly. I just want to take them back home for my younger sister."

Allison's face fell. Pretending to be upset, she pinched his cheek. "Can't you stop being so straightforward? Can you call me Missy to please me?"

Samuel looked upright and answered,

"My mommy told me not to tell lies."

Allison was speechless.

She snorted. "Then you mommy also said you are not a good boy." "My mommy would never say so!" Samuel retorted.

"Don't you believe me? Go ask your mommy." Allison deliberately wanted to provoke him.

Now Dolores was in a meeting. If he went to her, he would make trouble.

Samuel slid off the couch. "I don't

believe you at all." Finishing his words, he ran away.

After the meeting, Dolores walked out from the conference room. Samuel ran to her. "Mommy!"

Dolores stopped. The little fellow still bumped into her lap. She bent down to touch his head. "Don't run so fast next time."

Samuel nodded obediently. "OK."

"What do you want for lunch? Let's go." Dolores checked the time and found it was already noon.

"I'm not hungry." Samuel grabbed Dolores' hand and let her touch his tummy. "Look. It's all bulging." "Are you pregnant?" asked Allison jokingly, who was stood behind him, crossing her arms on her chest.

Samuel looked back at her and retorted, "You should be the one who's pregnant. Oh, no. Although you want to be pregnant, you cannot, as no young men would like an aunt."

Allison rushed over. "Samuel Flores!"

Samuel hid himself in Dolores' arms. "Mommy, help me! Auntie Allison is out of control again!"

Dolores held up her son helplessly.

Whenever they two encountered each other,

they would argue and fight.

She couldn't do anything about it.

"I'm sorry, Missy Allison." When Allison was about to pinch his ear, Samuel changed the way to address her quickly.

Allison had planned to pull his ear. Finally she turned to rub his hair. "It's good that you reacted fast enough. Next time I wouldn't show any mercy on you."

"Ho ho." Samuel was delighted. He escaped from jeopardy again.

"Excuse me, Lola. A customer from China gave up some specific requirements for her tailored wedding dress. Could you please have a look at them?" Dolores reached out and took over the file from her assistant. "When does the customer need it?" she asked.

"In half a month." Dolores nodded. "I see."

After lunch, Dolores devoted herself to work. Samuel was sitting next to her, playing Digital Breakthrough.

However, the most difficult question was still a piece of cake for him. After playing for a short while, he had lost interest.

Then he fell asleep on the couch.

Dolores knocked off early. She held up her son when she was ready to go home.

"Mummy." As soon as Dolores held him up, Samuel woke up.

He didn't forget to take away those snacks back for his sister. Dolores smiled. "You are a really good brother."

Samuel rubbed his eyes and said

proudly, "Of course." "Good boy." Dolores rubbed her

forehead against his.

Walking out of LEO Corporation, she held him to sit in the car.

It was not until they had arrived home did she realize that she had forgotten the file from Theresa. She hadn't checked its content yet.

She sent her son into the house. Seeing her brother come back, Simona ran to them excitedly. Samuel raised the snacks in his hands and said to her proudly, "Simona, look what good food I've brought you!"

Simona had already become a foodie

at this moment. Seeing the snacks in Samuel's hands, she couldn't help drooling. "Samuel, I want to eat them!" she exclaimed happily.

Samuel walked to the sofa. "Come here." He waved at her.

The two little fellows lay on the sofa, sharing the snacks. Instead of walking into the living room, Dolores called Jessica at the entrance, "Mom, I forgot something. I have to drive back to the store."

"OK. Come back before dinner," Jessica replied.

"Sure."

Dolores took her handbag and closed the door.

She sat in the car and drove back to the store. After fetching the file, she rushed home. As soon as she parked the car, got off, and was about to walk into the house, she noticed that a car was parked in front the door. It looked similar... exactly the same one as she had seen in the morning.

She frowned, wondering what Abbott

came back for.

She had a plan to discuss about moving to another place with Jessica tonight.

She didn't expect that Abbott would come to bother her again..

Dolores' face darkened.

When the car door was pushed open, Dolores was ready to question Abbott. However, it was not Abbott who got off, but Matthew.

His coat was crumpled and he had a haggard face, looking quite exhausted.



**Under the sunset, they both were showered in a pale yellow halo.**

**Suppressing the fluctuation in her heart, Dolores snapped coldly, "What are you doing here?"**

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**\* \* \***

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**Chapter 67: Offer Yourself?**

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**Matthew was worn out and his expression changed when he heard what Dolores said.**

**He braced up and leaned against the car and laughed, "Can't I come to see my wife?"**

**Dolores frowned. How can he be so shameless? They had divorced!**

**Matthew was still with that sluggish attitude, "I don't mind. Go and tell your son about our relationship..."**

**"What do you want?" Dolores was upset. Was he a rascal?**

His smile disappeared as he said suddenly, "If you don't want me to go into your house, then you come over to me."

Dolores stood still at her position. She pondered for a while. Samuel was a very sensitive boy. After that incident, Samuel became very hostile towards him. If he entered the house, how would she tell the child about his identity? Matthew couldn't see clearly and

closed his eyes. He said with his raspy and hoarse voice, "My time is limited just as my patience is limited."

Dolores moved very slowly and he waited patiently. With each step that she took, the outline of his body became clearer. He was distanced from the con job and rife of business. He left the unscrupulous dealings and became indescribably tender. His expression was no longer as stiff as his words. There was an additional trace of tenderness in him. Dolores had never seen this side of him but she knew that he remains who he was and will never change.

She wrung her hands, composed herself, and begged, "Please, don't interfere with my life anymore."

Matthew lifted his tired eyes and looked at the woman, "How will you beg me?" and scoffed, "You must be sincere if you want to request for something. So how will you show your sincerity? Offer

yourself?"

What did he mean? Did he regard her as a loose woman? Yes, she lost her virginity at eighteen but that didn't mean that she was a woman who slept around! Dolores' face turned blue from anger and her shoulders started to tremble vigorously, the tone of her voice changed, "Are you a scoundrel?"

She was so angry that her cheeks tighten and her veins throbbled. A few strands of out of place hair around her neck made her look extremely feminine. Matthew swallowed his saliva and felt that he must be insane. He was aroused when he saw her getting angry.

He reached out to grab Dolores' waist and pull her into his embrace. When she realized what was happening, her hands began to slap his chest and struggled, "Let go of me!"

Matthew took a deep breath and not only didn't ease his grip but he increased his hold on her waist. He grabbed her hands and then said softly, "Behave yourself."

Dolores glared at him. Why did he interfere with her life? Was it so difficult for her to have a peaceful life with her children?

"I'm exhausted." Matthew placed his chin on her shoulder and his nose took in her fragrance. He buried his face into her neck and said with a deep voice, "Find a place for me to rest."

He was really tired.

Dolores realized that his eye bags were dark and his body was limp, "You, are you feeling uncomfortable?"

He acknowledged. Dolores was stunned but couldn't bear not to take care of him.

"I'll find you a hotel, okay?" Dolores asked.

"Okay."

Dolores put him into the car and put on his seatbelt. She closed the door and then got into the driver's seat and drove the car. She was familiar with that place and easily found a hotel. About five minutes later, Dolores found a five-star hotel and stopped the car. She tossed the car key to the hotel staff to help Matthew out of the car.

"I'm only taking you to the hotel. You'll have to pay for your own room." Dolores said clearly.

He was very rich while she had to earn every single cent of hers. She cannot spend unnecessarily. She needed to save money for her two children. All the daily expenses and education required money. They were growing and there were a lot of expenses. She needed to be the children's strong backing. She will not allow her children to suffer because of the lack of money.

Matthew was tall and she would struggle to support him. He would not put his full body weight on her but he didn't expect this woman to draw a clear line between them for everything. Now she was a famous designer and was not penniless. It was just a night's room charge. How could she be so calculative?

His arm rested on her shoulder and transferred his weight onto her. Dolores felt the weight on her shoulders had increased. Now she was struggling with each step. In her heart, she continued to murmur against this man. Why was he so heavy like a pig when he didn't look fat at all?

As they approached the front desk, Dolores asked, "Where are your identity card and wallet?"

Matthew leaned on her and barely opened his eyes and struggled to speak, "My identity card is in my pants pocket but I don't have any money."

Dolores clenched her teeth and wanted so much to just dump him there and walk away.

Why didn't he take any money with him? Okay, he indeed didn't have the habit of having cash with him. Normally he would have the driver and Abbott with him.

He should at least have some cards if he didn't have cash. Dolores felt his pockets. Her fingers were slim, long, and delicate. Each time she felt along his body, he would tense up a little. Each time she touched him was electrifying and irresistible.

What laughable self-control! He became a joke in front of this woman. He would get aroused with each of her touches. Matthew closed his eyes.

Dolores felt a wallet in his pocket. She opened it and was stunned. Didn't he say that he didn't have money? So what were all these bills? Dolores rolled her eyes but didn't take the cash. She took out a card and gave it to the front desk, "Presidential suite with the best service. He'll have any service that requires to be paid."

He was loaded anyway!

Matthew, "..."

Front desk, "..."

Were rich people so willful?

The lady at the front desk fidgeted for a while and lifted her head to ask, "Is there any PIN?"

Dolores jabbed him at the abdomen. His chest ached from her beating and now his abdomen also hurt. He felt that he was about to die, "No."

"No PIN."

The front desk returned the card along with the room card to Dolores, "Top-level, Room 888. Presidential suite is inclusive of specialized service. A hundred and eight thousand yuan in total."

A hundred thousand for a night? Dolores felt a shiver, it was too expensive. Luckily she was not the one who paid the bill.

Dolores placed the card into the wallet and put the wallet back into his pocket. They took the lift to the top level. Once they got out of the lift, Dolores supported him to look for Room 888.

She swiped with the card to open the door.

The door unlocked with a 'ding'. Dolores pushed the door. Two grand crystal chandeliers hung from the high red and gold ceiling. The crystal chandeliers scattered the lights giving the room a noble and luxurious feel.

There were glass panel doors all around to reveal the beautiful capital. The curtains were flannel and lacy. In the middle of the living room was a deep red European style sofa. In the spacious living space, there were luxurious chairs, cabinets, and other furniture. It was designed to look like western palaces. Dolores thought to herself that the money could have been better spent elsewhere.

She supported Matthew in and pushed open the bedroom door. There was a deep red colored bed headboard, a low stool at the foot of the bed, white carpet, and silk bedding with gold trims.

Everything was high end and luxurious to the eyes as well as to the senses. Dolores pushed him onto the bed, she was exhausted.

Matthew fell into the bedding and rubbed his wounds causing him to frown.

"Have a good rest. I've ordered the best service for you. You will have a very comfortable evening. I won't bother you further."

After finishing the words, Dolores turned to leave....

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**Chapter 68: Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder**

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**"What's your children's name?"**

**Matthew asked just as Dolores walked to the bedroom door, the man's voice teased, "Samuel and Simona?"**

When he came to Country A, he already heard from Abbot about the details of Dolores' life over these few years. What surprised him was she had given birth to a pair of rather beautiful twins.

Dolores paused, turned around, and stared at him. Her fists were tightly clenched. When she met Abbott, she knew that he was investigating her. She didn't expect Abbot's actions to be so swift.

"If you need me to go back to get a divorce certificate, you can say it out. I will naturally agree and will not interfere with your happiness. But what you are doing is threatening me and don't you think that it's too absurd?" Dolores was trembling furiously.

Matthew lay on the bed with an arm over his forehead and his eyes were closed. He was silent as if he was at his breaking point. Dolores stood at the doorway and didn't dare to leave. She wasn't sure if this man would do anything heartless to hurt her children. After all, now he knew all the details regarding her children.

"I'm thirsty," Matthew said after a while but didn't open his eyes.

Dolores looked at him angrily and thought to herself that he should thirst to death.



Matthew turned around with his back to Dolores. His tightly closed eyes slowly opened and his face was very tired, "You intend to thirst me to death and murder your husband?"

Dolores suppressed her anger and turned to pour a glass of water for him, "Here you are."

"Feed me." Matthew turned and looked at the furious woman next to him.

Her face flushed red because she was furious and looked like an angry hamster. It was truly an adorable sight. Matthew couldn't help but chuckle but to Dolores, he was making fun of her.

"Matthew, fuck you!" Dolores threw the glass of water at him. The glass of water flew in mid-flight and the water splashed harmlessly onto him but the glass fell directly where he was injured.

When the glass impacted his wound, he grunted in pain. The water soaked through his shirt and revealed the red color underneath. Dolores was stunned. Didn't he have a high threshold for pain? How come a glass could cause him so much pain?

"Don't act," Dolores demanded.

Matthew laid motionless in silence. Dolores slowly looked over and saw the red color on his clean white shirt. She raised her eyebrows. Why would his chest be red? She leaned over to see what the red color was.

As she got closer and because the shirt was drenched with water, Dolores could see that on his chest were bandages.

"You... how were you hurt?" Dolores asked.

Matthew opened his eyes and looked at the chandeliers on the ceiling. His fingers rubbed against the bedding. He didn't want to owe Maria too much as he was the one who disappointed her. She had plenty of misgivings but she had her strength. After so many years, they definitely had some relations. This relation was different from affections. It was ethics and responsibility. Just as Maria questioned him: Could money buy back so many years of youth?

His thick eyebrows twitched slowly and looked at her seriously, "Would you believe if I were to say that it's because of you?"

Dolores' lips were pursed as she had seen the sincerity in his eyes. But when she thought about it carefully, she was doubtful that he would be serious to her. How could he like a woman who had given birth to someone else's children? She was mistaken, she must be mistaken. What did his injury have to do with her? Furthermore, he was about to be engaged with Maria. Did he think that she was a fool? It was clear from her expression that she didn't believe and Matthew laughed softly. Perhaps he was laughing at himself. Even he couldn't understand the feelings he had for her.

Dolores leaned over to pick up the glass. Perhaps she felt guilty for throwing the glass of water as she said softly, "I'll take you to the hospital."

"No." Matthew refused outright.

Dolores was helpless, "Then what

about your injury?"

"Help me remove my wet clothes." It was too uncomfortable wearing wet clothes.

Dolores thought for a moment bent over and start undoing his buttons and said,

"I can help you but once it's done, you must let me go back." The two children normally slept with her and if she wasn't around, she was worried that they would not have a good sleep.

As she leaned over, a few strands of hair fell forward and fell onto his face. It was ticklish and numbing. It was like a flowing current of electricity and triggered his sensitive region. He said with a raspy voice, "Depends on your performance."

Dolores said slowly, "I don't owe you."

When he spoke, his breath gently played with those strands of hair, "If you didn't hurt me, will I be injured for a second time? You should be grateful that I didn't charge you for bodily harm."

As Dolores was unbuttoning his shirt, she intentionally pressed down on his wound. Matthew grunted in pain, and thought, why was this woman so ruthless? Couldn't she be gentler as he was injured?

He heaved a sigh, "I finally understand why you are single for so many years. No one can accept such a rough woman like you."

"Raise your arm!" Dolores pulled the shirt, glared at him, and laughed, "I've plenty of suitors."

"Really?"

"Of course..... ah!" Before she could finish, with a flip of his body, Matthew pulled her down and laid on top of her. The wet shirt draped over him. The situation appeared to be comical but it couldn't cover his predatory look.

"Tell me, who are they?"

Dolores looked to the side to avoid looking at his naked body, "Get off me first."

Matthew adjusted her face towards him and emphasized, "You are a married woman."

"Once the paperwork is complete, we're officially divorced!" Dolores really wanted to yell at him. How could he say these to his ex-wife when he already had a fiancée.

He narrowed his eyes and lowered his body. His lips were almost touching and said, "Don't forget that without formally divorcing, you're still my wife, you..."

His fingers glided across her face and then pressed on her lips, "How should we spend the night after reuniting after all these years?" Dolores glared with her eyes wide open. Her fists were clenched and she held her breath.

"Have you heard of a saying?" His finger pressed on her pink lips. He didn't use much strength and Dolores didn't feel any pain but she felt insulted.

"What saying?" Dolores gently raised her knee preparing to defend herself at any moment.

Matthew noticed her movement but didn't show it and tapped on her forehead, "Haven't you heard that absence makes the heart grow fonder? We have been apart for six years..."

Before he could finish, Dolores started to raise her knee. But Matthew had anticipated it and pressed down on her knee which was about to kick him between the legs.

He grinned victoriously, "Are you so eager?"

Dolores' face flushed in red, was he a pervert? How can he force himself onto her? Now Dolores was really angry and glared furiously at him. Her tears were welling up but controlled her tears to prevent them from rolling down.

Matthew was stupefied...

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**Chapter 69: Are You a Bandit?**

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Matthew slightly stunned, "You..." The doorbell rang as soon as he

started talking.

He frowned as he wasn't happy that someone knocked on the door at this time and reluctantly got up. When he saw Dolores's rolled-up clothes revealing her slim and delicate belly, he reached out his hand to pull her clothes down. He looked at her and said, "I wasn't really bully you, why did you cry?"

Dolores sat up and didn't want to talk to him. She twisted her head away as she was still mad at him.

Matthew sighed, "I'll go open the door."

He didn't wear the shirt that he took off earlier. Instead, he went to the bathroom and put on door. bathrobe before opening the

Standing at the door was a woman in a purple bodycon dress. She had a voluptuous figure, blonde curly hair and her long legs stepped on a pair of black heeled boots. When she saw the man who opened the door, she flipped her hair and her red lips uttered, "I'm Sophia."

Then, she directly walked into the room, "Don't worry, I have great techniques. I'll definitely satisfy you."

The woman seemed to have gotten used to this kind of scene. She walked towards the table and poured a glass of red wine. Then, she delivered the wine to her lips and took a small sip of it. She thought that she had discovered a treasure when she looked at this handsome man. It would be nice to sleep with such a man even if he didn't pay her. Furthermore, he offered so much money to her. The enthusiasm in her had risen a little, "If you have any special request, I'll satisfy your needs too. Blowjob, or..."

Before she could finish her words, she saw Dolores walking out from the bedroom. She opened her eyes widely, "Who are you?"

Did he call for another woman as well? When she thought of that, she started to study Dolores from head to toe. Dolores wore a conservative outfit and she didn't put any makeup on. She was beautiful, but she wasn't seductive at all.

If he wanted to play, he should find those who were open-minded.

The woman looked at Matthew,

"This... are we having a threesome?"

Matthew glowered at her.

"Get out!"

The woman didn't react at once and smiled, "I don't mind threesome."

Dolores could tell what this woman did for a living. This was what the money-charging service?

She got goose bumps when she thought about it.

This kind of service was really available everywhere.

Even a luxury hotel like this, was no exception. Dolores took a glance at Matthew as she derived pleasure from his misfortune and said, "Good luck. Why are you looking so ghastly? I'm leaving now, enjoy your time."

The woman's heart was full of joy. She didn't want to share such a tall and handsome man with other woman.

She was definitely happy that Dolores wanted to leave.

Matthew glared at the woman. Then, he looked at Dolores and warned her, "Don't even think about it."

Dolores gave him a hard look, "Are you a bandit or something?"

"If you think I am, then that's it." Matthew walked towards her. He stood beside her and leaned over, "You got her here, so solve it yourself."

Dolores gritted her teeth.

When the woman saw Matthew entering the bedroom, she followed along too. As soon as she got to the door, Dolores reached her hand out to stop her, "I'm sorry,

you may go back now. We don't need any



service here." The woman pulled a face, "Why? You

want to have the business all to yourself?"

Dolores frowned too; did she think she was a prostitute like her?

"Are you going to leave now or shall I call the front desk?" Dolores paused for a short while, "It won't do you any good if we make things too complicated."

Dolores raised her head up with confidence.

The woman was unsatisfied, but someone who could afford to stay in a luxurious suite must be really wealthy. Judging from that man's attitude earlier, there weren't any sparks between them.

This was the only time she had been rejected.

The woman was in a bad mood. She said coldly, "Fine, I'll leave, but the money can't be refunded."

"No need for that." Dolores said swiftly as she just wanted to send her away

quickly.

The woman glanced into the bedroom and snorted coldly. She swayed her thin waist as she walked out of the room.

Dolores leaned against the door frame and prepared herself to speak, "I've sent the woman away, can I leave now?"

There wasn't any sound.

Dolores waited for a moment, it was

still quiet.

She turned around and noticed Matthew lying on the bed, as if he had fallen asleep.

When she looked closely, she realized that he had really fallen asleep. He was breathing heavily, and he looked unwell.

"Matthew?" Dolores called him tentatively.

There was no response, he was really asleep.

Dolores reached her arm out to pull the quilt and covered him. She accidentally touched his skin and he was burning up. She stretched out her hand and touched his forehead to check if he had a fever. His forehead was really hot, he must

had gotten a high fever.

Dolores called the front desk and asked for a doctor. He was still injured, so she didn't dare to take care of his fever by herself.

When Dolores sat on the sofa and waited for the doctor to arrive, she received a call from Samuel.

"Mommy, are you coming back yet? Simona's hungry."

Only then, Dolores recalled that she told them she would come back for dinner. They were still waiting for her now, "You kids eat first; mommy still has something on..."

She raised her head and looked at the man lying on bed. She thought for a moment and said, "Mommy may not come back tonight. You and Simona must listen to grandma, okay? You kids sleep in her room tonight." "Okay, don't forget to eat outside and

take care of yourself." Dolores smiled happily. She was

relieved that her son was such a caring little boy.

"Alright. You're the man of our family, take care of your sister."

"I will."

After hanging up the call, Dolores waited for a while before the doctor came.

The doctor cleaned his wound again and gave him a flu shot. He prescribed a few medications and told Dolores how to use it, "This bottle is for external use, to spray on the wound. These are taken orally, the red one is to reduce fever. If his body temperature rises again, give him this. Let him drink more water at night to keep him hydrated."

"Okay." Dolores sent the doctor out.

Dolores closed the door and walked back to the bedroom. She stood by the bed and sighed.

She still stayed to take care of him. If anything happened, she could afford to take the responsibility.

At night, Matthew was in a daze,

"Water... water..."

His voice was hoarse.

Dolores poured him a cup of water. She helped him up and handed the cup to his lips, "Here."

She tilted the mouth of the cup for his convenience.

His lips were stained with water, and he drank the water down his throat, quenching his thirst.

Dolores put the cup on the bedside table and helped him lie down, "Since I'm devotedly taking care of you right now, don't bother me anymore once you recover."

He returned home to get married, and she lived her life here peacefully. They wouldn't interfere with each other's life.

Matthew did not hear her words as he had already fallen into deep sleep.

Dolores hadn't gone home last night,

she wanted to go back in the morning and take a look at her children. Hence, she found Matthew's cell phone to call Abbott, asking him to come over.

Abbott was very smart. He knew Matthew didn't come back last night, and Dolores was calling him using Matthew's phone now. This proved that the two of them were together yesterday. If he were to come over, wasn't that going to ruin Matthew's act?

He wasn't stupid, "I have things to do, I can't go over."

Dolores sneered, "Versailles Hotel, room 888. I don't care if you're coming or not. If Matthew dies here, don't blame me for not informing you!"

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**Chapter 70: Wouldn't Let Him Get Away**

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**Dolores's attitude was extremely tough, and she had already stated very clearly that she would still**

leave if he wasn't coming over.

She was already mad at the fact that Abbott investigated her. Besides, Matthew threatened her with her children too. She was pissed, and now Abbott refused her request.

It would be weird to have a good attitude in this situation.

When Abbott heard her words, he dared not be absent.

He was so fast that he appeared at the door in less than ten minutes. He must be staying somewhere near the hotel.

When Dolores heard a knock on the door, she opened the door. Abbott was standing outside the door and smiling slightly, "Ms. Flores..."

Dolores ignored him. She turned into the room, pointed at the pile of medications on the table and told him how to use it. Abbott frowned, "What did you say?" Matthew was injured?

How was that possible?

Abbott obviously didn't believe her.

Dolores didn't have time to talk nonsense with him, "If you don't believe me, go check him out yourself. I'm going back now."

She opened the door and went out after finishing her words.

Abbott stood by the bed and walked back and forth twice. He couldn't help wondering how Matthew got injured.

At last, his curiosity took over his reason. He reached out his arm and pulled the quilt that was on Matthew, hoping to see what exactly happened. However, before he could lift the quilt up, the man with his eyes closed originally suddenly opened his eyes. "What are you doing?"

Abbott, "..."

"I, I heard that you got injured..." Matthew slapped his hand away and looked around the suite. He was alone here, and he began to frown, "Where's that woman?"

Abbott could see Matthew's doubt and asked, "Are you looking for Ms. Flores?"

He remained silent, as if he had acquiesced to it.

"She called me this morning asking me to come over, and she left immediately." Abbott was still staring curiously at him after he finished his words.

It was obvious that Dolores was here last night. Could it be that Matthew force himself on her, so she resisted and stabbed him?

The more Abbott thought of that, the more likely it was.

He was stabbed by this woman?

Abbott imagined the scene where Matthew was rejected by Dolores last night, and he couldn't help but laugh a little.

"What are you laughing at?" Matthew sat up. "Nothing." He quickly restrained his smile and said solemnly, "Mr. Nelson, how did you get hurt? Was it because Ms. Flores fought back last night?"

Matthew pulled a face, "Get out! Go get clean clothes for me."

He was really rejected?

Abbott wanted to laugh.

He really wanted to see Matthew getting rejected.

There was still woman who could reject him?

Oh god. This was such a rare moment, too bad he couldn't see it himself.

What a pity.



Matthew raised his blanket and got off the bed while wearing underpants only. His upper body was wrapped with gauze, and he walked gloomily towards Abbott, "Is it

funny?" Abbott opened his mouth and panted for breath. He shook his head decisively, "It's not funny, not funny at all. I'll get you some clothes." He quickly turned around and ran

away. He was afraid that Matthew might

seek revenge on him if he stayed there.

Matthew poured a glass of water and drank it. Then, he saw the chair by the bed. He seemed to have seen Dolores sleeping here at night.

It seemed that she was still talking to him, but he didn't hear her clearly.

He was already happy that Dolores stayed and took care of him before she left.

Dolores, who hadn't slept all night, went back home exhaustedly. The two kids were taken care of by Jessica well. She took a shower, changed her clothes, and went into the room to see her children. Simona was still asleep, pouting her pink little lips. Her cheeks were red and she looked just like a doll. Dolores gave her daughter a kiss on the face before she walked out of the room. Samuel had already gotten up. He was washing his face and rinsing his mouth in the bathroom.

"You weren't back yesterday, was it because of work?" Jessica came out from the kitchen with an apron and looked at his daughter.

Dolores felt guilty that she didn't dare to look at her mother. She turned her head and looked elsewhere, "Yeah, something happened in the office."

Jessica stared at her daughter's guilty face, "I saw you getting into another car after you returned yesterday."

Dolores was dumbfounded; she didn't know how to explain it. How could she forget that Matthew drove his car to the doorstep of her house last night?

Hence, it wasn't surprising if Jessica had seen it.

"That man is from the Nelson family?" Although it was a question, but she already knew the answer.

Dolores nodded her head, "Yes." "Why are you still involved with him?"

Jessica asked angrily. "You two have divorced already, you don't have any connection with him now. Look at Sampson. He's such a nice guy. Why aren't you cherishing him? Are you trying to get things out of hand and make everything worse?"

"I'm not." Dolores tried to explain.

She didn't want to get involved with Matthew.

She clearly knew her position.

She also didn't forget that decisive looks on his face when he wanted to divorce.

"Good then. I'm telling you, I'll never agree if you have anything to do with him!" Jessica seldom spoke to her daughter in such a serious manner.

It was just that if it came to this matter, she couldn't ignore it.

After all, Dolores was still young and

she might lose herself in love easily. She had two children. If that man

could accept her, he wouldn't have divorced her in the first place.

It wasn't easy for her to give birth to two children when she got into a car accident. Jessica was afraid that she would get hurt again.

At the door of the bathroom, Samuel's eyes were wide open, "What was grandma talking about?"

That man was mommy's ex-husband?

Was he that heartless man who

abandoned mommy, his sister and him?

In Samuel's consciousness, if Matthew was mommy's ex-husband, he would be the father of him and his sister.

He clenched his little fist, and wanted to beat Matthew out.

No way, he wouldn't let this heartless man get away with it!

"Samuel, what are you thinking about? Come over and eat." Jessica served the breakfast on the table. She looked at Samuel, who was standing at the door of the bathroom and shouted.

"I'm coming." Samuel ran over with a dash.

Dolores lifted him up to sit on the car and peeled him egg.

Samuel looked at Dolores's side face. He couldn't understand why that heartless man would abandon mommy when she was so beautiful.

Was he blind?

Dolores put the egg on Samuel's plate, "What are you thinking about? You should concentrate on eating."

Samuel pushed his plate towards Dolores, "Mommy eat."

Dolores pretended to be unhappy and gave him the egg, "You're still growing. If you don't get enough nutrients, you won't grow taller. Do you want to be a dwarf?"

"That's impossible. My height has already exceeded the average height. I'll definitely be 1.9 meters tall."

Jessica smiled, "That's too tall. 1.8 meters would be just nice."

"No, I must be 1.9 meters tall." Samuel said seriously. That heartless man was already 1.85

meters tall. I must be taller than him, and

then beat him up fiercely! Jessica thought he said that for fun. She didn't know that he had such a deep

thought.

Dolores drank the milk and reached out her hand to touch her son's head, "It's a good thing that you want to grow tall, but you'll only grow if you eat properly."

"I will." Samuel nodded firmly.

Dolores got up, "Mom, I'm heading to

the office."

"Okay." Jessica wanted to tell her something, but when she saw Samuel, she didn't say anything more.

This child was small, but sensitive. She was afraid that he might perceive

the truth.

Dolores drove to LEO Corporation.

She grabbed the documents that she didn't read last night and prepared to look at it in the office. As soon as she entered, Theresa walked towards her solemnly, "Mrs. William is waiting for you in the office."

"Did something happen?" Dolores knew her assistant well.

No matter what happened, she wouldn't look so solemn.

Theresa didn't know what to say, "You'll know once you go in."

Dolores took a glance at her and walked towards the main office.

When she got to the door, Dolores raised her hand and knocked on the door.

She opened the door only when she heard someone saying, "Come in."

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**She pushed the door open after being permitted.**

**The office was spacious and unique, with a rectangular desk in the middle and two mannequins dressed in various gorgeous gowns at the side. In front of her sat an elegant elderly woman. She was dressed in a small suite with a bun at the back of her head. She was wearing a strand of saltwater pearl necklace around her neck. The pearls were shiny and uniform in size, complementing the pearl earrings on her ears and presenting the elegance of the elderly woman to perfection.**

**"Sit." Mrs. William was holding an exquisite box in her hand and was fondling it lovingly.**

**Dolores had a glance and sat down, "What can I do for you?"**

**Mrs. William put the box on the table still without letting go of her hand. She briefed, "I'm planning to open a branch in B City in China. You'll be in charge of it." There was only one LEO Corporation. And since its inception, there had been a rule of not setting up a branch in other countries, just this only one.**

**And for them, they had received orders from all over the world.**

**They were one-on-one services, with every gowns and wedding dresses sold were the one and only**

one and absolutely unique.

And that was why LEO Corporation was favored by many women.

Mostly for those attending significant occasions, such as celebrities walking down a red carpet or brides-to-be getting married, their dresses and gowns were indeed essential for them too. It would be their first choice to go for something that could be customized and absolutely unique.

"Isn't it stipulated that LEO Corporation will not open any branch?" Dolores was puzzled.

Besides, the branch was to open at China, and even to her surprise, the location was in B City, a place that she rejected the most.

She would have agreed without hesitation if it was at other countries.

Mrs. William sighed and said

helplessly, "No pain, no gain."

LEO Corporation was established by Mrs. William, and the rules were set by her too.

Mrs. William was in her nineties now, and this rule had been for about sixty years. How could they just break the rule at will?



"Mrs. William, do you have any hardship?" Dolores looked at the box that Mrs. William had been fondling.

It was like something too precious stored inside it.

Mrs. William seemed not to be willing to talk any further, "I've decided it."

Dolores felt something way too

unusual for this sudden decision.

The chosen location was too coincidental.

She wouldn't believe it as a coincidence.

If it wasn't a coincidence, then who would want her to go back?

"Lola, if you don't agree, there won't be any shops that want to recruit you." Mrs. William could tell that Dolores was reluctant and sighed, "In fact, it isn't a bad idea. After all, that's your hometown."

Dolores felt complicated with her head down, "Can you tell me why to make such a decision?"

"Because of this." Mrs. William picked up that exquisite box. "I always knew who had kept it. But no matter how much I offered, that person refused to sell it..."

Mrs. William met with Mr. Nelson from China yesterday afternoon.

He made a trade with Mrs. William with this item. He would give it to Mrs. William, and she had to open a branch in B City in China with Dolores as the person-in-charge.

And Mrs. William had to warn Dolores that she would be forced out in this industry if she tried to leave LEO Corporation.

She had to go back, even though she was unwilling!

Dolores pursed her lips, trying to get it right, "Someone gave you a thing, that you always wanted, but with a condition. That is, opening a branch in B City in China, and the person-in-charge is me?"

Mrs. William shook her head, not to disapprove of her words, but for being too smart.

"A woman is more adorable when acting silly. But I think that gentleman must be very fond of you. Otherwise, he wouldn't find me." Mrs. William liked Dolores very much. She reached out and patted her shoulder, "You can't solve your problem by running away. You're truly letting go of it only if when you can face the people and things in the past calmly. You're still taking this to heart, means that you still haven't let go of it."

Dolores didn't want to admit it, "I've let go of it."

"Since you've already let go of it, then what are you afraid of?"

Dolores didn't know too. Just that, from the bottom of her heart, she felt reluctant to go back. She didn't want to meet those people in the past or to recall things that happened before.

Those were too unpleasant.

"I've made my decision, and it's up to you to think it over. I'll leave you to it." Mrs. William held that elegant box, examining it.

As if she saw someone through that box.

Dolores got up and left.

Theresa Gordon was waiting outside for her. When she saw Dolores came out, she hurried, "What are you going to do?"

Theresa was also from China. She came in after two years Dolores did. At that time, she couldn't be admitted as she wasn't graduated in this particular field. It was Dolores that let Theresa follow her and learning in LEO Corporation.

After knowing Dolores for quite some time, she knew some about Dolores too. Dolores gave a wry smile, "I have no choice."

Mrs. William's words were exact. If she rejected, there wouldn't be any shop that wanted to hire her.

Mrs. William was reputable in the industry, and people would show respect to her.

"Do you know what is inside Mrs. William's box?" Dolores was very curious about that thing, that made her break the rules for many years.

Theresa shook her head, "Not sure."

Dolores sighed. Although she was curious, her biggest worry now was

returning to her country.

She took the file back to her office, browsing through it and got to know her customer needs. She took out a drawing paper and a pencil, but she couldn't quiet her mind. She was holding the pencil, but couldn't write out anything.

She rubbed her face and let Theresa make her a cup of black coffee. "Didn't you rest well last night? You're not looking good." Theresa asked with concern.

Dolores took a sip of the coffee. Not just that she didn't have a good rest, she didn't even sleep at all.

"This is not urgent. How about you go home and take some rest?" Theresa suggested.

"I can't sleep even if going back now. I'll leave you to it." She took a deep breath, "Life goes on."

Dolores couldn't slacken off,

especially during this time.

Her kids still needed her.

"Alright, then."

Theresa walked out of the office and closed the door. Suddenly, a large hand opened the door. Theresa turned around and saw a tall man standing behind her, "You..."

"Shh!" Matthew Nelson whispered, "I'm looking for her."

Theresa remembered the way he pulled Dolores away in a sudden that day. They knew each other and had an unusual relationship.

She took the hint and backed out

without saying anything. Matthew closed the door and went in.

Dolores had calmed down, and she was concentrating on her design.

As the customer requested, the wedding dress should be a wrapped chest, and a wrapped chest wedding dress would be suitable for a fishtail skirt. This type of mermaid wedding dress required a specific kind of body shape.

Matthew was standing behind Dolores, looking at her working conscientiously. It was the first time he saw her drawing.

An ordinary pencil, as if it was enchanted. With just a few strokes, the appearance of a wedding dress was done on the piece of paper.

Dolores sensed someone standing behind her quietly. She thought it was Theresa, as Theresa had a habit of watching

her drawing, so she didn't feel strange. "Theresa, do you have any information on the customer's height and weight?"

She wanted to choose the design according to the customer's body shape.

She didn't hear any reply and so turned around, "Th..."

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**Chapter 72: She Had Also Longed for Love**

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However, the person behind her wasn't the one she expected. And even more so,

someone that was out of her expectation.

"Why are you here?" Dolores Flores

clutched the pen in her hand unconsciously.

Matthew Nelson looked around the office. It was decorated in a white theme, representing simple and generous.

"So this is your workplace?" Matthew walked to the French windows and looked outside.

Dolores put down her pencil and stood up, "I'm asking you."

Matthew turned around looking at her and sneered, "I'm here, just to see you, of

course."

Dolores's hand was behind her back, clasping on the edge of the table. She was looking straight at him, trying to see through him.

What did he really want? But she couldn't see anything.

"Had you met Mrs. William?" She asked in an affirmative tone.

She couldn't think of anyone else who would force her to go back.

Matthew walked over, pulled out the chair behind her and sat down. "Yes." He frankly answered.

"Why?" Dolores roared.

She couldn't think of any reason he did

this!

"No reason." Matthew grabbed Dolores's wrist, pulling her and let her sit on his lap. Dolores refused and tried to break free from his grip.

"I'm hurt."

"What is it to do with me for you being hurt?" Dolores said imperiously.

Matthew sighed, "Are you curious about what did I give Mrs. William?"

Dolores was curious about what was it that could make Mrs. William break her own rules. "What did you give her?" Dolores asked.

"Since you entered LEO Corporation, you should have heard of her husband, Mr. William, is it?"  
Matthew caressed Dolores's back, trying to calm her down.



Dolores nodded, "I've heard of it that the couple was very loving. Just that Mr. William passed away too soon, and his wife was still young at that time. But she never married again for his sake."

"Then do you know what her husband, Mr. William's work was?" Matthew had managed to take Dolores's mind off and distract her attention.

Dolores shook her head as this was beyond her ken.

Matthew wrapped his arm around Dolores's waist and made her sit down. Dolores struggled reluctantly, while Matthew murmured, "I'm hurt, can you be a bit more obedient?"

Dolores was aggrieved. Didn't he know that this action was unpleasant? Wasn't it very intimate for them behaving like this?

Why did he always have to be like this?

"Mr. William was a jewellery designer." Matthew said.

Dolores raised her eyebrows and was surprised by Mr. William's identity as a jewellery designer.

"But what does this have to do with the thing that you gave Mrs. William?" Dolores couldn't understand it.

"When Mrs. William met William, she was still an unknown fashion designer. It was a fashion conference, and it was the first time for Mrs. William's design to be put on stage. Coincidentally, Mr. William had attended that fashion conference too..."

"So, did they meet?" Dolores was able to imagine the scene at that time, "It would be very romantic, right?"

She felt a twinge of envy. When she was young, she had also longed for love, but she had missed her chance.

Now, she was just a single mother. Matthew had noticed Dolores's emotional changes and held her waist tighter, "They had met, but it isn't romantic. I would say it was rather awkward..."

Dolores frowned, "Did something happen?"

"Yes. Someone reported that Mrs. William was plagiarizing others' work..."

"Impossible!" Dolores trusted Mrs. William's character as well as her ability too.

She would never plagiarize!

Matthew silently looked at her angry look, "I wasn't talking about you, why are you getting agitated for?"

Dolores calmed down as she was too flustered just now, "I just couldn't believe that Mrs. William would plagiarize."

"She was indeed..." Matthew had noticed that Dolores was frowning, panting as she would explode into a rage at any time.

"Her design was named the same as a well-known necklace, but Mrs. William didn't know that necklace at all. And even more coincidentally, it was the same naming as well as the same source of inspiration, just that a different design." Matthew picked a strand of hair at Dolores's ear, twiddling at his fingertips, and said in a low voice, "Would this be fate?"

Indeed, it was a strange coincidence.

Just that Dolores couldn't figure out, how could they know that they had the same inspiration?

"Silly." Matthew pinched Dolores's cheek. Dolores then realized, "Since they were named the same, they had to investigate it. So when the two met, they knew that they had the same source of inspiration and gave their design the same name."

"Not quite dumb." Matthew smirked.

Dolores pulled a face. Did his words

imply that she was stupid?

"So, you gave Mrs. William the necklace?" Dolores guessed.

Matthew nodded.

"Why was the necklace with you?" The necklace was bought by a gentleman in an auction and given to his wife.

He was not short of money as he was

a resourceful businessman.

Soon after Mr. William passed away, Mrs. William searched everywhere for the necklace. Although she knew who had the necklace, the man wouldn't sell it.

The man wouldn't sell it no matter how much Mrs. William offered.

Coincidentally, that businessman had business dealings with Matthew.

Dolores understood that Matthew had given something that Mrs. William had always wanted. So that was why Mrs. William agreed to open a branch.

Dolores soon realized that she got

distracted by Matthew.

She wasn't puzzling about what did he gave Mrs. William.

Instead, why did Matthew wanted her to return to her country?

What was in it for him? What did he really want?

Dolores then realized she was sitting on his lap unconsciously when they were chatting.

She leapt to her feet, looking at Matthew, "What's your intention?"

He felt out of place after she got up. He looked at Dolores, "What intention can I have, but you?"

"Why me?"

"Why didn't you want to go back?" Matthew changed to a gentle tone, "Or is there something that makes you sad?"

"No!" Dolores retorted instinctively.

"Then why are you afraid of going back?"

"Who is afraid?"

Matthew sneered, "Then why are you being so thrilled?"

Dolores found that she turned dumb in front of him.

She didn't want to admit that this man could mess up her mind. Dolores pretended to be nothing mattered and said, "When did I thrill?"

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**Matthew readjusted his expression, "Since you're not thrilled, just go back now."**

**Dolores' hands that were on her side were clutched together tightly. She asked with a big mess inside her heart, "Can you tell me why you are doing this?"**

**Did he know that what he was doing**

**was actually saying 'I love you'?**

**She knew that Matthew would never like this kind of woman like her, but she**

**could not understand his actions. She couldn't find a single explanation.**

**Matthew stood up.**

**Why?**

Matthew also didn't know why; he just knew that he wanted her to go back to where she was from, "You were the one chosen by my mother. I have to live up the expectations from the deceased ones."

Dolores wanted to laugh, but she couldn't. She had no idea about what kind of expression she should be doing right now, be it happy or upset.

"So, just because I was the one your mother who betrothed, you want me to go back?" Dolores was at loss of words; she didn't know why she was expecting his negative answer.

Matthew turned around, facing behind her, hiding his facial expression in the light refracted from the windows, and agreed faintly.

This was the most expected answer. But she was disappointed.

She smiled bitterly, "You think I'm suitable for this position? Plus, aren't you engaged with Maria Herbert? Are you teasing or playing with me now? Is that fun?"

Matthew's face suddenly tensed up, like a bowstring being pulled behind.

He had been deliberately ignoring that one thing, which was Dolores had been married before and given birth too. He didn't want to mention nor think about this thing; since now she had said it out, he had to face it.

"I'm not going to marry Maria. As for your position, nothing is inappropriate," he said.

Dolores managed to squeeze out a smile, "Nothing is inappropriate? Are you for real?"

Matthew turned around, looking at her, "You're not a pure woman, nor am I a good man. We're equally same; we shouldn't dislike either of us."

She already knew it; she didn't understand why it hurt more when she heard it from Matthew's own words.

He was a normal man, after all. Maria had been with him for so long, it would be weird if nothing happened.

She knew this.

She also understood.

She just n't know why she would feel down about him sleeping with another woman. "I'm going back today." He came here today to tell her about this.

"Oh." Dolores faced somewhere else, not looking at him and pretending to be calm.



**Buzz buzz...**

**Dolores's phone on the table suddenly buzzed. It was her son's name, and she picked it up.**

**"Samuel."**

**"Mommy, can you pick me up from school today?" Samuel Flores asked.**

**"Of course." There was nothing more important than her son. She took a glance at the clock on the table, "When do you want me to come over?"**

**"Can you come now?"**

**"Sure."**

**"I'll wait for you then."**

**"Okay."**

**She waited for him to hang up first, and then she hung up. She packed her files and drawing paper, preparing to leave. And then she realized that Matthew who was standing behind her hadn't left.**

**"You're leaving?"**

**"Yeah."**

Dolores pursed her lips, "My son wants me to go pick him up."

Matthew just heard it, remembering his face on how hostile he was toward him, and asked, "Did you bad mouth me to him?"

Dolores was confused, "Bad mouth what now?"

"You didn't tell me why the kid was so hostile toward me?"

Dolores understood now.

But she refused to answer, changing the topic deliberately, "Don't you have a flight to chase? I'm leaving too."

She couldn't possibly say that Samuel saw Matthew forcibly kissing her; that was why he had a grudge against him?

She walked to the door, looking back at him, "Not leaving?"

It was apparent that she was changing the topic deliberately, but Matthew didn't expose her, leaving along with her while also asking casually, "What school your son's in?"

"AC University."

AC University?

His eyes twitched; he knew that that kid was smart. Since the last time when he set himself up to kidnap him, it was evident that he was very thoughtful and action-oriented, knowing how to use his advantage from being a child to attract other's sympathy to achieve his goals.

Not many five-year-olds could achieve this kind of cleverness.

Even though he knew he was smart, he never expected to enroll in AC that young.

Dolores was very proud when they talked about her son, "He's very smart, he always sounds like an adult, taking care of his sister."

When talking about her son, it felt like light shone on her face. She was proud of her son.

Matthew sneered while walking toward his car.

If he said that he didn't have any feelings for it, it would be lying.

He was around 30 years old; most people already had their own child at this point of age.

Now that he had to listen to how her wife described how smart and knowledgeable the child she had with another man, it was hard to be happy.

Dolores felt that he was very weird.

Just like most stuff he did, no one ever understood what the purpose behind it was.

Dolores didn't give too much thought to it; instead, she just walked toward her car.

It didn't take very long for her to go to her son's school. Samuel was already out of the classroom, waiting inside the school entrance.

Dolores parked her car, came out from it, and walked toward him. "Mommy."

Samuel shouted happily when he saw Dolores.

The guard only opened the gate to let Samuel out when he saw Dolores was

coming.

Dolores reached out, "Why are you at school?"

Even though Samuel passed the examination of AC University, he only had three days of class per week on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday due to his young age. Today was Tuesday.

"I came to seek advice from my teacher." Samuel said seriously.

"I should really treat your teacher when time allows, your teacher treats you so well." Dolores thought, should she call and ask if the teacher was free today for dinner together?

"Is your teacher still in school?" Dolores asked.

"Nope, he left. He said he had something to do." Dolores dismissed the idea, hugged her son to the car, and helped him to buckle up his seat.

Dolores drove home, coincidentally met Simona Flores and Jessica Lennon

coming back from the shopping mall.

Dolores hurriedly got out of her car to help carry Jessica's stuff.

"Mommy, mommy." Simona was excited seeing her mother and reached out two small arms, wanting Dolores to hug her.

"I'll hug you inside house."

"No." Simona hugged Dolores's leg, not letting her go. She really wanted that hug.

Jessica shook her head, saying, "You should hug her."

Jessica took over the stuff from Dolores.

"Simona is an ingrate. Her eyes only have her mother, not her grandmother."

"Grandmother, you have me." Samuel held out his hand to hold Jessica's hand. "Samuel knows the best." Jessica laughed.

Simona didn't care at all, embracing Dolores's shoulder and enjoying her mother's hug.

It was inevitable to come in contact with germs when going outside.

"Mommy, I want to eat pudding." Simona tilted her head up, widening her big, bright eyes, wanting Dolores's coddle.

"Okay." Dolores replied with a laugh.

After washing her daughter's hands, she took her to the living room and took out some pudding from the freezer.

Simona was really a glutton. As long as she had something to eat, she would be quiet.

Dolores let Samuel take care of his sister and entered the kitchen to prepare dinner with Jessica.

"Mom, why did you set up a marriage contract with Mrs. Nelson back then?"

This was something that she was always curious about but never had the chance to ask.

Since Matthew had mentioned it again, Dolores was eager to know.

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**Enemy Well, You Will Win**

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**Jessica stopped washing the vegetables on her hand, seemingly not**

**expecting her daughter to ask this question**

**out of the blue, "Why do you want to know?"**

**Dolores lowered her head, "I just want to know, after all, when you planned the marriage with him, I was only two years old, why would you..."**

**"The past stays in the past, can't remember them anyways." Jessica didn't want to talk about the past; she put the washed vegetables on the shelf and looked at her daughter. Her keen sense told her that Dolores was acting abnormally, "Tell me, what's wrong?"**

**Dolores could tell that Jessica didn't want to talk about it, so she didn't press it but instead took the chance to test her, "Mrs. William wants to start a branch, she wants me to be in charge of it..."**

**"That's good news." Jessica answered. She pushed her daughter away, "Let me cut the vegetables."**

Dolores stepped back and leaned against the stove, and thought for a bit while, "But the address of the branch is in China..."

"What?"

Dolores hadn't had the chance to finish her sentence, Jessica had already interrupted her. She also knew that LEO had a rule: they will never have any branch in any other country.

Mrs. William now wanted to have a branch in China?

Jessica frowned. Weird kinds of stuff were happening one after another recently. She put down the kitchen knife and wiped her hands on the apron, tugging her daughter's arm, "Tell me the truth, are these stuff related to him?"

Dolores figured that Jessica would have to know if she was going back to the

country anyway.

Dolores admitted, "Yea..." "What are you thinking?!" Jessica glared at her angrily. How could she forget her sufferings so fast?

"Tell me, what condition were you in at that time? Where was he when you were in the most difficult situation? If it wasn't for Sampson Herbert, how would you still be here? How can you not tell the difference between good and bad?"



Dolores twisted her head. Indeed she was reluctant to return to the country, partly because of what happened in the past, and partly because of Matthew Nelson.

She knew it was a trade, but when he

proposed a divorce, she was somehow sad.

After the car crash, she became even more exhausted, both physically and mentally.

That was why she didn't want to go back to the place where it would make her think about things.

"Mrs. William was firm on her stance, if I don't go back, I'm going to lose my job." Dolores was the only breadwinner in the family; this job was critical to her. Jessica picked up the kitchen knife

again, slicing potatoes one by one. She was silent for a while and said, "I mean, you can go back,"

Dolores was taken aback; Jessica

actually agreed.

"But under one condition."

Dolores sighed; she knew it won't be

that easy.

"Promise me you'll marry Sampson, and then I'll agree." Jessica said her condition.

Compared to Matthew, Jessica was more optimistic about Sampson, who had

helped Dolores several times.

"Mom..."

"This is not up to negotiation. You want to jump back into the fire, I can't just push you. You are my daughter; I'm doing this for your own good. What's wrong with Sampson? He's handsome, he has the power. Most importantly, he likes you. How many men can wait for six years..." Jessica looked at her daughter seriously, "Is your heart made of stone? Can't you see how many has he done?"

Indeed, Sampson was excellent. He accompanied her during her most challenging moment, helping her and her family.

All these, she knew it too.

"But I..."

"If he minded about you giving birth before, would he still wait for you?" Jessica also had concerns about Sampson minding Dolores giving birth before, but Sampson changed her mind with his actions.

If he minded, he would've not accompanied Dolores for so long.

Dolores was still young, but she couldn't stay unmarried for the rest of her life. Jessica thinks that Sampson was the best candidate for her.

Compared to that person who, even though they knew Dolores was pregnant, still insisted on completing the marriage deal, Sampson was miles better!

Dolores lowered her head; what Jessica said had her points.

But what Jessica didn't know was Sampson's mother had approached her before.

Dolores was a human, too; she had a heart too. Of course she had some feelings

for Sampson once.

After all, he treated her well.

But Dolores wasn't planning to tell Jessica about this. Jessica was always worried about her future, afraid that she had her kids, hard to find someone who's suitable.

If she told Jessica that Sampson's mother approached her before, telling her that she hopes Sampson not to marry Dolores, Jessica would be upset about her future, overthinking her future.

"Mom, marrying someone that I don't like won't make me happy either."

"But he likes you, treats you well, isn't that all you need? Feelings can be cultivated, as soon as you get married and live together, you'll meet each other every day. Naturally, feelings will appear." Jessica was trying hard to persuade Dolores.

Dolores was helpless. She lowered her head and rubbed her forehead, feeling an unprecedented sense of exhaustion.

Jessica didn't understand Matthew's coercing.

She was feeling helpless.

"Mommy."

Samuel was standing at the kitchen entrance; even though he was a small figure, he stood upright. He had heard everything Dolores and Jessica said; he knew everything about what they said.

"Mommy, we're from China. Sister and I have never go back to our hometown, now that we can go back, isn't that a good thing?" Samuel looked at Dolores and Jessica with an innocent look..

"You're just a kid, what do you know?" Jessica waved her hand, suggesting him to go back to the living room.

"Even though I'm young, I still have my human rights, I can make my decision. I am in favor of mommy going back." Samuel looked extremely serious, "I was born by mommy, naturally, I'm from China. Of

course we're going back."

Dolores looked at Jessica; they had never mentioned their father.

Dolores had only said once about Sampson's research. It was said that their father could be from A country, but their looks grew like Dolores, making them look like people from China, with no hint of any A country's genetic characteristics.

This was one of the things Dolores was happy about that was her kids had the same skin color as her.

He was not a child with blond hair and blue eyes.

"Samuel." Dolores called her son.

"Mommy, let's go back. I want to see mommy's hometown anyways." Samuel blinked, looking at her with hopes.

Dolores went over to hug Samuel, tightly hugging him; her emotion was getting somewhat sad, so she didn't dare talk.

Jessica couldn't bring herself to talk any heavy words, but her stance was still firm, "You should consider what I said."

"Grandma, Mommy doesn't like uncle, why must you let them be together?" Samuel looked like a man-child, "I think mommy deserves better."

Jessica snorted; what did he know when he was still your

**"Tell me, what does your mommy deserve?"**

**Samuel tilted his head, "Not telling you."**

**That was because Samuel was still finding.**

**He asked for his teacher's advice, and his teacher said, just like his mother's situation, she needs to find someone more handsome and more prosperous than her ex-husband for her to abandon that person who left her first.**

**Let him know that abandoning his mommy was his loss! He had information about Matthew, which he was in China. This was why he had to go back.**

**As his teacher said, if you know your enemy well, you'll win.**

**For that Sampson didn't meet his requirement; even though he was better than normal people, he was still far from Matthew.**

**His mommy can never marry someone worse than Matthew.**

**He must be better than him!**

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

**\* \* \***

**NEXT: CHAPTER75: Home » Covenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap » Chapter75: You Can't Entice Her**

**PREVIOUS**

## **Chapter75: You Can't Entice Her**

**NEXT**

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**Although the house was not that big, its decoration looked quite warm. There was a rectangular table in the dining room and four family members were sitting at the table.**

**As Jessica disagreed with Dolores' request of coming back to China and if she wanted to come back she would have to marry Sampson, the table was shrouded in a depressing ambience.**

**Only the innocent Simona had no idea about what was going on. She was sitting in Dolores arms, asking her mom to feed her.**

**"Mommy, I want egg custard." Simona pointed at the steamed egg custard that was as tender as soft bean-curd with her little finger.**

**Dolores ladled a spoon of egg custard and fed it into Simona's mouth.**

**Samuel sighed whiling gazing at his innocent sister like an adult bothered by bothersome things. Dolores put a spoon of egg custard into his bowl, "Children are not allowed to furrow their brows."**

**"Alas." Samuel sighed again.**

Why did this kid sigh again after being

taught that he shouldn't?

"Samuel Flores, mind your attitude." Although Dolores was rebuking him, she didn't say those words seriously as she didn't want to be tough to him.

"Why do you have the mood to have the meal?" Samuel threw a wet blanket on

her.

"If you fail to persuade grandma, what should you do with your work?" Samuel worried about this matter more than Dolores did.

"Children shouldn't be bothered by adult's matters. What you're supposed to do is to have meal regularly and to pay attention to your study." Jessica ladled a bowl of soup for him, "Eat. You're not allowed to involve in adult's matters."

Samuel-discontented with her words, "I'm also a member of the family, so

naturally I have my right to speak. Grandma, Mommy, let's vote by a show of hands. The minority should be subordinate to the majority."

"Oh, this kid. Who have you learned from? You're really good at reasoning." Jessica teased him. This



kid was so young, but he had many ideas.

"Vote by a show of hands." Samuel repeated his words in a resolute tone.

"You want to come back so badly?" Dolores saw through her son's mind. It seemed that he wanted come back to China so badly.

She once thought that as her children had been accustomed to living here, they would not have the idea of living in the other place. Nevertheless, Samuel's attitude was quite unexpected to her.

"Mommy's hometown is also my hometown. I just want to know what your hometown looks like, Mommy." Samuel said with a serious look.

Although Dolores wanted to come back to the country, she didn't do so because of her worries about Jessica's feelings.

But Samuel was so smart and he knew deep down that as Dolores respected Jessica so much, if they wanted to come back to the country, they had to obtain Jessica's agreement.

He put down his spoon, jogged towards Jessica, tugged her sleeve and waggled gently, "Grandma, my dear grandma, please, agree with it."

But Jessica still disagreed. Samuel continued to act cutely and

begged with his soft tone, "Grandma,

grandma, my dear grandma."

"Grandma, grandma, my dear grandma." Simona also followed suit.

Samuel and Simona's tone was so soft, innocent and sweet that Jessica felt her heart melting.

She felt as if she still didn't agree with the request, she would feel sorry for the two children. So she said, "Let's vote by a show of hands."

Samuel was the first to lift his hand, "Who agrees to coming back to China please raise your hand."

"Mommy." Seeing that Dolores

remained motionless, Samuel signaled to her. But Dolores only lifted her hand after learning that Jessica was not going to be angry.

"Simona..."

"You can't entice her." Jessica interrupted Samuel.

Samuel pouted and waggled his lifted hands at his younger sister.

Simona felt it very interesting. As her mother and brother all had raised their hands, she also lifted her hand.

Three to one.

Jessica had lost. But she was not angered at all; instead, she said worriedly, "I didn't know whether this was a wise decision or not."

"Grandma, don't worry. I will protect my mommy." Samuel patted his chest and made the promise.

Jessica rubbed her grandson's hair and heaved a deep sigh. What would Samuel know since he was just a child after all?

But his filial piety was really precious, "Your Mommy had risked her life to give birth to you two. And you actually didn't disappoint her."

Samuel blinked his eyes. He also had heard from Sampson that his mom had suffered a lot to give birth him and his sister.

"I won't allow anyone to bully my mother." Dolores said in a particularly resolute tone as if he had made up his mind on something.

Jessica suddenly realized that she had talked too much about this. Samuel was a child after all. She held him into her arms and put him on her thighs, "Samuel, you're a man of our family."

"Of course." Samuel lifted his chin up and replied proudly. Having managed to persuade Jessica, the ambience of the meal also became relaxed. Simona, who was nestling in Dolores' arms, was sleepy and constantly nodded off, so Dolores carried her up. But the little girl seemed to feel that Dolores was about to leave the table and opened her eyes, "I want to eat."

Dolores was rendered speechless.

This kid was so sleepy, yet she was

still thinking of having the meal.

Dolores could only sit back into the chair. Simona took several mouthful of food and fell asleep.

Jessica asked Dolores to take the child to the bedroom and said she would clear away the dishes.

Dolores nodded in agreement. As

Simona hadn't taken a bath yet and if she woke up when being bathed, she would cry, so it was better for Dolores to take care of her by herself.

Probably it was because Simona hadn't slept during the daytime, she was now in a sound sleep. Dolores washed her face, hands and feet, but she showed no sign of waking up.

Samuel sighed emotionally, "Mommy, I think Simona was born in the Year of the Pig."

She was so good at eating and sleeping.

Dolores rolled her eyes at him, "How can you say these? If your sister was born in the Year of the Pig, then tell me when you were born. Don't forget that you're twins."

Samuel sat beside the bed and took out his table PC to play a game called 'Intelligence Box', saying, "I was born in the Year of the Snake. The teacher said that the snake is a kind of cold-blooded animal."

Dolores turned around, only to see her son's delicate profile. He had curling eyelashes and was now concentrating on the game with his head lowered. Dolores thanked his teacher in mind.

It was just that the things Samuel's

teacher had taught were beyond his age. Samuel shouldn't learn those things at such a young age.

"Do you like your teacher?" Dolores asked.

"Of course." Samuel replied without

hesitation.

Dolores rubbed his hair.

Right at this moment, her phone which was placed on the bedside table buzzed. As Samuel was close to the phone, he picked it up and handed it to Dolores, "Mommy, your phone call."

Dolores reached out to take the phone and found that the caller ID was 'LEO'.

This was the symbolic caller ID of Mrs.

**William.**

**Dolores was grateful to Mrs. William because of her appreciation of her ability back then.**

**At that time, although she had just gotten her graduation certificate, she didn't have any related experiences. According to LEO's status in the industry, it would by no means lower its standard to recruit a green hand like her. Nevertheless, Mrs. William said she felt Dolores was like her young self and let her stay in the company.**

**It was because of her appreciation back then that she would have the opportunities to get to where she was today in her career.**

**Therefore, Dolores was quite respectful to Mrs. William.**

**"I've arranged Theresa to come back to China first. She will arrange everything for you and you can come back directly."**

**"I see."**

**Dolores tucked up the quilt for Simona, walked to the windows and looked out of the windows, yet only to see nothing as it was so dark outside.**

**Nevertheless, she gradually made up her mind.**

**Just as what Matthew had said, since she had let go of everything, what was she afraid of now?**

**She straightened up her back. Now that everything was on the rails - she had her own career, the children had grown up and her mother's disease had been under control, it would be the same for her to live at the other place.**

"Dolores, do you hate me?" Mrs. William was wordless for a long time before asking.

"No." Dolores replied honestly.

At the very beginning, she had been confused about why she could be the exception. She had never been discontented with Mrs. William especially after learning the story between Mrs. William and Mr. William.

Mrs. William heaved a sigh as if she wanted to say something, but she hung up the phone in the end.

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

**\* \* \*A face, which was as the same as that of this man, quickly popped into Dolores' mind. When she had the car accident, it was this man who had raced towards her driving the truck. She still could clearly remember the thrilling scene and her heart still fluttered with fear whenever she thought of the accident. This was also the reason why she could still remember it clearly. At that time, the police drew a conclusion that the car accident was caused by the failure of the truck after investigation. The cab driver died and she herself was injured in that accident. Although the truck driver was not mainly responsible for the accident, he should bear the relative liability. As she was injured and was brought to a foreign country by Sampson back then, she was not clear about the follow-ups. Although it was caused by a brake failure, that man, a driver, actually had raced towards other's car without making any remedies to reduce the damage. This point alone was enough to leave her a bad impression on him. But she was curious about why such kind of driver could still drive a cab. "Lady, are you going to take the cab?" The man asked again, seeming to have no impression on Dolores. Dolores pulled a long face and said in a cold voice, "Can people like you be a cab driver?" "Oh, what did you mean?" Terry Holmes felt weird. He was just a cab driver. It was fine if she didn't want to take the cab, but why did she speak rudely? Dolores didn't want to haggle over the past as she and the children were all right now. Nevertheless, she detested such kind of person very much. Dolores ignored him and continued to walk along the road. Terry followed her driving the car, "Yuck, what did you mean just now? Please make it clear. I don't know you. Don't you think it rude to comment a person casually?" Dolores knitted her brows. She didn't want to make a fuss about the past, but why was he pestering her now? She paused and said, "I don't want to mention about the past. Please don't follow me, okay?" After finishing the words, Dolores strode away. Terry stepped on the brake and watched Dolores's leaving with a dumbfounded look. Judging from her words, apparently she knew him. Nevertheless, he didn't know him. What's more, her attitude and her angry look all proved that she knew him. Could it be that**

she was an acquaintance of his elder brother who had died? Terry gritted his teeth tightly and drove the car slowly to follow Dolores. He wanted to figure out what was going on. Dolores hailed a cab and then went to her store. She didn't notice that someone was following her. Dolores had viewed the plan of the siting and decoration of the store and now she came here to have an on-the-spot investigation. Actually, the decoration project of the store was almost completed. "Lola." Theresa walked over and handed her an architectural drawing. The store was located in a prosperous area in City B. Although Mrs. William decided to establish this branch store under the instruction of someone, LEO Corporation was her career and she would by no means treat it perfunctorily. They had carried out market research and thought carefully about the location and decoration of the store. "All things here are customized so they might be delivered a bit later. But it won't be too late. Estimatly all the things will be delivered to the store next week." Dolores nodded, "Thank you for your efforts. It must be hard for you." All the things here were basically arranged by Theresa. "It's not hard." Theresa smiled. When she was refused by LEO back then, it was Dolores who gave him the opportunity to stay in the company. Although she was just Dolores' assistant now, she had learned a lot. Moreover, Dolores was quite kind to her. She had helped her a lot and taught her a lot without any reserve. "You must feel fatigued after the long journey. Come back and take a rest. I'll handle the matter here." Dolores pondered for a while and replied, "All right. I'll come back first. Call me if there are any problems." The two children just arrived at an unfamiliar place, and Dolores was worried that they might feel unaccustomed. Dolores walked out of the store. As she had just gone back to the country, she still had no car and could only travel on foot or by taxi. She stood by the roadside and waited for a cab. Terry, who followed her here, started the car when he saw her standing by the roadside alone and stopped in front of her. "Lady, do you know my elder brother?" When Dolores saw his face again, her face immediately darkened. This person was following her? "What are you talking about?" Dolores said unpleasantly. She just went back to the country, but came upon such a noisy person. Moreover, this person was following her! How could she be in a good mood after experiencing this? Terry was not annoyed by Dolores' attitude. Instead, he explained patiently, "You acted like you knew me just now. But I'm sure that I haven't seen you. So the one you mentioned was definitely not me and I guessed you might be mentioning about my brother. He died six years ago and they said he died of suicide. But I found it was not the truth." Dolores took a step backward, "Your brother?" She felt very confused at the moment. He died? The truck driver that crashed into her had died? Fearing that Dolores would not believe him, Terry produced his wallet, in which there was a group photo of him and his elder brother. He took out the photo and handed it to Dolores, "Look. The one in the right is me, and the one in the left is my elder brother." Dolores reached out to take the photo. She glanced at the photo and then at Terry. Terry and his brother looked quite alike. Dolores thought carefully of it again and concluded that the truck driver looked more alike Terry's brother. "Your brother had died?" Dolores asked in an incredible tone. Terry's expressions tensed up when mentioning about his dead brother. He nodded seriously, "He had uremia and the treatment required a large sum of money. Our family didn't have too much money, so curing him was just a forlorn hope. Nevertheless, one day he posted 'I have money now' in his Moments and attached a photo with some words 'I'm a rich' on it. Nevertheless, such kind of an optimistic person suddenly committed suicide. Don't you think it weird?" He had been investigating into this matter but hadn't found out any convincing evidence. Dolores' reaction offered him a breakthrough. "It's really weird that he committed suicide after posting the texts telling that he was rich." By rights, having money meant that he was hopeful to be cured and therefore he should



have the hope to live. Why did he choose to commit suicide? This was really bewildering. Nevertheless, this had nothing to do with her. She handed the photo back to Terry and said, "Sorry. But this has nothing to do with me." Terry took the photo and put it back into his pocket. Knowing that this matter could not be achieved rashly, he said, "Are you waiting for a cab. I can give you a ride." Dolores declined, "No need." "Aren't you waiting for a cab as you are standing by the roadside?" Dolores was still standing motionlessly. "I'm not a bad guy and I won't charge you a lot either." Terry said sincerely. Dolores hesitated for a while. She then pulled open the door and got into the car as she thought he really didn't look like a bad guy. Terry asked, "Where's your destination?" Dolores replied, "Golden Bay." Terry didn't mention about his brother again; instead, he made a self-introduction, "My name is Terry Holmes. You can just call me Terry." Feeling that he was excessively enthusiastic, Dolores ignored his words. "Ahem, I hope I haven't offended you." Terry finally realized that it was inappropriate to talk much as this was their first meeting. But he wanted to leave a good impression to Dolores, so that he could find out the grudges between her and his brother as well as why she was so furious just now. It took just five or six minutes to arrive at Dolores' destination. Dolores paid the bill and then got off the car. Terry stopped her, asking, "Can I be your friend?" "We're not that familiar with each other. And sorry, I don't like to make friends." Dolores declined without hesitation. But Terry didn't give up. He pushed open the door and got off the car. But he was stopped when he tried to chase after Dolores, "What are you doing? Do you know about her identity?" "Who are you?" Terry stared at the man that was blocking his way. "My identity doesn't matter. The important thing is that you cannot have immoderate ambitions towards her. Remember it?" Abbott warned him. Dolores turned around when she heard Abbott's voice, and her face got even gloomier. "Ms. Flores." Abbott quickly changed his expressions and walked towards her with a smile, "Mr. Nelson wants to meet you."

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

**\* \* \***

**NEXT: CHAPTER 76: The phone call had been ended, yet Dolores was frozen to the ground by the window with the phone clenched in her hand. She was still looking out of the window and it was still so dark that she couldn't see anything.**

**"Mommy." Samuel called her. Dolores turned around. When seeing his handsome face, she smiled, "What are you calling me for?"**

**Samuel put down his tablet PC, ran over, hugged her legs and started acting cutely, "Mommy, Simona has fallen asleep. Can you help me take a bath today?" Dolores pinched his cheeks and agreed in a pampering sound, "Okay."**

Samuel smiled broadly and grabbed Dolores' cloth, feeling a bit excited inside. Since his clingy sister was not going to compete with him, he could finally stay alone with his mother together. If Simona was still awake, she would cling to Dolores, and in this way he would not have any time to stay with his mother alone.

Dolores turned on the lights of the bathroom as well as the tap. And the bathtub was soon filled with hot water.

Samuel had already taken off his clothes and was now completely naked. "The water is prepared..." When Dolores turned around, she found Samuel had undressed himself as she glanced over his fair and clear body.

Samuel noticed her gaze and was rendered speechless. He quickly covered the place between his legs and flushed, "Mommy."

Dolores teased him deliberately, "Oh,

my son feels shy?" Samuel flushed even more with his

head lowered.

He was really embarrassed at the moment.

Dolores stopped teasing him and walked over to carry him into the bathtub. Samuel hid himself into the water with only his head exposed. Then Dolores squeezed out some shampoo and gently kneaded his hair.

Samuel was quite well-behaved. He squatted in the water quietly and let Dolores help him wash his hair. Looking at the gentle Dolores, he called, "Mommy."

"What's the matter?"

Samuel didn't reply and just smiled.

He made up his mind in heart that he would find a good man who could take good care of his mother in the future.

Dolores deliberately put some foams on his nose, thinking that he was acting naughtily just now as he deliberately called her but refused to tell her the matter. But she didn't know that her son had made up his mind that he would find a good man for her.

Nonetheless, it was not that easy to find a good man.

On the last day of July, Dolores went back to China with the two children.

As everything in China had been arranged, she just needed to carry luggage like a small quantity of clothes as well as the children.

Unlike Simona who never concealed her delight or bad mood and got very excited after learning that they were going to take a plane, Samuel remained unperturbed. This was the second time for Simona to take a plane and she had once taken a plane at the age of three. Nevertheless, she didn't remember it.

The little girl was curious about everything and kept groping here and there with her hands.

Dolores could do nothing about it and could only let her play in her embrace. Fortunately, the ones sitting by her sides were Jessica and Samuel, so they didn't bother the other passengers.

"Mommy, I want juice." Seeing the airline stewardess serving a passenger juice, Simona reached out her hand.

She was in a baby blue dress today and wore her black hair in pigtails. Her skin was tender and fair and her clear bright seemed to be able to speak.

"What kind of juice do you want?" The airline stewardess stooped to look at the cute girl and asked in a gentle voice.

Simona blinked her eyes and then pointed at the glass with green juice in it.

"This is kiwifruit juice. It will taste a bit sour." The stewardess introduced the juice to her.

Simona seemed not to detest the sour taste and nodded.

The stewardess handed the kiwifruit juice to her. Probably it was because Simona looked so cute, she asked, "Little girl, what's your name?"

Simona cracked a smile, baring her white teeth, "My name is Simona Flores. And my Mommy and grandma all call me Simona."

"What a good name." The stewardess praised. Dolores stroked Simona's hair. "Your daughter is so pretty." The stewardess said with a smile.

"Thank you." Dolores nodded at her politely.

Samuel shot a glance at his sister and then turned his head to look out of the window. It seemed like he didn't like the stewardess' accosting at all.

Not long after the stewardess had left with the cart, the captain's voice sounded, "Ladies and gentlemen, we will arrive in B City of China. Please get prepared. The plane will land at DH International Airport in ten minutes."

The plane landed at the airport after ten minutes. Dolores carried Simona who was sleeping in her embrace and Jessica held Samuel's hand. As soon as Samuel got off the plane, he looked around and studied the surroundings.

'So this was the place in which Mommy was born.' He thought to himself.

"I'll go take the luggage." Jessica put down Samuel's hand and said, "Wait for me with you Mommy at the exit." "All right." Actually, they didn't need to worry about Samuel as he was very thoughtful.

"Lola." Sampson was walking towards them with Theresa by his side.

They came together to pick up Dolores.

Sampson didn't come back to Country A due to the cancellation of Maria's engagement ceremony and stayed in China to take care of his younger sister who had been in a gloomy mood.

When he called Dolores back then, he learned that she was going to come back.

Therefore, he came to pick her up together with Theresa today.

"Are you tired? I can carry her." Sampson reached out, intending to take the child from her embrace.

Dolores shook her head, "No need. I'm

not tired. Let's go."

Sampson fixed his eyes on Dolores for two seconds before withdrawing his hand. He hadn't showed a smile after learning that Dolores was going to come back to China.

She had been staying in Country A for a long time and had never said she wanted to come back. She was actually unwilling to come back at that time.

Nevertheless, after having encountered Matthew, she decided to come back to the country.

She said she hated that man, but her behavior showed that she didn't hate him that much.

And Matthew also cancelled his engagement with Maria.

He believed that the two things must have some relations.

He was afraid of something at the same time.

As Sampson was immersed in his thoughts, he uncontrollably casted his gaze on the two children and his hands that were put beside his thighs were clenched tightly.

If Dolores learned that he had hidden

the truth back then, would she hate him?

Witnessing the two children growing up little by little, he felt more and more ambivalent and guilty.

The two children were so cute that everyone would like them.

If he didn't tell the lie back then, Matthew might have accepted Dolores for

the sake of the children.

Judging from Matthew's actions recently, he definitely would have accepted Dolores because he cancelled the engagement ceremony after encountering Dolores.

It was evident that he had some feelings for Dolores.

If he hadn't hidden the truth back then, the children would have a complete family.

"Sampson, what are you thinking?" Samuel lifted his head to look at Sampson who was lost in his thoughts and reached out to tug his cloth.

Sampson was pulled back to reality and hastily replied, "Nothing. I didn't think of anything."

He looked down at Samuel and reached out to hold up his hand, saying, "Let's go." Samuel took back his hand, "I can walk

by myself."

He didn't detest Sampson, but didn't like him either.

Sampson felt a bit awkward and rubbed his fingers.

"Samuel Flores." Dolores noticed his behavior and called his name, "Don't be impolite. Sampson is being concerned about you."

Samuel looked down onto the ground, "I see."

It was just that he didn't like his hand being held by Sampson.



"All right. It's not a proper time to talk here. Let's leave first." Sampson walked over and took the luggage cases from Jessica.

Jessica asked with a bright smile, "How are you doing?"

"Quite well." Jessica had a good impression of Sampson.

They walked out of the airport with Sampson pulling the luggage cases. Dolores got into Sampson's car, while Jessica and Samuel got into Theresa's car and followed behind.

Sampson studied Dolores from the rear-view mirror - she was staring at her daughter who was in sound asleep and looked very gentle.

He tightened his grip on the steering wheel, intending to say something to her. But he didn't say out a word in the end.

Theresa had arranged a residence for Dolores. It was closed to the store so it was convenient for Dolores to commute.

They pulled the luggage into the house after arriving at the residence and Dolores said he had booked a restaurant to celebrate Dolores' coming back as the furniture and kitchen supplies were all new and they couldn't cook at home.

Before Dolores could say anything, Jessica had agreed with it on behalf of her. Therefore, Dolores could not say 'no'.

They put down the luggage and drove

to the restaurant that Sampson had booked.

Sampson booked a big private room in the restaurant. The table was also so big that there were still some seats after the six of them take seats.

"I'll go to the toilet." Samuel slid down the chair.

"I'll go with you." Jessica worried that Samuel might not be able to find the way.

"No need. I know how to get there." Samuel waved his hand and walked out alone.

He asked a waiter and soon found the toilet.

After getting into the toilet, he found that there was no children's exclusive urinal and those urinals for adults were too high for him.

He furrowed his brows and looked extremely troubled.

"Hey boy." A teasing sound rumbled from behind Samuel.

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

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**PREVIOUS**

**Chapter 77: Take off Your Pants**

**NEXT**

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Samuel looked back.

He saw the man standing beside the handbasin. Drying his hands in an elegant way, the man raised his eyes lazily, "Not tall

enough?" Samuel raised his head. Though he was much shorter than the man, he could

not appear weaker than him.

"I am not peeing." He couldn't acknowledge in front of this jerk that he was not tall enough to pee into the urinal.

Matthew threw the tissue that was used to dry his hands into the dustbin. He glanced at Samuel, "Are you sure that you don't need my help?"

"I don't." Samuel answered firmly with his head raised high.

"Fine then." Matthew rolled up one sleeve of his shirt, showing half of his robust arm. He put his hand into his pocket and looked at the urinal. Then he checked the height of Samuel, "You got a spine." Samuel pursed his lips hard, and sweat was oozing from his forehead. His little body was trembling.

He could hold it no longer.

But in front of this humbug, he could not show weakness, let alone ask him for help.

He clenched his little fists tightly and tried his best to hold it.

Matthew raised his eyebrows slightly and leaned against the mirror beside him. He wanted to see how long this boy could hold it.

Though Samuel was little, his temperament was not.

"Can you tell me why you are so hostile to me?"

Samuel was angrier. He abandoned his mommy already. Why did he kiss his mommy?

The humbug had no right to do that. He would find a man who was way better than him for his mummy.

"You hurt my mommy. And you think I didn't see it?" Samuel glared at him.

He wished to glare a hole in Matthew.

"I hurt him?" Chewing these three words in his mouth, Matthew thought in his head when he saw him

hurting Dolores. He had only met her twice.

When they first met, Matthew gave her a big "surprise".

Matthew squinted his eyes. Was Samuel talking about the time in LEO when he dragged Dolores away and kissed her in staircase? He saw it. So...

So!

Matthew straightened up and walked two steps forward. He squatted down before Samuel and

their eyes were level. Matthew glanced at Samuel's legs which were closed together and smiled lightly, "I did hurt her. What are you going to do with me?"

Samuel's eyes opened wider. He wanted to devour Matthew with his mouth.

Because he was so angry or that he was trying his best to hold his urine, Samuel's whole body was trembling.

"If you beg me, I will help you. How about that?" Matthew stood up and dusted the bottom of his coat which was already flat, "if you don't need my help, I am leaving?"

Samuel couldn't hold it any more.

With tears almost coming out of his eyes, Samuel tried hard to keep his eyes open, "Please, please

don't go. I need..."

"Who did you come with?"

"My mummy and my grandma...I am about to pee." Poor Samuel said with his eyes all red.

Matthew stopped teasing him and walked to him, "Take off your pants."

Samuel moved quickly and took off his

pants.

Matthew stood behind him and carried him up. He walked to the urinal and bent to a degree which made it easier for Samuel to pee into the urinal.

After Samuel finished, he said, "Thank

you." Matthew froze. He didn't expect that this child could say "thank you", so he was surprised.

Samuel put on his pants and looked at Matthew, "For me, kindness and hatred are clearly distinguished. You helped me, but it doesn't mean I will forgive you."

Forgive him?

What did he do that required his forgiveness?

After they got out of the bathroom, Matthew lowered his head and looked at Samuel, "Which private

room are you in?"

Samuel rolled his eyeballs. Why did he ask him this? Was he going to hurt mummy again?

"Six."

Matthew paused and looked at Samuel. This little kid was quite alert.

"I should go." Samuel felt like his lie was detected and dashed away.

He was just back and he met the humbug. As the saying went, enemies are bound to meet on a narrow road.

After he made sure that nobody was following, Samuel leaned against the wall and raised his wrist, using the telephone watch to call his teacher for help.

Soon he got through to his teacher.

"Teacher, I met the humbug."

"Em."

Samuel told him the whole thing that happened between him and Matthew.

**"We are in a restaurant now. How can I embarrass him and make a fool out of him in public?"**

**Samuel wiped his face with his hand. His teacher thought for two minutes and asked, "Do you have money?"**

**"Yes."**

**"Go to the pharmacy and buy a box of Durex. If the staff there ask you who asks you to buy it, say it is your father. If there isn't any pharmacy around, you can buy it in stores too. After you buy it, you..."**  
**"Got it."**

**After he hung up the phone, Samuel run to the reception desk and asked, "Is there any pharmacy or store around here?"**

**"Walk out and turn right. There is a store not far away."**

**"Thanks."**

**Following his teacher's instructions, Samuel managed to buy a box of Durex. He opened it, got the thing in it and discarded the box. He wondered what this was.**

**He touched it and out of curiosity, he wanted to open it to see what was in it. But his teacher said he could not open it.**

**He could not disobey his teacher. So he repressed his curiosity and returned to the restaurant.**



After he got back, he stood before the reception desk, "Miss, do you have a guest whose surname is Nelson here?"

Samuel had a pair of big, black eyes which seemed able to talk. He had an upturned nose and a delicate face. He was standing straight and looked like a western gentleman.

He looked adorable. And all people liked pretty things.

The female receptionist was hospitable and pointed to the sixth private room, "There, six."

Six?

Samuel blinked his eyes. That was why his lie was detected as soon as he told it.

It turned out that the humbug was in the sixth private room.

"Thanks, Miss." Then Samuel run to the sixth private room.

He reached his hand to twist the handle and opened the door of the private room.

There were only four people in such a big private room, which were all men. The multiple dishes on table seemed to be untouched. There were glasses before all of them. It seemed like they were only drinking now.

The door of the private room was suddenly opened, out of instinct, people in it all looked in the direction of the door.

After all, the waiters here all knocked before they entered the room.

Why it was a kid?

He must have wandered off and got in the wrong room.

Abbott turned to look at Matthew, because he knew this boy.

When he was investigating on Dolores, he saw the picture of this boy.

"Did you get in the wrong room?" Chester Powell of SD Corporation looked at

Samuel and asked.

Samuel shook his head and pointed to Matthew, "No, I come for him."

So he didn't get in the wrong room.

Everyone was looking at Matthew now. Their expressions were all different. Abbot wanted to see what Matthew's expression would be when he saw the child of Dolores. Chester pondered what the relationship between this kid and Matthew was. In front of everyone's curious eyes, Samuel walked in and took out the Durex in his pocket and gave it to Matthew, "Mister, you lost something when you were in the bathroom. I picked it up for you. Here it is."

What thing? They all reached their heads to see what the thing in Samuel's hand was.

**When they saw it....**

**Abbott, ". "**

**Chester, ". "**

**Matthew frowned and stared at Samuel who looked all innocent. Where did he get this?**

**Did he know what this was?**

**It was his?**

**"Mr. Nelson, you are in good mood? You carry it with you. Are you preparing for an emergency?"  
Chester was about to puke out the wine in his mouth that he just drank.**

**The Matthew Nelson that was normally indifferent and cold, the president of WY Group, and the  
celebrity that was often introduced in headlines of Business Channel had the hobby of carrying  
condoms with him?**

**What a joke.**

**What incredible thing that he found out?**

**Matthew looked like a decent person.**

**Chester felt like his world was upside down now.**

**Abbott looked up at the ceiling in silence. When did Matthew develop this habit?**

**Samuel was only five years old, and now he looked so innocent and naive. Besides, Matthew did go to the bathroom before, so they totally believed the condom belonged to Matthew.**

**A five-year-old kid could not know**

**what this thing was. Naturally, they all believed Samuel.**

**Matthew's face brightened and then darkened. He looked down at the Durex in Samuel's hand, "Are you sure it is mine?"**

**Judging from others' face, Samuel knew his plot worked. He nodded his head firmly, "You dropped it, and I picked it up for you. Of course it belonged to you."**

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**\* \* \***

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**Chapter 79: The Driver Involved in that Accident Had Died**

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**A face, which was as the same as that of this man, quickly popped into Dolores' mind. When she had the car accident, it was this man who had raced towards her driving the truck. She still could clearly**

remember the thrilling scene and her heart still fluttered with fear whenever she thought of the accident. This was also the reason why she could still remember it clearly. At that time, the police drew a conclusion that the car accident was caused by the failure of the truck after investigation. The cab driver died and she herself was injured in that accident. Although the truck driver was not mainly responsible for the accident, he should bear the relative liability. As she was injured and was brought to a foreign country by Sampson back then, she was not clear about the follow-ups. Although it was caused by a brake failure, that man, a driver, actually had raced towards other's car without making any remedies to reduce the damage. This point alone was enough to leave her a bad impression on him. But she was curious about why such kind of driver could still drive a cab. "Lady, are you going to take the cab?" The man asked again, seeming to have no impression on Dolores. Dolores pulled a long face and said in a cold voice, "Can people like you be a cab driver?" "Oh, what did you mean?" Terry Holmes felt weird. He was just a cab driver. It was fine if she didn't want to take the cab, but why did she speak rudely? Dolores didn't want to haggle over the past as she and the children were all right now. Nevertheless, she detested such kind of person very much. Dolores ignored him and continued to walk along the road. Terry followed her driving the car, "Yuck, what did you mean just now? Please make it clear. I don't know you. Don't you think it rude to comment a person casually?" Dolores knitted her brows. She didn't want to make a fuss about the past, but why was he pestering her now? She paused and said, "I don't want to mention about the past. Please don't follow me, okay?" After finishing the words, Dolores strode away. Terry stepped on the brake and watched Dolores's leaving with a dumbfounded look. Judging from her words, apparently she knew him. Nevertheless, he didn't know him. What's more, her attitude and her angry look all proved that she knew him. Could it be that she was an acquaintance of his elder brother who had died? Terry gritted his teeth tightly and drove the car slowly to follow Dolores. He wanted to figure out what was going on. Dolores hailed a cab and then went to her store. She didn't notice that someone was following her. Dolores had viewed the plan of the siting and decoration of the store and now she came here to have an on-the-spot investigation. Actually, the decoration project of the store was almost completed. "Lola." Theresa walked over and handed her an architectural drawing. The store was located in a prosperous area in City B. Although Mrs. William decided to establish this branch store under the instruction of someone, LEO Corporation was her career and she would by no means treat it perfunctorily. They had carried out market research and thought carefully about the location and decoration of the store. "All things here are customized so they might be delivered a bit later. But it won't be too late. Estimate all the things will be delivered to the store next week." Dolores nodded, "Thank you for your efforts. It must be hard for you." All the things here were basically arranged by Theresa. "It's not hard." Theresa smiled. When she was refused by LEO back then, it was Dolores who gave him the opportunity to stay in the company. Although she was just Dolores' assistant now, she had learned a lot. Moreover, Dolores was quite kind to her. She had helped her a lot and taught her a lot without any reserve. "You must feel fatigued after the long journey. Come back and take a rest. I'll handle the matter here." Dolores pondered for a while and replied, "All right. I'll come back first. Call me if there are any problems." The two children just arrived at an unfamiliar place, and Dolores was worried that they might feel unaccustomed. Dolores walked out of the store. As she had just gone back to the country, she still had no car and could only travel on foot or by taxi. She stood by the roadside and waited for a cab. Terry, who followed her here, started the car when he saw her standing by the roadside alone and stopped in front of her. "Lady, do you know my elder brother?" When Dolores saw his face again, her

face immediately darkened. This person was following her? "What are you talking about?" Dolores said unpleasantly. She just went back to the country, but came upon such a noisy person. Moreover, this person was following her! How could she be in a good mood after experiencing this? Terry was not annoyed by Dolores' attitude. Instead, he explained patiently, "You acted like you knew me just now. But I'm sure that I haven't seen you. So the one you mentioned was definitely not me and I guessed you might be mentioning about my brother. He died six years ago and they said he died of suicide. But I found it was not the truth." Dolores took a step backward, "Your brother?" She felt very confused at the moment. He died? The truck driver that crashed into her had died? Fearing that Dolores would not believe him, Terry produced his wallet, in which there was a group photo of him and his elder brother. He took out the photo and handed it to Dolores, "Look. The one in the right is me, and the one in the left is my elder brother." Dolores reached out to take the photo. She glanced at the photo and then at Terry. Terry and his brother looked quite alike. Dolores thought carefully of it again and concluded that the truck driver looked more alike Terry's brother. "Your brother had died?" Dolores asked in an incredible tone. Terry's expressions tensed up when mentioning about his dead brother. He nodded seriously, "He had uremia and the treatment required a large sum of money. Our family didn't have too much money, so curing him was just a forlorn hope. Nevertheless, one day he posted 'I have money now' in his Moments and attached a photo with some words 'I'm a rich' on it. Nevertheless, such kind of an optimistic person suddenly committed suicide. Don't you think it weird?" He had been investigating into this matter but hadn't found out any convincing evidence. Dolores' reaction offered him a breakthrough. "It's really weird that he committed suicide after posting the texts telling that he was rich." By rights, having money meant that he was hopeful to be cured and therefore he should have the hope to live. Why did he choose to commit suicide? This was really bewildering. Nevertheless, this had nothing to do with her. She handed the photo back to Terry and said, "Sorry. But this has nothing to do with me." Terry took the photo and put it back into his pocket. Knowing that this matter could not be achieved rashly, he said, "Are you waiting for a cab. I can give you a ride." Dolores declined, "No need." "Aren't you waiting for a cab as you are standing by the roadside?" Dolores was still standing motionlessly. "I'm not a bad guy and I won't charge you a lot either." Terry said sincerely. Dolores hesitated for a while. She then pulled open the door and got into the car as she thought he really didn't look like a bad guy. Terry asked, "Where's your destination?" Dolores replied, "Golden Bay." Terry didn't mention about his brother again; instead, he made a self-introduction, "My name is Terry Holmes. You can just call me Terry." Feeling that he was excessively enthusiastic, Dolores ignored his words. "Ahem, I hope I haven't offended you." Terry finally realized that it was inappropriate to talk much as this was their first meeting. But he wanted to leave a good impression to Dolores, so that he could find out the grudges between her and his brother as well as why she was so furious just now. It took just five or six minutes to arrive at Dolores' destination. Dolores paid the bill and then got off the car. Terry stopped her, asking, "Can I be your friend?" "We're not that familiar with each other. And sorry, I don't like to make friends." Dolores declined without hesitation. But Terry didn't give up. He pushed open the door and got off the car. But he was stopped when he tried to chase after Dolores, "What are you doing? Do you know about her identity?" "Who are you?" Terry stared at the man that was blocking his way. "My identity doesn't matter. The important thing is that you cannot have immoderate ambitions towards her. Remember it?" Abbott warned him. Dolores turned around when she heard Abbott's voice, and her face got even gloomier. "Ms. Flores." Abbott quickly changed his expressions and walked towards her with a smile, "Mr. Nelson wants to meet

you."

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**Chapter 80: I prefer to Prove It by Myself**

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**Dolores didn't feel curious when she saw Abbott. After all, it was Matthew who had forced her to come back to the country, so naturally he must know her residence.**

**She also wanted to have a talk with him.**

**"Let's go." Dolores headed towards Abbott's car.**

**Abbott was not in a hurry to follow her, he shot a glance at Terry, saying, "If I see you pestering her next time, I won't let go of you this kindly."**

**Only then did he get into the car after giving the man who was pestering Dolores the warning.**

**Dolores remained quiet and didn't say anything. She just looked out of the car window blandly.**

**Abbott turned his head to steal a glance at her and then concentrated on the driving. On the way to the villa, Dolores felt that the sceneries passing through the car windows were getting more and more**

familiar. Six years had passed, yet it seemed like everything had not changed.

Dolores slightly furrowed her brows.

Although she hadn't lived in the villa for too long, she could still clearly remember everything happened here.

The car soon came to a halt. Dolores heaved a long sigh to calm down herself before pushing open the door.

Abbott didn't intend to get into the villa together with her and instructed, "Mr. Nelson is waiting for you inside. You go in by yourself."

Dolores casted a look at him and asked, "Do you know why he wants to meet me?"

"I'm not that clear of it as it's my boss' private affairs."

Dolores chuckled when recalling that Abbott was Matthew's subordinate, so how could he inform her in advance if Matthew wanted to do something bad to her?

Her question just now was way too superfluous.



She walked towards the door and took a deep breath before pushing open it.

In the right part of the spacious, simple, well-lighted and spotless living room laid a piano, which was sent by Randolph back then. It was still placed at the same position and it seemed that it had never been moved.

In that year, she left the country hurriedly after the accident without taking any of her belongings. She didn't even have time to pack her clothes, not to mention the piano.

Dolores stepped into the house.

The decorations here were as the same as they were before her leaving, and it seemed everything had not changed.

"Do you remember this place?"

A man in a black shirt was standing on the second floor. The top button of his shirt was unclasped and his sleeves were rolled up to his arms, which exposed his beefy arms. With one hand in his pocket, he was holding a goblet with the other hand and was swirling the red liquor in it. The liquor was dancing like a thing alive in the glass along with his movements.

Dolores looked up with a light smile, "Mr. Nelson."

Matthew's expressions froze a bit. Mr. Nelson?

She had been addressing him as 'Mr. Nelson' back then, but after hearing her addressing him as 'Matthew', he didn't like that address any longer because it sounded unfamiliar and alienated.

He preferred her to call him Matthew.

"Are you familiar with this place?" He walked downstairs while asking.

"It's been a long time and I can't remember it clearly." Dolores refused to admit it and denied all her memories about Matthew as well as her feelings for him.

"You called me here, and you want to talk about some matters with me, right?" Dolores walked to the sofa and sat down with her legs gracefully crossed and one of her hand on the sofa armrest, "I happened to have something to talk to you, Mr. Nelson."

She had something to talk to him?

Matthew felt a bit surprised about this.

He put the glass of red wine in front of her, "For you."

Dolores expressed her gratitude politely, "Thank you."

Matthew raised his brows. Judging from her tone and attitude, was she really going to treat him as a stranger?

He suppressed the displeasure and sat down opposite to her.

"What do you want to talk with me?"

Dolores clasped her hands tightly, "Six years ago you said you wanted a divorce. We've made the agreement back then and we should have divorced. Nevertheless, due to my accident, we didn't get the divorce certificates in the end. I feel very sorry for all the inconvenience that this has caused to you. And I come to you to go through the procedures for getting the divorce certificates..."

"This is what you want to talk to me?" Matthew interrupted her.

He had told her last time, that he had cancelled the engagement banquet with Maria. Now she came to him and said these

to him?

Hadn't he made it clear last time?

Matthew's face darkened.

"Yeah. Mr. Nelson, I've carefully considered your words. Even if you can accept that, I can't. So, just like what we had agreed in the past, I want a divorce now."

Dolores realized that her palms were

covered by a layer of sweats after finishing

the words.

**Matthew sneered.**

**He leaned back on the sofa and stared at her with a composed look.**

**Dolores felt uneasy and nervous under his gaze.**

**She finally calmed down herself after a long while, "If you're free now, we can go through the procedures today..."**

**Seeming to thinking of something, Dolores chuckled self-depreciatingly, "Oh, I forgot it. Mr. Nelson doesn't need to handle such kind of thing in person. You just need to give an order to Abbott Baron."**

**Matthew frowned and asked, "Finished?"**

**Dolores nodded and straightened up**

**her back, ready to listen to his intentions.**

**Matthew didn't say anything; instead, he opened a piece of social news in his phone and then handed the phone to Dolores.**

**Dolores was puzzled and looked over curiously. When she saw the photo, she became highly strung up and hurriedly reached out to grab the phone. The person in the photo was his son and it seemed to be taken in a private room of a restaurant. The object in Samuel's hands was quite eye-catching, and Matthew's side face was also photographed clearly.**

"What's this?" "When I was having a negotiation with Mr. Powell of SD Corporation, your son broke into the room with that object in his hands and said that it was mine in front of everyone. The scene was photographed by someone with bad intentions and was then published on the Internet." He reached out, unclasped the button of his necktie and said nonchalantly, "The news has spread out. Do you know how the others comment about me?"

Dolores pondered why Samuel made troubles for Matthew. But what shocked her most was that how he managed to get the Durex.

He was just a five-year-old boy.

"Sorry. I will discipline him..." Wait, something must have been wrong. Samuel could by no means get the Durex, what if the Durex was really from Matthew?

"It's not mine." Matthew said in a gloomy voice after seeing through Dolores' mind. If it was not because of his remaining reasons, he would have grabbed her collar and shouted at her: I don't have the habit of carrying condoms together with me at any time!

Dolores sneered, "My son is so young. I'm afraid that he doesn't even know what it is. Moreover, why didn't he give it to others, but to you?"

Dolores trusted her son inwardly.

Although he did have some petty tricks, he would by no means be able to come up with such a trick to frame Matthew.

**Alas.**

**All right.**

**Matthew stood to his feet and unfastened the buttons of his shirt one by one while staring at Dolores patronizingly.**

**Dolores uncontrollably moved backward and stared at him vigilantly, "What are you doing?"**

**Matthew chuckled, "Of course I should prove to you that I don't have the habit of using condoms." "I'll ask him about this when I come back. Let's stop here today." After finishing the words, she stood up to leave.**

**Matthew grabbed her wrist, "It's not up to you."**

**Dolores felt like her heart was going to jump out of her chest as she was extremely nervous at the moment. She even didn't dare to turn her head to look at him, "I will investigate into it. If I've wronged you, I will apologize to you later, Mr. Nelson."**

**"I prefer to prove it by myself." He suddenly exerted some forces on his hand and Dolores felt back into the sofa. At the next moment, Matthew leaned forward...**

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**\* \* \***

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**Chapter 81: Why Did She Feel Heartbroken?**

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**"Let go of me." Dolores widened her eyes and pressed her hands on his chest to stop his approach.**

**"Let go?" Matthew repeated the two words in a dragging tone, feeling it**

**ridiculous.**

**He was furious just now because she wanted to make a clean break with him just now. Now she only believed in her son's innocence and doubted him.**

**He was really angered.**

**Dolores looked away, not daring to look at him. She could clearly feel his robust body that was several degrees higher than hers as well as his familiar breathing. She closed her eyes, "My son is only five years old..."**

**So it was impossible that he would do this kind of thing.**

**She was tilting her head, revealing her swan-like neck on which blue veins were standing out slightly. Due to nervousness, her breathing was quick and uneven, which was like the enchanting melody. Matthew originally just intended to scare her; nevertheless, when seeing her reactions, he felt all his blood was boiling.**

He lowered his head and landed a kiss. on her neck.

His lips were so soft and a bit cold.

Dolores exerted great force to push him away as she was panicked, "Let go of me. Don't be so shameless!"

"Shameless? I felt quite shameless when your son embarrassed me just now. But why should I feel shameless now?" He mumbled as he still put his head near her neck.

He liked the scent on her body as he was familiar and obsessed with it.

"Tell me, are you a witch?" Otherwise, how could she manage to cause him to change into a different self every time when he was together with her?

Dolores didn't reply. But tears streamed down along her cheeks and disappeared into the hair around her ears.

Matthew felt her spasmodic sobs. He lifted his head and cupped her face, forcing her to look into his eyes, "I just kissed you. Why are you appearing to be so aggrieved?"

Dolores gently opened her eyes. Her eyelashes were shaking slightly and there were still tears in her



eyes. She replied in a cracked voice, "Am I easy woman who would sleep with men casually in your eyes?"

Matthew was stunned, "I never think so."

"You did. You never showed respects to me." She had tried hard to hold back her tears, but they all fell down now, "I slept with a man at the age of 18 and was pregnant with his child, and you thought I was a promiscuous woman. I'm not that kind of woman! I'm not that kind of woman as you've imagined! I had no choice back then."

Matthew felt inexplicably flustered and wiped away her tears. Actually, he had to admit that he did once think in this way. Dolores turned her head to dodge his touch.

Matthew's hand paused near her ear and then he slowly tucked her messy wisps of hair back over her ears, saying, "I'll not mention about your past any longer. Please forget your past too."

"What do you want to do?" Dolores tried hard to suppress the surging emotions.

"I've told you. I want you to come back to your original position..."

"What about my children? Are you going to be their stepfather?" Dolores interrupted him.

**She knew deep down that Matthew was an arrogant man.**

**Accepting her impurity was already his bottom line, and he would never accept the other man's children.**

**"You're an arrogant man. Can you bear the other man's children to call you father? Will you raise the other man's children? You can't..." wnty 24 m**

**"Enough!" Matthew suddenly stood to his feet.**

**As a matter of fact, Matthew was simply thinking of persuading Dolores to come back to him, and he had never considered about the arrangements of her children.**

**Dolores was right. It had already reached his bottom line for him to accept Dolores' impurity.**

**But he had never considered about being the children's stepfather or raising children for the other man.**

**He couldn't do it!**

**Dolores sat up, smoothed her messy clothes and then set eyes on Matthew who was standing with his back to her, "It's a wise decision for us to get divorced and return to our original positions."**

**"You know what the wise choice is?" He asked in a gloomy voice and was in an extremely bad mood.**

Dolores stood up, answering, "I don't know. But I know my own feelings very well. I don't like you, and you can't accept my children either, it would be the best choice for us to cut off our relationship."

Her words 'I know my feelings very well. I don't like you.' reverberated in Matthew's mind.

She didn't like him?

Matthew sneered.

She didn't like him?

He suddenly turned around and grabbed her collar, "Dare you to repeat your words?"

Dolores felt the sharp pain from her neck.

Dolores was off the ground. But she didn't flinch in the face of his red eyes and squeezed out a sentence out, "I don't like you. Do you want me to tell a lie to you? You'll never withstand a lie, right?"

Although Dolores hadn't gotten along with him for too long, she knew him well.

He was such an arrogant man that he would not allow others to please him with a lie. Nevertheless, Matthew felt extremely

unhappy.

He almost went crazy.

Dolores was quiet. She didn't struggle, nor did she stimulate him.

Even if her neck felt painful, she still tried hard to withstand it.

Her face flushed red due to the suffocation. She felt hard to breathe as Matthew was grabbing her collar so tightly.

Matthew tossed her down in a fury, "Don't think yourself clever."

Dolores fell down onto the ground. Covering her chest, she took deep breaths of air and only relieved the comfortableness after a long while. She then picked herself up from the ground and said, "When you make up your mind, you can ask your assistant Abbott to come to me at any time."

After finishing the words, she turned around and walked towards the door. When she saw the piano in front of the French windows, she paused and said without turning around, "Thank you for not throwing away the things I left here. I will come to move them out as soon as possible."

After finishing the words, she walked towards the door..

She had been pretending to be strong just now, but as soon as she walked out of the villa, she couldn't maintain the façade any longer.

She covered her chest with the other hand putting on the wall.

She didn't know why her heart would feel pain.

"Ms. Flores, are you okay?" Abbott, who was playing with his mobile phone leaning against the car, walked over the moment he saw Dolores walking out of the villa.

Dolores shook her head, "I'm fine."

"Well. Get on the car. I'll send you back." Dolores walked to the door to the passenger seat and pulled opened it.

Dolores thanked him and then got into the car. Abbott studied her from the rear-view mirror and asked, "You look not good. Did you quarrel with Mr. Nelson?"

Dolores raised her head to look at him and suddenly recalled the news that Matthew had shown her. She then produced her phone and found the 'social news' column of the headline news. She actually found the piece of news here! She furrowed her brows and showed the news to Abbott, asking, "Were you on the spot when this happened?"

Abbott made time to glance at it. As a matter of fact, he also had seen this news when he was playing with his phone just now.

But only until this moment did he understand why Matthew didn't allow him to stop the assistant who was taking photos secretly back then.

Even if the photos were taken, they would not be reported if Matthew didn't want others to learn about it.

Now that they were reported, it meant that Matthew had done it deliberately. As for the reasons behind, Abbott guessed that they must be related to Dolores.

Abbott nodded and replied, "Mr. Nelson and Mr. Powell of the SD Corporation were talking about

business affairs when your son broke in. He said the condoms accidentally fell down from Mr. Nelson while keeping that thing at hand."

Dolores grabbed her phone tightly and asked, "Does Matthew used to take condoms with him?"

She felt weak when asking the

question. Who would be so insane to take

condoms with him at all times?

Even if he needed it, he wouldn't take it with him at all times.

This was not something that a normal human being would do.

And obviously Matthew was a normal man.

"Nothing." When thinking carefully of the matter again, Dolores figured out that it did not comply with Matthew's style. When Matthew admitted that it was his condoms, Abbott was so astonished. Dolores took back her phone. She had

to investigate into this matter. Samuel was only five years old, if he

really...

Dolores put her hand on her forehead, feeling very distressed.

The car arrived at her residence after a short while and Dolores pushed open the door and got off the car. As she was in a hurry to figure out what had happened, she didn't say goodbye to Abbott.

When she opened the door, she found that Jessica was tidying up their luggage. "Where's Samuel?"

"In the bedroom." Jessica noticed her hideous expressions and asked, "Are you feeling uncomfortable?"

"Nope." Dolores just wanted to figure out what was going on at the moment. She walked to the bedroom and pushed open the door.

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**\* \* \***

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**Chapter 82: Tell Me, Who Taught You This**

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The decoration of the bedroom had a blue keynote. It was full of childishness and playfulness, yet also looked warm. With only one glance at it, one could tell that the bedroom had been elaborately decorated.

Samuel was sitting by the bedside facing the windows. With his head lowered, he was concentrated on reading something and therefore he didn't notice it when Dolores came into the bedroom.

Dolores walked lightly over and stood behind Samuel to see what he was browsing. When she saw the webpage on his tablet PC, Dolores almost lost control of herself.

"Samuel Flores, what are you doing?"

Samuel was startled by her sudden shouting, but his remaining reasons told him that he should close the webpage as soon as possible; otherwise, he would meet his dead end when his mother saw the webpage. But he was so anxious that the tablet PC fell down onto the ground. What was worse was that the webpage he was browsing was exposed. Samuel took a step forward, trying to block Dolores' lines of sight.

"Mommy."

Dolores grabbed his shoulders to push him away, stooped and picked up the tablet. The Google column was still showing the search keywords - What's the usage of Durex?

The whole screen was carpeted with research results, among which there were several indecent advertisement pictures showing a couple that was hugging each other.

He was only five years old!

Dolores shivered all over due to anger.

"Samuel Flores, tell me, why are you searching this? Who taught you this?"

Samuel lowered his head. Knowing that he had made a mistake, he hurriedly apologized, "Mommy, I was wrong." He was wrong?



**Did he think that she would let go of this matter if he admitted his fault?**

**Dolores turned off the tablet and sat down on the bed. She would not let go of this matter easily today.**

**"Tell me, why are you searching this? And who taught you that?"**

**Samuel pondered for a while and decided not to tell his mom that it was his teacher who taught him that; otherwise, his teacher would not help her in the future.**

**He still needed his teacher's help when he took revenge on that jerk in the future.**

**He entangled his fingers with his head lowered, "When I was playing the game, an advertisement of Durex suddenly popped out. So I Google it as I want to know what it is as well as its usage."**

**"Yes?" Obviously, Dolores was not convinced.**

**"Then how do you explain this to me." Dolores found out the news in her phone and handed it to Samuel, "Tell me why you did this and who had taught you this."**

**Dolores didn't believe that Samuel would be able to achieve this alone.**

Samuel denied the fact that he had a helper in the first place, "It is me in the photo. But no one had taught me this. I wanted to do this and did it by myself."

Samuel rolled his eyes and murmured, "I saw this advertisement when I was playing the game and got to know its usage through the Google. When we were having the meal in the restaurant, I saw that bastard. So I bought a box of Durex from the supermarket and deliberately said it had fallen from him so as to embarrass him."

Actually, when he was searing it on Google just now, he just got to know what it was and what it was for.

Samuel's explanation was so perfect. He said that no one had taught him this and it was all done by himself.

Dolores became even more furious. He was just a five-year-old boy, how could he do such kind of thing? "Why... Why do you detest him so much? You've done a similar thing last time..."

"I detest him for no reasons!" Samuel suddenly lifted his head to look at Dolores, "He bullied my Mommy. So I wanted to embarrass him in the public!"

Dolores knitted her brows. Samuel was not such a boy in the past, and it seemed that he cared about this matter that was related to Matthew so much.

This was not a good thing.

"You're not allowed to do this in the

future."

"Nope. He's a bastard. Why can't I take revenge on him?" Samuel was unwilling to submit. That unfaithful bastard had abandoned them, why should he show respects to him in the future?

Impossible!

Dolores hadn't expected that he would have such a reaction. She tried to reason him patiently with her brows furrowed, "Samuel, it's wrong to do this." "Who says it's wrong!" Samuel was not moved as he firmly believed that Matthew was the unfaithful jerk who had abandoned him and his mother.

And he came back to the county to seek revenge on him.

If he didn't carry out his plan, what was the point of his return to the country?

Dolores was annoyed, "Say it. You were wrong."

"I wasn't wrong."

Dolores lifted her hand in a fit of temper, intending to give him a slap, but she found it hard to land the slap when she saw Samuel's tender face.

Dolores took her tablet, watch phone as well as all the other electronic products in a fury and said, "You are not allowed to eat anything today. Reflect on yourself. You can only eat when you learn you were wrong."

Samuel didn't retort her. But he was determined that he would never stop making troubles for Matthew because of his mother's words.

It was fine even if he was not allowed to have anything. After all, one would not die of hunger just because he didn't have several meals.

Nevertheless, his watch phone had been taken away by his mother and he could not contact his teacher.

"What's wrong? Why are you so angry?" Jessica asked when she saw Dolores striding out of the bedroom.

This was the first time that Dolores had shouted at Samuel.

"Mom, please take care of the children in the future. They're not allowed to go out." Dolores put all the products she took from Samuel into the drawer and locked it up.

Then she started helping Jessica tidy up the room.

The house was well-equipped and they just needed to tidy up their luggage.

"He's just a kid. What's the point of being mad at him? Moreover, Samuel is very thoughtful. He is more mature than most of the children of his age."

"He is being indocile because he's too mature. A child should act like a child." Dolores became extremely angry again when she recalled the webpage that Samuel had been browsing.

Dolores seldom became so furious like she was now; maybe Samuel really had done something wrong.

Jessica deliberately shifted the topic, "I'll go the supermarket to buy something. I'll buy some flowers. With the flowers, our house will be livelier."

She put Dolores' trophy in an appropriate place and turned around to look at Dolores, "Do you need to buy anything? I can buy them for you."

As they just came back to the country, they needed to buy many things. Dolores wrote a list and gave it to Jessica, saying, "I need to buy these things."

Jessica took the list and put it into her pocket after taking a glance of it, "It's good to write them down. Otherwise, I may forget them." "You haven't taken a rest after coming back to the country. You must be tired. I will take the two children together with me later, and you can have a nap at home." Jessica took out Simona's baby carriage. It would be more convenient for her to put Simona in the carriage when they went out later.

Dolores was indeed tired, but she was worried that it would be inconvenient for Jessica to take the children with her. So she said, "Leave them at home. I'll take care of them."

"Easy. I usually took them together with me when I went out."

Jessica had been taking care of the two children when they were in Country A. Dolores nodded, "Don't bring Samuel together with you. Leave him at home and let him reflect on himself."

Jessica turned around and replied, "I see. Take a nap now."

After tidying up their luggage, Jessica put Simona who was still sleeping into the carriage and walked towards Samuel's bedroom. Right at this moment, Samuel was still standing by the bedside, holding a pose that he had when Dolores left his bedroom.

Jessica walked over and rubbed his hair, "You angered your mom?"

Samuel didn't reply and kept his head lowered.

Jessica heaved a sigh and said, "It's all right. She will not be really angry at you. Let's go. Go to the supermarket with me. Let me bring you to see what it is like in China. Let's see whether there is any difference between Chinese supermarket and supermarkets in Country A."

"My Mommy..."

"She went to sleep. Moreover, I'm bringing my own grandson out. Can she complain about it?" Jessica said confidently, "She's your Mommy, so she can teach you a lesson. But I'm your Mommy's Mommy, will she disobey my words?"

Samuel cracked a smile and nodded vigorously. He wanted to see what this city was like. This house was really an awesome residence- it was not only close to Dolores' working place, a large-scale supermarket was also within walking distance.

Simona woke up on the way they headed towards the supermarket and was on cloud nine.

They went to the first floor of the supermarket first. This was the vegetable and meat area and Jessica planned to buy some vegetables and meat.

"I want to eat this." Jessica pointed the freshwater shrimps.

Coral was also buying vegetables and meat here. When she heard the crisp, childish voice, she raised her head and saw the little boy opposite to her. That boy was so handsome, and his eyes looked especially like that of Matthew's when he was young.

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Samuel liked shrimp. Jessica said with a smile full of love, "Okay. Let's get it."

"I want it too." Simona liked following suit. Whatever her brother wanted, she wanted it too, not caring whether she liked it or it. As long as her brother wanted it, she did too.

"Okey dokey. Let's get it." Jessica was used to Simona's behavior like this.

Coral looked at Samuel and then looked at Simona who was talking. Her eyes opened wide. How could these two kids have such pretty faces? Their eyes were so bright, which almost looked the same as

that of Matthew as a boy.

"As for shrimp, I know which stall sells the best shrimp." Coral walked to them and looked at the two kids, "They are..."

Jessica didn't feel strange about being accosted by others. Whenever she took the two kids outside before, people always stared at them for some time, or even came up and talked to them. Jessica was quite used to this.

"My grandchildren."

"They are adorable." Coral couldn't move her eyes away from these two kids. They were just so lovely.

Jessica smiled. That was true. These two kids were all that kept her living. To take care of them for her daughter was the task of her remaining life, which was also what made her the happiest person in the world.

"Hello, Madame." Samuel had honey in his mouth.

"Hello to you too." Coral reached her hand to fondle his head, "What's your name?"

"I am Samuel Flores."

"That's a good name." Coral thought in her mind that this child not only looked so adorable but also had a beautiful name.



"Madame, why don't you ask me?" Simona was a bit unhappy. She looked at Coral, blinking her eyes.

Coral asked her brother and didn't ask her. Was it because she wasn't as pretty as

her brother? "It's your turn now." Coral said smiling. This kid was so adorable. She was so young

and already she was jealous of her brother.

"What's your name?" Coral smiled and asked her.

"I am Simona Flores. Me and my brother both inherited our mother's surname." Simona said in pleasure.

Coral froze. They all inherited their mother's surname?

"You said you knew which stall had the freshest shrimp. Which one?" Jessica stopped Coral from asking more questions. Normally children inherited the surname of their father. So as soon as people heard that they inherited the surname of their mother, they would ask about their family.

Jessica didn't like people asking and thinking about their family's business.

"Oh." Coral pointed to a place not far from them, "That one. Come on, I will lead you. I am a regular customer. They won't overcharge me."

Coral walked ahead of them and led them with enthusiasm.

Jessica pushed the trolley and followed her.

When they reached the stall, Coral greeted the storekeeper, "Today's shrimp. Are they fresh?"

"Of course. Have a look." The storekeeper used a net to get some shrimp out. Leaving water, the shrimp kept jumping and looked lively.

"You are a regular customer. This isn't the first time that you buy my shrimp. You know whether it is fresh." The storekeeper was talkative, "If you want to buy shrimp, I will charge you the least. How about 48 RMB per 500g? If it were other people, I won't close a deal if the price is below 60 RMB per 500g."

"I will have 1.15kg. then" Coral said with a crisp manner of speaking. The card that Matthew gave her had unlimited credit.

She had money. Coral only bought shrimp from this storekeeper and knew that he wouldn't cheat her.

"1.15kg should be..."

"110.4."

Before the storekeeper could get the answer from his calculator, Samuel had the answer already.

The storekeeper froze and pressed the "equal" button of the calculator, which showed the exact number that Samuel spoke before.

"How old are you, little boy? You are so smart." The storekeeper smiled. This was the first time that he saw such a pretty and clever boy.

"I am five years old." Samuel didn't get proud because of the storekeeper's praise for him. The mathematics in the question was too simple for him.

The storekeeper handed Coral the shrimp, "Is he your relative? Who has the blessing to give birth to such an excellent child?" Coral got the shrimp. She wasn't happy about what the storekeeper said. Because such an adorable kid wasn't a relative of her.

Her face darkened and she handed him the money, "Here."

The storekeeper smiled and didn't get angry.

Coral, who was holding the shrimp,

handed the bag to Jessica, "Here you are." Jessica waived her hand immediately, "

**"We can't accept this. I can buy it myself."**

**"It's not something valuable. I present you this because your grandchildren are so adorable. If it were someone else, I wouldn't so generous at all." Coral put the shrimp in their trolley in a way that couldn't be rejected.**

**"We can't accept this." Jessica reached her hand to get the shrimp in her trolley and wanted to give it back to Coral. But at this moment, Simona suddenly said, "Thank you, Madame."**

**Jessica, "... " This child!**

**"You are welcome." Hearing Simona's soft and sweet voice, Coral was very happy.**

**After what Simona said, Jessica couldn't reject any more. So, she said, "You! are so nice. Thank you."**

**Coral waived her hand at once, "No need. There is no need for that."**

**"We have to go get something else. We had better leave now." Jessica said.**

**"Okay."**

**Staring at Samuel, Coral wanted to talk more with these two kids and get along with them. But after all, they were children of other family. Besides, this was the first time that they met and she was hospitable enough. If she proposed to ascend the stairs with them, she would make them disgusted with her as they might think her as a human trafficker.**

She heaved a sigh.

She thought about Matthew, the one she had been looking after since he was a little boy. Ever since Matthew got divorced, he had not remarried. He was in his thirties this year, and didn't even have a wife, let alone a child.

Her face darkened. If he had not got the divorce, he might have a child too now.

After all, Dolores was already pregnant by then.

Matthew was responsible for everything.

He reaped what he sowed.

At the end, all was lost by him. He ended up alone without a wife and child.

Coral wasn't in the mood to shop now. There was still some cooking material back home, and Matthew might not come back today. So she headed out and left the market.

Seeing Coral coming out empty-handed, the driver turned around to look at her, "You are not buying anything?"

Coral said with depression, "I have lost the mood. Let's head back."

The driver, "... " Coral was back to the villa. The villa was so big and so empty. It suffered a lack of vitality.

The villa didn't look like home at all. Because there wasn't a hostess and several children.

Coral walked in with her empty bag and put the bag on table. She kept sighing. Thinking of how Samuel looked, Coral walked to the table and opened the drawer. She took out a picture from into the drawer and looked at it, the little boy in which was Matthew as a kid.

Matthew didn't like taking pictures. This was the only picture that he had from childhood.

Coral looked at the picture closely and thought about how Samuel looked. Samuel looked like the little boy in this picture a lot.

They looked almost the same.

How could they look like each other so

much?

Matthew was the only heir to the Nelson Family. His mother only gave birth to one child and that was Matthew. Later Jayden Nelson remarried, but he didn't have more children.

So Matthew didn't have a brother or sister.

Therefore, Samuel couldn't be the kid of Matthew's relative.

Was it really possible that two people who were unrelated by blood looked almost the same?

Lost in thought, Coral didn't even hear the doorbell.

Matthew threw away the jacket in his hand and walked to Coral's side. He wanted to see what Coral was watching so attentively that she didn't hear the door bell ringing.

She didn't even notice when someone

entered the house and walked to her side. Seeing the picture that she was

watching, Matthew raised his eyebrows,

"Why are you looking at this?"

Startled, Coral looked at him after she came out of her trance, "I saw two children today. And they looked almost the same to you as a boy."

Coral stressed the words "the" and "same."

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**\* \* \***

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**Chapter 84: The Woman in the Recording**

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**"So what's your point?"**

The pupils of Matthew which were as dark as ink shrunk suddenly, which was almost undetectable. His eyes darkened.

Out of consciousness, Coral held the picture more tightly.

"Did you, did you...Is it possible that they are your illegitimate children..."

"No." Matthew stopped Coral before she could finish her sentence.

He had only had sex with a single woman.

It was impossible that other women

would bear his children.

Bastards? How was it possible?

"Coral, aren't we having dinner tonight?" Looking at the empty kitchen, Matthew saw nothing. The table was carefully cleaned and was as bright as a mirror. It could show the reflection of a person. anty 24 m

Normally at this time, Coral would be in the kitchen preparing dinner. Or maybe dinner was ready for him. But today it seemed different.



Dinner?

Coral's mouth corner twitched, "You are still in the mood for dinner?"

"You lost everything. Are you happy now?" While talking, Coral put the picture back to the drawer. She didn't plan to just let it go, she decided to dig into this.

Matthew frowned. What got into her today?

"Look at this house. Does it look like a home to you? It is big. But does it have vitality? Only an old woman doing chores and a bachelor in his thirties live in this house. What's the point of having money?" Coral closed the drawer. She was angry and didn't want to make him dinner.

But she couldn't. So she went to the kitchen to prepare dinner.

Matthew looked at Coral's back, which suggested that she didn't plan to just let it go. Then Matthew opened the drawer to get the picture. Because he never liked to take pictures, so he didn't even remember this one. If Coral had not taken it out today, he would have totally forgot about it.

Matthew held the picture and observed it carefully. The eyes and the face...

Hum hum...

The phone in his pocket rang up. There was a moment when a face in his memory flashed across his mind, which looked a lot like the face in this picture. But the ringing interrupted his thought.

He put down the picture and closed the drawer. Then he took out the phone and answered the call. It was Abbott who called him about work.

While talking to Abbott, Matthew unbuttoned his shirt and walked to his bedroom.

Golden Bay.

Jessica made dinner and was about to ask Samuel to come have dinner. But Dolores stopped her, "Let him meditate on his own faults behind closed doors. If he doesn't admit his faults, he won't have dinner."

"He is just a child. You have spooked him enough. Do you really plan to ban him from dinner?" Jessica disagreed with Dolores. Samuel was growing up. He couldn't skip dinner.

"If he doesn't admit his faults, he won't have dinner." Dolores didn't explain but she was quite determined.

As for something else, she could let it go. But for this thing, she must hold on to it.

He was just a child now, and he was watching those disgusting stuff. What would he do when he grewup?

"Dolores..." Jessica still wanted to persuade her.

Dolores had made up her mind and rejected any persuasion. If she didn't set up some rules now, it would only be more difficult for her to discipline him when he grew up. Dolores carried Simona up, "Let's go have dinner."

Jessica stood on the spot and seemed to be thinking about what Dolores said. She still wanted to fix this.

Dolores turned around and looked at Jessica. She gave her the answer, "I am serious this time. Don't think about pleading for him."

Jessica walked to Dolores and asked in whisper, "Dolores, what did Samuel do to make you so angry?"

In Jessica's mind, Samuel wouldn't

make big mistakes. Because that boy was

smart and thoughtful.

So Jessica was surprised to see Dolores getting so angry this time.

Thinking about what Samuel watched and did, Dolores couldn't speak it out, "Mum, stop asking. Let's have dinner."

Dolores sat on a stool and held Simona in her arms, feeding her rice.

Clearly, Dolores had no intention to explain more, so Jessica stopped asking. After dinner, Jessica cleaned the table and Dolores took Simona to play in the neighborhood.

They had just moved in, so they needed to get familiar with the surroundings.

Seeing her daughter going out, Jessica filled a bowl with rice and peeled off some shrimp. Then she carried the bowl into Samuel's bedroom and gave it to him.

Samuel's iPad had been taken away by Dolores, so he couldn't play with it. His telephone was taken away too, so he couldn't call his teacher to chat with him. He was so bored now. He huddled himself up at the head of the bed and looked like a poor little thing.

Jessica put the bowl on his table, "Come down and eat. Your mother went out just now."

Samuel didn't move.

Jessica pulled him down, "Are you really not eating? You will get hungry at night. As long as I don't tell, your mother won't know you have dinner." Samuel stood in front of his table and watched the rice. He swallowed.

He was truly hungry.

"This is your favorite shrimp. I have peeled them off for you. Come on and eat. I will pour you a glass of water." Jessica was afraid that Samuel was too embarrassed to eat, so she found an excuse and got out.

Samuel licked his lips. If he was starved to death, how could he revenge on that humbug?

He had to eat.

Samuel sat on his chair and held up the bowl. Then he began eating.

He ate fast because he was afraid that

Dolores would find out.

Jessica entered holding a glass of water. Watching the way Samuel eats, Jessica could neither laugh nor cry. If someone didn't know the whole thing, he would think Samuel had been starving for a long time.

"Slow down. Don't choke on it." Jessica handed him the glass of water so that Samuel could drink some water to wash down the food.

Samuel giggled and muttered with his mouth full of rice, "Thank you, Madame."

"Slow down. Your mother won't be back so fast." Jessica stood at the door, "I will keep watch."

Samuel had his dinner like a thief.

The neighborhood was quite satisfying. Located in downtown, the neighborhood could still have large areas of trees and grass. It was indeed hard to find a neighborhood as good as this one. The surrounding facilities were adequate and satisfying too, including kindergarten, primary school, supermarket and subway.

When Dolores was wandering in the neighborhood, Simona fell asleep in her arms. She held her daughter and headed back home. Jessica had already finished cleaning the kitchen and was now filling the tub with hot water.

Dolores walked to Samuel's room and opened his door. Samuel was sitting at the head of the bed. He huddled himself up and looked like a little orphan abandoned by his

parents.

He looked like a poor little thing.

"Do you know what your fault is now?"

Dolores looked at him and asked.

Samuel held his legs and hung his head, "I was right."

"Fine. Okay then, you were right. I want to see stubborn you are." Dolores closed his door in anger and carried Simona to another room to put her down.

Simona had a habit. When she was sleeping, she must touch Dolores' breast. Or she couldn't get a sound sleep.

That was just the habit of her daughter. Dolores had already got used to her daughter's habit.

Because they were twins, Dolores didn't have enough breast milk to feed them. both at all. She could only feed one with her breast milk. Because Simona came out later and she looked so tiny back then, Dolores fed her with breast milk. When Simona had breast milk as a baby, she liked to touch writy 24 m

Dolores' breast.

With the passage of time, she made a habit out of it.

Dolores patted her daughter, but she couldn't sleep. Normally, Samuel would sleep with her too.

But this little boy was so stubborn and didn't admit his faults. She didn't know where he got that from.

The second day, Dolores didn't leave home early. Decorations weren't finished in the shop, so she didn't have much to do there.

She had planned to spend the time staying at home and accompanying two children. But Theresa called her and said someone came looking for her. So she went out.

After getting familiar with the surroundings, Dolores knew she could ride subway to get to the shop. So she went to the ticket office to buy a ticket.

"Miss Flores." Terry saw her and run through the crowd towards her. He heard Abbott call her "Miss Flores" the other day, so he did the same.

He left home early today and waited for her here. He hoped he could talk with her. But he didn't know

it would take him so long to catch her.

And after she went out, she didn't take a taxi but come ride subway.

Luckily, he moved fast. Or he would miss her.

Hearing the voice, Dolores turned around to see who it was. When she recognized his face, she frowned. Dolores didn't know why he was following her.

When Terry run through the crowd and arrived at Dolores' side. Feeling so tired, he was gasping like a dog. Then he bent down with arms akimbo, "Can I talk with you?"

"No." Dolores rejected and didn't want to hold on to the past any more.

But Terry said firmly, "After you see this thing, you will surely want to talk with me."

While saying, he took something out from his pocket and handed it to Dolores.

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**Chapter 85: Got Killed over Greed**

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Dolores looked down at his hand, which was holding a memory card. Dolores frowned, "What is this?"

Terry looked more serious, "My brother didn't kill himself. He was murdered."

It was the same sentence. Dolores was not interested.

"I am sorry. I have other business to take care of. I am leaving." Dolores paid for her ticket and then walked to the entrance.

Under the urgent situation, Terry run to her and grabbed her arm, "Six years ago, my brother got a sum of money, which was given to him by a woman who asked him to hit and kill a woman by car."

Bang!

Dolores felt like a lightning struck on her head.

Someone tried to kill her six years ago?

"You are the woman that my brother was ordered to kill. But luckily you escaped your death, right?" Terry spoke his speculation.

After discovering the recording, Terry understood why Dolores found him repulsive and disgusting whenever she saw him.

Dolores took the memory card from his hand. She observed it carefully and thought it must be a phone memory card. Only old-fashioned phone used in old days had this kind of card. Smart phone these days had huge internal memory and didn't need such things. Dolores put the memory card back on his hand, "You have evidence in it?"

"If you have time, we can find a place and talk." Terry knew Dolores would agree.

Dolores agreed as he had assumed. She wanted to know who wanted to kill her too.

That car accident almost made her lose her babies.

"I know a coffee shop nearby. Let's go there." Dolores walked ahead to lead the way.

Terry followed her.

The coffee shop was in the neighborhood's surroundings. Dolores saw it last night.

Soon they arrived at the coffee shop. Dolores found a quiet corner and sat down..

"Would you like something to drink?" Though Dolores wanted to find out the truth immediately, she thought Terry needed a drink judging by how thirsty he looked.

**"I want some water." He was truly thirsty.**

**Dolores handed the menu to a waiter, "Get us two cups of water first. We will let you know when we need something else."**

**"Okay."**

**The waiter brought two cups of water. After the waiter walked away and Terry drunk a cup of water, Dolores said, "Spill it. What happened?"**

**"Listen to this first." Terry took out a phone which can accommodate the memory card. He opened the phone and put the memory card in it. Then he turned on the phone and found the recording in the memory card before playing it.**

**There was only a single section of recording, which must be recorded during a conversation.**

**"If I do as you said and kill that woman by car. Won't I go behind bars?"**

**"Don't worry. I won't let you get lawsuits or get imprisoned. We will damage the brake of your car ahead of time and then fake a brake failure. You won't have to take much responsibility for a car accident caused by brake failure. Besides, you are sick, and I will also assist you. You should know that you will get a large sum of money after you finish your job. You won't make such great money even if you work for your whole life. This is a good deal for you."**

"Don't worry. Even if you are imprisoned, I will get you out." The woman seemed very eager to persuade him.

At that time, Maria not only wanted to have Dolores taste the pain of a car accident, but also wanted her life. She wanted to make Dolores disappear from this world before Dolores and Matthew got a divorce. In this way, nobody would threaten Maria's position any more. And Matthew would belong to her and her alone.

But Maria didn't know that someone would come rescue Dolores.

She also didn't know that man took Dolores away from B City. Dolores was gone for six years. She even gave birth to her babies.

"According to this recording, I speculate that this woman knew my brother needed money and that he was a truck driver. So she found him and planned the accident." Terry put the phone back into his pocket and said.

Dolores rested her head on her hand and thought about the female voice in the recording. It was clear and familiar. She almost recognized the voice at the second she heard it.

It belonged to Helen, who was Maria now. It was Maria who made Jessica suffer from mental disease before, which was later controlled and cured by Sampson. So Jessica was like a normal person now. Therefore, Dolores didn't want to hold on to it.

The reason why she didn't want to hold to it was because Maria was Sampson's sister.

**But now...**

**Dolores had always thought the car accident was caused by brake failure. But it wasn't.**

**"You know who the woman in the recording is, right?" Terry asked tentatively.**

**Dolores raised her head and kept turning around the cup in her hand in an irregular way. She didn't answer him but asked, "I am curious about how you obtained this recording?"**

**Terry's face froze and then he lowered his head.**

**"You are not talking?" Dolores let go of the cup and stood up, "Thank you for telling me this."**

**Terry suddenly raised his head and looked at her. He asked in astonishment, "Aren't you going to look into this? Someone tried to kill you."**

**Dolores indifferently looked at Terry, who looked very eager, and said, "It's my business whether to look into it or not."**

**"But, don't you think if we work together, the odds that we will win are higher?" If they worked together, he could bring the woman who killed his brother into justice, and Dolores could revenge on the woman who tried to kill her. Wasn't it a win-win cooperation?**

**Why did Dolores look so calm and indifferent after she learned about the truth?**

"But you are holding something back from me, aren't you?" The truth did surprise her, but it didn't make her lose her mind. There was something that Terry didn't confess to her.

Terry lowered his head and his nervous hands kept rubbing on each other. "After you tell me everything, I will think about whether to cooperate with you." Dolores looked out of the window and said plainly, "That woman, isn't someone you can bring into justice with only some evidence."

If it was before, it wouldn't be that difficult.

But now Maria was a member of the Herbert family, which had both money and power.

How could it be easy to bring her into justice?

"Wait..." When Dolores arrived at the door, Terry stood up and looked at her back, "Sit down."

Dolores looked back and watched him, "You made up your mind?"

Terry pursed his lips hard and nodded.

Dolores sat back on her stool.

"If you want to cooperate with me, you have to tell me everything you know."

Terry took in a deep breath and looked at Dolores, "I had been investigating on my brother's death, but I couldn't find any useful clues until I received that call."

"What call?"

"My brother stored something in Ping An Insurance when he was alive. When the lease for the locker room expired, no one went to get it. So the staff called me." Terry said honestly, "I am the second number that my brother put in the registration form. They couldn't get through to the first number, which was my brother's number, so they contacted me."

Dolores didn't say anything and listened to him in silence.

"My, my brother seemed to have stored it on purpose." Terry lowered his head.

"Why did he do it?" Dolores looked at him and asked.

Speak no ill of the dead. Terry didn't want to expose the disgusting things that his brother did when he was alive. After all, they two shared a mother.

Terry lowered his head and kept silent. Dolores waited for him for several minutes, but he still said nothing.

"If you don't tell me the truth, and I don't know about the whole thing, how can I cooperate with you? Now that you don't trust me, why did you stop me from leaving?"

"I do trust you." Terry denied instantly.

"It was possible that my brother recorded the conversation on purpose when he was talking to that woman. After he finished his job, he got the money...But maybe he found her later and wanted to blackmail and threaten her with the recording. So he was killed."

In a word, his brother died over greed.

Dolores figured out the whole thing now. His brother was the driver who was bought by Maria to kill her with a car accident. After the accident, Dolores went abroad. But his brother was too greedy and

went back to blackmail Maria after he was paid. So his brother was killed.

"What are you going to do? You won't let the woman who tried to murder you walk free, right?" Terry asked in eagerness. "The whole thing is clear now, but it won't be easy to upend this old case." Dolores stood up, "I have something else to attend to today."

"I can driver you there." Terry stood up too, "I have a car."

Dolores looked at him and nodded.

After they got in the car, Terry wrote his number on a piece of paper and handed it to her, "This is my phone number. You can call me whenever you want. I will introduce myself again. I am Terry."

Dolores got the paper, "I will memorize it. You can call me Dolores."

"Okay." Terry focused on driving and soon the car stopped in front of the shop in decoration.

Theresa was waiting at the door in angst. Seeing Dolores, she run to her, "What took you so long?"

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"Something stalled me." Dolores explained.

"Contact me by phone." Terry made a gesture towards Dolores, which meant calling someone by phone, "If you need to use a car, you can call me too."

Maybe it was because they had a common enemy now, two of them grew closer.

Dolores nodded.

"Okay. Go ahead and take care of your thing now. I need to work too." Terry waived his hand and drove the car away.

If he didn't work, he couldn't make his ends meet.

"Lola, who is he?" Theresa asked in curiosity.

She was curious about how could Lola make a friend when taking a taxi.

Dolores didn't want to explain more on this thing, so she smiled lightly, "You are in such a rush. Who came looking for me?" Theresa patted her head, "I almost forgot about it." She dragged Dolores, "I have her wait in your office. It is a mess here. Only your office is in better shape."

Or there would be no place here that could entertain a guest.

Dolores was curious about who came looking for her.

"Who is it? Man or women?" She didn't have any friend in this country other than Sampson.

"A lady. She claimed to be Mrs.com Nelson. She looked beautiful and elegant too." Theresa peeked at Dolores' face in secrecy.

Her ex-husband was Matthew Nelson.

Was this Mrs. Nelson her

ex-mother-in-law?

Dolores frowned. Mrs. Nelson?

When she and Matthew got married, there was neither a wedding nor a ceremony. She didn't even meet Matthew's family.

Mrs. Nelson? But according to her knowledge, Mrs. Nelson died a long time ago. Was it... Dolores seemed to have figure it out.

Coral said before that Matthew's father remarried not long after his mother passed away.

Only she could claim to be Mrs. Nelson.

But what did she want from her?

Dolores was full of cont

ion.

"She was in here. Call me whenever you need me." Theresa took Dolores to the door of her office and didn't plan to go in.

Dolores nodded. After Theresa left, she opened the door.

Though the office was cleaned and rearranged, there was only a desk, a sofa and a tea table. The floor was swept. The whole office looked empty. And tea or water was not available too.

A woman in an elegant outfit stood in front of the French window. Dolores didn't see her face and only saw that her body was kept in good shape. Her long hair was combed into a bun.

The woman heard something and looked back to see Dolores standing at the door. She asked tentatively, "Are you Dolores?"

When the woman turned around, Dolores saw her face. Though that woman had endured the passage

of time, Dolores could still see how pretty and outstanding she looked.

That woman crossed her hands above her abdomen. She was wearing an Omega wristwatch. A black shoulder bag was hanging from her arm. She was wearing a plaid dress and a pair of black high-heeled shoes.

There was no extra jewelry or accessories. Her outfit was simple, but she was giving out the beauty of elegance and wisdom.

"Yes, I am." Dolores walked in, "What do you want from me? I am not close to you."

Victoria smiled lightly, "When you married Matthew, we were supposed to meet each other, but..." Because things weren't going well between Matthew and them, Matthew was reluctant to bring Dolores home.

After they got the marriage certificate, Jayden called Matthew and asked him to bring Dolores home. But the request was rejected.

It was Matthew's own decision when they got divorced too. They knew about the divorce after it happened.

Dolores understood and smiled, "I know."

After all, their marriage was a business deal. It was normal that Matthew didn't introduce her to his families.

"Please have a seat." Dolores reached

her hand to show Victoria to the Sofa.

Victoria nodded and sat on the sofa.

Dolores sat across from Victoria. She didn't speak first and was waiting for Victoria to speak.

Victoria came to find her. She must need something from her. Victoria checked Dolores who looked young and beautiful and asked, "I heard that when you got married to Matthew, you were only 18?"

Dolores nodded, "Yes."

Then it was two seconds of silence.

"Do you know that Matthew was going to get engaged?" Victoria asked.

While talking, Victoria fixated her eyes on Dolores' face to observe the change of her expression.

Dolores answered honestly, "Yes."

"But he canceled the engagement later. Do you know that too?"

"Yes." Dolores slightly looked down and thought about why Victoria came looking for her.

Judging from her voice, Dolores knew it must have something to do with Matthew.

"Do you know why he canceled the engagement?"

Dolores didn't know about this.

She raised her head and looked at Victoria, "I don't know."

Dolores pointed to her office, "You have seen it. I just came back from abroad. I don't know much about what happened in this country. We have been divorced, so I can't know anything more."

Though they had not got divorce certificate, Dolores believed in her mind that they had got a divorce.

She remembered when Matthew said "Let's get a divorce".

After he spoke that sentence, their marriage ended.

Victoria was surprised, "You don't know about that?" Clearly she didn't believe that Dolores didn't know, "He canceled the engagement for you. Don't you know that?"

It was Dolores who was surprised this time.

For her?

Wasn't this bullshit?

"I think there must be some misunderstanding. You know, we have been divorced for so many years. How could he do that for me?"

Victoria shook her head. Misunderstanding didn't exist. Thomas conducted a survey and found that Matthew canceled the engagement with Maria after he saw Dolores in Country A.

This might be the case. They had got married and formed attachments for each other. When Matthew met her again, he realized he loved her. The old love was brought back, so he canceled the engagement with Maria.

"You must have heard about the Nelson family and the Herbert family too. They are both prestigious families in B City. If they connect by marriage, it will be a win-win cooperation. It will do good to both the Herbert family and the Nelson family." Victoria's voice was gentle and soft. She looked at Dolores, "Before he went abroad and met you, he was willing to marry Miss Herbert. They two had a long history. And both families attached great importance on this marriage."

"So you come here to ask me to leave Matthew?" Dolores could neither cry nor laugh, "I think you must have misunderstood. We are not together at all."

They weren't lovers since the

beginning. Victoria really made a mistake, coming

to her.

Victoria frowned slightly, "You are not together?"

Dolores nodded and said firmly, "No."

"He stabbed himself...to cancel the engagement. I didn't see it. I heard it from Jayden. Matthew stabbed a fruit knife into his own chest...to cancel the engagement."

"What?" Dolores stood up immediately.

So he got the wound on his chest in

this way? He stabbed himself. Was he nuts?

Victoria observed Dolores' reaction in silence. Dolores didn't seem to know about this.

"Why did he do it?" Dolores was confused.

"The engagement between him and Miss Herbert was on the news, which meant the two families would have business interaction in the future. He was the one that canceled the engagement. So he had to bear some responsibilities. Besides, Miss Herbert saved him by accident when they were children and has been by his side for a long time. The cancel would reflect very badly on Miss Herbert. Matthew must feel guilty for her." Therefore, when Maria said she wanted his life, he literally stabbed himself.

He wanted to pay his debts for her.

While talking, Victoria sighed, "It seemed like Maria loved Matthew very much. I heard that she collapsed after the cancel."

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**Dolores lowered her head in silence, shocked by what Victoria said.**

**Last time Matthew told her that he had called off the engagement, but Dolores didn't take it seriously. Much to her surprise, he really had done it.**

**"After he returned from Country A, he said he wanted to cancel the engagement. His father was quite angry about that. They were not close originally, now they can't get along at all."**

**Thinking of her relationship with Matthew, Victoria also felt helpless.**

**Clenching her hands, Dolores asked, "How, how did you know?"**

She wondered why Victoria was so certain that Matthew only called off the engagement after meeting her.

"He wanted to cancel his engagement so suddenly, so his father was very annoyed. He asked our butler Thomas to look into the matter. Otherwise, I wouldn't come to you," said Victoria frankly.

Suppressing the fluctuation in her heart, Dolores asked calmly, "And you came to me today..."

"I don't mean to do anything, just want to meet you in person. When we asked Thomas to investigate this matter at the beginning, we indeed wanted to stop Matthew from canceling his engagement. However, he had already canceled it in a self-harming way, so nobody could do anything further. He could even break up with a woman who had been with him for so many years. It meant that he had already made up his mind firmly. Even his father could only let him be." Victoria stared at Dolores.

"I came to meet you just because of my own intention. No one knows about it."

In her opinion, it must be Dolores that Matthew was so determined to cancel his engagement.

Since she got to know what Matthew had done it for his ex-wife, Victoria became quite curious, wondering what kind of woman his ex-wife was.

She didn't meet Dolores when Matthew and she first got married, so she came to Dolores as soon as Thomas had found the information.

Dolores was still at a loss. She had thought that Victoria came to her for asking her to leave Matthew, so that he could continue to be engaged to Maria.

But it turned out that her prediction was wrong.

Seeing Dolores look confused, Victoria smiled. "You and Matthew didn't marry for a long time, so you might not know him very well. No one can stop him from doing what he has determined to do. Originally, Jayden didn't agree with him to call off the engagement, but he had to compromise at the end."

Dolores looked down as a faint helpless smile appeared on her mouth corners. It was true that she didn't marry to Matthew for a long time nor did they get along long enough, but she knew clearly the ways he did things.

Take what happened to her since she returned from abroad this time as an example, if Matthew hadn't got in the way, she would definitely not have come back.

Obviously, for the thing he wanted to do, he would achieve his goals for sure no matter what mean he used.

"I apologize for disturbing you today." Victoria stood up. "I've been out long enough. It's time to go home."

Following her, Dolores also stood up. "Please let me see you off."

Victoria smiled and didn't refuse.

Walking out of the office, Dolores saw the decoration materials on the floor outside the door. Afraid that Victoria would trip over, Dolores kindly reminded her, "Watch out."

Looking at Dolores, Victoria smiled tenderly. Obviously she had a good first impression of Dolores. "I hope you could keep the secret about our meeting today."

She didn't get along well with Matthew.

If he knew that she had come to see Dolores, Victoria was worried it would cause some unnecessary misunderstandings.

"I see. I won't tell anyone." Dolores agreed.

Seeing Victoria walk out from the store, the driver hurriedly pulled the car's door open. "Mrs. Nelson, please..."

Victoria bent over and sat in. The driver closed the door for her. Rolling down the car window, she looked at Dolores. "I've never seen Matthew care about a woman so much."

Upon hearing it, Dolores felt bitter and grieved in her heart, as if she had gulped down a cup of broad-leaf holly leaf tea mixed with vinegar. She felt contradictory.

After confirming that Matthew had really canceled his engagement and it was because of her, she couldn't continue deceiving herself that she felt nothing about it.

However, she herself was uncertain about her feelings for Matthew now.

Victoria wanted to say something but she changed the topic when the words reached the tip of her tongue. "His mother has passed away long ago. He doesn't like me... If possible, please take care of him."

Pursing her lips, Dolores dared not to promise her easily.

Taking care of him?' she reechoed Victoria's request inwardly.

Even if he had canceled his engagement, it was still impossible for them to remarry.

There were too many people and things that had happened between Matthew and her.

"He has someone else to take care of him. I can't do it," Dolores refused.

Victoria heaved a sigh. After all, they were already divorced. It would take time and process for them to remarry. Hence, she changed the subject and said with a smile, "All right. By the way, when will your store be opened? Don't forget to send me an invitation card."

"Sure, I will." Dolores also smiled.

"Let's go." Victoria ordered her driver in

a light tone. "Yes, Mrs. Nelson." The driver quickly

started the engine and the car roared away.

Standing in the roadside and staring the receding car, Dolores felt puzzled about Victoria.

From what Coral had told her before, she knew that Matthew didn't get along with Victoria.

Dolores had thought that Matthew's stepmother would be the same as Beulah ... they both had pretty faces but were vicious inside. However, after meeting Victoria today, Dolores realized that they were totally different.

Victoria is gentle, elegant, and with great charisma, so different from those flirtatious mistresses.

She was absolutely different.

She almost subverted Dolores' perception of the mistresses. "Lola." Theresa came out from the store, standing beside her. She asked curiously, "Why did she come to you? What did she want?"

If Matthew hadn't use certain means and failed to cancel his engagement, Victoria should have come here to ask Dolores to leave him.

The funny thing was that she had never been with Matthew.

However, in others' opinions, she was the initiator of evil that caused Matthew to cancel his engagement.

She was really wronged.

Since Victoria didn't tell others before coming to see her, Dolores believed that she just wanted to see

her for real.

"Nothing much." Dolores turned to look at Theresa. "How about I treat you for lunch?"

"Great!" Theresa grabbed Dolores and held her tightly. "I'm almost worn out. You even asked me to take care of the interior construction. Shouldn't you treat me for lunch? It shouldn't only be a simple lunch but a big meal for you to reward me."

Although she was bitching about Dolores, she didn't look like complaining. Instead, she looked delighted.

How could she not to be happy as her lunch was taken care of?

"Sure. Tell me where you want to go," Dolores agreed. Although she knew that Theresa was kidding, her assistant was indeed tired.

She was the only one who was taking care of the whole store.

"Really? Are you sure you let me to choose where to go?" asked Theresa with a smile.

"Really," Dolores confirmed firmly, smiling, "I'll treat you for lunch. How could I deceive you?"

"OK." Theresa stretched out her small hand and pointed to Kong-Tsing Hotel nearby. "Let's have lunch in there."

Dolores fell into silence.

"What now? You hesitate?" Theresa put her arm around Dolores, pressing her chin on Dolores'

shoulder and acting like a spoiled child. "Lola, you can't be so stingy! You just promised me!"

"Sure, I've promised you. I'll do what I said. Let's go." Although she earned a lot of money, she had two kids to feed. For her kids' sake, she always saved and only spent wisely.

Unless she needed to spend some money for her kids, she would be generous.

She was also stingy to herself.

"Are you sure?" Theresa was just pulling her leg just now. She was clearly aware that all Dolores' money would be saved except for the necessary expenses.

"Of course. I've promised you, haven't I?" Seeing it was green light, Dolores pulled Theresa to cross the street.

"Lola, I was really kidding. Now Samuel and Simona are growing up, and you need to spend much money on them. I feel guilty to waste it." Pulling Dolores back, Theresa wanted to head back. "I wouldn't become poor after one lunch." Dolores grabbed back Theresa, approached her, and whispered in her ear, "In fact, I've never come to such kind of place alone. I want to run wild today. Let's see if the domestic five-star hotel is the same as the foreign one."

She had been to countless restaurants run by five-star hotels, but she didn't have to pay the bills herself. As a famous designer, she always attended some events and dinner parties, so she could go to such kind of places.

"Then, may I order an Aussie lobster?" Theresa acted as a spoiled child to Dolores.

"Of course..." Dolores laughed. She raised her head and inadvertently found a woman in front of the hotel entrance. With her arms across on her chest, the woman was gazing at Dolores in a gloomy way.



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**Maria was wearing a pale pinkish gray dress, white high-heels, and delicate**

**makeup. Her curly hair with big waves was**

**combed to hang on one of her shoulders. She seemingly had seen Dolores for a long time. With her arms across on her chest, she gazed at Dolores at the entrance.**

**Dolores didn't want to get in any conflict with her. It didn't mean that she feared of Maria, but she was just not in the mood to tangle with Maria. Hence, Dolores pulled Theresa further and walked from the side way.**

**However, Maria didn't intent to let her**

**go easily. In her opinion, if it weren't for Dolores,**

**how would Matthew dump her?**

**No matter where Dolores was heading to, Maria just blocked her way.**

**"What is wrong with you?" Theresa became angry after being stopped for several times.**

**"You have something wrong with yourself!" Maria glared at her. Her delicate face twitched because of anger.**

**"If you are on your right state, why are you blocking our way?" Theresa glared back**

**at her.**

**She could also express her anger through the glare.**

**When Abbott drove passing here by, he happened to see the arguing women in front of the hotel entrance. "Excuse me, Mr. Nelson. It seems that Ms. Herbert and Ms. Flores are over there," he said to the man sitting on the backseat and stopped the car.**

**Matthew was reading a document with some unread ones on his lap. He was wearing white shirt, his suit jacket unbuttoned. His shirt was loose and two buttons on the collar were buttoned as well. His slender neck and looming collarbones could be seen. Seemingly he was pretty busy. Otherwise, he wouldn't be reading documents when sitting in the car.**

**Hearing what Abbott said, he rolled down the car window and looked over there.**

Sure enough, he saw those two women.

Matthew casted a glance at Maria, his eyes darkened. Closing the file in his hands, he didn't mean to get off, but he had lost his interests to continue reading them.

Abbott asked him gingerly, "Shall we get off and take a look?"

Matthew threw him a cold glance. Abbott pursed his lips, shutting up unwillingly.

In front of the hotel entrance, Dolores

pulled Theresa. "Let's change a restaurant."

"You want to leave? No way!" Maria opened her arms and continued blocking Dolores' way. She was enraged because Matthew had called off their engagement.

Now she met the culprit. How could she let Dolores go so easily?

Dolores' face totally darkened. "Get out of my way!"

Maria sneered. "Get out of your way?" she said in a ferocious tone, "Dolores Flores, dream on! You've ruined my happiness and my future. How could I let you go? I wish I could tear you into pieces and toss your flesh to feed dogs."

"I'm afraid the dogs wouldn't eat the thing you give them!" Theresa was unwilling to see her so arrogant.

Maria slapped Theresa across the face. Pointing at Theresa's nose, she snapped, "Who do you think you are? How dare you speak with me in this way?"

Theresa was startled because of the slap.

She felt burning pain on her cheek.

Dolores clenched her hands. All her blood flew backwards all over her body, and the power gathered on her right hand. She raised her hand and slapped Maria in her left face.

This slap sounded much louder than the one just now.

She didn't want to tangle with Maria but it didn't mean that she was a pushover.

Maria slapped Theresa, which was the same as she had slapped her.

Maria's eyes almost popped out. She couldn't believe that Dolores had the guts to hit her. "How dare you hit me?"

Dolores clenched her hands. Just now, she slapped Maria with all her strength. Now not only her hand but also her whole arm was numb. She kept calm on her face, though. "If you didn't offend me, I wouldn't offend you. It was you who provoked me first. Do you think you are somebody just because you are the daughter of the Herbert family? We're all human beings and none of us is superior to the other. Since you hit her, you should bear the retribution."

Retribution?

"You're the one who deserves the retribution!" Maria pounced at her as if she had gone nuts. "Dolores Flores, I'm gonna kill you. I'm gonna kill you..."

All the hatred suppressed in Maria's heart had found a breakthrough on Dolores. Maria was out of control.

She had already lost her mind. "Are you sure you can win against us two?" Dolores was extremely calm, standing motionlessly.

From nowhere, Theresa found a stick, holding it in her hands. She gazed at Maria with alert. If Maria dared to move, Theresa would hit her on the head.

Maria paused. Since she had returned to the Herbert family, nobody dared to provoke her in this way.

She had been used to the compliment and flattery from others, and she had never been suffered such a loss.

She was so furious.

She couldn't help trembling because of the fury.

"What are you glaring at? Aren't you afraid your eyes would fall out?" Shaking the stick, Theresa was ready to raise the stick and hit her.

Maria was so scared that she couldn't help holding her head tightly.

It was just her instinctive reaction.

But the way she looked was pretty hilarious.

"Ha ha..." Theresa laughed at her.

"Dolores Flores, I won't let you go!" Maria was so mad that she almost roared hysterically.

'Ha!'

Dolores sneered.

Let go of her?

When did Maria let go of her before?

"Maria Herbert, you harmed my mother and made her mentally ill, planned my car accident, and almost killed me. Have you ever had mercy and planned to let go of me?" She had been hesitant, wondering if she should revenge Maria because she was Sampson's younger sister. If she really did something to Maria, she would feel sorry for Sampson.

After all, Sampson really cared about his younger sister.

However, seeing that Maria had already hated her to the core and never planned to let go of her, Dolores realized that Maria could continuously hurt her since Maria had already done it to her repeatedly.

Now Dolores was different from how she used to be. She had two kids as her weaknesses.

Nobody would know if Maria would hurt her kids if she had gone nuts.

At this moment, Dolores firmly made up her mind that she would work with Terry to file reserve the case of her accident as well as his brother's suicide in the past.

She was afraid that only when Maria was punished by the law eventually that her world would become peaceful completely.

Maria was taken aback. Squinting, she

asked, "Have you already know I planned

the car accident back then?"

After all, it had been so many years. Nobody should have known the truth of the matter back then.

"Nobody would know only if you didn't

do it." Dolores stressed each syllable.

"Did my brother tell you?" She only told Sampson about this.

Suddenly she felt as if the whole world had betrayed her. Matthew dumped her. Even her elder brother who loved her very much had told this woman her secret.

Dolores' heart skipped a beat. 'Does Sampson know it was Maria who planned the car accident back then?' she wondered.

But he had clearly told her it was an accident before.

Dolores wondered if he said that deliberately to protect his younger sister.

Suddenly, Dolores recalled Sampson's abnormality that day. He asked her, "In the future, if you'll find that I'm not that nice, would you hate me?"

She wondered if it was all because of this matter that he looked with a heavy heart that day.

Dolores' silence became an acquiescence in Maria's opinion.

"Ha ha... Ha ha ha..." Maria burst into laughter crazily. She laughed too hard that tears all streamed out. "Such a hypercritical love! All fake!"

She had thought that Sampson treated her truly well.

She had never expected that she was not so important to him as this woman was.



**What was so good of this woman?**

**Why did all men favor her so much?**

**Theresa was shocked by Maria's look. She asked in a low voice, "Lola, is she going nuts?"**

**Dolores shook her head.**

**"Dolores Flores."**

**Suddenly Maria paused, gazing at Dolores so viciously as if her eyes were full of poison, which could kill Dolores by just staring at her. "Dolores Flores, let's wait and see!"**

**She as now the daughter of the Herbert family now. There would be a lot of chances to kill Dolores for sure.**

**She had such chances before.**

**She would have more chances in the future.**

**"I'm waiting." Dolores stood straight, her charisma winning over Maria's. Knowing that she wouldn't be at any advantage if she kept tangling with Dolores in this way, Maria decided to leave and make another plan later.**

**She regretted that she was too careless and she had underestimated Dolores.**

**Now she embarrassed herself in this way.**

Stepping down the steps, when she was about to drive, Maria saw the man who was walking towards them. Her eyes glinted. She ran towards him immediately. "Matthew..."

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Seeing Matthew, Maria almost rushed over, stretching her arms to embrace him.

Matthew stepped aside and dodged. As she was running so fast, Maria couldn't stop even after she had missed the target. She couldn't help staggering forward, her ankle twisting.

"Ouch..." she exclaimed. Her legs weakened, falling on the ground.

Abbott stood aside. He had chance to hold her up but he didn't reach out.

Before she became the family member of the Herbert family, she even flattered Abbott sometimes. After all, he was a man who Matthew trusted very much, so she was willing to put a little effort on Abbott.

However, since she returned to the Herbert family and became their daughter, she had been arrogant and put on the air whenever she met Abbott again.

Hence, Abbott became quite unhappy. He didn't like her as he used to.

Now Maria was a girl from a rich family.

Abbott was just an assistant. So they were not from the same world.

Maria fell on the ground, her knees skinned, her carefully-made hair messed. She looked quite embarrassed.

Raising her head, she looked at Matthew. "Matthew..."

She could not accept the coldness and disregard from him.

He used to treat her lovingly.

His current attitude brought her sense of frustration as if she had fallen down from

the heaven to the hell.

She couldn't accept it at all.

Trembling, she looked at the man standing in front of her. "Matthew..."

Tears welled up in her tears. Her tone was full of grievance and ingratiating.

Matthew walked to her, squatting down. He reached to brush away the messy hair that covered her cheeks.

Looking at her face carefully, Matthew seemingly to see her true color through her features.

"Matthew..."

"Stop calling me," he interrupted Maria.

Maria was startled, still couldn't accept the fact.

"How many things have you hidden from me?" he asked in an extremely low voice, as if he was suppressing something in his heart.

Things flashed through Maria's mind, as if all movie scenes were replaying. She was thinking about the hidden meaning of Matthew's question.

Suddenly her pupils shrank sharply. It seemed that he had heard her conversation with Dolores.

"Nothing," she denied.

"Nothing?" Matthew sneered.

She used to save him once so he trusted her. Although he found her charades. before, he didn't look into them. He was not willing to get even with her.

After all, he treasured their

relationship. However, she always kept refreshing

his perception of herself.

She deceived him by self-acted and self-directed scripts. Even it was she who planned the car accident that happened to Dolores back then.

He had underestimated Maria in the past. He had just thought she was playing some small tricks. Much to his surprise, it turned out that she was so vicious.

"I didn't... I didn't set up Dolores Flores. She, she made it up." Maria's face was wet by tears. Reaching out, she wanted to grab Matthew's arm. "Matthew, you got to believe me.

He just stared at her face for a few second, his cold lips forming into a straight line. Without saying anything, he pried open her hand. Maria was unwilling to let go, but Matthew's strength was so strong. Unable to resist, her hand was removed easily.

"Matthew." Maria hugged his legs. "I really didn't do it. Believe me. If I was wrong, it was because I love you so much. Is it wrong to love you?"

"Heh heh."

Matthew sneered, as if he was mocking at himself. He whispered softly to answer, "You are not wrong. I was wrong. It's my fault."

He shouldn't have mistaken responsibility as love.

"No. It's not like that." Maria shook her head desperately. "It's neither your fault nor mine. It's all her fault."

Turning around, she pointed at Dolores, who was standing on the steps. "It's all because of her. She's just a bitch!"

"You bitch..."

Theresa was about to retort but stopped by Dolores. It was unnecessary to get a verbal fighting with Maria. Dolores knew what Maria feared the most was losing Matthew.

In return, she should poke Maria's sore spot, which was Matthew.

In her high-heels, Dolores walked down the steps, walking towards Matthews step by step. Raising her hand, she tossed her hair behind a ear, her eyes seductive. Then she put her hand on Matthew's shoulder, calling him in a soft and gentle tone, "Honey."

Dolores sickened herself. She really

couldn't get used to this way of addressing him.

Anyway, their divorce certificate was

not issued, so she still could address him in

this way. Her main purpose was to piss Maria.

Maria was face blushed because of anger, looking like a well-cooked shrimp.

Matthew looked down slightly at Dolores' arm on his shoulder. It was slender with fair skin. She stood so close to him that he could even see the hair on her arm clearly.

For the first time, Dolores took the initiative to approach him.

And she called him in such an intimate

way.

He couldn't help feeling delighted.

He didn't mind Dolores calling him in such a way.

He knew that she had done it on purpose, but didn't push her away.

He just let her lean on himself.

"Stop flattering yourself!" Maria was totally irritated because Dolores called him "honey".

She got up from the ground and waved her fists, aiming to punch Dolores. "You bitch! Don't touch Matthew!"

Just before her fist landed, Matthew grabbed her wrist.

Meeting his eyes, Maria was startled by the coldness in his eyes.

She had never seen such coldness in Matthew's eyes before. "1..."

"Abbott." Matthew shook off her hand,

Abbott understood. He stepped forward and pulled her away.

How could Maria be willing to let Abbott pull her away while watching Dolores and Matthew were so intimate?



"Abbott, let go of me!" Maria didn't care about anything else. All she wanted was to escape from Abbott's grip and pull Dolores away.

She definitely wouldn't let Dolores to

touch Matthew. Matthew belonged to her only.

She didn't allow anyone else to touch

him.

"Ms. Herbert, mind your dignity, please." Abbott frowned.

"Abbott Baron, who do you think you are? How dare you mind my business?" she growled.

Matthew was not in the mood to tangle with her. He just ordered Abbott in a light tone, "I'm leaving it to you." Then he took Dolores away.

"Matthew..." Seeing that Matthew was leaving, Maria completely panicked.

She started hitting and kicking Abbott. "Let go of me. Now! Let go!"

Still gripping her tightly, Abbott stood still. "Ms. Herbert, calm down please. Mr. Nelson has already called off the engagement with you..."

"You know nothing about the love between Matthew and me. Even if our engagement was canceled, he still loves me."

Abbott found she was pretty hilarious. She said Matthew loved her.

Although he was an outsider, Abbott still couldn't tell that Matthew had never loved her all through the years.

All Matthew had to her was the responsibility for that night and the gratitude for her saving his life in his childhood.

Love? Bullshit.

"You psycho."

"You are the lunatic. You are a dog, a barking watchdog raised by Matthew!"

Abbott's face fell. He sneered. "That's right. I'm not so noble as you are, the daughter from the Herbert family!"

Abbott extremely emphasized her identity.

He couldn't understand why a person could change her personality due to the change of her identity.

Now he realized that she was

supposed to be such a person originally.

She just had hidden her true color in the

past.

Now she exposed her nature. It proved the old saying... "a leopard

cannot change its spots."

Seeing that Matthew pulled Dolores into the car, Abbott let go of Maria.

He cast her a cold glance.

"Mr. Nelson will never like such a woman like you."

Maria was so furious that she couldn't help shaking. Seeing Abbott leaving, she rushed to him and bit his hand.

Abbott groaned because of the pain.

It hurt a lot.

Lifting up his foot, he kicked the crazy woman away. "You are a dog that bites," he said with disdain.

Checking his hand back that was almost bitten to bleed, Abbott spat on the woman who fell down the ground because of his kick.

Then he turned around and left.

Lying face down on the ground, Maria clenched her hands into fists. She swore that she would revenge for all the humiliation she had received today.

"Let go of me." Being pulled away, Dolores panicked. She just wanted to provoke Maria on purpose just now.

Matthew didn't response, and he just kept forcing her into the car. Dolores kept struggling.

Matthew grabbed her restless hands. "Be quiet."

Dolores wriggled, trying to get rid of his grip. "Where are you taking me to?"

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\* \* \*

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**Chapter 90: Return the Favor with Your Body**

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Matthew's body leaned over. Dolores couldn't help but moving backward. However she didn't have much space to move as the back of the seat was behind her.

Soon his sturdy pecs pressed on her, almost seamless. She could clearly feel his temperature. She stiffened without any guts to move.

Matthew licked her hair behind her ear, his lips approaching her cheeks. With a deep voice, he said with a long tone, "You just want to go away after making use of me. Where is my reward?"

Dolores didn't answer. At this moment, she regretted for

using him to revenge Maria.

Matthew got up slightly and helped her buckle the safe belt. During the whole process, Dolores dared not to resist anymore. It was true that she had used him.

Matthew withdrew his body, starting the engine. The car roared away.

Leaning against the car window, Dolores thought for a long while before speaking again, "Just now, I made use of you without your permission. I was abrupt. How much do you want?"

Matthew was speechless.

He wanted to yell at her, "Do I look like I'm short of money?"

"I don't need money."

Upon hearing it, Dolores couldn't keep calm. "Then what's the reward you want?"

He tilted his head and gazed at her, his black eyes full of tenderness and playfulness. "How about return the favor with your body?"

Dolores was too shocked to speak.

The only thought on her mind was to escape from him as soon as possible.

How couldn't she realize that he was shameless before? Was he a rascal?

Matthew laughed, casting a glance at

her eyes. "Are you swearing at me in your

heart?"

Dolores' face suddenly tightened, wondering if she had spoken what was on

her mind just now.

Did he hear it?

Stammering, she tried to explain, "No.

I'm not."

Matthew curled his lips, and kept silent.

Dolores felt a sense of guilt. She wanted to change the subject, so she asked gingerly, "Where are we

going?"

"I'm hungry." He looked straight.

Sweat broke on Dolores' body. She

dared not to speak anymore. Whatever she said, Matthew would

surely contort the meaning.

"What are you thinking about?" Matthew turned to glance at her.

He felt that she looked a bit pale. As if he had realized something, he chuckled. "I won't eat you. I meant I'm hungry for food."

Dolores still kept silent.

Her face blushed all of a sudden. She

misunderstood him just now. It was all right that she had

misunderstood.

But it was discovered by him.

She felt extremely embarrassed.

Bending down her head, she wished she could bury herself in a crack on the ground.

Matthew's gaze fell on her ruby cheeks, his lips curling up.

Soon he parked the car in front of a restaurant entrance.

Dolores took a glance of the outside of the car window. It was a Chinese restaurant.

Unfastening her safe belt, she pushed the car's door open and got off. Matthew was waiting for her in front of the car. "The food served in this Chinese restaurant is good." Dolores answered him with a faint nasal sound. Still she didn't dare to look at him.

As if she had thought of something, she raised her head suddenly. "This lunch is on me."

Matthew walked over, putting his arm on her shoulder. His posture was just as the same as hers just then. He said ambiguously, "Do you want to drive me away by only such a lunch?"

When he was speaking, his breath passed through the hair around her ear.

It seemed that he was flirting with her. Dolores looked away, regretting very much.



If she had known it would turn out to end in this way, she wouldn't have provoked him just for revenging Maria.

She felt that she had dug her own grave.

She indeed had pissed Maria off. But, how about herself? She had to bear being molested by him.

"I just borrowed your name. One meal is enough." Dolores straightened up her shoulders. Without the support, Matthew had to put down his arm.

"Let's go."

Dolores took a step first and walked

in.

She found that she was always passive whenever facing Matthew.

She couldn't keep on being like this.

Otherwise, it wouldn't end since he could always request her to do something while holding this matter.

She must turn the table and seize the initiative.

Matthew stared at her slim back and touched his mouth corner, smiling.

After walking in the restaurant, Dolores chose a table beside the French window and sat down.

Matthew walked towards her unhurriedly, sitting opposite to her.

A waiter brought a menu to them.

Taking over the menu, Dolores handed it over to Matthew. "I've never been here before, so I don't know about their special dishes. Please go ahead and order."

Matthew took a glance at her, knowing what was on her mind. He didn't expose it and took over the menu. Then he ordered a few special dishes served in the restaurant and closed the menu. "That's all," he said.

The waiter took back the menu. "All right. One moment please. The dishes will be served soon."

Then he left.

While waiting for the dishes to be served, Matthew supported his forehead with one hand, his gaze sweeping around Dolores' face back and forth.

Under her gaze, Dolores felt uneasy. She reached out her hand to touch her face. "Is there anything on

my face?"

"Nah."

"Then, what are you looking at?" "The beauty."

Dolores was speechless.

She dodged from his gaze. "What a

bore."

Shortly, the waiter brought them dishes.

Those were all special dishes indeed, which Dolores had never tried. She felt starving as soon as seeing them, wondering how they would taste.

Matthew served her a bowl of soup. "Try this."

She didn't see any ingredient in the soup but it was white and sticky, emanating a faint scent.

She had planned to have lunch with Theresa, but they met Maria and wasted a lot of time. Now she was really starving.

**Epecially after smelling the faint scent of the soup, she couldn't wait to start eating.**

**She used a spoon to get some soup and took a sip. It was fresh and creamy. "Do you like it?" Matthew stared at her**

**expression.**

**Dolores nodded. "Yes."**

**It indeed tasted good.**

**"And this." Matthew picked up a piece of shrimp cake and put it in her plate.**

**Dolores looked down, concentrating on her soup.**

**She was not used to Matthew's**

**kindness and care.**

**Suddenly she lost her appetite.**

**She was feeling quite uneasy.**

**"Why did you call of the engagement?" She wondered if it was really as**

**Victoria had said ... all because of her.**

Taking a sip of the water, Matthew asked, "Why suddenly did you ask about it?"

Dolores looked up at him. "I just want to know."

Matthew put down the water cup unhurriedly. Then he glanced at her. "We don't fit in, so I called it off. There's no other reason." Sure enough... where there was expectation, there would be disappointment.

How could it be because of her?

She put on a self-mockery smile.

She laughed at her wishful thinking.

She had been sure it was impossible

but she still expected.

"Mr. Nelson, Ms. Herbert has been with you for such a long time. You dumped her all of a sudden. How ruthless."

Chewing the shrimp cake carefully, Matthew put down his chopsticks, as if he was lost in thought.

A while later, he slowly asked, "What did you just call me?"

"Mr. Nelson." Dolores almost

answered subconsciously. He gave her a comment seriously, "I

don't like this title."

"Then, President Nelson?" Dolores changed to another one.

"Neither." Dolores was speechless.

Matthew picked up another piece of shrimp cake, which looked like a white jade, put it in his mouth, and chewed slowly. His lips slightly parted. "I think 'Honey' is more pleasant to hear."

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**\* \* \***

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**Chapter 91: Find a Good Man for Mummy**

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**After dinner, the two of them exited the restaurant.**

**"Where do you want to go? Let me send you there."**

**Dolores thought about it for a while and answered, "Home."**

**She still hadn't finished her task in the shop, and she had unfinished task too. What's more, she had gotten this job from Country A.**

**She had an appointment with a customer who wanted to custom-make her wedding dress to go through the design booklet.**

**She was going to start the production of the wedding dress according to her customer's preferred design and material soon.**

**Hearing that she wanted to go home, Matthew looked at her sideways and said ironically, "Your son doesn't even have a father. Can you call that a home?"**

**Dolores wanted to refute him that her son just didn't have a father at the moment, but in the end she decided to keep that to herself.**

**If she were to refute him, she wouldn't know what more he would say. She just shot a glance at him before bending her body and getting into the car.**

Matthew flashed a faint smile on his face.

The interior of the car was prevailed by dead silent, and there was a sense of embarrassment in the air with the both of them not speaking.

Dolores leaned against the car window and pretended to be sleeping.

However, she didn't act perfectly, and Matthew was able to see through her almost instantly. Despite that, he didn't want to break her disguise.

After roughly twenty minutes, Dolores pretended to be awake from her short nap as she knew that it was almost the time. The car was entering her community area too. She rubbed her eyes while opening the

car door and getting off the car and said,

"Thank you."

She was grateful to him for sending her back.

Matthew had a nonchalant posture as his hand dangled on the steering wheel, "You don't sound sincere at all."

Dolores stopped short in her action of closing the car door, "What do you mean?"



"If you really want to thank me, shouldn't you invite me up there and have a cup of tea?" There was a smirk playing around his lips. He was teasing her.

Dolores was his target now.

Dolores slammed the car door and replied coldly, "I believe I have shown you my sincerity after treating you to a meal."

Samuel was very wary of him, and if Jessica were to see him, she would be upset too. She would be crazy to allow him to enter her house.

Simona was biting her fingers and blinking her watery eyes while looking in Dolores direction by the road, "Is that mummy?"

Samuel was wracking his brain on ways to retrieve the tablet, watch and phone from Dolores when he heard his sister's inquiry. He stared at her, "Where did you see mummy?"

Simona pointed at the entrance of their area.

Samuel turned to see what she was talking about, and he immediately saw Dolores standing by the road looking like she was talking to someone. That person's side profile...

**Why did he look so familiar?**

**Almost immediately, she was able to recognize that man who was talking to Dolores. Wasn't him that unfaithful lover?**

**Why was mummy still together with him? Samuel immediately looked unfriendly as he stared at them.**

**Simona shook his hand and asked,**

**"Bro, what's wrong?" Samuel snorted coldly, "Simona, did**

**you see that man in the car?"**

**Simona nodded obediently, "I saw him."**

**"He...He's our father." Samuel clenched his fists.**

**Since he was mummy's ex-husband, that must mean he was also their father.**

**Simona blinked while thinking she never had the chance to use this word in her life previously. She had only heard her friends using this word in her life, unlike herself.**

**When she suddenly learnt from her brother that she had a father, she was beyond excited. She almost broke into a run, "Dad..."**

Samuel whipped out his hand and pulled her back while covering her mouth, "Shh!" Simona wriggled a little, "I want to see dad."

She wasn't as calculating as Samuel. She naively just wanted to check for herself how her father looked like since it was a piece of big news to her.

"He is not our father." Samuel said with conviction.

Huh?

Simona was thrown into confusion.

Her brother was changing his opinion now. Which one was true?

She could only stare at her brother

with widened eyes, as if she was waiting for

an answer.

"He used to be our father, but he has abandoned mummy and us, so we can't call him our father anymore."

Simona didn't fully understand that. Her eye lashes fluttered as she said mechanically, "But is he our father? I want a daddy."

Samuel hugged her sister and said, "I will find us a good father. I will find a good man for mummy."

Simona, "..."

She didn't understand what her brother meant.

She continued to stare at the man's side profile and wondered if that man was really her father.

How did he look like?

"Bro, have you seen daddy before?"

Samuel nodded, "Yes."

"Is he handsome?" Simona continued to ask as she had the urge to go over to take a look.

Samuel was reluctant to admit this, but Matthew was indeed a looker. This was what made him feel frustrated.

Where could he find another man who could be more handsome than him?

"He is handsome."

His words ramped up the expectation in Simona's heart.

"I have brought it here." Jessica approached them with a foldable umbrella while saying. There were going to visit the aquarium today, but before they could depart while they were downstairs, Jessica suddenly thought to bring along an umbrella, saying that it was going to rain three in the afternoon.

That was why he returned upstairs to fetch the umbrella.

"Grandma." Simona felt a little wronged in her heart because she had never seen her father while her brother had seen him.

When the perfect chance to get a good look appeared, her brother prohibited him from checking his father out.

He was so annoying.

"What's wrong?" Jessica swept her off

the ground. "Brother...." When Simona began to

speak, Samuel called out, "Mummy." He had interrupted her.

Dolores walked towards them and asked after seeing the backpack on Jessica's back, "Are you guys going somewhere?"

"I am planning to bring them to the aquarium. It is not good to just hole up at home all day long."

Dolores took her daughter into her embrace while asking, "How are you guys going? Are you planning to take the train?"

It was not convenient at all to take care of two children while taking the train.

Jessica replied, "We are taking a taxi. It is not so convenient to take the train, seeing that we have to switch stations."

Dolores walked to the road side and said, "I can't follow you guys this time since I have work to do. When I have more time, I will survey which car is suitable for us and buy one. That way, you guys will have an easy time when you need to go out."

"You go ahead with your work. I will take good care of them." Jessica then proceeded to reach to take Simona back into her embrace.

However, Simona didn't want to be hugged by Jessica, and for some reason she didn't want to let go of her hands

around Dolores' neck. She said timidly,

"Mummy."

"Yes, what's wrong?" Dolores looked at her daughter and caressed her hair, "Do you want me to bring you out to have fun?"

Simona shook her head and continued, "No, Samuel said..."

"Simona, didn't you say that you want to watch the dolphin show? If we don't go now, we will miss it. I promise you to buy you a dolphin plushy with my savings, alright? Do you still want it?" Samuel deliberately interjected to stop her sister from continuing.

He didn't want Dolores to know that he actually knew who their father was.

The reason mummy had been mum about this was because she wasn't ready to let them know about this yet.

Simona stared at her brother, "Are you really buying it for me?"

Simona was still very innocent, so in no time she had been distracted by Samuel's words.

"Of course." Samuel answered surely.

"Then, I want a lollipop too." Simona cracked a smile on her face.

Samuel looked at Dolores and said, "You have to ask mummy about this whether you are allowed to eat that or not."

Upon hearing that, Simona pouted because she remembered that mummy always told her about the bad side of eating sweets. She wouldn't allow her to eat that.

Simona once again looked wronged.

Dolores kissed her daughter's cheek and replied, "Today, you can eat one."

Immediately, Simona's eyes lit up, "Really?"

"Yes." Dolores answered firmly.

"Mummy, can I have one too?" Samuel

raised his head in her direction.

"Of course." Dolores bent over to hug her son slightly.

The two children were very obedient after learning that they could enjoy some sweets today. Jessica then brought them

out to the aquarium while Dolores went back home to work. Maria stomped back home angrily.

Sampson was no longer working in the

hospital, instead he was learning from

Warner how to manage a business.

If it were not for the firmness of their family business, it was very likely that the business would go into ruins at their generation.

When it came to Sampson's generation, he and his brother didn't really have good business insight. Sampson was merely a psychological doctor while Warner had been accumulating some experience in the business field. He was somewhat capable, but it was still not enough to restore the Herbert family to its former glory.

They could only try to maintain their family business.

Seeing that his sister had teary reddened eyes, Sampson put down the documents his brother had



handed to him and stood up from the sofa, "What the hell is wrong with you?"

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**Chapter 92: Have an Intimate Relationship**

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**When she recalled that he had betrayed her, Maria felt very infuriated.**

**Was his love towards her an illusion?**

**How could he betray her and stab her in the back?**

**Maria stood by the door and her steps were shaky, "Sampson..."**

**Sampson walked towards her and discovered the bruises on her knees. He frowned while asking, "Have you gotten into a fight with someone?"**

**If not, why did she end up looking like this?**

**Maria shook her head as she stared at Sampson, "Sampson, is your love towards me fake?"**

"How could that be?" Sampson really loved her as his sibling. Her disappearance in the past was somewhat his mistake too, so all the while he had been living with guilt, and now that he was able to retrieve her, all of his feelings towards her were never fake.

Suddenly, Maria launched into a fit of laughter, but all of a sudden all traces of her smile evaporated. She then let out an exasperated scream, "If you really love me and see me as your sister, why did you betray me for that woman's sake?"

"What are you talking about?"

Sampson was confused by her words.

"Come in first."

He pulled along his sister who was losing control of herself. Due to the fact that her marriage had been cancelled recently, Landon was especially unhappy about that. There was a dark cloud hanging over the house.

If Landon heard that she was throwing a fit again, he would no doubt be enraged.

Maria was dragged into the house by

Sampson.

"You sit down first. I'll go get some ointments to disinfect your knees, so that you won't get infection."

**Maria looked like she didn't understand a thing as she continued to sit there motionless and her gaze was focused on a spot in space.**

**She thought that by becoming a part of the Herbert family, she would be able to be together with Matthew, enjoy her high status, and possess a lover and also an affectionate brother.**

**However, things couldn't be further from the truth.**

**Everything had changed. Yes, she did have a prestigious status now, but she had lost Matthew, and at the same time that woman was channelling away part of Sampson's love towards her.**

**Dolores had ruined her love life and family life.**

**Her fingers slowly buried themselves deeply into the bed sheet, and veins could be seen bulging on her skin. She was really enraged now.**

**Sampson carried a first-aid kit in and then proceeded to clean and disinfect the wounds on her knees. He was doing all this with the utmost care, as if he was afraid of causing pain to her.**

**"Sampson." Maria was looking downwards. "Are you this gentle towards Dolores too?"**

**Maria was really abnormal today.**

**"What are you trying to say?" Sampson placed the disinfectant in his hand onto the floor and decided to have a conversation with her about this matter.**

**"Maria, it's not like Matthew is the only man in the world. You don't need to dwell on him for too long. With your traits, you can find a better..."**

**"Dolores is not the only woman in the world, so why do you still love him so much?" Before he could finish his sentence, Maria suddenly interrupted him.**

**Sampson couldn't find any words to refute her.**

**She was right. While he was trying to persuade her sister, he had forgotten about his own stubbornness.**

**"Sampson, you could betray your own sister for the sake of the woman you love. Your love is really profound."**

**He could no longer ignore her anymore since she kept repeating the same thing, "Maria, have you met her?"**

**"Yes." Maria admitted. Sampson couldn't help but frown, "You have been accusing me of betraying you. Can you elaborate on that?"**

**Did this have something to do with Dolores?**

"You're asking me this?" Maria sounded very sarcastic, "Are you not aware of what you have done?"

"I don't know what you are referring to. I never mean any harm to you in the first place." He was sure that he had never wronged his sister.

When he found out that Matthew was that man from that night long ago, he had tried to selfishly conceal this fact from Dolores. Later on, he learnt that Maria was his sister, and she loved Matthew, so this prompted him to hide this truth even deeper in his heart. He didn't even say anything knowing that Dolores' children were currently lacking a father figure.

However, his sister was now accusing him of betraying her.

Sampson felt really disappointed and saddened.

Maria's words were too hurtful.

"You never mean any harm to me? Then tell me, how did Dolores know that I was the perpetrator of that accident six years ago?" Maria didn't believe him.

"Sh...She knows that you are the one who had caused that accident from six years ago?" Sampson sounded incredulous. Dolores had discovered something he had tried his best to hide from her.

After all, the one who had hurt Dolores was none other than his own sister.

If Dolores knew this, his relationship with her would definitely get affected.

Maria laughed coldly, "Don't act like you don't know what's going on. This matter is now six years old. Everyone who was in the know was no longer alive, except you and me. Are you implying that I was the one who had revealed the truth to her personally?"

Sampson was stunned for a moment.

He then muttered, "I really didn't tell her

about this."

He was simply nervous because Dolores had finally learnt of this truth.

Would she be angry at him?

He plopped down onto the sofa.

She was on the verge of accepting him now, but all of a sudden she now got hold of the truth about that accident.

He couldn't bring himself to explore this idea further.

**Maria watched his forlorn expression and frowned slightly, "You're sure you're not the one who has revealed this to her?"**

**Sampson laughed bitterly, "Why do I need to lie to you?"**

**"Then how did she know about it?" Maria couldn't figure out what had happened since in the first place, there were only a handful of people who knew about the truth. The other one in the know was now dead.**

**The only ones left who were in the know were Sampson and her. If the two of them never said anything about this, how did Dolores learn about the truth about that accident?**

**"Take a rest for now." Sampson stood up and said. He needed some private moment and figure out how he would have to tackle Dolores from now on.**

**He would have to figure out how to explain himself.**

**"Sampson." Maria hugged him from behind with her face perched against his back, "Sampson, you are not young anymore, and I am no longer a teenager. We don't have too much time anymore, you should help me, for our sake..."**

**"How can I help you?" Sampson smiled bitterly as he was now in deep trouble. In that case, how could he ever help her?**

**"Try to consider my proposition last time."**

**Fearing that he would reject her outright, Maria hastily added, "Don't reject me now. Think about it carefully. If you want Dolores to be with you without any price to pay, that is impossible. You must be**

aware that the only way to force her into a relationship with you is to have an intimate intercourse with her. Women are always sentimental. When she has given her body to you, sooner or later she would harbour feelings for you. When you marry her later on, I would be able to be together with Matthew too. This would mean the bond connecting our family can be established. We are hitting many birds with one stone, so why don't you think about this carefully?"

Sampson continued to remain silent. He was really fond of Dolores.

It was not like he had only known her for one or two years. They had a bond that lasted a decade, so how could he bring himself to tarnish her using such backdoor means? How could he stain their precious bond? "You are very familiar with the situation in our family. You and big brother are both inexperienced in business, and father is also getting older. This time, father wants me to marry Matthew because he is thinking about the future of the Herbert family. Don't you agree with me? Or do you want to see our family dwindling into nothingness?" Maria continued to convince him.

"That's not the reason I should do this." Sampson still didn't want to budge.

Although he was slightly older than Dolores, Dolores was the first woman he

had liked.

He didn't want to destroy their memories.

Maria let go of him while taking a step back. She was staring at him with a disappointed look in her eyes.

"My happiness and the family's future... Aren't those things more important than your love for that woman?" She was interrogating him now, "You have been at the receiving end of the family's blessings, yet you have never done anything that benefitted the family. All the while, you were free to do whatever you want by going overseas. Our parents have been very understanding of you, yet in return, what have you ever done for them?"



Sampson felt himself petrify. She was right; he had never done anything for his family's sake.

"Sampson..."

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"Stop saying," Sampson interrupted her.

He was also in a dilemma. He had no choice but to admit that Maria's words indeed seared through the weakest part of his heart.

Indeed, he never contributed to the family business at all. Warner was the one doing all the matter.

He had enjoyed the high social status given by his family but he had done nothing

for the family.

**"Let me think about it." Sampson lowered his head.**

**"Okay, I wait to hear your good news then." Maria did not keep forcing him.**

**Since he agreed that he would think about it, then there was a possibility to make it happen.**

**After all, he explicitly refused her last time.**

**"But, don't take too long. That won't be good for both of us."**

**Sampson did not utter a word and left.**

**Dolores closed the chatting application and had finalized the style and the material of the fabric with the customer. Now, the fabric would be made in Country A as the custom-made full dress or the bridal gown was handmade.**

**As the store here was not ready yet, the fabric could only be made in Country A.**

**She closed the lid of the computer and rubbed her brow. She thought of the matter that Jessica would face inconvenience when Jessica went out with the two children. So, she wanted to buy a car. Thinking of this, she took out the paper with the phone number given by Terry from her pocket.**

**She dialled the number accordingly and the call was quickly gotten through.**

"Hello"

Terry's voice sounded.

"Hello, this is Dolores."

"Oh, oh, I get it." "Are you free"

"Yes."

"I want to buy a car but I haven't been in China for many years so I'm not very familiar with it. If you're free, can you bring and accompany me for that"

"Okay, I'll arrive in your residence area

after half an hour."

"Alright, I'll wait for you."

After hanging up the call, Dolores

saved his number.

Since he needed half an hour, she still had some time. She went to take a shower and changed her dress into a pant and a T-shirt as she needed to see the car later. If there was a demo car for test-drive, it would be inconvenient for her to get in and out of the car while wearing a dress.

After she finished packing her things, Terry also arrived.

She locked the door and went downstairs.

Terry waited at the entrance of her residence area. Seeing her come out, he got out of the car and helped her to open the

back door.

"Thanks." Dolores smiled, "Thank you very much. I can actually just open it myself."

"It's okay." Terry smiled, walked to the front door and sat in the driver's seat. He glanced back at Dolores, "You want to buy a car in what price range"

Dolores thought about it, "A car with decent safety performance in between 300 thousand yuan and 500 thousand yuan."

Terry pursed his lips, "You're quite rich."

Dolores coughed lightly, "Not really."

She had saved some money these years and she owned property abroad. She had sold the car used by her when she was abroad.

Terry wanted to ask her if she had thought carefully about the matter but he did not ask. If she had

thought about it, she would definitely tell him so he was afraid that she would be annoyed if he kept asking her.

Dolores could notice his action of wanting to say something.

When she did not see Maria, she decided to forget the whole thing for Sampson's sake. But after seeing Maria, she knew that even if she wanted to let bygones be bygones, Maria would be unwilling to let her go.

The enmity and malice between them had been formed long ago.

It was certainly impossible for them to bury the hatchet.

"Terry, is it okay if I call you like this" Dolores asked.

"Sure." This was his name though.

When someone knew that he was

named Terry, they would be slightly surprised and would say, "You're a man, why are you called Terry"

No choice. His name was given by his mother and father.

**"Have you learnt about the background of the woman who harmed your elder brother"**

**Terry shook his head.**

**"You have heard of the Herbert family**

**in City B, right"**

**Terry nodded, "Yeah, they became wealthy by starting the jewellery business. Now, this family already has a hundred years of history and is also considered one of the wealthiest families in City B."**

**"If I tell you that the person who harmed your elder brother is from the Herbert family, do you still want to have a reversal for your elder brother" Even if it was an ordinary person, it would be difficult to have a reversal for a case many years ago, let alone it was someone with a strong background.**

**It would be even harder to have a reversal.**

**If Dolores decided to cooperate with him, she had to know how determined he was.**

**After all, it was not going to be an easy process. Terry froze for a moment. It seemed**

**like he did not expect that the woman had such a strong background. His hand gripped the steering wheel**

tightly, "I can't give up just because she's

from a wealthy family. A murderer must pay

with his or her life."

He said very determinedly.

His elder brother was indeed guilty but whether his brother should be dead or alive, it should be judged by the law.

"Good, let's cooperate." This matter was expected.

Since he could be obsessed with this case for so many years, she could tell that he indeed had a strong determination.

Terry smiled bitterly, "If I don't care about my own family member, I indeed don't deserve to be a human being."

While they were talking, the car stopped at the car store.

"The car stores of different brands are all around this area, almost all brands can be found here." Dolores opened the car door and got down, pointing to the first car store, "I'll enter this store and take a look."

"Okay. A person like me who can't afford to buy a car also can go to see cars at car shops, Terry self-ridiculed.

Dolores glanced at him, "Are you saying that the one you're driving is not a car"

"Sounds true too, I drive every day." Although it was a cab, it was still a car.

The glass door had a sensor so when someone approached, it would automatically open. A salesperson went to serve Dolores, "What style of car do you want to look at There's a new coupe recently, do you want to take a look"

Dolores shook her head, "I want to see a 7-seater car."

A car with more spaces would be comfortable. If she brought her two children out for a trip, she could also put more things.

"I'll suggest this model." The salesperson led Dolores towards a business-type 7-seater SUV, "This model has a big space and there's a promotion now. It's cheaper for more than ten thousand yuan than its original price, so it's a good deal."

Terry secretly approached Dolores and whispered in her ear, "There have been several oil leaks cases of the car of this brand. Its reputation isn't good. I think you should consider another brand."

Dolores turned her head and looked at him.

He nodded determinedly.

Dolores understood and said to the salesperson with a smile, "Sorry, I don't really like the style of this



car."

When hearing that Dolores was dissatisfied and did not want to buy it, the salesperson's face immediately turned cold, "If you can't afford to buy it, just say directly. Don't say that you don't like the style, isn't it that you think it's too expensive"

As the salesperson said, she sized up Dolores's outfit. Jeans with a T-shirt, so old-fashioned.

"Hey, why do you talk like this" Terry was very furious.

How came this kind of people who acted like a snob were everywhere

Dolores pulled his hand and shook her head. There was no need for them to conflict with her.

They could just go to another car store.

Coming out of the car store, Terry was still angry, "Indeed, nowadays, mean people who look down on people are found everywhere."

Dolores looked at him, "You know that is a mean person, why are you feeling angry then"

Terry thought for a while, "Sounds true too."

"That one, cars of that brand have a good reputation. Its safety performance is also up to standard, just that the price is relatively higher." Terry pointed to the car store of foreign brand opposite them. Dolores pondered for a moment, "It doesn't matter. As long as I can buy the model that I'm fond of, it'll be fine."

Her car was not used by outsiders, but the most important people in her life. So, safety performance was what she cared the

most.

The two people walked into the store. This store was different from the last one. At the store just now, someone would come and serve them. But at this store, the salespeople who originally got up to serve Dolores and Terry after seeing them come

in went back to sit on their positions again. They felt that Dolores and Terry were the kinds of people who could not afford to

buy a car. Dolores raised her eyebrows.

Terry twitched his lips, "This store is

even worse than the one just now."

Dolores smiled, "Perhaps it's because the cars of this store are very decent so the salespeople don't need to worry that the cars can't be sold. And that's why they have a cold attitude, because it doesn't really matter to them."

Terry admitted, "The cars of this brand are really good but the prices are also quite high."

Any one of them cost more than a million yuan.

The door of the office was opened. Abbott walked at the front and the manager was walking next to him, "I'll ask someone to drive your car over now."

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**"Um," Abbott responded with a faint 'um'.**

**His car was here for maintenance. He came here to do something today, so he also intended to drive it himself.**

**Abbott was a regular customer. His cross-country and coupe were both bought at this car store.**

**The manager was very respectful towards a regular customer or a rich customer.**

**Dolores noticed a business-type 7-seater car. The style, the interior design, especially the index of safety and reliability, were very much in line with her requirements.**

**"Excuse me, is there a test-drive for this car" Dolores inquired.**

Several salespeople were sitting on the sofa playing with their phones and some of them were also having phone calls. Hearing Dolores's words, a saleswoman replied coldly, "No."

"We're apparently not buying a car, but buying anger for ourselves," Terry whispered.

Dolores also smiled helplessly.

She wanted to spend her money but she was not allowed to do so. It was indeed a rare matter for her.

"Your car." The manager handed over the keys, "The car is parked in front of the door."

Abbott took the keys. When he reached the door, he saw a figure that looked like Dolores via the reflection of the glass door. He turned around and saw that Dolores was talking to Terry.

Wasn't this man the guy who harassed her that day

How came the two of them apparently seemed close to each other today

"I think we should leave to go to another car store. This store isn't the only store selling the car," Terry approached her and whispered.

"I'm quite fond of this car." Dolores liked this model.

To view from Abbott's position, Terry's action surprisingly looked slightly intimate.

His brow furrowed.

He wanted to go over and pull Terry away but after thinking about it, he still did not move. Instead, he took out his phone, took a picture and sent it to Matthew.

It was fine that he did not understand Matthew's mind before but this time, Matthew firmly cancelled his engagement with Maria. So, he could see that Matthew really cared a lot about Dolores.

If he saw that Dolores was so close to another man, would he be angry

The more Abbott thought about it, the more excited he was.

It was not easy for him to have a good laugh at Matthew's joke.

This was an opportunity. Thinking of this, he pressed the send button. And then, he added a sentence after it, "I'm driving in the 4S Store and I see that Dolores is buying a car with a man in the store. Their actions are intimate.

After sending it, Abbott walked out of the store with his finger turning the keys.

He turned and glanced at Dolores and Terry. He smiled and thought in his mind that what would Matthew's mood be when he saw the photo

He was looking forward to knowing it.

Abbott was in a good mood. He got in his car while humming a song. He pressed the button to start the car and when he was about to start driving, his phone rang.

He took it out and saw that it was Matthew's number.

"So fast" Matthew called him so soon Abbott cleared his throat and picked

up the call, "Mr. Nelson."

"Where are you" There was a hint of anger in his tone.

Seeing her having intimate manners with another man, he was overcome by extremely uncomfortable feelings which made him feel bad.

"4S Store of Benz," Abbott said

honestly. "You watch them for me." Finished

speaking, Matthew hung up the call.

Abbott panted and looked at the phone that was hung up, "Is he angry"

He kept his phone and when he wanted to get out of the car, he saw that Dolores and Terry were walking towards the door, apparently going to come out. He then got in his car again. Matthew let him watch them. If they left, how was he going to explain

No, he could not let them walk away like this.

After waiting for Dolores and Terry to come out, he got out of the car and went in through the left door to the manager's office.

The manager quickly stood up and greeted Abbott after seeing him, "Is there a problem with the car"  
"Nope."

Abbott reached out his hand, "Come here."

The manager hurriedly went over.

"Do you see the two people outside" Abbott pointed to Dolores and Terry who were outside the window.

The manager nodded, "Yes."

"They were taking a look at the car in your store just now. Now, you go and keep them staying in your store."

Ah

The manager did not know why.

Seeing that their distances were getting farther, Abbott's face turned cold, "What, you can't make it"

"Can." The manager was also an ordinary salesman before he became a sales manager.

He knew that Abbott was not only rich, but also Matthew's subordinate. So, he was very respectful to Abbott.

He could not offend such a person. The manager was very observant so he just walked out of the office and trotted after Dolores and Terry.

"Hey, you guys, wait a minute." The manager called them.

Hearing someone call them to stop, Dolores's stopped walking and turned around. She saw a man wearing a black suit who was approximately more than 40 years old. The man was having a beer belly and a friendly smile on his face.

"Did you take a look at the cars in our

car store just now"



Dolores nodded.

"Is there any car that you're fond of"

"Yes," Dolores answered honestly.

The manager heaved a sigh of relief. Since she was fond of a certain car, he would have the chance to invite her back into the store again. He asked with a smile, "Then have you bought it"

"We want to buy but you guys don't want to sell," Terry spoke in displeasure.

"Don't say like that, we're the ones selling cars. If you want to buy, how is it possible that we don't want to sell" The manager kept smiling,

Although his body was obese and out

of shape, the way he spoke was very

pleasant to ears.

"The salespeople in your store look down on us." Terry pointed to himself and Dolores, "They feel that we can't afford to buy a car there so they don't want to come and serve us at all. When we want to know the details, everyone ignores us. In the past, I always heard a saying that the customer is God. Today, I realize that this saying is false. Not all customers are God, it depends on their wealth. We're not rich Gods so we don't deserve to be served."

Terry was containing his anger just now. He took this opportunity to vent all his anger.

"This is the first time I experience such a thing. I want to buy a car but the car seller doesn't want to sell. It sounds funny right"

"Is there such a matter" The manager's face darkened and was very dissatisfied, "I'll definitely give them a lesson later."

The manager smiled again, "Tell me which car are you fond of, I'll personally serve you. I'm the manager of this store. It's my fault and responsibility for letting you guys experience bad service. If you buy a car in my store successfully, I'll give you the biggest discount."

"Okay." Dolores thought for a moment and felt that the manager's attitude was quite sincere.

The manager followed Dolores and started introducing the cars of his store, "The quality of cars at our store is absolutely guaranteed and the cars have a good reputation. You can check it online, we have the top sales every year."

Dolores smiled.

The manager opened the door and made a 'please enter' gesture towards Dolores, "Sarah, go make two cups of coffee."

Hearing the manager's voice, the saleswoman who was playing with her phone, looked up and saw the two shabby customers who had just left. She frowned, "What is the manager doing"

The other salesperson looked up and took a look, "Perhaps the manager thinks that they have the potential to buy it."

This salesperson was dealing with a customer and he was communicating with the customer on the phone just now. Compared to the customer that was going to be negotiated by him successfully, he was certainly more willing to serve the customer he was dealing with rather than new customers who looked poor.

"Bah, which part of them looks like people who can afford to buy Benz" The saleswoman twitched her lips, "Maybe the reason the manager is so enthusiastic is that he sees that the woman looks pretty."

"Have a seat." The manager helped to pull the chair.

Sarah served coffee.

"Which model are you fond of" The manager asked.

"That one." Terry pointed to the business-type 7-seater car near the door.

"We offer a test-drive service so you can try it. The safety performance of this car is the best as each seat has airbags. The other cars only have front airbags but this one has front and rear airbags. Besides, it has an automatic braking function. If the car is out of control or the road is too slippery, it will automatically lock the four wheels to force itself to stop."

Terry's eyes widened, "But your staffs say that there is no test-drive service"

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The manager cast a glance at those sales personnel who were sitting in the lounge and refused to go out to serve the guests while furrowing his brows tightly. How dare they refuse to serve the guests, didn't they want their performance scores?

Was there only shit in their brains?

Under the manager's gaze, the sales personnel all lowered their heads, pretending that they had not noticed it.

"Maybe it's because they didn't have time to provide thorough and satisfactory services to you as they had other guests to attend to. It's all my fault. As their supervisor, I haven't disciplined my subordinates well. Please forgive me. I will make amends for my fault, all right?" The manager smiled apologetically.

Terry still wanted to say something, but was stopped by Dolores as she thought the manager was quite good to them and therefore they couldn't argue this point to death.

"Ahem." Terry also realized that he

hadn't talked too much as he was too

excited just now.

"Let me call them and ask them when they could drive back the demo car. This type of car has been sold well." The manager took out his phone and made a phone call.

But it seemed that someone at the other end of the phone had said something and the manager became angered.

"Why didn't you drive it to a foreign

country? Don't you know that demo cars are

not allowed to drive too far away? Will

you pay the oil cost?"

The demo car was driven to the suburb area and it should take at least one hour to drive it back to the store.

Abbott asked him to detain Dolores and he had tried his best. Now that the demo car was not in the store, what should he do then?

"How about this? I will come here to have a try next time." Dolores said and stood up. It was already four o'clock and Jessica and the children were about to come back home. They must have been tired after going out to have fun for a long while; therefore, she had to come back to cook the dinner and couldn't waste time in the store.

The manager broke out in a sweat on his forehead, pondering what he should do now. He stole a glance at the office and found that Abbott was sitting on a chair cross-legged and was watching them through the window.

The manager felt helpless. The sales personnel didn't provide satisfactory service to Dolores at the very beginning, and now the demo car was not present that she couldn't have a test drive. What could he say now?

He handed Dolores a name card, saying, "Please call me when you come next time. I'll serve you."

Dolores took the name card and said, "Okay." Terry and Dolores then walked to the parking lot. Terry opened the car door for Dolores, "I didn't expect that the manager of this store is so 'amiable'."

He was much more kind comparing to those sales personnel.

Dolores remained expressionless as she thought the manager was excessively hospitable.

Right at this moment, a car was parked near their car. Dolores casually cast a glance at it and saw the man who was getting out of the car.

He was standing in front of the car in the teeth of the wind. His long legs were wrapped in a pair of black suit pants and he was wearing a baggy shirt. His appearance in this place gave people a feeling that he was snatching a little leisure from his busy life.

The man was staring at Dolores coldly.

**Dolores was taken aback for a moment. Why did he come here?**

**He was not in short of cars. There were several cars of limited editions in the garage in his villa, yet he seldom drove them. Maybe all men in the world were keen on cars and even if they wouldn't drive them, they were eager to buy cars.**

**Matthew glanced over Terry who had opened the car door for Dolores and fixated his eyes on Dolores. There were surges of emotions in his blood-shot eyes.**

**Dolores shrank out of no reasons as she had never seen such a Matthew who looked calm and quite on the surface yet ferocious indeed.**

**"How... How comes that you're here?" Dolores asked incoherently.**

**"Get off the car." He ordered. Dolores remained unmoved, "No need.**

**Spill the beans."**

**Apparently he was furious and therefore she didn't want to get too close to him.**

**Matthew narrowed his eyes, "Are you sure?" Threat! This was a patent threat!**

**Dolores glared at him.**

**Had she offended him?**

**Why did he act like she had owned him some money the moment he saw her?**

**Terry noticed Dolores' reluctance to Matthew's approach and walked over, asking, "Need my favor?"**

**Matthew strode forward, pulled him away and pounded on his face. How dare he get so close to Dolores in front of him?**

**Being caught out of guard, Terry took several steps backward due to the impact of the pound. Blood filled his mouth. He wiped the corner of his mouth and found there was blood on the back of his hand.**

**Terry lifted his head to look at the man who had hit him and felt a bit dumbfounded. He racked his memories and found he hadn't come into contact with this man. Nevertheless, he felt quite familiar with him as if he had seen him somewhere in the past. Terry then suddenly recalled that he had seen this man before.**

**This man was a regular subjective of financial news and was the youngest rich. But had he offended him?**

**Could rich people bully others at will?**

**Dolores hadn't expected that Matthew would resort to forces suddenly. She hurriedly got off the car to check about Terry's wounds. The skin on Terry's mouth corner was broken and it was now bleeding.**

**"Are you okay?" Dolores asked with**



concern.

Terry shook his head.

Dolores turned around and glared at Matthew, "Are you insane? Why did you beat him out of no reason?"

"We haven't gotten the divorce

certificates yet and you're still my wife. Am I a blind that I couldn't see you hugging the other man?"

"What are you talking about?" Dolores knitted her brows feeling extremely confused. Had she hugged the other man?

"Make it clear." Dolores' expressions also turned cold. Moreover, couldn't she be together with the other man?

He was too overbearing!

Abbott, who had been hiding at somewhere, produced his phone and showed Dolores the photo he took just now, "My car was having maintenance here and I passed by here when I was handling some affairs, so I decided to get my car. Then I saw you and..."

Abbott pointed at Terry and continued, "So I took the photo."

Dolores stared at the photo with a gloomy face because she was talking to Terry when the photo was taken. But Abbott's shooting angle made it look like Terry was kissing her on her cheek.

She sneered, "Good shooting angle."

Abbott gasped. Good shooting angle? This was what he had seen!

The commotion here attracted some onlookers. As Matthew was a well-known person, Abbott suggested leaving the

parking lot in the first place in case that any

scandals would be spread out, "This is not the right place to talk about this matter." Dolores also didn't want to quarrel

with them in the face of so many onlookers.

"I know a good place," said Abbott.

Just as Dolores was about to get on Terry's car, Matthew grasped her wrist and stuffed her into his car.

Dolores wanted to resist, but Matthew warned her with his gaze, "Be obedient, all right? Are you going to make a fuss here?"

Dolores' face almost distorted out of anger. If it wasn't because there were still some outsiders here, she would have had a real ding-dong with him.

**Who was making a fuss?**

**He beat Terry out of no reason. Wasn't he way too shameless to say that she was the one who was making a fuss?**

**She suppressed her anger and sat there obediently.**

**The place that Abbott chose was one of his houses. He had decorated the house, but was not living there. Cleaning personnel would clean the house regularly so the house was quite clean. The most important thing was that it was quiet here, which was suitable for negotiation.**

**They walked into the house. Abbott gestured Terry to seat himself on the sofa and said, "Say it. What's going on?"**

**Matthew grasped Dolores' hand and leaned against the low cabinet beside. He was scrutinizing her hand with his head lowered and was fondling it as if her hand was something precious.**

**Dolores wanted to withdraw her hand, but at the moment she took action, Matthew grasped her hand tighter and said, "Don't move."**

**Terry blinked his eyes. What should he say now?**

**He shifted his gaze to Dolores for help.**

**"Tell them your relationship with me." Failing to break free from Matthew's confinement, Dolores could only let it be, but she chose not to look at Matthew and turned her face to look out of the windows.**

**Terry replied honestly, "I and Ms.**

Flores are partners." Abbott felt it interesting and asked, "What's your cooperation for?"

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Dolores stole a glance at Dolores who was standing beside the window before continuing, "We have a common enemy."

Abbott felt it more interesting. He stooped and leaned towards Terry, "Describe it in details."

Matthew, who was fondling Dolores' hand like playing a toy, was still lowering his head. Nevertheless, when he heard that Terry and Dolores had a common enemy, his eyelashes slightly trembled.

Matthew was caressing the back of Dolores' hand back and forth.

This matter was neither simple nor sophisticated. Yet it was hard to make it clear with a few sentences.

Terry pondered for a while, "Let me start from the very beginning. When I first met Ms. Flores, I was trying to get a customer for my cab. When she saw me, she acted excitedly as if she knew me, but indeed I didn't know her..."

Terry narrated how he got to know Dolores, "My elder brother died six years ago. When he was alive, he was bribed by someone with money and deliberately knocked down a person with his truck and then disguised it as a car accident..." He looked up at Dolores before continuing, "Ms. Flores was the victim of the accident. Luckily, she didn't die. The cab driver died, and she was badly injured."

Dolores slightly curled up her fingers and her palms broke into a sweat as Terry's words made her recall her painful experience again.

At that time, some debris inserted into her caudal vertebra and they would compress her nerves if she didn't have an operation, which would paralyze her and therefore she would not be able to walk in the future. Nevertheless, if she was to have an operation, she had to have the anesthesia.

But she was pregnant back then and the anesthesia would affect the unborn babies.

She wanted to keep the babies, but she also didn't want to be consigned to a wheelchair for the rest of her life.

Moreover, she could not afford to be paralyzed. Otherwise, who would take care of the children when they were born?

Who would take care of her mother

when she was old?

So she couldn't be paralyzed.

Neither could she abort the children. She was originally reluctant to give up the baby and was even more reluctant after learning that she was actually pregnant with a pair of twins.

They had been her flesh and blood at the moment she was pregnant. As long as she was alive, she would

make sure that they would be alive.

She would never give up them.

Therefore, in the end, she could only choose to have an operation without anesthesia. When she recalled of the pain of her flesh being cut now, she would still tremble all over as if she was experiencing the sharp pain again.

At that time, she wished so much that she could pass out under the great pain. But as a woman pregnant with babies, she couldn't faint and had to remain sober, otherwise, it would do harm to the babies.

**When a woman delivered a baby by Caesarean section and chose to have an anesthesia, it only narcotized part of her body and her mind was still clear.**

**This was the reason why she had to keep her mind clear.**

**She didn't want to recall the bad memories and wished so much that she could forget them. Nevertheless, that pain was rooted in her memories and could not be erased.**

**Once someone mentioned about it, she would recall it clearly.**

**Just like now, although it had been six years, the sharp pain would still surged in her mind like the turbulent tides. She suddenly clenched her fists.**

**Matthew obviously had noticed her abnormal reaction. He lifted his head and noticed that the wisps of hair around her ears were soaked by her sweats that were caused by fear and nervousness.**

**It was like she was engulfed by fear as she was entrapped in some horrible memories.**

**He reached out to pull her into his arms and stroke her back with his broad hand, "Don't be afraid."**

**Dolores closed her eyes and put her head on his chest.**

**His breathing as well as his beefy chest seemed to have the power to console her and Dolores slowly**

calmed down herself.

This was the first time that Dolores had exposed her weak self to Matthew.

Seeming to think of something, Matthew hugged Dolores tighter and landed his lips on top of her head.

"We have a common enemy because the one who killed my elder brother was actually the one who had bribed my brother to knock down Ms. Flores. We reached collaborative agreement today so naturally we are partners. I and Ms. Flores only met for three times. The reason why we met this time was that she needed to buy a car. As she just comes back to the country and is unfamiliar with the conditions, she asked me to be her guide. This is the case."

Abbott touched her nose and stole a glance at Matthew.

But Matthew was consoling Dolores at the moment and didn't even cast a glance at him.

He secretly heaved a sigh of relief and asked, "Do you know who the suspect is?"

Terry nodded honestly, "Yes. The suspect is a woman from the Herbert family, which is a powerful family. And it's not that easy for us to reverse the verdict."

The Herbert family?

Abbott licked his lips, "Is it the Herbert family that is in control of Pioneer Corporation?" Terry nodded, "Maria Herbert."



Terry almost figured out who the perpetrator was when Dolores said she was a member of the Herbert family.

The Herbert family had two sons and the lost daughter of the family was found several years ago and the news caused a sensation at that time.

The room was suddenly enveloped by

silence and only the light breathing sounds could be heard. Terry stole a glance at Abbott and asked in a low voice, "Why did he beat me?"

Abbott was rendered speechless.

All right, he himself was the one to be blamed. He wanted to have a good laugh at Matthew and sent him the photo without making investigation into it; otherwise, Terry wouldn't have been beaten.

By the way, was this Terry Holmes a fool?

Why hadn't he realized that it was because Matthew felt jealous?

He couldn't bear to see Dolores being too close with the other

Terry seemed to understand something from Abbott's expressions.

But he felt quite wronged. He just guided Dolores to pick a car, yet was

pounded out of no reason.

Feeling aggrieved, he mumbled, "Can rich people bully others by will?"

Although Matthew appeared to be leisured as if it was none of his business, he could clearly hear every word that Terry uttered.

Maria Herbert.

"How do you want me to compensate you?" Matthew asked blandly.

He wasn't throwing his weight around. It was just that he didn't like other man to be too close to Dolores.

When Dolores found that she was nestling in Matthew's arms unknowingly, she blushed slightly and hurriedly left his embrace.

She pretended to be clam and looked down at her wristwatch, "It's late now. I have to go back."

Terry also stood to his feet and said, "What about compensating me with money?"

After all, he was the one who had been pounded, and it was reasonable for him to ask for the compensation.

Moreover, Matthew was not in short of money.

He couldn't be hit without any compensation, right?

Matthew put his arm around Dolores' shoulders and said, "I'll send you home."

When Dolores was about to decline, Matthew clasped her shoulders tighter, "I've lent you my chest. What's this? Are you going to kick down the ladder?"

Dolores realized that she had never defeated him in any aspect. She heaved a sigh and just let it be.

When they walked pass Terry, Matthew said in a warning tone although he was not looking at Terry, "She's my wife. Distance yourself from her. As for how much you want for your compensation, you can just tell Abbott."

After finishing the words, he left together with Dolores with his arm around

her shoulders.

After the two of them seated

themselves in the car, Matthew leaned over to help Dolores fasten the seatbelt.

Dolores looked down at him and asked, "Don't you think that you've impacted my life?"

"I don't think so." He replied in a

righteous tone. Apparently, he didn't think

he had done something wrong.

"I'm not your private belonging. I have my own social circle. It's not good to do so." Dolores didn't want similar things to happen again.

**"We're a couple. Aren't you my private**

**belonging?"**

**"We're not a couple."**

**"We have marriage certificates."**

**..." Dolores was rendered speechless**

**all of a sudden. She failed to go through procedures to get the divorce certificates back then, and this now became his excuse to influence her life.**

**"It's a simple matter. You just need to ask Abbott to handle it. And we can get the divorce certificate..."**

**Before she could finish her words, Matthew suddenly clasped the back of her head and landed a kiss on her lips in an overbearing manner...**

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Before she could finish her sentence, suddenly Matthew grabbed the back of her head. Matthew violently put his lips on hers without leaving a single gap. She was given no chance to break away from him.

Matthew was filled with lust and tremendous aggressiveness.

It seemed like he intended to devour her with his mouth.

"Em..."

With her heart striking her chest, Dolores couldn't take it anymore. Out of control, her heart was beating violently because of the man in front of her.

The only sanity in her told her what Matthew was doing.

Matthew knew it was impossible. Why couldn't he just leave her alone?

Matthew only used a little bit of his strength, and Dolores was already totally under his control.

Dolores tried her best to push him away.

"You know nothing is going to happen between us. Why can't you just leave me alone?" A thin layer of mist flashed across her eyes. Her voice changed, "Don't do this again. It's not good for anyone."

Dolores turned away her head and wiped her eyes.

Matthew stayed the way he was before when he was pushed away by Dolores. He didn't move and just looked at her in silence. Several seconds later, Matthew sat back on his seat and leaned back with his head up.

Matthew lowered the car window. The air flooding in diluted the hormone secreted before.

He put his arm on the opened car window and stared at a buttonwood beside the road, whose leaves were waving gently with the wind.

Matthew closed his eyes. He was an adult. He knew why he was so concerned with Dolores. away.

"You know nothing is going to happen between us. Why can't you just leave me alone?" A thin layer of mist flashed across her eyes. Her voice changed, "Don't do this again. It's not good for anyone."

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Matthew closed his eyes. He was an adult. He knew why he was so concerned with Dolores. "I can't accept your children. I am not that generous and magnanimous. I can't raise the children that belong to you and another man. Watching them wandering around before me, I may be driven crazy." Matthew grabbed the bottle of mineral water on console and opened it. He drank a mouthful of water. Matthew looked up. His long neck had a slender outline. His sexy Adam's apple bulged too. His persistence and pride were revealed in an unspeakable way..

"But, I don't want to let you go and watch you living with another man either."

Dolores exerted great strength to wipe her face. She never felt so close to desperation.

Matthew grabbed her wrist and then cupped her face in his hands to make her look at him. Their eyes met and Dolores saw in his eyes a woman in a mess.

However, Matthew saw in her eyes a crazy man who had never been so crazy.

He wanted this woman.

"We will be a legitimate couple. As for your children, I will pay to have them looked after by some else."

"Impossible!" Dolores rejected

immediately.

There was no room for discussion.

"We can have a child too. A child that belongs to us two..."

"Ridiculous!" Dolores broke away from him, "You have never been a parent, and you don't know how important a child is to his mother. In my eyes, they are my life. You are asking me to give away my life. Don't you find it ridiculous?"

Matthew's eyes were overflowed with waves, "Are they so important to you?"

"Yes."

Dolores didn't hesitate at all.

Matthew pulled his collar and laughed wildly and wickedly, "You are right. I have never been a father. You can bear a child for me too and let me be a father. Let me know what it is like to be a parent."



Dolores could no longer find any words to describe him. She unfastened her safety belt and opened the door to get out.

She couldn't communicate with this man. After she got out and walked a few steps, suddenly Matthew held her waist and carried her up. Dolores was so scared that she screamed and hit Matthew's back, "What are you doing? Let go of me!"

Matthew opened the back door and put her in the car. Then he pressed himself upon Dolores and used one hand to fixate her restless hands upon her head. His another hand pinched her chin, "Impossible? But what if I hide your children away and isolate them from you forever? Have you thought about that? You know I am capable of that."

"Bastard!" Dolores glared at him in fury.

Matthew wasn't angry. Instead, he smiled, "I don't mind being more of a bastard."

Then his hand, which was pinching her chin, moved along her jaw, neck and her delicate clavicles and didn't stop...

Dolores shook her head, "No..." "How did you preserve yourself?" Matthew lowered his head and put his lips close to hers, flirting and asking.

From her face to her ear root, all was

red because of shame and shyness.

Her whole body was trembling. She was full of anger.

"Have you given it some serious thought?" Matthew asked with his mouth beside her ear.

"Maria was the one responsible for the car accident. If I don't want her to be imprisoned, you can do nothing about it." Biting her ear, Matthew continued to persuade her, "If you accept my proposal, I will help you to bring her into justice. What do you say?"

Dolores closed her eyes in desperation. Tears dropped down from her eye corners and disappeared in her hair.

"I can agree to be with you and not bring up divorce any more, but I have to be with my children too. And something more. You want me to bear your child? I am afraid I will let you down. My body was damaged

and is infertile now. If you agree to this, I will say yes. If you don't..." "If I don't agree, what will you do?" A layer of red covered Matthew's eyes. She

was infertile now?

He exerted force on his fingers.

Dolores frowned due to the pain, but she pursed her lips tightly and made no sound.

"The world is so big. I don't believe that there is no room for me. If I really can't get away from you, I will give up my life. How about that?"

Matthew stared at her for two seconds and finally compromised.

Matthew dared not to push too far. All he wanted was this woman. If he drove her to death, where would he find another Dolores?

Matthew sorted out her clothes, "Starting from now, you can't be too close to other men. If I want to see you, you must show up in my sight at your earliest convenience."

"Okay."

"I will drive you back." Matthew stood up and sorted out her clothes which was a bit in mess.

Dolores didn't move.

Matthew started the car and began driving.

The landscape outside was backing swiftly.

"Will you really help me?" Dolores asked. Then, afraid that he didn't know what she was talking about, Dolores added, "Help me upend the case."

After all, Matthew and Maria had a

history.

Dolores wasn't sure.

"Yes." Matthew answered with no

more explanation. If he said yes, he would do it.

With her head leaning against the car

window, Dolores thought that was it.

This man was too powerful and aggressive. She couldn't fight him.

Right now, he agreed to help her, and she didn't need to get separated from her children. That was nothing bad about it.

In this country, if she was under his protection, it would be good for her.

Matthew grabbed the steering wheel with one hand and covered her hand with another.

"Your hand is so soft." His mouth corner raised up.

Dolores's fingers were thin and soft as if they didn't have bones. They were just as soft as her body. Whenever he was holding her in his arms, impulse of a man would take control.

Dolores pretended she didn't hear it.

Soon, the car entered the

neighborhood.

Beside the road, Jessica, who was with two children, was blocked by a man. The man was talking to

her.

Jessica was reluctant to talk to him. But the man was persistent.

When the man turned around, Dolores saw his face.

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**Randolph?**

**Why was he here?**

**Dolores opened the door immediately. After she got out, she thought about something and turned around to look at Matthew, "Go back now. I am afraid your presence will upset my mother."**

**Matthew saw the people in front of them too. He was the one who brought up the divorce before, so Jessica had every reason to detest him.**

Besides, Randolph was here too. It would be inappropriate if he followed Dolores.

Matthew nodded. He laid his eyes on the little girl in Jessica's arms. The little girl had black hair which was combed into two ponytails. She had a fair and innocent face. Under the curly eyebrows was a pair of bright, big eyes. She looked like a delicately-carved doll. She was like an angel. Then he looked at Dolores. Out of consciousness, he held the steering wheel tighter.

He had to admit that Dolores had two lovely children.

The boy was smart and the girl was adorable.

"You are not in such back luck."

Though abandoned by her father, she still had her mother. And now she even had two lovely children.

"What?" Dolores looked at him in confusion.

She didn't understand what he meant

by that.

Matthew reached his hand to move a string of hair from before her eyebrows and eyes to behind her ear, "Nothing. Go ahead."

Dolores froze and then nodded, "Okay."

Then she closed the door and walked quickly towards Jessica. She dragged away Randolph who was pestering Jessica. Dolores stood before Jessica and glared at Randolph, "What do you want?"

"Lola..." Randolph looked at his daughter. The hands that were hanging beside his body were closed together now, "Your father was

Six years ago, when the company was facing the plight, Annabelle stole the money and ran away. Beulah was still in prison now because of what she did back

When Randolph was faced with the plight, it was Dolores who had always been neglected by him that helped him.

At present, Dolores didn't want to argue about who was wrong and who was right any more. She had let it go. She said with peace, "Don't come find us anymore."

Then he carried up her son and Jessica carried Simona in her arms.

Randolph ran to catch her, "Lola."

"If you keep pestering us, I will call the police?" Dolores's face darkened.

Randolph looked at Simona who was in her arms and said with his eyes a bit red, "These are your

children?" "Yes." Dolores' patience was wearing

thin.

"They look pretty. Just like you." Randolph still wanted to chat, "I don't have other meanings. It is just that I saw your mother today..."

Then he looked at Jessica, "and knew you were back. Call me whenever you need me."

He quickly took out a name card from his pocket and handed it to Dolores. Dolores didn't accept it.

Randolph looked embarrassed, "You

can think me as a friend. Maybe you will

need my help someday."

Dolores looked at him.

He had aged much in these years. His hair on the temples were already white. She left in an emergency that year and didn't know how he toiled through the plight.

Dolores reached her hand to the name card and took it.



Randolph smiled and got out of Dolores' way quickly. His action was so humble. He looked like a child who had committed a mistake and acted carefully trying to fix it.

It would be a lie if she said she felt

nothing for him. He was her father by blood.

The blood running in her body was

connected with his. "Liar." Jessica pulled Dolores' hand,

"Let's go. Don't be fooled by his performance."

Jessica felt nothing but hate for Randolph.

She would never forgive him.

Dolores turned around with faint

sadness and resignation and followed

Jessica back. When entering the staircase, Dolores

asked, "How did you meet him?"

"I took them out of the aquarium. When we were waiting for the bus beside the road, he came across us. He pestered me and wanted to talk to me. He asked me if Samuel and Simona were your children. I didn't want to talk to him, so we took a taxi back. But it didn't occur to me that he would follow us back." When talking about Randolph, Jessica didn't have smile but hate on her face.

Dolores knew how bad Randolph had hurt Jessica, so she didn't try to persuade her. Because she hated him to some degree too.

In these years, with two children by her side, Dolores paid all her attention to them. As for the things in the past, she had let go many of them. Beulah had been imprisoned and Randolph's favorite daughter betrayed him.

He had got what he deserved. "Starting from now, you mustn't

contact him." Jessica ordered Dolores, afraid that Dolores would get soft-hearted after seeing Randolph like that.

"He cruelly abandoned us and asked you to marry... "

"Mom, stop." Dolores interrupted her. Two children were listening to their conversation. At this moment, Jessica realized it and shut up quickly. She fondled Simona's hair, "Simona, are you sacred by granny?"

Simona shook her head. She didn't understand what granny meant. She only knew granny seemed to dislike that old man.

**But Samuel heard everything and knew it clearly.**

**That was granny's husband, mummy's father and his grandpa.**

**But granny didn't want to forgive him for what he did.**

**"It's not early now. You must be hungry?" Dolores asked.**

**Simona nodded her head hard, "I want pizza."**

**This little thing was the happiest person in the world. She didn't have to think about anything else but food and toys.**

**"Okay, let's have pizza today." Full of affection, Dolores reached her hand to pinch Simona's cheek, "Simona is the boss in this family." "What about me?" Samuel asked.**

**"You are the second boss." Dolores said seriously.**

**Samuel was ill-affected, "Why? I am her brother."**

**"Then you tell me, do you mistakes now?" admit your**

**Samuel shut up immediately, thinking why she was still holding on to it.**

He was a bit regretful. He shouldn't have asked her the question before.

Samuel felt like he had dug a hole for himself to jump into.

After they were back home, Dolores changed Samuel and Dolores' shoes at the door. Jessica was feeling down and entered her room.

Watching Jessica's back, Dolores knew Jessica was suddenly feeling so upset because she thought of Jeremy.

Ever since she gave birth to these two children, Jessica had been occupied with taking care of them. Being busy every day, Jessica didn't have much time to think about the past.

After seeing Randolph today, Jessica might think of the past again.

Dolores held two children's hands and led them to the living room. She took out her phone, "Which favor do you want?"

"Durian." Simona grabbed Dolores' arm and pitched to her, "I want durian pizza."

"Okay." Dolores clicked the durian pizza and looked at Samuel, "How about Samuel?"

"Cheese." Samuel looked at Dolores, "Mummy likes it."

Dolores looked up at her son, "What? Are you trying to bribe me? Don't you think that I will let it go because you ingratiate yourself with me. If you don't admit your mistakes, I won't give your things back."

Samuel breathed out a sigh. It was no fun. His plot was detected in a minute.

Dolores ordered the pizzas and put down her phone, "Samuel, play with your sister in the living room. I will check on your granny in her room."

"Okay."

Samuel was very well-behaved.

He was thinking about when Dolores

would give his things back to him.

"Mummy, can I have a cup of juice first?" He was a bit thirsty.

"Wait." Dolores went to the kitchen and poured two cups of juice. The juice in their house was all home-made, which didn't have any additive and was healthier.

She handed the cups to the children and then headed to Jessica's room.

She grabbed the handle and twisted it. Slowly, the door was opened. She saw...

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**She held the doorknob, twisted, and gently pushed the door open. Then she saw Jessica sit on the bed sobbing softly.**

**Dolores walked in and closed the door. Hearing the noise, Jessica hurriedly wiped her face. "Why aren't you keeping an eye on those two fellows outside? What are you doing here?"**

**"I came to check on you." Dolores reached out to hug her. "Mom, let's forget what has happened in the past, shall we?"**

**Pressing her face on Jessica's shoulder, she added, "I'll support you when you are old. When I'm old, I'll ask Samuel to support me..."**

**"What are you talking about?" Jessica patted her daughter on the back. "You are still young. I think Dr. Herbert is a good choice indeed."**

**Dolores scratched her hair. She was always afraid that Jessica would say so.**

"Lola..." "Mom."

Dolores knew what Jessica was going to say. In fact, she did plan to accept Sampson, but it seemed to be impossible now.

If she would look into the truth of her car accident in the past, she could never be with Sampson.

"Mom, Sampson's mother has ever come to me before."

"What?" Jessica was quite shocked. Holding her daughter's shoulders and looking at her, she asked, "What did she come to you for?"

Dolores pursed her lips, wondering how to make her mother dispel her thoughts. Then she said honestly, "It was six years ago. She saw Sampson and me together, so she mistook that we were in love. Later she deliberately came to me and told me that I was not suitable for her son. She said based on his background, he should find someone who could fit him in terms of the identity and background."

Jessica's lips parted, but she couldn't utter a word for a long time..

Finally, tears fell from her eyes again.

"Mom, why are you crying again?"

Dolores reached out to wipe her tears.

She tried so hard to distract her mother's attention.

Why did she start crying again?

"How could I be not upset?" At the thought of that Sampson's mother went to Dolores and humiliated her, Jessica felt depressed. "If it weren't for me in the past, you..."

"Mom, shall we stop talking about things happened in the past?" Dolores knew what Jessica was worried about. She explained to her mother patiently, "I don't like Sampson. Even if I marry him, I wouldn't be happy. Mom..."

Dolores held her hand. "You want me to be happy, don't you?"

"Of course." Jessica wished her daughter would be happy even when in her dreams.

Dolores was still so young. Jessica prayed that there would be a good man to love her. "Do you believe me?" asked Dolores

again.

"Yes, I do." Jessica looked at her daughter. "You are the best in my heart."

She watched her daughter struggled bit by bit until reached her current status today, which her daughter had difficulties and suffered. Now Dolores finally had her own career.



In Jessica's heart, her daughter was the most capable woman.

"If you do believe me, please don't worry about my marriage. Things will work out eventually."  
Dolores grasped the chance to convince Jessica.

She didn't want her mother to keep worrying about her marriage and nagging about it all day long.

She had pressure and so did Jessica.

Dolores didn't want Jessica to blame herself as her mother always thought what happened to them was all because of herself.

"Mom, look. I'm only 24 years old. I'm still quite young and there's a long way for me to go. Perhaps I could meet a man who never cares that I'm a single mother and is willing to take care of Samuel and Simona with me."

Jessica was not certain. "Are you sure you'll meet such a man?"

Who could predict what would happen in future, anyway?

"Probably. If you kept nagging about it, I'll feel stressed. I can't find someone at random. The man I'll

marry must be able to accept Samuel and Simona. Otherwise, I wouldn't consider about him." Dolores always wanted to let Jessica knew clearly what was on her mind today.

Jessica knew how important those two kids to Dolores. Back then, she was even willing to give up her own life to keep the kids, so Jessica could understand their importance to her.

"OK, I won't nag about it anymore in future. If the fate came, your Mr. Right would appear naturally." Jessica stroked her daughter's hair. "I won't give you any pressure."

Through Sampson's case, she also realized something.

With Dolores' status, even if there would be a man who liked her, his family might be a big difficulty to conquer.

Who would be willing to let their son marry a single mother with two kids?

She could understand why Sampson's mother disagreed. Naturally, men from such kind of families would definitely find someone matched for marriage.

But, Jessica still felt sad for her innocent daughter.

Upon hearing Jessica's promise, Dolores breathed felt a lot of more relaxed. She had felt so stressed when Jessica kept nagging about her marriage all day long. She even had lost courage to chat with her mother, afraid that Jessica would talk about this topic.

Now everything was settled. Right then, the doorbell rang. Dolores

stood up. "It might be the pizza delivery." She walked out from Jessica's room and opened the door. It was indeed the

takeout deliveryman in a yellow uniform.

"Hello, Ma'am. Takeout delivery for Dolores Flores."

"Yes. Thanks."

"Please sign here."

Dolores signed her name on the receipt form and tipped the deliveryman. Taking two boxes of pizza back to the house, she put them on the dining table. "Samuel, Simona, go ask Grandma to come out for dinner. I'll pour the milk for you guys."

"OK." Samuel answered, holding his sister's hand. They walked towards Jessica's room together.

Dolores turned back and looked at her son, smiling.

Jessica was pretty down today. If Dolores went to her, she was afraid her mother wouldn't come out. Hence she asked the two kids to call her instead -

Jessica wouldn't refuse her grandchildren.

Dolores poured the milk and brought the glasses on the dining table. She also got their dining plates ready.

Then she opened the pizza boxes.

Samuel and Simona walked out with

Jessica, holding her hands on either side.

Dolores pulled the chairs for them. She knew that Jessica would certainly come out for dinner as long as the two kids called her.

"Simona, we'll eat pizza today. I didn't cook," Dolores explained.

Jessica took a glance on the table and saw two huge pizzas, which should be enough for them. "Our Simona is really a foodie," she teased her granddaughter.

Simona wondered if that was a compliment or a complaint. Blinking, she asked, "What is foodie?"

"It means you have good taste in food, you are good at eating, and you can do nothing but eat," Samuel explained to her. Simona blinked. "Then that's a compliment, isn't it?"

"Yep."

Casting a glance at his sister, Samuel heaved a sigh secretly..

This little girl always expected to be praised by others.

"Wow," Simona exclaimed excitedly. "Then, Samuel is a big foodie. He can do nothing but eat."

Samuel was speechless.

Jessica was amused by the two kids, and the depression in her heart disappeared.

"Grandma said you are a foodie." Samuel put a piece of durian-flavored pizza in his sister's plate.

"I know. You are a foodie, too. I'm praising you." Simona took over the pizza passed by her brother and took a bite. She commented happily, "Yummy!"

Samuel stared at his sister helplessly. He asked Dolores, "Mom, who does Simona follow?" The room became silent for a few seconds.

"I'm your mother. Of course she follows me." Dolores put a glass of milk in front of her son. "Don't talk while having meals."

Samuel pursed his lips.

After dinner, Dolores cleaned up the dining table. Simona asked Jessica to take her out for a walk. Sneaking into the kitchen, Samuel held Dolores's legs and acted like a baby, "Mommy, could you give me the tablet and the smart-watch please?"

"Tell me, did you do wrong?" Dolores looked down at her son.

Samuel became disappointed. "Forget it if you don't want."

It was impossible for him to give up the idea of revenging on that man who cheated his mother.

Besides, he just humiliated that man, which was nothing compared with that he had abandoned them.

**They were still suffering a loss. Releasing Dolores, Samuel trotted back to his room.**

**Dolores wondered whose temper**

**Samuel followed.**

**She heaved a sigh, put down the glass in her hands, and dried her hands. She wanted to have a conversation with Samuel. The knot about Matthew in his heart was too tight.**

**Dolores felt somewhat uneasy about**

**it.**

**When she reached the door of her son's bedroom, her cell phone in the pocket suddenly rang. She pulled it out and saw the caller ID. She inhaled deeply.**

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**Then she swiped to answer the call.**

"Hey, it's me."

"OK."

Dolores looked down, walking back to the living room. She didn't speak first. Instead, she just held the phone, waiting for him to speak again.

"I'm downstairs of your apartment. Do you have time now? I want to meet you," said Sampson.

He only spoke again after they both were silent for a moment.

Dolores answered him with a faint hum. She hung up the phone and took off the apron. Then she walked to Samuel's room and knocked on the door. "Samuel, I have something to deal with downstairs. Grandma will be back soon. Don't go out, OK?"

Samuel was standing next to the window, looking down. He saw Sampson talking to Jessica downstairs. Hearing Dolores' voice, he answered, "Got it."

Dolores changed into her shoes and went downstairs. In the park, Sampson was talking to Jessica. He wanted to hold Simona, but Jessica refused him. "She's quite naughty," she made an excuse.

Jessica never had rejected him before.

This time Sampson definitely felt the

alienation from her.

Since she knew that Sampson's mother had gone to Dolores and realized that he couldn't marry Dolores, Jessica naturally couldn't treat Sampson as dearly as before.

After all, in the past, she used to see Sampson as her future son-in-law.

Hence, from now on, she couldn't continue being enthusiastic to bring him and her daughter together.

It was also unnecessary for the kids be so intimate with him.

"Excuse me, Aunt Jessica. Did I do anything wrong?" Sampson asked.

"Nope. Nothing goes wrong." Jessica hurriedly waved her hand, trying to explain,

"This little girl doesn't feel well these days.

I'm just afraid she'll cry." "I've watched her grow up since her childhood and she's familiar with me. She



won't cry if I just hold her."

"Good evening, Sampson."

Dolores rushed over. "Mom, it's getting cold w. Please take Simona back home."

"OK." Jessica said farewell to Sampson and left in a hurry with Simona in her arms.

"Had dinner yet?" Dolores asked.

Sampson smiled slightly. "I haven't.

Would you cook for me?"

"Of course."

They smiled at each other.

"Shall we have a walk?"

"Sure."

It was obvious that their relationship had changed.

They were not as close as they used to be. "You've known it." Sampson looked straight at the road ahead. "If I tell you that I've just got to know it not long ago, would you believe me?"

"I don't know." Dolores gave him an ambiguous answer.

"You still don't trust me." Sampson smiled bitterly.

He had predicted that her attitude to him would definitely change after Dolores got to know the truth. Sure enough.

"When Maria Herbert and I are in danger at the same time, who will you rescue?" Suddenly, Dolores stopped and looked at Sampson. "This is a ridiculous question, isn't it? But you would definitely rescue her before saving me."

"Why are you so sure?" Sampson stared at her.

"There are all kinds of love in this world. After all, blood is thicker than water. The family affection is the most precious. She's your younger sister. If you could even ignore your own sister's life and death, you would be an extremely ruthless and cold-blooded man. Then how could you love someone and how could a woman accept the love from such a man like you?"

Sampson didn't speak, gazing at her in silence.

What she said was correct. Between Maria and her, Maria had higher priority than she had in his heart.

However, it was not because that blood was thicker than water. It was only because he felt guilty for Maria.

It was his negligence that caused Maria to get lost back then.

"But it didn't mean I would love you less."

"But I can't accept you for who you are then. I don't think your family would accept me either. Let's remain the same as we used to be, as long as you still want to treat me as a younger sister."

Sampson frowned. He knew Dolores very well. She must have a concern for him now, but he had never expected that she could be so decisive. He wondered if what he had done for her all these years deserved to make her being with him.

Even if he had hidden the truth of the

car accident, his affection for her was not

fake.

He couldn't believe that Dolores could ignore everything.

All thoughts were boiling up in

Sampson's heart fiercely.

Suddenly, he laughed.

Gazing at Dolores, he asked, "Can you really ignore how well I've been treating you?"

"I can't. I still take you as my older brother." Dolores said that from the bottom of her heart.

When she got to know that it was

Maria who planned her car accident, she didn't look into it just because of Sampson.

Dolores wanted to show him her attitude now, as well as for her future plan.

If one day she really sent Maria into the jail, Sampson would also have a grudge in his heart.

"As an older brother, I'm really a loser." Sampson smiled.

His biological younger sister didn't understand him.

Even Dolores didn't trust him.

Dolores started walking again, walking with light steps on the roadside.

"Probably that is life." She also smiled. "I have planned to accept you. After all, we've known each

other for almost ten years..."

Because of Jessica and the way he'd

been taking care of her, she had considered

about it.

Who would predict that Helen White would become his younger sister - Maria Herbert?

Sampson grabbed her hand, pulled her into his arms, and held her tightly. "She and I are different persons. You can't deny me just because of her. This is unfair to me."

"But she's your biological younger sister. Do you still think it's alright?" She knew he was deceiving himself as well as others by saying that.

"Just because she had set you up, do you want to deny me and my love to you?"

Sampson asked in an almost interrogation

way.

Dolores didn't explain.

She never denied him.

She just clearly understood that she couldn't be together with Sampson based on this kind of relationship.

It was he who couldn't see it through.

"What if I don't want to be your brother but your beloved man only?" Sampson looked at her shadow, which was entangled with the tree shadows illuminated by the street lamps. It was difficult to differentiate her shadow from those of the trees.

His eyes gradually got more and more darkened, as if he had made up a decision. "I can agree, but you should go for a drink with me tonight. I'm not in a good mood."

"It's really late." Dolores tried to refuse.

"I just want to have a drink with you. Can't you do it? Do you really have to alienate me in this way?" Sampson held up her face.

He looked into her eyes and made her look into his.

If he could understand and let go in this way, Dolores would be willing to. Hence, she agreed.

"All right."

"I know a quiet place." Sampson pulled her hand.

Dolores was almost dragged forward by him.

After sitting in his car, Sampson gave her a bottle of water. "Your lips are quite dry."

He started the engine.

Dolores raised her hand to touch her lips - they were all right. Since she was not thirsty, she didn't drink the water in her hands.

Driving on the road steadily, Sampson looked aside and took a glance at her. "What now? You don't even drink my water. Are you afraid I'll drug you?"

"What are you talking about? I'm just not thirsty." Dolores opened the bottle cap and took a sip - it was just the taste of the ordinary mineral water. She closed the cap. "Does this work?"

Sampson didn't answer, just concentrating on driving.

If she would study his expression carefully, she would definitely see the popping blue veins on his temples.

Soon the car stopped in front of a private club.

Sampson got off first. He walked to

her side and opened the door for her.

"I can get off myself."

Sampson held her hand. Feeling that Dolores was about to retreat, he gripped her more tightly. "Just for once. Please allow me to hold your hand as holding my girlfriend. After tonight, it would be good if

you still could take me as your older brother. If not-"

"What are you talking about? It sounds like you want to break up with me." Dolores found that Sampson behaved quite strangely today.

However, she couldn't tell clearly what made her felt so..

Sampson laughed.

If he really raped her, she would definitely break up with him according to her personality.

She wouldn't still like him just as Maria had said. If it really counted, she should keep

the first man who had sex with her in her

mind all the lifetime, shouldn't she?

Thinking of Dolores' first man,

Sampson's heart tightened suddenly. Holding her hand tightly, his inner

voice said, 'Dolores, you can't blame me.'

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

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**NEXT: CHAPTER 101**