

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 641 You Are Back Home Early Today

People used to get drunk and create trouble here, and the security guards were experienced on this matter. Upon hearing the manager's instructions, the two security guards tried to nab Armand's arm. Armand did not want to get beat up, his motive was to get into a fight so that he could vent his anger and sadness. Therefore, before the two men tried to touch him, he agilely moved aside, avoided the security guard's hand, and kicked the man from behind.

The man lost his footing and fell into the manager's arms.

The manager repulsively pushed him away, "Damn it, you two can't even handle a single person??"

The man immediately apologized, "Manager, I'm sorry."

"Cut the crap, beat him up now!" The manager shouted furiously.

At the same time, the other security guard was already wrestling with Armand. Seeing that Armand was entangled, the man tried to choke his neck from behind.

Armand grabbed the man's arm that was choking his neck. The other man in front of Armand took this chance and waved his fist into Armand's stomach. Armand had punched the man a few times, and he was badly bruised. Now he had got the chance, he was hitting Armand extremely hard.

Wham!

Armand frowned and grunted a few times. But soon, he found a way to fight back. He bent his arm, and with his elbow, he repeatedly attacked the stomach and chest of the man who was strangling him from

behind.

Armand smashed his elbow at the man behind him again and again. After a few times, the man finally loosened his grip. Then, Armand grabbed the man's hand, twisted it with his backhand, slightly bent his body, and threw the man forward from his own shoulder.

Coincidentally, there was a table in front of him. When the man fell, he hit the table, smashing all the wine bottles and glasses on it to the ground, breaking them into pieces.

The man held his stomach that was hit, grimacing in pain.

Armand's eye reddened, "Get up!"

The man got up, and the room was filled with a strong alcohol smell.

The two security guards looked at each other and simultaneously lunged towards Armand.

Very soon, the three of them brawled together again. Armand was in a bad mood, and he was just fighting mindlessly. The reason why he was picking on trouble was simply that he wanted to get into a fight to vent out his emotions.

As they used to say, the weak feared the strong, the strong feared those who were not afraid to die.

And Armand was the one who was not afraid of dying.

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The two security guards were not Armand's match.

The manager at the side was anxious. Without thinking much, he snatched a vase on the shelf, removed the flowers and threw them away. Then, he took the vase and smashed it into Armand's head.

Armand was already in a frenzy and his attention was on the two security guards. He didn't notice what the manager was doing, and when the vase smashed on his head, it instantly broke into pieces. Armand was immediately dazed by the hit. He felt dizzy and vaguely felt that there was a warm liquid oozing out from the back of his head down to his neck.

The manager shouted, "Faster use this opportunity and beat him up!"

The two security guard's faces were filled with bruises. Now that they had the chance, they were using all their strength to beat Armand up.

Armand fell to the ground, and the two security guards were still punching and kicking him madly.

Dolores accompanied Theresa walked the streets for two hours, and Theresa had calmed down a lot. And because Dolores needed to prepare a meal to welcome Oscar, the two of them went to the supermarket to buy some ingredients before heading back to the villa.

Matthew came back in the evening when she was preparing dinner. After he finished his work in the office, he came back earlier because he knew that Oscar would come over tonight.

He saw Coral wiping the table, and there was a bouquet on it. He came over and asked, "Where is she?"

Coral raised her head and replied, "In the kitchen."

Matthew nodded. He raised his brows as he looked at the table that was so cleaned it could reflect a person's image.

In the kitchen, Dolores wore an apron, chopping the vegetables. Lucy stood at the sink beside her, helping her washed the vegetables.

"Can you go out first?" Matthew said to Lucy as he walked towards Dolores.

Lucy responded to him, turned off the water, put down the lotus root in her hand, and went out of the kitchen.

Dolores raised her head and looked at Matthew, "Why are you back so early today? Is there anything you want to tell me?"

If not, why would he ask Lucy to leave the kitchen first?\_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 642 The Sentimental Child

Matthew laughed, "Even if I have nothing to say to you, can't I stay here and have some alone time with you?"

Dolores was speechless.

Dolores did not say anything, and she felt helpless, "This is the kitchen. Why are you lingering here? It's not like you can cook or cut vegetables."

"Are you looking down on me?" Matthew unbuttoned his cuffs and pulled his sleeves up. He washed his hands in the basin, "Give me the knife, I'll cut the vegetables."

Dolores looked at him, "You want to cut the vegetables?"

Matthew took the knife from her hand, "What's so hard about this?"

Dolores handed over the knife and stood at the side. She untied her apron, and tied it around Matthew's waist, "Then, you will prepare the meal for tonight?"

Matthew lowered his head and looked at her hand, which was tying the apron on his waist. He said with a light smile, "Do you dare to eat it if I'm the one cooking it?"

"What is there to be afraid of? No matter what the taste is, whether it is raw or cooked, I'll eat it as long as you make it." Dolores stood aside.

Matthew laughed, "Then I think I need to go for some culinary class. I can't let my daughter starve, right?"

As he said that, he glanced towards Dolores's stomach.

Dolores felt a little ridiculous. Why did he think that it will be a daughter in her stomach? And was he learning to cook just because for her daughter?

"You do the cooking today." After saying that, Dolores tried to leave the kitchen. Matthew pulled her wrist and said, "Stay here and accompany me."

Dolores looked at him faintly, "Let your daughter accompany you."

Matthew was lost for words.

He was stunned for a moment, thinking that her words were quite clueless. However, he quickly reacted and realized why she was acting like that. He couldn't help but smirk, "Are you jealous?"

"Who's jealous?" Dolores was not jealous. Even if she was, she wouldn't admit it.

"If you are not jealous, then why do you want to leave?"

"I don't want to stay in the kitchen." Dolores raised her head and said, "Let go of me now, I'm going out."

Matthew smiled and embraced her into his arms, "You are the one that I'm closest to, and also the one who shares the bed with me..."

Dolores instantly covered his mouth. They were in the kitchen, and there were people in the living room. How could this man talk without thinking about the occasion?

What if other people heard what he said?

"Help me take out my phone from my pocket." Matthew felt a vibration coming from his phone as though someone was calling him. His hands were still wet, so it was inconvenient for him to reach his phone.

Dolores warned him, "Don't fool around and say these kind senseless words. It's not good if other people hear what you say."

Matthew was speechless.

How was he saying senseless things?

They were couples, and they slept together too. So how would it be senseless to say that she was the one that he's closest to? His son would eventually get married and leave the house. As for his daughter, even how unwilling he was, she would eventually get married too.

Dolores asked, "Which pocket?"

"On the right side," Matthew answered her.

She reached her hand to his pocket, touched the vibrating phone, took it out, and saw Armand's name on the phone screen.

Thinking of what happened today, the smile on Dolores's face instantly vanished. She looked at Matthew and said, "It's Armand."

"You answer the call," Matthew said.

Dolores replied to him with an "um", then answered the call, "Hello?"

She could feel as if the person on the other side of the phone paused for a moment, seemingly felt weird because it was her who had answered the phone, "Dolores?"

Dolores said yes.

"I'm at the police station. Can you get Matthew here to bail me out?"

Dolores frowned, "Why did you end up in a police station?"

"I got into a fight," Armand said nonchalantly.

"Okay."

Armand replied with an "um" and hung up the phone.

"What's wrong?" Matthew asked. Dolores's did not look good.

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"Armand got into a fight, and now he's at the police station. He asks you to go to the police station and



bail him out." Dolores told him.

She put the phone back in his pocket, untied his apron, and said, "I'll go with you."

"I don't think it's a good idea for you to go to the police station." It was not a good place for her.

"I'll just go and check him out, otherwise I won't be at ease. Why did he suddenly get into a fight with someone else? It was most probably because of Theresa. Theresa had time to prepare herself. Even though she still feels sad, she could adjust to it with time. However, for Armand, it's different. The whole thing happened suddenly; I'm scared that he could not take it."

Matthew nodded.

The two of them left the kitchen. Dolores called Lucy and let her prepare dinner. Coral also finished her work outside, so she also went into the kitchen and helped prepare dinner.

"I'll be back soon. You guys prepare the dinner first." Dolores said.

Coral said, "You can just go. Lucy and I are at home, and we can prepare dinner. Don't worry too much."

Dolores smiled and said okay.

Matthew took the car key and went out with Dolores. After they got into the car, he drove straight to the police station.

Dolores hesitated and asked, "Do you think that it's a bad idea to hide this from Armand?"

"Since Theresa didn't want to say, you should not interfere in their business." No matter how good their relationship was, it wouldn't be good to meddle in other people's emotional affairs. It would be fine if it turned out well, but what if things ended in an ugly way? What would they see her as?

He didn't want Dolores to interfere with their problems.

Dolores understood what he meant, and lightly let out a sigh.

Matthew glanced at her, "You worry too much about other people every day. When the baby is born, she's going to become sentimental like you. Don't be too concerned about other people's matters. Everyone has their own fate."

Dolores couldn't help but felt amused, "How could you even relate them together?"

"Just listen to me," Matthew said overbearingly.

Dolores knew that he meant well for her and her child, "Okay, I'll listen to you."

After a while, they reached the police station. Matthew parked the car in front of the police station. As he got out of the car, Dolores followed behind and got out. She wanted to understand the situation too.

Matthew held her hand and they went into the police station together.

In fact, it was uncommon for them to be taken to the police station for this kind of pub fighting. It could be said that such a thing was quite common, and it had always happened in that kind of place. However, a customer saw that Armand got beaten up too badly, that was why he called the police.

And now, the manager and the two security guards, and Armand, were being questioned by the police and giving their statements.

As they went into the police station, they saw Armand sitting over there. There was blood on his body, and the wound on his head was roughly bandaged. Dolores frowned and thought, 'He even had blood on his injuries, is he hurt badly?'

She raised her head and looked at Matthew.

Matthew held her hand and walked over.

Armand raised his head and saw them walking towards him. He turned his head in another direction, not wanting them to see his wounds.

But what he didn't know was, when he raised his head, they had already seen the wound on his face. Matthew went to handle the bail, and Dolores also did not ask him why he got into a fight in the first place.

She only asked if his injuries were serious or not.

Armand said, "It's not serious. Just some small injuries."

The black and blue bruises on the corner of his eyes were still there, and he still claimed that he was alright?

"Later when we get out from here, you should go and have a check-up in the hospital," Dolores said.

"I'm really fine. The wounds were all taken care of."

"Even if you feel fine, you should still go and have a check-up," Dolores said seriously.

Armand lowered his head and remained silent.

Both parties were responsible for this pub brawl. After mediation, both sides decided to not hold each other accountable and accepted the settlement. They could leave the police station after the guarantor signed the papers.

When they came out of the police station, only then Dolores dared to ask, "Was it because of Theresa?"

"Don't mention anything about her to me. From today onwards, I have nothing to do with her." Armand walked away alone and did not get into Matthew's car.

"Where are you going?" Dolores was worried about him.

Obviously, he was still disgruntled. \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 643 What the Miller Family Wants

Armand had no idea. He had nowhere to go. Where could he go in this condition?

"Go to the villa," Dolores said.

If Theresa saw what he'd gotten himself into, she might be soft and willing to be honest with him.

If he was able to accept being childless, they wouldn't all have to suffer.

Armand lowered his head and kept quiet.

He didn't know what Dolores thought. Did he want Theresa to pity him?

He didn't want Theresa to see him in such a mess.

"No, there are too many people at the villa. I'll go to Boyce and stay at his house for a few days. I'll go home when I'm better. And don't say anything to Theresa about me. I don't want her to feel like I can't live without her. I ... am still Armand after today."

When he finished, he walked away.

Dolores wanted to stop him. She was worried about him.

Matthew took her hand and shook his head at her, "Let him be. He'll be fine once he gets over this."

There had to be a transition period.

Dolores listened to him and didn't continue to persuade Armand or call him back.

He was alone with his wounds, like an abandoned child, alone and helpless.

It was worrisome.

In the Miller's house...

Officer Miller called Boyce just to investigate his case. Now Declan and Old Mr. Bailey were in trouble and had no time for Boyce's case. At this juncture, Officer Miller used his connections to get Boyce out of trouble.

It was all made-up originally. If Old Mr. Bailey had not been arrested and this incident had not happened, he might have faked some evidence of Boyce's bribery to frame him.

Luckily, the Bailey family fell quickly. They didn't push it too far. There was much to work with.

So, it was quickly solved.

To celebrate, Officer Miller invited Boyce to his house for drinks.

After a few drinks, Officer Miller asked, "When are you going to get married to your girlfriend?"

Boyce paused as he held his glass. And then he raised his head and drank his wine and said, "We broke up."

He didn't want to explain it. In fact, they had never been in love at all, and it was all rumored due to that incident.

Last time, they came to Miller's house as boyfriend and girlfriend in disguise as well.

Officer Miller frowned, "That girl is nice, isn't she? Did you bully her?"

Wendy heard her father's words as she brought up the food and said, "How could Boyce be that kind of person? The fact that they broke up only means they weren't meant to be."

Officer Miller glanced at his daughter, "You stay out of it."

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"It's okay. Wendy's right." Boyce wasn't even sure if he had a crush on Jasmine.

He just felt somewhat uncomfortable with her sudden disappearance from his world and felt as if a lot of things were missing.

Wendy sat down next to him, "Boyce, don't drink too much." Then she looked at Officer Miller and said with a complaining tone, "Dad, even though you're happy, you can't make him drink too much."

Officer Miller raised an eyebrow and said, "I'm your dad, right?"

Wendy nodded, "Of course."

"Why do I feel that you are better to Boyce? Why don't you care about me?" Officer Miller looked at his daughter.

He knew his daughter's feelings.

That was also why he made so much effort to help Boyce.

He knew that his daughter was divorced and that it was not very likely for her to be with Boyce, so he had to be very good to Boyce.

If he was willing to be with his daughter, he wouldn't feel too guilty to him.

And maybe Boyce could accept his daughter for his sake.

He was selfish.

No matter how selfless people were, they would still be more or less selfish in the affairs of their loved ones.

After all, she was his daughter. He always wanted to help her.

He was a father. Besides, he only had one daughter.

Boyce was a little drunk and didn't think about what they meant.

Even if he hadn't been drunk, he wouldn't have been able to figure out that Officer Miller wanted him to be his son-in-law.

"Come on, let's have another drink. You should celebrate for being able to save the day this time. As the saying goes, 'a disaster survived is a blessing in store!'"



Wendy looked at Officer Miller, "It's not as bad as you say! Boyce is a lucky man. He's always been a good and decent person."

"Whatever! Come on, let's drink." Officer Miller raised his glass.

Boyce also picked up the glass because he felt embarrassed to refuse Officer Miller. He could feel that he had drunk too much.

After drinking with Officer Miller, Boyce said, "I can't drink anymore. I've had too much."

Mrs. Miller smiled and said, "It's okay. You can sleep here tonight if you are drunk. Anyway, we have spare rooms."

Mrs. Miller knew that Boyce and Jasmine had 'broken up' and was very kind to Boyce.

She felt that her daughter had a chance.

She wanted Boyce to be her son-in-law. \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 644 The Riddle

Boyce did drink a lot, but he had a clear head. No matter how close he was to Officer Miller, he couldn't sleep in his house.

He wanted to refuse, but he didn't know how to refuse Officer Miller's hospitality.

After all, it was Officer Miller who helped him this time.

No matter what, he owed him a favor.

"Boyce, why do you seem preoccupied?" Officer Miller looked at him and asked.

Even Officer Miller, who was a little drunk, could see that Boyce was hesitant.

Just as Boyce wondered how to answer Officer Miller, his phone rang in his pocket. He said, "I'll take a call."

He took out his phone. Wendy, who sat next to him, deliberately glanced at his phone screen, as if she was worried that Jasmine might be calling him again.

However, his phone screen showed a call from his sister-in-law. She was relieved. But he was not from City B and had no relatives here. How could he have a sister-in-law here?

Wendy gave Boyce a strange look.

Boyce picked up the phone as soon as he saw the caller ID.

"Hello."

"Is this Boyce?" Dolores asked.

Dolores didn't feel comfortable with Armand leaving alone, so she called Boyce to ask him to take care of Armand.

Boyce said, "Yes."

"Armand said he would come to you. Please take care of him," Dolores said.

Boyce frowned and asked, "What's wrong with him?"

"He broke up with Theresa and is in a bad mood. We just got him out of the police station."

"Why was he at the police station?" Boyce asked nervously.

Did he do something wrong?

Otherwise, why would he be at the police station?

"He fought with someone. He was hurt quite badly. I wanted him to come with us to the villa, but he didn't want to. Today, we have something else to do, so I want to ask you to take care of him. I'm afraid he'll do something crazy again."

They planned to give Oscar a welcome party tonight. So both she and Matthew had to be at the villa. After all, they had to introduce Oscar to Jayden and Kevin.

So, they couldn't stay with Armand.

Boyce said, "I got it. I'm going to find him."

Dolores gave a hmm.

After the call hung up, Boyce also found a reason to go back. He looked to Officer Miller, "I have something I need to get back to."

Officer Miller didn't force him to stay. After all, he had something to do. So Officer Miller said, "Okay, go ahead. However, you are too drunk to drive ..."

"Dad, I'll give him a ride," Before Officer Miller could finish his sentence, Wendy interrupted him.

Officer Miller glanced at his daughter. He knew what she was thinking, sighed slightly, and said, "Boyce can't drive after drinking, so you can drive him."

Boyce said, "I can take a taxi."

He didn't want to bother them. He was quite worried about Armand now, and he couldn't tell Wendy's intention.

However, even without Armand, Boyce was so dull that he wouldn't notice Wendy's feelings for him.

Wendy took her car key and said, "It's not easy to get a taxi around here. It's better for me to drive you. You have drunk so much. If you leave alone, my father will not be at ease. If something happens to you, we are also responsible. After all, you drink at our house. You should stop excusing yourself. We are so familiar with each other. It's okay for me to send you back. Are you afraid that I will eat you up?"

Since Wendy said so, Boyce couldn't refuse, so he had to agree.

On the way, he called Armand's phone. His phone could be reached, but he didn't answer.

He heard from Dolores that he was in a bad mood, so he was worried. He called him again, and still no one answered.

He called Armand twice and no one answered, so he got a little anxious.

Wendy, who was driving the car, said comfortingly, "Don't worry. Wait a while before you call again."

Boyce nodded.

Wendy asked, "Where are we going now?"

Boyce gave the address of his home.

Dolores said that Armand came to him. At this hour, he couldn't go to his office. Then, he could only go to his house.

After more than ten minutes, the car pulled up in front of the neighborhood where he lived.

Wendy parked the car. He opened the car door and got out, saying, "Drive slowly. Be safe."

Wendy lowered the car window and said with a smile, "I'm in your neighborhood. Aren't you going to invite me up for a cup of tea?"

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Boyce was speechless.

She smiled and said, "Just kidding! You go find your friend. I'll go first."

With that, she raised the window and started the car to leave.

She looked at Boyce in the rearview mirror and the corners of her mouth curled up in a confident smile as if to say, 'You can't get away from me.'

Boyce turned around and walked into the neighborhood and got into the elevator. When he got to the floor where he lived, the elevator door opened. He stepped out of the elevator and saw Armand sitting in front of his house.

He walked over quickly and found that he was asleep, probably because of drinking too much or because of the injuries on his body.

Anyway, he was asleep against the door.

He opened the door, helped Armand in, and put him on the bed.

During this process, Armand didn't respond at all, nor did he show any signs of waking up.

Boyce frowned, "Why did you get yourself into this mess? Do you want to die?"

Dolores said he had a breakup.

When had he ever been in love?

He sighed and took off Armand's shirt, pants, and shoes that had blood on them. He not only had blood on him, but also the smell of alcohol, which smelled so bad.

As he tucked him in, Boyce saw that he still had a few bruises. He stood by the bed, thinking about who he had fought with.

How could that person have hit him so hard?

He had medicine in his house. Because of his profession, he had some medicine at home to deal with minor injuries. He took the medicine out and gave some on Armand's body and face. The wound on his head had already been treated, so he left it untouched.

After that, he sat down on the couch. His house was small, with only a bedroom and a study. There was also a kitchen, but he rarely cooked at home.

He drank a glass of water to relieve his dry throat. After sitting for a while, he got up and went to take a shower. Then, he rested on the couch.

It wasn't late. But when he drank, he wanted to sleep.

It was time for dinner now.

He and Officer Miller were so focused on drinking that they didn't eat much.

He wouldn't feel hungry if he slept.

Matthew and Dolores returned from the police station and saw Oscar already mingling with everyone at home. Before Dolores introduced him, he introduced himself already.

The two children were also familiar with him, so he quickly fitted in.

"Uncle, why are you here so early?" Dolores said as she changed her shoes and came in.

Oscar smiled and said, "You are going to give me a welcome party. I was afraid I would be late for dinner."

He loved to joke around and had a sunny disposition.

Dolores smiled and said, "We won't have dinner until you're here."

Then she looked to Jayden and Kevin and said, "Dad, uncle, this is my uncle ..."

"Well, I've already introduced myself. I'm your uncle, you're my niece, and your dad is my big brother," Oscar interrupted her and repeated the words he had used to introduce himself to them.

Dolores laughed. That was what he got. No matter where he went, he could soon get acquainted with others. Dolores didn't have to worry that he wouldn't get used to being here.



"I'll go see if dinner is ready."

After saying that, she went to the kitchen to see if it was ready for dinner.

Matthew didn't go upstairs and sat down on an empty couch downstairs. Since no one played with Cotton, it laid down at his feet.

Oscar was playing a game of riddles with the two children and Kevin joined them.

Jayden looked so down. After learning about Oscar's identity, he thought about the people and events of the past. Jolene and Victoria were women who appeared in his life, but none of them were with him now.

He felt melancholy.

Compared to Jayden's silence, Oscar and Kevin had a lot of fun.

Oscar was less-educated than Kevin. He was not well-educated, so the riddles he came up with were very different from Kevin's.

Kevin's riddles were mostly anagrams, while Oscar's were some weird and interesting riddles that were widely circulated.

Kevin's question in the last round was, "What letter is a question?"

"Guess a letter."

Andrew got it right. The answer was Y.

Then it was Oscar's turn. He thought for a moment and said, "What goes on four legs in the morning, on two at noon, and on three in the evening?"

Chapter 645 Your Whole Family Are Pigs

He said immediately afterwards, "Guess a living thing."

Amanda was puzzled and thought that it was so difficult.

"Oscar, just come up with something easy that I can guess correctly. I haven't even guessed it correctly yet." She pouted while acting cute.

"This one is very easy." Oscar caressed her head, "You have to think with your brain."

"She is a pig and she can't think. She only knows how to eat." Andrew provoked her.

Amanda was furious instantly, "You're the one who is a pig. Your whole family are pigs!"

Andrew was speechless.

The living room was quiet for a while. All of a sudden, Oscar and Kevin burst into laughter.

It was because only both of them were not members of the Nelson family in the entire living room.

Andrew shook his head and sighed as his sister was already incorrigibly stupid.

Amanda was so angry with Andrew that she blurted it out. She regretted it after she finished saying that. She felt so embarrassed that she hugged Matthew and hid in his arms.

Matthew patted his daughter's back and comforted her, "It is alright."

The little girl still buried her face in his hug and did not say anything.

Matthew coaxed her and said, "Let me help you guess the riddle?"

Amanda immediately raised her head and asked, "Really?"

Her attitude changed so quickly without giving him a chance to respond.

He laughed helplessly and said, "Yes."

"Then tell me what goes on four legs in the morning, on two at noon, and three in the evening?"  
Amanda was slightly aggressive as she was eager to make a correct guess.

Matthew analyzed for her and triggered her to think, "When you were a baby..."

“I know what it is.” Andrew had already thought of it as soon as Matthew gave a hint, “People.”

He smiled and explained, “When I was a baby, I crawled on all fours, and now I walk upright, but when people get old, they will use a walking stick.”

Amanda glared at her brother with her eyes wide, “So annoying!”

He always answered before Amanda.

“Oscar, you come up with another one.” She leaned over Matthew’s shoulder and whispered, “Daddy, you must help me. I must win my brother once.”

Matthew smiled dotingly and helplessly, what could he do about his daughter’s request?

He could only agree to it.

Oscar understood Amanda’s intention. He thought of another one in order to coax this capricious little girl, “What will put their heads out when the door is closed?”

“Guess a thing.”

Amanda blinked as she was thinking in her mind that how could something still put their heads out when the door was closed? Wouldn’t that snap their heads off?

She shivered while thinking. What kind of riddles were these?

It was not easy to guess at all.

“Hey daddy, the buttons on your shirt are hurting me.”

Matthew hugged his daughter tightly. He deliberately let the buttons on his shirt hurt her, but this little girl was slow-witted.

Andrew blinked while observing Matthew’s expression. He guessed, “Is it a button?”

Soon, he confirmed this answer in his mind, “The answer is a button. Haha, I guess it correctly again.”

Amanda glared at him fiercely, “How can it be a button?”

Oscar discouraged her, “It is a button. When you button up your clothes, don’t the buttons have to be exposed?”

Once she heard that this was really the answer, Amanda said immediately, “I’m the one who said buttons first. So, I’m the one who guessed correctly.”

“You didn’t say it was the answer,” Andrew replied.

“I’m the one who guessed correctly as I said it first,” Amanda said loudly as if whoever was louder made sense.

Kevin said to Oscar who was sitting beside him, “Amanda is indeed naughty.”

Oscar also laughed.

Dolores came out and called them for dinner.

Amanda got down from Matthew's arms and ran to Dolores. She said aggrievedly, "Mommy, brother is always bullying me."

Dolores caressed her head, "How does brother bully you again?"

"Alright, you guessed it correctly. You're clever, okay? Don't always complain. You're going to a primary school soon and don't be so childish." Andrew walked to the dining room and sat down on the last chair after saying that.

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"You're also a kid. Don't just talk about your sister." Dolores glanced at him. He was still young, but he was acting like an adult every day.

"Hehe." Amanda was happy when she heard Dolores scolding her brother. She forgot the unpleasant things just now and was not angry anymore. She walked to the dining room and sat beside her brother.

"Brother, you're not much older than me. It is just only a few minutes."

Andrew glanced at his sister, "A few minutes is still older than you. You will have to call me brother for the rest of your life."

“I would rather be your sister. You’re my elder brother and you have to be nice to your sister, understand? Otherwise, it is not right. The elder is supposed to let the young, do you know that?” She learned this from the preschool in City C.

She used this to argue with Andrew. This little guy was still very smart.

The dinner today was scrumptious. Theresa was also helping in the kitchen. Dolores saw her washing the dishes and vegetables when she entered the kitchen.

Dolores knew that she was not so happy today. Although she had adjusted her condition, she could not have returned to the initial state at once.

It was also impossible for her to fully recover just like in the beginning.

A broken item would still have a crack no matter how many times it was repaired.

Dolores told her to rest in her room. However, she said that it was better to do something than staying alone since one would think too much easily alone.

She was right too. So, Dolores did not ask her to rest and let her help in the kitchen. Everybody could chat together and forget those unpleasant things.

Dolores went to get some wine when the dishes were served.

It was definitely impossible to do without wine for such an occasion today.

Dolores took a bottle of red wine. Even though alcohol was a necessity, she got red wine instead of

liquor.

The main concern was the atmosphere.

The goblets were cleaned before. She opened the wine and put it on the table.

Jayden spoke suddenly, "Let's have the wedding at the Century Tower."

The Century Tower was a landmark in City B with 108 floors and more than five hundred metres. One could view the entire City B by standing on the one hundred and eighth floor.

There was a seven-star hotel next to it.

There was a total of seven seven-star hotels in the country. They were located in four of the more prosperous cities.

City B was one of these four prosperous cities and it was superb among them.

"Will this be too ostentatious?" Dolores felt that it would be too extravagant to do so. How much would it cost?

Those jewels would cost quite a lot.

"How many times do you plan to get married?" Oscar asked.

Dolores answered without hesitation, "Once, of course."



She had not thought of getting married for the second time.

Matthew looked at her and smiled gently.

He seemed to like her answer.

She belonged to him for the rest of his life.

“Why don’t we make it even grand since it only happens once in a lifetime?” Oscar did not think that there was anything wrong with that. It was not because they were poor, yet he could pay for it since the money was left by her father anyway.

He just felt that Dolores was his elder brother’s only child. So, a grand wedding should be held if she got married.

It was undoubtedly true.

Jayden felt sorry for Victoria. Now, his son was getting married and he did not want his son to have any regrets. Therefore, he also wanted the wedding to be even grand. He saw his son as his spiritual hope to realise his dream.

“Just rest assured and take care of your baby, we will settle everything,” Kevin said.

The venue for the wedding was decided by Jayden and him together. He knew Jayden’s intention as Matthew was his only nephew.

He would also want it to be lively and joyful. Moreover, Matthew himself had said that it should be grand.

“You don’t have to worry about it. So many elders are planning it for us. You should be happy.” Matthew held her hand and made her sit down beside him.

Although many of them were absent, it was a blessing to have these elders around.

Dolores looked at him and nodded. She understood his point.

The wedding was just around the corner but the preparations were not completed yet. Oscar had initially come to attend the wedding, but he ended up dealing with the preparations as well.

Matthew and Dolores did not have to worry about anything. Everything was planned and prepared by the three elders.

The days seemed to pass slowly, but time was actually ticking.

Soon, it was the wedding day. \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 646 Wedding Eve

On the day before the wedding, she was busy trying on the dress and deciding her make-up. She did not sleep well at night as Matthew was not beside her. As a result, she was still sleeping even though it was already over eight o’clock in the morning.

There was a tradition that the two people who wanted to get married could not meet each other on the day before the wedding. So, Matthew was not at home yesterday and he stayed in a hotel last night.

The make-up artist and stylist had already arrived at the villa. Theresa ran upstairs and woke Dolores who was still asleep, "Today is your wedding day. How can you still fall asleep?"

Dolores opened her eyes drowsily and saw Theresa's anxious face, "There is still time, right?"

Theresa was speechless.

"Are you planning to go to the wedding ceremony in your pyjamas? Everybody is waiting for you. Hurry up and get ready." Theresa was indeed helpless.

This new bride made people worry.

Dolores was awake as she rubbed her eyes and asked, "What time is it?"

"It is almost nine o'clock and you still haven't put on make-up and changed your clothes. What are you up to? If you don't want to get married, I will call your husband now." Theresa deliberately teased her.

Dolores got down from the bed and went to wash her face. She was now only awake. Theresa pulled her, "Let's go. Let the make-up artist help you primp."

Dolores was speechless.

“There is still time. You shouldn’t be in such a hurry. He can’t run away anyway.” Dolores held her stomach and followed Theresa out.

Theresa stopped her step and looked back at her, “Who can’t run away?”

“The bridegroom,” Dolores replied appropriately.

Theresa was speechless.

She held her forehead and chuckled, “That’s why you’re not anxious, right?”

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15 Celebrities With Terrible Personal Hygiene

Dolores laughed and said, “Just kidding. Let’s go.”

She went back to her room and brushed her teeth. Then, she went downstairs.

Theresa just watched this whole process quietly. She thought in her mind that it would be nice if Matthew saw Dolores’s reaction like this.

His bride had taken control of him and did not even bother him.

Theresa wondered what he would say if he knew it.

Andrew and Amanda were the page boy and flower girl respectively. So, they also had to put on make-up and changed their clothes.

Tiana also came over to help out today. The make-up artist was doing Amanda's make-up while Tiana was helping Andrew put on his suit. The small black suit was tailored to his height and weight with a white shirt and a black collar ribbon. He looked like a young gentleman.

"Dolores." When Tiana saw her coming down, she smiled and greeted her.

Dolores also smiled.

"Let's do your hair first." The make-up artist was doing Amanda's make-up. So, Theresa asked Dolores to sit on a chair and instructed the stylist to set her bridal hairstyle first.

Then, she would only put on make-up.

The stylist had already prepared everything and was just waiting for Dolores. As soon as she sat down, the stylist took out the curling iron. The stylist just had to do it as they had already decided on the hairstyle previously.

The stylist set her hair to the back, leaving some hair on the two sides of the forehead. The stylist used the curling iron to curl her hair with a skilful braiding technique. The hair on the two sides was braided with the same technique while the rest was set to the back of her head.

Theresa took the crown out of the secret box and handed it to the stylist. When she tried the crown, the diamonds were all fake. However, the diamonds on this crown were genuine.

The stylist's eyes flashed, "As a stylist, I have done styling for many brides and I have seen many crowns.

Most of them are custom-made. Although they are all genuine diamonds, still none of them are like yours, so many and big, also of such high quality. It is really beautiful and it doesn't look like domestic craftsmanship. If you want to compare the craftsmanship of a crown, apparently Western countries are better." \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 647 The Wedding Procession Is Here

Theresa urged, "Can you stop getting sentimental? Hurry up! You haven't done your makeup yet."

The stylist smiled and carefully put the crown on Dolores's head. Dolores had not worn the wedding veil because it was too long. Dolores could only wear it after she had done her makeup.

After ten minutes, the makeup artist finished putting on makeup for Amanda. Amanda had done her hairstyle in the morning. After that, the makeup artist started to put on makeup for Dolores.

When the makeup artist put on the makeup halfway, she said with a smile, "I find your facial features very good-looking."

Every single feature was so flawlessly delicate, making the whole not only stunning at first glance. As one looked longer at Dolores, she would seem even more attractive.

Dolores smiled.

The makeup artist had complimented Dolores's features yesterday, and she could not help but say, "I can't tell that you're the mother of three children. You look very young."

Dolores smiled politely.

She could not take it further because she was still young. Ordinary people were only married at that age, and eighteen was the age to study. Dolores had already been a mother when she was eighteen.

Dolores did her makeup after about an hour. Dolores usually did not wear makeup and looked innocent, exquisite, and generous. However, she looked more beautiful with makeup and exuded a unique sense of femininity that could only be found in women.

Theresa stood by the side and sighed with compliments, "You should always wear makeup in the future. You look so beautiful with makeup."

Dolores looked at her, "Are you complimenting me, or are you saying I'm ugly with my natural look?"

"Makeup is a finishing touch. Your natural look is also pretty, and you look even more beautiful with makeup as embellishments," the makeup artist said.

After makeup, Dolores went to put on her wedding dress. Andrew was the last to do his makeup. It was almost eleven o'clock in the morning when they were ready.

Theresa tidied up her wedding dress, and the stylist helped Dolores put on the veil to make the final preparations.

Dolores wanted to ask Theresa to be her bridesmaid because she did not have many friends. However, Theresa refused because she had herself caused.

There were many customs to pay attention to during the wedding. The bridesmaids could not be those who had married or had experienced unhappy marriages. Although Dolores did not care about it, Theresa did not want to bring her misfortune to others.

So there were no bridesmaids and groomsmen for this wedding.

Although there were suitable candidates to be the best men, Matthew did not arrange best men since there was no bridesmaid.

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Otherwise, it would be an ill appearance if there were only the best men at the wedding.

For the sake of concordance, they did not make any arrangements for that.

After everything was ready, Dolores sat on the sofa and waited for the wedding procession. Theresa and Tiana helped Dolores lift her dress while Coral and Lucy prepared the dowries.

The dowries were all prepared by Oscar. He thought that he should prepare for Dolores as an elder since her parents were away.

Oscar had money that was all left to Dolores by his elder brother. So Oscar was very generous in spending money on Dolores's wedding.

The dowries included pieces of jewelry, gold and jade artifacts, real estate, and cash. A woman should



have a quilt, it was said, as her dowry. The quilt cover was embroidered with flowers that using golden thread.

A quilt had the meaning of a lifetime.

So Oscar made a great effort in embroidering the quilt. He did not understand these at first. It was thoughtful of Oscar to do all these after listening to the wedding planning company.

Dolores's dowries occupied half of the living room.

Many news organizations helped Matthew in what happened last time. So Matthew promised a few major news organizations to do exclusive reports about his wedding.

Lucy and Coral arranged the dowry neatly. The three red suitcases holding the cash were open.

Oscar purposely did it, and his intention was simple. Dolores's husband was rich, but Dolores was not far behind. Oscar did not want rumors about Dolores going around that she was married to the Nelson family was above her station.

He wanted everyone to know that Dolores was also rich. Dolores and Matthew were a handsome couple, and they were a perfect match for each other in position and money.

So that others could not say a word against them.

The reporters took pictures of the dowries.

Coral stood in front of the window and waited for the wedding procession.

At noon, she saw the wedding procession like a winding dragon, and the luxury cars that were all black were driving slowly from afar. She surprisingly said, "Here they are, here they are. The wedding procession is here." \_\_\_\_

Chapter 648 I Have No Sense of Conscience

Theresa ran over to the window, "Let me see."

Coral pointed outside, "Look there."

Theresa looked over to the outside.

The cars were about to drive to the villa gate at this time.

Theresa did not see where they stopped the car because some objects blocked her view. She did not know how many cars there were. However, she knew that there would not be fewer cars outside with such a high-profile event.

Soon Theresa saw someone opened the car door. The first thing that caught her eyes was a pair of long, slender legs, followed by the man who leaned over and got out of the car.

The man was in a black suit that fitted him perfectly and showed a flowing line of his figure. He looked firm and extraordinary with his outfit.

Matthew walked towards the villa steadily. Although there was no best man, there were those who accompanied Matthew to the escorting the bride.

They were all in black suits and followed orderly in a line behind Matthew.

Theresa saw the door was about to open, so she ran behind the door to lock it and said to everyone in the house, "Although we don't have bridesmaids, we can't easily let the groom meet the bride."

"That's right," Coral agreed so much, "I see there are so many games that make it hot for people on the internet. Why don't we have some too?"

"Coral is cute in this way. Just do as you say. I'll stall them off. You take Tiana and Lucy to prepare the things needed," Theresa said.

Coral said cheerily, "Alright, I'm on it."

At the same time, the groom and his men reached the door, and someone was knocking on the door.

Theresa opened the small door a little way next to her and said, "If you want to come in, give us the red packets first."

Someone outside the house said, "Isn't there no bridesmaid? Why is someone making things difficult for us?"

Abbott said, "They did not say that we can easily meet the bride without bridesmaids. Hurry to prepare the red packets since we can't burst the door."

The copper door of the villa was fireproof and burglarproof, so they could not burst the door since it was not the wooden door in the ancient.

They all thought they could easily meet the bride when they arrived at the villa because there were no bridesmaids. So they did not prepare the red packets.

“Fortunately, the wedding planner had given me a red packet,” Boyce walked over to the door and took out the red packet from his pocket.

Abbott said, “The wedding planner has more experience than us since they know that there may be unexpected circumstances.”

Boyce nodded, and he recalled the words the wedding planner said, “You should prepare the red packets whether they want it or not, just in case.”

At that time, Jayden was also with him, so he had someone took the cash and put it in the car, just in case of need.

The cash was all in use at this time.

Theresa shouted at them, “There was only a little money in the red packet, and it's not enough to impress me. I'm powerless to open the door. It's up to you.”

Boyce knocked on the door, “Theresa, we go back a long way. Can you open the door for us?”

“Don't curry favor with me. Give me the red packets,” it was not going to work on Theresa.

Boyce smiled and said, "You have no conscience."

"You can take it as I have no sense of conscience, and I'm a heartless person now. Anyway, I'll not let you guys come in easily," Theresa made up her mind, and nobody could convince her.

"Okay, okay," Abbott handed the red packet stuffed with money to Matthew.

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Matthew shoved the red packet under the door, and Theresa picked it up and said, "We have many people inside the house. How can one be enough?"

Theresa waved at the stylist and makeup artist, "Come over here, and we've got red packets to take."

Everyone was happy to have a red packet to take.

Theresa got a lot of them and gave them to Coral and Lucy, as well as Tiana. Everyone took it as a blessing to the bride and the groom.

Coral put the red packets together and said, "Will it be too difficult for them in this way?"

Coral and Lucy took out all the chili powder and the wine in the house. They made the chili powder water and chili powder wine as well. They could imagine how nasty the taste of the chili powder water and wine were.

“This is nothing,” the makeup artist said, “I see there are durians in the kitchen. Let’s put the durian husks on the floor and ask the men to step in with bare feet.”

Theresa covered her mouth with her hands, “Will this be too harsh?”

“This is nothing. I've seen those put the eggs on the floor and asked the groomsmen to step on the eggs and not break the eggs. They would only open the door if they didn't break the eggs,” the makeup artist had helped many brides to put on makeup, and she had seen many fun things.

Coral raised her head and asked, “So how did they go in the house in the end?”

People would definitely break the eggs when stepping on them. So it was bullshit for not breaking the eggs.

“Three hundred eggs broken, and with only one left,” the makeup artist said.

The stylist joined the topic and said, “Me too. I met the one who put wasabi into the wine.”

Everyone was speechless.

“So we're not overdoing it. It's nothing as compared to those difficult ones,” Theresa said.

“That's right,” Everyone repeated in agreement.

Knock.

At this time, someone knocked on the door again, and Abbott spoke outside, "We've given the red packets. Can you open the door for us now?"

Theresa helped Dolores up, "You go to the room and stay there first. We are all women and certainly not as strong as them. If they want to play hardball to wrest you from us, we can do nothing to them. So we have to put you out of their sight first."

Dolores smiled and could not do anything to Theresa as well. Dolores could only listen to her. Everyone was happy about it, so she was willing to cooperate with them.

Tiana accompanied her, "Dolores, I'll accompany you in the room."

Theresa said, "Alright, you lock the door. You don't open the door unless I say yes, okay?"

Tiana said, "Okay, don't worry."

Theresa nodded and walked over to open the door.

The people outside rushed into the house once Theresa opened the door. However, they stopped when they saw the durian husks on the floor. Abbott asked, "Didn't we give you the red packets?"

"I only promised to let you come in after giving the red packets."

"Do you think that you can stop us?" Boyce knew there were not many people in the house. They could easily break into the house.

Theresa was not anxious. She had expected it and prepared for it. So she was calm, "You can't meet the bride even if you break into the house."

## Chapter 649 My Bride Is Very Beautiful

Boyce looked into the room and really didn't see anyone. He smiled, "You're kind. Don't make it difficult for us. Quickly let the bride go with us."

Theresa put her hands around her chest, "How can we let the bride go with you all easily? You must go through our challenges so that we can trust you and let the bride go with you with ease."

Boyce was speechless.

"Hurry up. Otherwise, we might miss the auspicious time."

Boyce said, "I'll try my best so that I can bring back the bride for my buddy."

He was the first one to take off his leather shoes. He was wearing socks on his feet, trying to step on the durian skin. It was fucking pain. He felt that Armand should be the one to experience that.



He thought that he should have brought Armand there so that he could bring Theresa away. He really thought that Theresa was trying to make them in trouble.

Abbott who was biting his finger carefully looked at Boyce and asked, "Does it hurt?"

'Does it hurt?'

'Of course!'

However, he said it didn't hurt. He shook his head and said, "Not at all. I feel like this durian is ripe and its thorns are soft."

He knew that Abbott would be reluctant to do the challenge with him if he told him the truth.

Abbott displayed a look as if he didn't believe Boyce's words, "We will feel pain even when we take it with our hands, let alone with our feet?"

Boyce was smart this time and he looked at Abbott and said, "If you don't want to bring back the bride for your boss, then you don't come up."

It was clear that he was trying to threaten him.

He said while taking off his shoes, "How are you so mean and shameless just like Armand. I used to think that you were a good person, now I think you're a bad guy."

Boyce let out a laugh, "It's okay if you think I'm a bad guy. As long as you suffer the pain with me, I won't care what you want to say."

Abbott tsked, "You're so bad."

With that, he stepped on the durian skin. At the moment, he almost shouted in pain.

He felt like there was a needle piercing the skin of his foot until his heart. The pain made him want to scream. It was torturing him.

Fortunately, they only needed to bear with the pain for a short time to complete the challenge.

Coral told the makeup artist some rules, "Let them drink a glass of chili water and a glass of wine, one followed another.

Abbott said, "I just want to drink the wine."

He would rather just drink the wine than drinking the chili water.

"Cannot," Theresa came over and said.

Abbott sniffed, "If you were a bridesmaid, I would play a prank on you even more."

Theresa smiled, "Unfortunately, I'm not a bridesmaid."

She was glad that she wasn't the bridesmaid.

If she were a bridesmaid, they would play a prank on her.

"I'll go first this time," Abbott volunteered and picked up a glass of chili water. Then, he plucked up his courage to tilt his head back and pour the chili water into his mouth.

He frowned and displayed a funny look. The chili water was not only spicy but also made his throat feel pain. It was really torturing him.

He felt that the wine would be more pleasant to drink.

He decided not to be the groomsman of anyone in the future. He wasn't the groomsman this time and needed to be pranked like this. If he really became one, it would be more terrible.

He secretly decided it in his mind.

The good thing was there were many people there. The drinks were finished quickly.

Theresa smiled, "For the sake of your sincerity, I'll let you all see the bride."

She went to the door and knocked at it, "Tiana, open the door."

After a while, she heard the sound of unlocking the door, followed by the sound of opening the door.

She turned sideways so that they could come in and see the bride.

In the room, there were fresh roses on the bedside table. The red word “Blessing” was pasted at the end of the bed. Tiana picked the rose petals inserted in the bottle and scattered them on the bed. The red rose petals looked attractive on the white wedding dress. It also looked very romantic.

Everyone was very conscious of what should they do. Of course, they should give way to let the groom look at his bride first.

Matthew stood in the doorway and raised his head to look at the bride. Although he knew her very well, he was still stunned by her bridal outfit.

Her slender body was wrapped by the white wedding dress, revealing her neck and collarbone which looked white like a delicate and light jade.

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Her face looked gentle as she had make-up. Her scarlet lips were charming and these two elements made her look stunning.

She was so beautiful that everyone would be attracted to her.

She also looked up at him. He was wearing a suit and looked good. He looked reliable and exuded the aura of a mature man.

He strode forward and reached out to lift her hair gently on her forehead. He smiled and said, "My bride is very beautiful today."

She was so beautiful that she wanted to hide her somewhere and admired her alone.

Dolores lowered her head.

She looked a bit delicate and shy.

Dolores smiled.

She looked charming.

Theresa brought the wedding shoes over, "You must give me a red packet as I took the initiative to send them over."

She said while smiling.

Matthew took the shoes and said, "Boyce, give her a red packet and put more money inside."

Today was his big day. He was very happy and in a good mood.

Boyce took the red packet that was left and stuffed more money inside and handed it to her, "You must treat me to a meal in the future."

Theresa said miserly, "I want to save it up."

“Cheapskate,” Boyce said with a smile.

“Is it the first day you think I am a cheapskate?” Theresa smirked.

Boyce smiled and didn’t say anything, so did Theresa. She took out her phone to take a photo of the newly-wed couple. Matthew squatted on one knee in front of Dolores and put on her wedding shoes.

As Dolores was pregnant, the heel of the shoes was not too high. It was only about five centimeters. Although Dolores was tall, wearing flat shoes would not be suitable to match with the wedding dress.

The wedding dress was too big and it would make her look short. It would not look good so that she chose the shoe with a medium heel. However, she actually didn’t need to walk very much. She only needed to wait until the wedding finished so that she could change into a normal shoe.

The wedding shoe was silver and white and it was studded with diamonds shining brightly.

Dolores’s feet weren’t big. They were thin and slender. Even her toes were white. The nails weren’t overly decorated and looked clean.

Matthew picked up her feet and gently put them into the shoes. He lowered his eyes and said, “Sorry for making you sad last time.”

They didn’t have a wedding ceremony that year and didn’t register for marriage together for her to become his wife last time.

Recalling the time in the past, she felt very upset and tears rolled down her cheek.

She didn’t want to cry but didn’t know why her tears flowed out as if she couldn’t control it.

Matthew tilted his head and saw her tears. He reached out to wipe them for her, "Today is our big day. Why are you crying?"

She smiled, "I am too happy."

"If you cry again, you will ruin your beautiful makeup." Matthew gently wiped away the tears on her face and teased her.

"Do you think I'm ugly? Then I won't marry you." She pretended to be angry.

Matthew bent down and picked her up, saying, "It's already too late. You have to marry me even if you don't want to."

One of the people shouted, "The bridegroom had gotten up."

The atmosphere became festive at once. Theresa and Tiana were behind Dolores to help her to hold her wedding dress. Everyone followed them out of the villa.

At this time, the thunderous sound of salute rang out suddenly.

Colourful ribbons fell from the sky and landed on the ground. The ribbons were landed on people at the place. The wedding car which led the convoy was a white Roll-Royce Phantom with flowers tied into a beautifully shaped bouquet at the front.

The car was white and it looked very conspicuous.

Matthew put her into the car and immediately sat beside her while holding her hand.

He placed Dolores's hand on his lips and kissed it gently, "I'm by your side. Don't worry. Don't be afraid."

Dolores was very nervous and she softly hummed.

She wouldn't be afraid of anything by his side.

Theresa and the children were sitting in the car behind them.

Soon, the wedding car departed and the convoy of cars also slowly drove away. \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 650 A Gift For Her

It took about one hour to go from the villa to the wedding place. There were so many cars in big cities, so the queue was very long and the driving was relatively slow, but that time had already been calculated. Jayden checked the time and said 3:10 p.m. was the most auspicious time, so there was no need to be worried about being late.

The cars along the way were too conspicuous; moreover there were reports from several media, so the news would be widespread soon.

Everybody wondered who Matthew was going to marry and if it was the same woman who was with him at the mall.

After all, they seemed pretty intimate in that news story.



Once again, everybody was curious about that woman.

According to the value of her dowry, everybody knew that she had never been poor. After all, she had a rich dowry.

There had been a lot of speculations before, that that woman wanted to rely on her child in her belly to get ahead.

Now that was obviously untrue, because she belonged to a wealthy family, so she didn't need to sell her body to reach a high position.

For a while, she made everyone believe that it was a wedding between two well-matched wealthy families and that union was also blessed.

After all, the bride was not only beautiful, but she also had a good family background, so some of them were envious rather than jealous.

If Dolores was a woman from a mediocre family, people would speculate about how she did to get to the top. Those 'Cinderella' women who dreamed of marrying a wealthy family would have this thought, "I'm not worse than her, why can't I marry this handsome and rich man?"

'The human mind gives importance to the appearance.'

'I still remember the news of a beautiful female student from a famous university who married a divorced rich man twenty years older than her. No matter how outstanding she was, people would say that she did it for money, and would ignore her feelings.'

When arriving at the wedding venue, Matthew took Dolores to the lounge to have a rest. He still had something to do, so after they got there, they separated from each other again.

Dolores sat on the sofa, her hands were still full of sweat. In the car, she and Matthew held their hands too tightly. Before she also thought she was already indifferent about the wedding.

However, when it came to that day, there were many feelings inside her heart, such as impatience, expectation and also a bit of nervousness.

She didn't even know what she was nervous about. She just felt nervous.

When Matthew clutched her hand, she had mixed feelings and thought of many things in the past. That should be a happy day for her, but in front of him, she was about to cry.

"We will be with you, don't be nervous." Theresa Gordon saw her nervous expression and comforted her.

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Dolores looked up at her, "You know what? I thought I had been used to it, but today I still have expectations."

“Of course, women are all emotional,” Theresa said.

‘Besides, marriage is a very important thing for a woman.’

‘After all, they say marriage is women’s second life.’

“You should feel lucky, “Theresa shook her hand, “Most people first get married, and after they experience the married life. On the contrary, you first experienced the married life and after you got married in a big way. Like that, you reduced the risk to marry a man you don’t like to live with. So, you are lucky.”

Dolores’ lips curled up softly, as to say that it made sense.

Knock, Knock...

Someone knocked at the door of the lounge.

Theresa stood up to open the door. A woman dressed up as a hotel maid stood at the door. “Excuse me, is there a certain Dolores, Ms. Flores?”

“Yes,” Theresa said.

The person in front of her looked like a hotel maid, so Theresa didn’t overthink.

“Oh, I have a gift here for Ms. Flores.” The hotel maid handed over a gift box.

Theresa didn’t take it. Just when she was about to ask her who sent the gift, she heard a male voice,

“Who sent it?”

Boyce Shawn came over.

Matthew was afraid that something wrong could happen and there was no any outcome from the Bailey family. He was afraid that someone could make troubles. The wedding place was completely patrolled by special personnel. Boyce was responsible for Dolores because Matthew trusted him.

For the good of the wedding, he personally supervised it.

It just so happened that Theresa wanted to ask the same question, but after hearing Boyce’s voice, she no longer asked. She looked at the hotel maid, and seemed to be waiting for her answer.

Chapter 651: Greeting Card

“It’s from a lady,” said the waitress.

“A lady?” Theresa was quite curious. She knew almost everyone around Dolores, wondering which friend of Dolores still hadn’t attended the wedding ceremony yet.

“Did she have any message?” asked Dolores.

She was wearing the wedding dress, so it was inconvenient for her to stand up and walked over. However, she had overheard their conversation.

She was pretty sure that all of her friends had come here. Others who couldn't make it had called her for blessings. No one mentioned that there would be a gift sent to her.

Hence, she was quite alert to the person unknown.

The waitress shook her head, "She didn't mention her name at all. She only asked me to send you this gift box," answered the waitress honestly.

"Where did she hand the box to you?" asked Boyce.

Cameras were installed everywhere. As long as the waitress could give them any clue, they could easily find out the sender.

The waitress blinked, sensing that there must be something wrong with this matter. All of them were quite sensitive as if she was delivering a bomb.

She wondered if that was a bomb in the gift box for real.

As the waitress wondered, her hands started trembling.

She swallowed hard and continued, "At North Gate. The lady looked pretty. She said she's a friend of the bride and asked me to send over the wedding gift. So, I... I took it here..."

Upon hearing her answers, Boyce immediately called to request the surveillance record. After that, he hung up the phone and took over the gift box.

“Thank you. You may leave now.”

The waitress immediately left as if they would make trouble to her if she stayed there longer.

Boyce untied the ribbon on the box. Theresa reached out to press his hand. Looking at him, she asked, “What are you doing?”

Boyce said, “I want to open it and take a look. We don’t know who has sent this box. What if there’s something dangerous inside?”

If the dangerous thing harmed Dolores, he couldn’t explain it to Matthew at all.

His words made sense. Theresa reached out to hold the box, “Since it might be dangerous, you can’t open it either. Leave it to me.”

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

“Six Feet Under” Celebrates Its 20th Anniversary (Cast Today)

Boyce was taken aback for a moment. Soon, he came back to his senses, “I can’t open it, but can you?”

“I’m already unlucky. I guess all my bad lucks had been used up. Hence, nothing unfortunate should happen to me again. It’s more suitable for me to open it.”

As she spoke, Theresa was about to open it.

“Wait, Theresa,” Dolores called her to stop.

“It’s a gift for me. Why would you guys open it?” Dolores came over despite the inconvenience caused by the wedding dress. Reaching out to Theresa, she said, “Give it to me.”

Theresa shook her head, “No, I can’t. What if it’s a bomb?”

“If it’s a bomb, can you remove it?” Dolores was quite aggressive, “Give it to me.”

Theresa still held the box, unwilling to give it to her.

Dolores reached out her hand, “Come on.”

Theresa looked up at Boyce for help.

Before Boyce was about to convince Dolores, the latter interrupted him, “If it’s destined to me, no one could block it.”

Dolores took over the box and sat down on the sofa. She took a deep breath and reached out to open the lock. When she was about to open it, Theresa hurriedly ran over, “Just leave it unopened. Let’s wait until the wedding finishes.”

Dolores looked up at her, “I’ll always feel uneasy if I don’t take a look at it.”

Theresa still wanted to convince her, but Dolores stopped her. Then she pulled Theresa’s hands away and opened the box.

The gift was covered with a layer of delicate package paper. There was also a card. Dolores picked it up and opened it. There was a greeting: "Conflagrations on your wedding."

Theresa was standing next to her, reading the card.

"The handwriting looks pretty. Who is that woman?" asked her in confusion.

Dolores looked up at her. In silence, she put the card aside and opened the packaging paper. \_\_\_ Chapter 652: Wait for Me Over There

Theresa was more nervous than Dolores was. She clenched her fists, afraid that there would be a hazard in there.

However, after the packaging paper was removed, they saw a set of pink lingerie, which looked extremely seductive.

Boyce took a glance and turned around. Theresa was afraid there would be any tricks, so she picked up the lingerie and completely removed the remained package paper on it. There was nothing but that lingerie inside the box.

Frowning, she asked, "Who the heck has sent it?"

Dolores couldn't figure it out either. If she had known it, she wouldn't be so nervous just now. She put back the lid on the box and said, "Don't tell Matthew about it now."



“Are you sure?” Boyce was afraid that in case something happened, he couldn’t explain it to Matthew.

“It doesn’t matter. If it was from someone we know, it would be quite embarrassing.” Dolores made up her mind.

After the wedding, she’ll tell Matthew about it personally.

She didn’t want to hide it forever, but she would wait until their wedding was over.

Right then, the makeup artist knocked on the door and came in, “Ms. Flores, it’s almost time for the ceremony. Please let me fix your makeup.”

Dolores looked over at Boyce and Theresa, “All right. Be happy. Today is the happiest day in my life.”

Theresa nodded. While the makeup artist came in, she handed the bouquet to Dolores, “I’ll go to check on the kids next door,” said Theresa.

Dolores nodded in agreement.

At three o’clock. Dolores was standing in front of the gate of the hall, waiting to enter.

Theresa and other staff were tidying the wedding dress for her. Andrew and Amanda were standing by her side.

She wouldn't be taken in by her father, but instead, she would be holding hands with her kids while walking in.

They were quite obedient. It seemed others had told them about things to pay attention to. They were quite sensitive, standing upright next to her.

When it was ten past three, the thick and heavy door was opened slowly. A spotlight fell on her and then was divided into three spotlights - one on her and the other on the kids.

Everyone was looking over at them.

The hall was full of people. Although there were not many family members in the Nelson family, they had a lot of business partners.

There was a red carpet on the floor, along which there were bouquets. The hall was quite fantastic and romantic, like a scene in a fairy tale.

Tightly holding the kids' hands, Dolores stepped in slowly. As soon as she entered the hall, the wedding march was played.

Everyone started applauding.

Besides the press, the PR department of WY Group was also photographed at the scene. On the group's official account of the micro-blog, they also posted a piece of news: "Today, the CEO of WY Group is getting married. Let's send our blessings and best wishes to them!"

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Angelina Jolie Health Struggles - Talk About A Dramatic Change

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

Probably it was because of the melody or the atmosphere at the scene, Dolores truly realized that she was getting married.

She stared at the man who was waiting for her at the end of the red carpet, walking to him step by step.

Matthew was staring at her as well. She wasn't taken in by anyone. She walked in hand-in-hand with two kids, walking to him step by step.

He felt so touched and sorry for her.

This woman had given birth to his babies after he had left her. She brought them up while bearing the rumors and slanders for her as a single mother.

How brave and strong she was!

"Stop," Matthew suddenly said. He was supposed to wait at the end for her to go over.

For a moment, others felt quite confused, wondering if there would be any changes for the wedding.

While others started discussing and glinted at them with gossiping eyes, Matthew looked at her and said, "Let me finish the rest steps. Please wait for me over there."

As he spoke, he strode towards her.

She used to walk a long way alone. She had suffered a lot. Now, it was his turn to walk to her.

Although this didn't conform to the rules, it was extremely touching.

When two people were together, both parties needed to give. It couldn't be that only one party gave and the other party only waited without doing anything.

When he was in front of her, Matthew stopped and reached out his hand to her.

Dolores looked up at him.

He gently curled up his lips and said in a deep voice, "Let's walk together from now on."

Dolores pressed her lips, feeling soreness in her nose. Tears well up in her eyes.

Although her eyes were reddened, her face was full of faint smiles.

She slowly raised her hand and put it in his palm.

Matthew wrapped her hand with his, walking to the end of the red carpet while holding Amanda's hand.

Warm blessing applause was heard from the guests.

It was such a warm and sweet scene.

It made others envy and yearn.























## Chapter 653: She Was Taken to You By Heart

They arrived at the end of the red carpet, and the wedding march was finished. Another song was played.

With the pre-tune, they heard a gentle voice.

Noah was standing at the door, walking in while holding the microphone.

He wasn't Sean Lee right now. He was Noah Harris, Jeffery's son, a member of the Harris family.

He used to be a superstar. He didn't only look handsome but also sang very well. With his emotional voice, he started singing the song 'To You'.

"He'll be your groom. From now on, he's the partner for the rest of your life.

His everything will be relevant to you. You will share happiness and misfortune.

She'll be your bride. She was taken to you by heart.

You must take care of her well all your life. You'll share the bitterness and sweetness with her.

It must be a special fate that has brought you together to form a family.

He loves you more and you love him more. That leads to happiness.

You won't be alone from now on. You'll think as one.

How much you give, how much you'll be loved. It must be a special fate that has brought you together to form a family..."

When walking to the couple, Noah sang emotionally.

Dolores didn't want to weep at her wedding. However, when seeing him, she couldn't help shedding tears.

She couldn't hold back her tears at all. They continuously dropped from her eyes.

No matter how much she wanted to deny or ignore them, they were still related in blood.

Although she distanced herself from them, deep in her heart, she still longed for family affection.

After the song ended, Noah stopped singing. Standing not far away from Dolores, with reddish eyes, he called, "Dolores, my dear cousin."

No matter what happened among the elders, they were still beloved cousins.



Noah still treated Matthew as his older brother and Dolores as his sister-in-law. However, he only called her cousin because it could fully express how much he loved and respect Dolores as his family member.

His blessing and addressing to Dolores could erase all the grudge and hatred between them.

Dolores covered her lips and held the hemline of her wedding dress, walking to him. Noah trotted to her and hugged her.

They didn't speak because no words could express their feelings now. They only hugged each other in silence.

Matthew had forgiven the Harris family. He had done everything he could. Now, he just hoped that Dolores had a family.

She had already done enough for him. Hence, it was his turn to do something for her.

He didn't want her to be alone again.

Watching them, Jeffery couldn't stop weeping on the chair. Marina held him and stroked his back. Jessica was invited to attend this wedding as well. Watching the scene on the stage, she was sobbing as well.

Finally, she saw her daughter get married and reunite with her family.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Angelina Jolie Health Struggles - Talk About A Dramatic Change

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

That was the wish that she always had for Dolores.

“It’s your wedding day. Please don’t cry, Dolores.” Noah wiped off her tears. Holding her hand, he took her back to Matthew and passed her hand to him. He took a step back and bowed deeply to Matthew, “Thank you.”

He thanked Matthew for forgiving Jeffery and their family.

Matthew helped him up.

Dolores didn’t expect that Matthew had invited them, feeling surprised and touched.

She looked at him deeply, “I also want to thank you, Matthew.”

Matthew gently wiped off the tears at the corner of her eyes, “It’s me who should thank you, Dolores.”

He took the microphone over from Noah’s hand. Taking the chance, he wanted to announce the identities of the kids.

“Seven years ago, she married me secretly. However, I didn’t treasure her at all. I hurt her and dumped her. She still gave birth to my children. I felt so ashamed and touched. Today, in your presence, I want to tell you all - this is my wife and these are our children.”

The media reports at the scene once again got big news. This wedding had already raised several uproars.

The luxurious wedding was called Heyday Wedding by the netizens.

For Dolores, it was an unforgettable wedding. Although some trifle happened during it, she had forgotten about the unpleasant moment. She was completely immersed in the wedding ceremony.

When it was time to put on the wedding rings, Theresa handed the rings to the children.

Since he had prepared it before, this time, Matthew picked up the low-key rings at a high cost.

He wanted to give the best thing to her.

The ring was a solid naked diamond without any extra decoration. The simple four-claw inlay was simple and elegant.

Their wedding wasn't held in a church and they didn't make a vow. It was a completely new style of wedding.

The master of ceremonies read out the blessing skillfully, "From now on, your love has a destination, and your hearts are no longer lonely. Hold each other's hands and grow old with each other. May your love is a garden full of roses in summer. I wish happiness accompany you from now on."

While the blessing was read, the couple put on the wedding rings for each other. The ceremony ended.

Right then, another song was played. Matthew helped Dolores leave the hall.

Boyce and Abbott carried the children down from the stage. Armand had been sitting with the guests. Due to the injuries and wounds on his face, he felt it was too ugly. Hence, he didn't go with others to pick up the bride earlier.

Right then, he didn't go with Matthew to help him either.

He didn't think he looked decent right now.

After all, it was a happy day. His wounds would kill the joy.

When he was sitting with the guests, he was wearing a big pair of sunglasses as well to cover the bruises.

In the lounge, Theresa said, "Dolores, let me help you change. It'll be the banquet later."

Dolores asked her to hold on for a moment, "I want to talk to Matthew." \_

Chapter 654: I'm Quite Happy Today

Theresa left the lounge sensibly and closed the door behind her.

Matthew helped her hold the hemline of the wedding dress and let her sit on the sofa. He asked, "What do you want to tell me?"

Dolores reached out and wrapped her arms around his neck, making him look into her eyes.

They were so close that their breathes intertwined. Matthew wrapped around her waist. His deep eyes were twinkling. He slowly approached her ear and whispered, "What do you want to tell me?"

He was way too close, so Dolores slightly blushed. When she was about to speak, her lips were sealed by his warm lips.

She slowly closed her eyes. Her curly eyelashes slightly trembled next to his. She felt his breath. She didn't move at all, enjoying the passionate kiss from his soft but hot lips.

Dolores wrapped his neck and kissed him back. After a long while, Matthew finally released her. They looked into each other's eyes. She found the lipstick that stained his lips, so she reached out to wipe it off for him, "I'm so happy today."

"Because you've married me?" Matthew faked that he didn't understand what she meant. He knew that she was referring to the Harris family.

Dolores paused wiping for him. Knowing that he said it on purpose, she intentionally pressed his lips with her fingers. She said, "Don't flatter yourself. What's so happy about marrying you..."

Before she finished her words, Matthew grabbed her hand, pressed her on the sofa, and trapped her with his body. Supporting himself with arms on the sofa to avoid press her belly, he said while raising his eyebrows, "Aren't you happy to marry me? Who do you want to marry then?"

Dolores didn't dodge. Blinking, she gazed at him, "I want to marry my children's father, a man who can bring me to surprise in the wedding. I want to marry a man named Matthew Nelson..."

Matthew let out a muffled laugh. Reaching out, he pinched her nose, "It's still the daytime. Are you

luring me now?"

"No, I'm not..."

Knock. Knock.

Right then, they heard a few knocks on the door, which interrupted Dolores. She pushed him, "Someone is at the door."

Matthew released her, tidying up her wedding dress, kissed her on the forehead, and stood up to open the door.

Boyce was standing at the door. Seeing Matthew, he took a glance inside the lounge.

"What's up?" Matthew could tell that he wanted to speak to Dolores but hide it from him. He asked, "Why? Can't you tell me?"

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

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

Boyce shook his head, "Nah. I came for you. Everyone is waiting for you now."

Matthew invited the directors of the overseas branches of the company, and he hadn't met them yet.

Matthew nodded.

He turned to look at Dolores and said, "I'll see you later."

Dolores said, "All right. Go ahead."

After Matthew left, Boyce walked into the lounge. He had sent his men to check the surveillance video and looked up the woman who had sent the gift. However, he didn't tell Dolores about the details. He said, "We haven't found the woman who brought the gift here yet. It should just be an ordinary gift for your wedding."

Dolores nodded. After all, it was nothing dangerous, so she didn't take it to heart.

"Okay. I'll go back to the hall then." Boyce left.

Theresa came in to help her change the dress.

She put on a red dress, which was also tailored. It was not as long as the wedding dress. The hemline only reached her ankles, so it was easy for her to walk around. She also didn't need to wear high heels.

Then Theresa took off her veil and tidied her hair. Her hairstyle matched the red dress, making her beautiful in another different way.

"Where are the kids?" asked Dolores.

"They are next door now," answered Theresa.

Dolores nodded, "Okay. Please follow me during the banquet."

“Your husband should take you to meet a lot of people later. I don’t think it’s proper.”

Theresa knew the rules very well. It was Dolores’s wedding day. When she came over to help Dolores, she saw Matthew talking to a lot of people. Some of them urged to meet Dolores. Theresa didn’t think it was appropriate for her to follow Dolores all the way.

“No worries. You are my friend.” Dolores had her purpose to ask Theresa to follow her. \_\_\_\_

Chapter 655: Shook Hands and Reconciled

Theresa still wanted to refuse her, but Dolores held her hand.

Armand didn’t appear during the wedding ceremony at all. It must be because of the wounds on his face so he didn’t want to show up in Theresa’s presence. However, he couldn’t hide any longer during the banquet, could he?

He should eat at least.

Dolores still wanted Theresa to know how much Armand loved her.

She could tell that Armand was pretty upset.

Theresa pressed her lips in silence. Actually, she also found it weird. According to the relationship between Armand and Matthew, Armand shouldn’t avoid attending the wedding. However, she couldn’t find him in the hall at all.



Now, Dolores deliberately asked her to follow her. Theresa wondered what Dolores wanted to do.

Did it have anything to do with Armand?

However, Theresa didn't want to mention this man, so she didn't ask.

Dolores patted her on the hand, "Come on. Follow me."

Theresa lowered her head and hummed.

Right then, a waitress came over to knock on the door and inform them that the banquet had started, asking Dolores to get ready and go there later.

Theresa said OK and closed the door.

When the banquet was half done, the door of the lounge was pushed open. Matthew walked in.

Dolores looked at him and asked, "Why did you come back?"

He said he wanted to introduce Dolores to the directors of the overseas branches.

Wrapping around Dolores's waist, he helped her to stand up from the sofa and asked, "Are you tired?"

Dolores nodded.

Probably it was because the baby had grown up, she always felt weak.

"Let's meet those directors. Then I'll send you back for a nap," said Matthew. They couldn't avoid the socialization today, and he also wanted to introduce Dolores formally into his business circle.

Theresa followed them both to the banquet.

Matthew introduced Dolores to his friends and employees first. Besides Boyce and Armand, there were a lot of talents in his company, who were all his capable employees.

"You've been hiding it so well. Look how old your kids are!" someone complained about Matthew when he walked to one table with Dolores.

Besides them, other guests were quite surprised as well. They never expected that Matthew had two children and they were so old now. They said he had been hiding them too secretly.

Of course, guests kept making toasts with them. Matthew would drink on Dolores's behalf. Since she was pregnant, others didn't complain as a pregnant woman couldn't drink, which was supposed to be common sense.

Matthew didn't stay long here. After exchanging a few words, he went to another table where Kenneth was, who was his business partner as well as a friend. Kenneth's brother-in-law, Camden Vinson, was also at the table.

Holding a glass of wine, Camden stood up and said with a smile, "No wonder you have hidden them. Mrs.

Nelson is so pretty. If I were you, I would hide her as well.”

“Congratulations!” Kenneth also raised his glass. Matthew clinked with them.

“Let’s have dinner alone some other day.” Kenneth knew that Matthew needed to socialize with a lot of people today, so he didn’t hold up him for so long.

Matthew said, “Of course. I’ll arrange it.”

Some guests came over to send their blessings. They were all from the upper class, so the new couple had to talk to them.

“Mrs. Nelson, are you interested to join our community?” asked Mrs. Wilson. The community was held for the wives from the rich families to gather, such as playing Mahjong, gossiping, making friends, and enlarging the network. With good connections, their husbands’ businesses would become better.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

Since their husbands tried their best to make money and maintain their happy life, the wives should try hard to help their husbands in businesses.

Dolores politely refused, “I’m sorry but I need to take care of my children. I might not have much time.”

Although Mrs. Wilson didn’t tell her what they were doing in the community, Dolores knew what their gatherings would be like.

Obviously, right now, Matthew didn't need her to do anything for his business. If she joined the community, it might bring him trouble. Besides, she wasn't interested at all.

Mrs. Wilson wanted to convince her a lot. After all, Dolores married Matthew. If they became good friends, she was sure that her husband would get more cooperation.

"You should have a nanny at home, don't you? You don't need to do anything. You are taken care of so well, I don't think Mr. Nelson has the heart to ask you to do anything."

Dolores was mentally strong, but she was slim after being pregnant. Her skin was fair. She looked pretty young. So her image was a fragile woman. That was why Mrs. Wilson remarked that Dolores was taken care of well.

Matthew wanted to help her refuse, but Dolores held his hand. She believed that she could deal with such a matter. Looking at Mrs. Wilson, she said, "I'm quite traditional. I believe my responsibility is staying at home accompanying my husband and educating my children so that my husband will be worry-free. In this case, he can fully concentrate on his career. Don't you think so?"

Dolores obviously turned her down, but Mrs. Wilson still wanted to speak. Her husband stopped her. Mr. Wilson said, "My wife is a troublemaker. Please don't mind it, Mr. Nelson."

Matthew didn't answer. He knew what the couple was thinking. Fortunately, Dolores was smart. She directly refused them.

Mrs. Wilson wasn't convinced at all. She thought that Dolores's excuse was so lame - they were in the modern era now. 'Staying home, accompanying my husband and educating my children? So ridiculous!' she thought to herself.

"I'm still young. Please forgive me if I've offended you," said Dolores. She could tell that Mrs. Wilson looked quite annoyed because of her refusal, but she pretended that she hadn't seen it.

“Of course. Of course,” Mr. Wilson answered Dolores on his wife’s behalf.

After exchanging a few words, Dolores took Matthew’s arm and walked away. She whispered to ask him, “Where is Armand?”

She wanted to let Theresa see Armand, but the latter didn’t sit together with Boyce and Abbott at the same table.

“I don’t know either. He must be hiding in a corner,” said Matthew. There were too many guests in the hall now. It was difficult to find Armand in the crowd.

“Call him. It’s our happiest day today. I’ll be so unhappy if he doesn’t show up.”

Matthew looked back and glanced at Theresa. He could tell what Dolores planned to do.

She was thinking about others at her own wedding. What a worried woman!

Matthew clung to Dolores’s ear and told her a plan with the volume that only she could hear.

After listening to him, Dolores agreed. Through meeting each other, they couldn’t untie the knots in their hearts. Only after Armand got to know Theresa’s health condition would the problem be resolved.

She looked back at Theresa, “Theresa, you must be hungry. Please go ahead to eat. You can wait for me in the lounge after the meal. I want to have a private conversation with you.”

Theresa nodded, “Okay.”

Then she walked to the table where Boyce was sitting at.

In the end, the new couple went to the table where the Harris family and Jayden were sitting at. Oscar and Jessica were also there. The table was full of elders, who were involved in the love and grudges in the past.

After everything was clear, the knots in their hearts had been untied. They also decided to forget about the grudges before. For the happiness of the later generations, they shook hands and reconciled with each other.

Seeing Dolores, Jeffery was too excited to speak. He had a lot of words to tell her, but after meeting her in person, he didn't know how to start.

Finally, he seriously made an apology for what he had done, "I'm sorry."

"It's alright. Let the bygones be bygones. Let's not mention them any longer. From now on, we're family." When she spoke, Dolores didn't cry again although her throat dried out.

"Excuse me, Dolores."

Noah walked to her with a girl. All people at the scene knew her. \_\_\_

Chapter 656: Decided to Help Armand

Dolores was too surprised to return to her senses for a while.

Noah introduced the girl to Dolores, "This is my girlfriend."

Chloe felt a bit embarrassed. After all, they had experienced that embarrassment before. Now they met again, and she had become Noah's girlfriend.

"Congratulations on your wedding!" She forced a smile stiffly. She felt quite awkward about the relationship.

She was quite similar to Noah - when her family declined, she left home and struggle. Without obeying her father Eddie's plan, she determinedly joined the military with Noah.

They had grown up together and been quite close to each other. They were too close to think about falling in love in the past.

After getting along with each other in the military base, they had a crush on each other.

Noah said jokingly, "I made her my girlfriend to avoid her making trouble."

Chloe poked him with her elbow, complaining that he was exposing her shortage.

Since it was the past, Dolores wasn't petty. She didn't want to be angry with the bygones. With a smile, she said, "I'm so glad you guys came."

Chloe bit her bottom lip, "Thank you."

She knew she was wrong in the past, feeling quite sorry for Dolores and Matthew. Dolores accepted that she became Norah's girlfriend and didn't kick her out of her wedding. Chloe could tell that Dolores was a generous woman.

Thinking of what she had done in the past, Chloe felt quite ashamed.

Jessica stood up and pulled a chair for Dolores, "Dolores, sit down and eat something."

She knew that Dolores was too busy to grab something to eat today.

As she spoke, she looked over at Matthew, "You, too. Sit down and eat with Lola."

Matthew wrapped Dolores's waist and sat down. There were only their family members at this table, who had already been reconciled and been getting along well. Noah and Chloe sat down next to Jeffery.

Jeffery wanted to speak to Dolores, but he didn't know how to start. He tried to start a subject several times but finally, he stopped. While he was hesitating, Oscar said, "Matthew, let's have a toast."

Matthew poured the liquor and they gulped down together. Oscar asked, "Are you drunk yet?"

He had been toasting with different guests on the way to the table. Oscar had seen him keep drinking.

Since he didn't drink red wine together with the liquor, Matthew could handle it, "Do you want to have more shots?"



Matthew poured another glass of liquor for him.

Oscar said with a smile, "Of course. This is the wedding toast for Lola and you. How could one-shot be enough?"

After the second shot, Jeffery finally uttered a word, "Well... Lola."

He always wanted to find a chance to talk to Dolores. She almost finished eating, so he must start the subject now. Otherwise, it would be too late.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

15 Celebrities With Terrible Personal Hygiene

9 Times Meghan Markle Dressed Just Like Princess Diana

Dolores didn't feel anything odd when being with Noah. However, she didn't know how to get along with Jeffery. She pressed her lips tightly.

Jeffery knew that she hadn't been used to him yet, so he didn't ask her to call him Uncle immediately.

"I have a gift for you."

He pulled a gift box from Marina's bag, handing it over to Dolores.

It was wrapped in a gift box, so Dolores didn't know what was in there. After a hesitation, she took it over, "Thanks."

“We’re family, aren’t we? You are welcome.” Jeffery smiled with reddened eyes. The older he got, the more he longed for family affection. He hoped his family could reunite one day.

Dolores put the box on her lap, wondering what she could talk about with him.

“I’m so happy to witness Matthew and you get married. You two must be happy. Matthew could forgive me for your sake. I can tell he cares about you a lot. You should treat him well.”

Dolores lowered her head and answered, “Yes, I know.”

She didn’t want to show her reddened eyes to others.

After the banquet was over, Jayden helped them to walk the guests out. Marina took a chance to say to Dolores, “Come to our house when you are free.”

She knew her husband well. Although Jeffery didn’t ask Dolores to visit him, he yearned for it a lot.

Dolores agreed and said OK.

When she could be calm when facing them, she would.

Jessica was sent back home by one of Boyce’s subordinates. Before leaving, she said to Dolores, “I can leave the hospital before you give birth. I can take care of you during the confinement.”

Dolores hugged her and asked her to take care of herself.

Jessica nodded.

After seeing off their close friends and family members, Matthew asked Dolores if she was exhausted. She nodded.

“I’ll take care of Armand’s matter next time then.”

Dolores had forgotten about Armand. In a hurry, she shook her head, “Let’s get it done today.”

She was afraid that Matthew would refuse, she added, “I’m all right. I’m tired because my belly is getting bigger and bigger. I’ll always worry if Theresa’s matter couldn’t be resolved. I’ve promised her not to tell Armand about it, but if Armand overheard it by himself, I wouldn’t break the promise.”

She felt sorry for Armand. Besides, she could tell that Theresa still loved Armand although she behaved cruelly.

Matthew made an excuse to ask Theresa to send Dolores back to the lounge.

According to their plan, after they went to the lounge, Dolores would talk to Theresa. Then, Matthew would take Armand to the door of the lounge, so that he could overhear the women’s conversation.

Chapter 657: Dolores Received a Gift before the Wedding

Theresa was a bit absent-minded. She felt a bit worried because Armand hadn’t shown up.

Dolores sat on the sofa, while Theresa kept silent, looking quite spiritless.

“You must be tired today.” Dolores poured a glass of water for her.

Theresa picked it up and took a sip. She answered, “Not really. I haven’t seen Armand. Has anything happened to him?”

She couldn’t hold back her worry but ask about his whereabouts.

Dolores looked at her. Obviously, Theresa still cared about Armand.

She poured a glass of water for herself and asked, “Why are you asking about him? Do you care about him?”

“No, I don’t,” Theresa denied immediately. She explained, “It’s your wedding today, but he hasn’t shown up at all. Is it normal?”

Dolores didn’t answer her immediately. She took a few sips of the water and said, “He’s been there all the time, but he didn’t show up in front of us.”

“Why not?” Theresa asked.

Dolores put down the water, looking at her in silence. Obviously, Theresa asked because she truly cared. It was her subconscious reaction, which couldn’t lie.

Soon, Theresa realized that she had reacted too obvious. She tried to explain but didn't know how to achieve it. For a moment, she was in a panic.

Dolores glanced at the door and checked the time. She guessed that Matthew should have taken Armand to the lounge now.

She started to talk seriously, "Theresa, you do care about Armand."

"No, I don't," Theresa said less confidently. Her voice was lower.

In the beginning, she tried to hold back her question because she was afraid that her thoughts would be exposed. However, Dolores still found it.

Dolores didn't insist on asking her, giving her some time to relax.

In the room next door, Boyce asked Matthew to enter. He had found out the woman who sent the gift box, but he didn't tell Dolores about her identity because it was a member from the Bailey family. To avoid worrying Dolores, he lied to her. After the wedding, he decided to tell Matthew.

Seeing Armand standing at the door of the lounge, Boyce asked, "Armand has been hiding in the wedding all the time. Why is he standing at the door of the lounge but not going in?"

Matthew sat on the sofa, looked up, and loosened his collar, "I did it intentionally."

He lied to Armand that he wanted to talk to Armand, taking him to the lounge. At the door, they overheard the conversation between Dolores and Theresa.

Hearing that Theresa was in the lounge, Armand turned away and was about to go into another room. Matthew didn't tell him about his plan but pulled him to stop.

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Before Armand asked why in confusion, he overheard that Dolores remarked, "Theresa, you do care about Armand."

For some reason, he wanted to know the answer extremely eagerly, wondering if Theresa still cared about him.

Even if she didn't love him, it would be fine. As long as she still cared about him, it meant that he could still occupy her heart.

Probably in this way, he wouldn't think that his love was way too worthless.

When Boyce came to them, Armand was concentrating on eavesdropping on Theresa's answer.

"Why?" Boyce was confused. Why did Matthew intentionally let Armand stand at the door and eavesdropping the conversation inside?

As a smart man, Boyce realized that Theresa must be in there, "Dolores and you are truly considerate friends. Your wedding has just ended. I can tell how exhausted you guys are, but you still think about helping Armand."

Matthew didn't want to keep discussing this matter. He asked, "What do you want to tell me?"

Boyce instantly became serious, “Before the wedding, Dolores received a gift box.”

Matthew wasn’t drunk, but he had drunk a lot. Dolores had friends, so it was normal for her to receive a gift. He didn’t care much.

“It was from the sixth daughter of the Bailey family, Emma Bailey.” As he spoke, Boyce pulled his phone and showed the surveillance video to Matthew.

“This woman asked a waitress to pass the gift to Dolores. Although it was a hazard, I don’t think she did it out of kindness.”

Matthew squinted. He had been paying attention to the Bailey family. Although there were a lot of members in the family, they were not united. Moreover, more people tended to add insult to injury rather than offer others timely help.

Besides, Declan had been quite arrogant, so he had offended a lot of people. This time, his father and he would be fraught with grim possibilities.

Matthew also sent his men to keep an eye on Declan’s older sisters, who were all married. So far, none of them had taken any action. He also got some information about Emma. Since he had decided to do something to the Bailey family, Matthew had done a detailed investigation on their family and network structures.

However, he hadn’t expected that someone would make a move.

“What did she send?” asked Matthew.

“It wasn’t anything dangerous. I didn’t see it clearly. What do you plan to do?” asked Boyce.

“Have you told her that woman is from the Bailey family?” Matthew was afraid that Dolores would worry after knowing it. He didn’t want her to worry about those trifles.

“Nope. I told her I couldn’t find it out, and Dolores didn’t ask me for details,” said Boyce.

“Keep an eye on her.” Right now, Matthew couldn’t deal with this matter. They had just finished the wedding, so he wanted to accompany Dolores for a few more days. Two days later, Dolores would have the prenatal examination, and he needed to go with her.

#### Chapter 658: To Prove My Love

Boyce said, “All right. I’ll send my men to watch her.”

“Call me if there’s anything.” Matthew took a sip of water, taking a rest while leaning against the back of the sofa.

Boyce was sitting next to him sensibly. He didn’t speak to disturb Matthew.

In the room next door, Theresa had been thinking for a long moment before answering Dolores. She stood up, walked to the window, and peered out.



"I don't care about him. It's just... I hid the reason why I broke up with him, and I feel sorry for him."

She didn't tell him the truth but hid something that she didn't want to face.

"I don't want him to break down because of my matter." She had done it for his good.

And also, it was for her own good.

Her health problem was like a cell phone, which couldn't be made for calls. Its existence was strange and unacceptable by others.

"Do you know why Armand hadn't shown up?" Dolores knew that she felt self-contemptuous. She couldn't face the fact. However, being unable to give birth wasn't a dead end. What if Armand wouldn't care?

Why couldn't Theresa give him and herself a chance?

They could face it together, couldn't they?

"He had a fight with someone in a bar, and his faces were full of wounds and bruises. Hence, he didn't show up at our wedding."

Her words were reechoing in Theresa's mind.

“Has he been hurt seriously?” Theresa turned around to look at her.

Dolores looked at her, “You’ve broken up with him, haven’t you? Why do you still care if he has been hurt seriously?”

She intentionally wanted to tear Theresa’s disguise off. Theresa cared about Armand truly, but she was too stubborn to admit it.

“I’ll call him over. You can ask him yourself.” Dolores stood up, walking to the door. Theresa hurriedly to pull her, “No, please don’t. I don’t want to see him.”

“Why don’t you want to see me?” Suddenly, the door was pushed open. Armand was standing at the door. He took off the sunglasses, exposing the bruises at the corner of his eyes. He gazed at Theresa, “What kind of excuse you’ve hidden from me?”

Dolores looked at Armand and grabbed Theresa’s shoulder, “You’d better tell him. If you truly want to break up with him, you should let him know the reason. He has the right to know it.”

After finishing her words, Dolores walked out of the door, leaving the private space to them.

Theresa bent down her head. She wanted to leave the lounge as well. When she reached the door, Armand grabbed her wrist and pulled her back into the lounge. He also closed the door.

“You must tell me what you’ve hidden from me. Otherwise, I won’t let you go.” Armand was quite aggressive.

Theresa held herself with both arms, lacking security.

She even dared not to look into Armand's eyes, "I've hidden nothing from you."

"For real?" Armand obviously didn't buy it.

"Anything to do with Oscar?" Armand grabbed her shoulders, forcing her to look at him.

Theresa hurriedly shook her head, "No. It has nothing to do with him."

She just asked Oscar to help her. She didn't want Armand to misunderstand her again and bring trouble for him.

"If it has nothing to do with him, then with whom?"

"Please stop asking. We've broken up. Please don't disturb me," Theresa growled, trying hard to struggle free from his grip.

Armand clenched his fists, staring at her for a few seconds, "Okay. If you're not willing to tell me, I'll go ask Dolores. I believe she must know it."

After that, he turned away and was about to go.

"Stop, Armand!" Theresa stopped him.

"Don't make trouble out of nothing."

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It was Dolores's happiest day. If he went to bother Dolores because of their matters, Theresa would feel quite sorry.

She didn't want to trouble others.

"If I couldn't get to know it, I wouldn't give up today."

Armand knew that Theresa didn't want him to bother Dolores. Hence, he became more aggressive to force her.

Suddenly, Theresa chuckled, "Do you really want to know?"

Armand answered without any hesitation, "Yes."

"All right." Theresa sat on the sofa. She snorted coldly, "Dolores always suggested I tell you clearly. All right. I'll make it clear to you today."

Armand looked at her, starting to feel uneasy and nervous. A bad hunch surged in his mind.

He pretended to be calm to look at Theresa.

Theresa slowly looked up at him, "... In the future, I would never be able to have a baby all my life. That's what I've been hiding from you. Are you happy now?"

Armand thought that he had misheard something, "What... What do you mean?"

The next second, Theresa lost control. She laughed out while looking up at the ceiling, tears dropping, "What do I mean? I mean I could never be a mother in my life. I'm not a completed woman. Now you know it. Are you happy? Eh? Are you satisfied now?"

Armand looked as if he was struck by the lightning. He couldn't believe it at all, "You're lying to me. You're lying to me intentionally. We had a baby before. How couldn't you be a mother anymore?"

"Yes, I used to be pregnant," Theresa suddenly interrupted him. She stood up, staggered to Armand, held his hand, and put it on her belly, "For survival, I chose to remove my uterus. Hence, I can't give birth anymore. I don't have this functional part in my body. Do you know it?"

Armand shook his head, moving backward step by step, "You're lying to me. You are lying. How could it be possible..."

"Because I would have died if it wasn't removed. Hence, for living on, I chose to remove it. That's it."

She wiped her face, "Now you've known about it. Do you still want to be my boyfriend?"

Armand was shocked. He only heard a buzz right now. He even didn't know where to put his hands. Grabbing his hair at a loss, he didn't want to believe any single word that Theresa had said.

It wasn't only cruel to Theresa but also to him as well.

Suddenly, he raised his head and looked at her, "It's fake. You made it up to lie to me, didn't you?"

Theresa walked to the sofa and sat down. Supporting her chin, with her back towards Armand, she shed tears. She had thought that it was quite hard for her to face such a situation. However, when she finally spoke it out, she didn't feel as upset as she had imagined. She gradually calmed down and said peacefully, "I'm not lying. It's the truth. Now you've known it. Just go."

How could Armand leave? He knelt to Theresa with one knee and grabbed her hand. Even she struggled, he didn't let go of it. Gripping the hand, he asked hoarsely, "Is this the reason why you insisted on breaking up with me?"

"Of course not," Theresa immediately denied. She said heartlessly, "Because I don't love you."

"I don't believe it!" Armand raised her hand and kissed it, "I don't care. I truly don't care. So what if we won't have any kids. It's enough that I'll have you. You should trust me. You shouldn't have hidden it from me."

Theresa sniffed. Tears blurred her vision, so she couldn't see him clearly, "You've known my health condition now. Why don't you just let me go?"

Armand shook his head, pressing his face into her face, "No matter what you are, I like you as deep as before. I've never changed my love to you."

Theresa bit her bottom lip, trying her best to hold back her tears, "You don't care about it. How about your grandmother?"

Armand stiffed. It was the most realistic problem.

"We can adopt kids and tell her that they are our biological children. Anyway, we will figure out ways."

"How about you? Don't you want your own child?"

Armand raised his head and looked into her eyes. To make her believe him, he didn't dodge from her gaze at all. He said, stressing each syllable, "It's enough for me if I have you."

"But, I don't believe it." Theresa was still timid. She didn't dare to face the fact that they would never have their own kids in the future.

"What should I do to prove it?" Armand looked around and saw a fruit knife on the table. He picked it up, "Do you need me to kill myself to prove my life to you?" \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 659: Aren't We Going Back to the Villa

"What are you doing?" Theresa snatched the knife from him. Armand raised his hands and dodged from her, "If there's one way to prove my love to you, I can show it with my life. I used to hurt you..."

"Stop it! Calm down!" Theresa snapped to interrupt him, "Put the knife down!"

Armand looked at her and refused, "No. I want to prove it to you."

"I don't need it!" Theresa was in a panic, afraid that he would hurt himself, "Put the knife down. I believe you."

"Really?" Armand faked as if he didn't believe, but inwardly he was overjoyed. He could tell that Theresa worried about him. If not, how could she be afraid that he would hurt himself?

"Theresa," Armand looked at her and said seriously, "I'm sorry."

Theresa turned away and couldn't help shedding tears. Armand put down the knife and held her. He whispered in her ear, "Please forgive me, Theresa. It was my bad."

The more he spoke, the more fierce that Theresa wept. She didn't know what happened. Probably she was crying for the harm she had experienced or her misfortune.

When Armand saw her crying, his eyes couldn't help but get reddened. Since this woman met him, she had suffered a lot and been in difficulties. Now, she had lost the right to be a mother.

God treated her so cruelly!

He tightened his hug on her, "Theresa, from now on, I won't make any mistakes again."

He wanted to prove his love to her through his practical actions.

He wouldn't hurt her anymore.

"Have you made up your mind?" Theresa was still uncertain, and nor could she have the confidence in Armand.

She believed that Armand still loved her, but if they would be together, they wouldn't have their own children for the rest of life.



In ancient times, it meant that Armand would have no descendants.

"I won't do the surrogacy either." Probably it was too early for her to make such a statement, but she needed to tell Armand about her rock bottom.

If he couldn't accept her, he should let go of her now.

"Neither will I. I won't let any other woman give birth to my child except for you." Armand kissed her on her cheek, "Please trust me."

Theresa closed her eyes, "You are my destiny," she muttered.

No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't get rid of him at all.

She had always thought that she was a strong woman. It wasn't until now did she realize that she wasn't that strong at all.

After Armand got to know the truth, his attitude finally erased the upset in her heart. She felt quite warm.

It turned out that it would be more relaxing for two persons to share the burden than bearing it by themselves. When she bluntly told him the truth, it wasn't as terrible as she had imagined, and nor was it so difficult to face.

It wasn't so difficult as she had imagined. On the contrary, after she told the truth, she felt relaxed and peaceful.

Armand sat on the sofa while holding her, "So, you want me to give up so you acted with Oscar?"

Theresa looked down in silence, which was the acquiescence.

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Forbes Named Her The Youngest Self-Made Billionaire

Armand heaved a sigh, "I almost thought it was the truth. If I hadn't heard your conversation with Dolores today, I might have missed you. From now on, no matter what happens, please don't hide it from me, OK? Please try to trust me."

Theresa was still silent. Her throat dried out. She was afraid that she would only utter a broken voice if she spoke.

Armand stroked her back, "If you don't answer me, I'll take it as an acquiescence."

"Why did you fight with others?"

Theresa looked at the wounds on his face. She reached out and wanted to touch him but was afraid that it would hurt.

Armand pulled her hand and pressed it on his face, "Because you didn't want me anymore, I didn't want to live on. Then I purposely got into a fight with someone."

Theresa was speechless.

In the room next door, Dolores supported her cheeks, half-lying on the sofa, "I wonder how it is going with them now."

Matthew grabbed her hand and pulled her up from the sofa, "Let's go. I'll send you back to the hotel. You've done what you could do for them. Just leave the rest for them to resolve by themselves. Please don't worry about them any longer."

Dolores stood up with his help and asked, "Aren't we going back to the villa?"

"Nope. There are too many people, too noisy. You won't sleep well. Let's stay out for a few days." Dolores glanced at him and complained, "I'll be quite bored when staying in the hotel alone."

"I'll be with you," Matthew whispered in her ear.

Dolores immediately dodged, "Don't you need to work? You have a huge burden now. You need to raise a big family."

Matthew laughed, "I can afford you guys."

They reserved a presidential suite on the top floor. Without Armand, Boyce wouldn't shamelessly come to rough horseplay in their room at night. Matthew believed that he could be with Dolores after going back to the suite. However, when they reached the door, they found that Tiana was standing at the door. Seeing her, Matthew couldn't help but think about Charles. The smile on his face faded away.

"Hi, Tiana." Dolores liked this girl very much as she was simple and kind.

Tiana trotted over and passed her a gift box in her arms, "Hi, Dolores. This is a wedding gift for you."

Dolores reached out to take it over. She wondered what was in the box as it was a big heavy. With a smile, she said, "Thank you."

"You are welcome. Congratulations on your wedding! I must go now. Charles is waiting for me downstairs." After that, Tiana trotted out.

Matthew took a glance at the gift box in Dolores's arms, feeling quite upset. Charles was like a thorn stabbed into his heart.

Whenever Charles appeared, Matthew would recall that he had an evil intention. Even for the gift that was sent by Tiana, Matthew would wonder if that was arranged by Charles.

After they entered the suite, Dolores found that the table in the living room was covered by gifts.

Matthew loosened his necktie and said, "I asked them to put the gifts over there."

There were too many gifts, so he asked the waiters and waitresses to put them here for the time being. When Dolores would be free, she could take a look - she could keep those she liked and leave others alone.

Dolores nodded, sitting on the sofa. She started to open the gift box in her arms. Matthew wanted to go take a shower earlier. Seeing that, he stood motionlessly, wondering what was in the gift box sent by Tiana.

He believed that he could find out if it was Tiana or Charles who had sent her the box upon the gift inside. \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 660: A Husband's Rights

Dolores opened the box, in which there was a round glass aquarium, in which there was an oxygenated plastic bag and two colorful fishes. They couldn't be found in the market, quite rare.

It also happened last time in Charles's house. Although they were different fishes, it still reminded her about what had happened in White City.

Matthew unbuttoned his shirt and went to the bathroom. He seemed to have made a mistake. Only Tiana, the weird girl, would send the fish to others as the wedding gift.

However, he didn't know that they were from Charles instead of Tiana.

Charles was just like Armand. During the wedding, he was sitting in the corner, secretly blessing them.

Dolores turned to look at the man who had walked into the bathroom, slowly breathing a sigh of relief.

Matthew was quite petty. She was afraid that he would be unhappy. It seemed that he didn't think this gift was from Charles. Otherwise, he would be jealous again.

Dolores opened the bag and put the fish into the glass aquarium.

When she tossed the bag and box into the garbage, a card dropped out from the box. She picked it up and opened it. There was Charles's handwriting on it: "We can't meet often but it doesn't mean we are not close any longer. We are far apart but it doesn't mean we don't miss each other. Our sincere friendship can break through time and space. My best wishes to you. I wish you happy forever."

Dolores looked down, her eyelashes trembling. She curled up her lips into a smile. Although there were not many words, he expressed his feelings by the front part and blessed her in the end. It meant that he was trying to let go of her.

She truly wished that he could fall in love with Tiana.

Closing the card, Dolores put it on the table. Since there were a pile of gifts, Matthew wouldn't notice the card. She also saw the gift from Jeffery. She reached out and picked it up. Opening the box, she found a photo album in there.

After a hesitation, she opened it. The first photo was a group photo of her family. She saw some people that she didn't know on it, who were her grandparents from her mother's side. They were sitting on chairs, and behind them stood Jeffery and Jolene. They looked pretty young at that time.

She continued to browse and found Jolene's photos, some of them were group photos with Jeffery. Those photos were not taken in the photo studio but were taken in daily life. Through the photos, Dolores could almost tell what was going on at that time.

Jolene and Jeffery were the only children in the Harris family. Their parents loved each other, so the children got along with each other very well, too. In the photos, Dolores could tell that Jeffery's eyes were full of care and love when occasionally looked at his younger sister.

Jeffery couldn't let go of Jolene's death for a long time. It should be because he loved his younger sister too much so that he had done too many awful things.

Dolores heaved a sigh in depression. Closing the album, she half-lay on the sofa. Fortunately, things were going in a good way.

The water was still running in the bathroom. She felt quite exhausted. She hadn't taken a nap for a whole day. As soon as she lay down, she didn't want to get up at all. She wanted to nap shortly, but she fell asleep on the sofa pretty soon.

When Matthew walked out of the bathroom after a shower, he found that Dolores had fallen asleep on the sofa. He walked over and wanted to carry her to the bedroom. Then he saw the album in her hands. He picked it up and took a glance. He knew everyone in the photo album, who used to care and love him a lot in the past.

He had enjoyed everything that was supposed to belong to her. Without any emotional fluctuation, he indifferently closed the album. When he decided to forgive them, he had made up his mind not to be tangled with what had happened in the past. Right now, he just wanted a simple life.

His arms went through her waist and legs. He carried her in his arms.

Arriving at the bedroom, he gently put her on the bed. She was still wearing the dress, on the back of which was a zipper. He didn't think it would feel cozy for her to sleep in this way. Matthew turned her a bit, unzipped, and helped her to take off the dress. Although he had been moving gently, Dolores still woke up. Feeling uncomfortable, she twisted. She opened her eyes and saw Matthew pulling her dress. Her mind went blank for a moment. Soon, she came back to her senses, pushing him away, "I'm so exhausted today."

Matthew continued and said, "Yes, I know."

Dolores bit her bottom lip and stammered, "Since you know it, why..."

Matthew paused his movement, slowly looking at her, "What are you thinking about?"

Judging from her expression, he knew that she had thought he was doing something else.

Matthew rubbed his forehead and laughed, "It's our wedding night now. I should do something, but you are so exhausted. How would I have the heart to do something else?"

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جرمن نول جو سائيز باکرنا

Body-Positive Models To Follow: These Girls Rock

Dolores smiled, playing at being cute to him, "Well, please help me put on my nightgown."

Matthew asked, "This one?"

There was a delicate box on the nightstand, which was a wedding gift from Theresa - a seductive nightgown with black laces.

Dolores took a glance and shook her head determinedly, "No way."

"Then, do you plan to be naked?"

Dolores chocked up.

"I just don't want to wear this nightgown but I didn't mean to be naked when sleeping." She glared at him.

Matthew pinched her cheek, "Don't you want to wash face either?"



She hadn't removed her makeup yet. It wouldn't be cozy for her to sleep in this way.

Dolores lying on the bed lazily, "I don't want to move at all."

She was worn out today and didn't want to do anything.

"I'll help you. Or you won't feel comfortable." Matthew helped her take off the dress, tossed it onto the bench at the end of the bed, and pulled the quilt over to cover her, "I'll get some hot water. You should sleep after a foot massage. It'll make you less tired."

Dolores hummed. The red quilt was with delicate patterns, smooth and soft. She tucked herself in, only exposing her head. She watched Matthew get hot water in the bathroom.

Soon, he came out and lifted the quilt. Dolores slightly huddled up. She only wore lingerie now but she still couldn't be used to exposing her body.

"Don't look at me. Don't laugh."

Matthew was speechless.

"Well, your requirements are too much. I can't do it. We're an official couple. You belong to me. I can look at you as long as I like. This is a husband's rights."

Dolores choked up.

While teasing her, Matthew carried her into the bathroom. The bathtub was full of warm water with pink rose petals on the water. Looking at Matthew, Dolores wondered since when her husband had become so romantic.

Matthew helped her take off the lingerie, "Why are you looking at me like this?"

"Did you put the petals on the water?" asked she.

Matthew pointed at all the bottles and jars in the cabinet on the wall, in which there were all kinds of shampoos, gels, and skin-care products. There was a glass jar with fresh petals.

"This hotel is quite considerate." While she made the comment, she felt the coolness on her body. She couldn't help but held her arms to cover her bosom, hiding the seductive scene.

"You can go out now. I can take off the rest by myself." She dodged from his gaze.

Matthew said in an extremely low voice, "I can help you bathe."

"No, thanks," Dolores refused. \_\_\_\_

Chapter 666: Control the Time Next Time

Matthew was leaning against the wall, "You can do it yourself, but I won't go out."

Dolores glared at him, "You are trying to be a rascal now?"

Matthew chuckled, "Do I need to when being with you? No matter what I'm doing, it's right and proper. For example, it's legal for me to watch you bathe."

"Shameless!" Dolores didn't take off the last piece of her lingerie and soaked herself in the bathtub.

Matthew walked up to help her, "Slow down."

There was water in the bathroom, so he was afraid that she would slip.

The water temperature was just right - not too hot or too cold. It was quite cozy to soak in the bathtub. Matthew had planned ahead, so her clothes were sent to the hotel.

After taking a bath, removing her makeup, and washing her hair, Dolores put on her red two-piece nightgown - a slip dress and a robe. She half-lay on the bed, and Matthew helped her dry the hair. Before it was done, she had fallen asleep.

Matthew heaved a sigh. When she was bathing, he felt something was in the air and she looked spirited at that time. After all, they should do something on their wedding night. However, much to his surprise, she had fallen asleep.

He believed that this must be a weird wedding night. If others knew it, they would remark that he was incapable in the bedroom.

Looking at Dolores's peaceful sleeping face, he guessed probably just sleeping while holding her wasn't bad at all.

Matthew had stopped all his work, so he didn't need to get up early in the morning. He slept quite soundly as it was rare for him to take a rest.

When Dolores woke up the next morning, it was already past nine. The curtain blocked the sunlight, so it was dim in the room. She wasn't woken up by the dazzling light at all. She wanted to move a bit, only to find that the man who was holding her was still sleeping tight. Usually, when she woke up before, he had already got up. Mostly, she always slept in. However, today, she woke up before he did, which was pretty rare.

His eyes were tightly closed. He inhaled and exhaled deeply, his broad chest heaving up and down regularly. In his arms, Dolores felt quite safe. She reached out to stroke his face and eyes. Matthew was pretty handsome. He looked extremely attractive when sleeping peacefully. She raised her chin and kissed his lips. When she was about to leave, the back of her head was pressed. Then she heard the deep and hoarse voice as he had just woken up, "You want to run away after secretly kissing me, huh?"

"What do you want then?" Dolores pouted. They were so close, so her lips faintly pecked on him when she was speaking.

Matthew turned to support himself above her. Brushing away the hair on her forehead, he asked, "Are you still exhausted?"

Dolores slept very well last night, so she shook her head, "No..."

Before she finished her words, her lips were sealed by his. He lifted her nightgown...

To avoid pressing her belly, he supported his body completely above her. Using the strength of his lower abdomen, he got in her and the two became one.

His attack made her feel a bit of pain at the beginning, but Dolores was used to it pretty soon. Then she felt quite cozy. Frowning slightly, she faintly opened her lips and slightly gasped.

...

Matthew restrained himself whenever he made love to Dolores since she had been pregnant, and so did he this time. However, comparing with what he was before, he almost lost control this time.

When it ended, Dolores was worn out. Lying on the bed, she didn't want to move at all. She even couldn't feel her legs.

She didn't want to speak, either. All she could feel was wet and sticky. She didn't want to clean herself at all, lying there motionlessly.

Matthew took a shower and put on clean clothes. He looked quite spirited.

Holding a wet towel, he cleaned Dolores's body for her. She didn't move at all, only squinting.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

Jared Kushner & Ivanka Trump Dropped Off The Planet

"Take a nap if you are tired. I'm not going anywhere today," said Matthew while cleaning her up and tucking her into the quilt.

She didn't respond to him. Obviously, she had heard what he said. She slightly moved, found a cozy posture, and closed her eyes to nap.

When she woke up again, it was already two hours later. Matthew called the room service to deliver some food.

He served the dishes to her on the bed. Dolores rubbed her eyes, "I haven't brushed my teeth or washed my face yet."

"You can do that after eating." Dolores glared at him, "Would I sleep in so late if it weren't because of you?"

"Yeah, it's all my fault. I'll control the time next time. You should be starved now. Come on. Have something." Matthew sat on the edge of the bed while holding the tray.

Dolores didn't eat anything for breakfast, so she was indeed hungry now. Matthew passed the milk to her. She took a few sips and put the glass down. Then she picked up the spoon and started eating the shrimp porridge, fried eggs, and fruits.

"Let's go see a movie later, shall we?" Matthew watched her eat, reaching out and pulled a piece of tissue for her.

Dolores nodded in agreement.

Others knew that today was the first day after they had just got married, so neither of their phones rang.

After the meal, Dolores tidied herself up. The clothes that Matthew prepared for her were all new.

Dolores put on the new clothes and walked out with Matthew who wrapped her hand around her waist.

Matthew suggested seeing a movie, but his main purpose wasn't to see the movie. He wanted to enjoy the dimmed room in the cinema. Not so many people were watching movies during the daytime, so there were only a few audiences with a lot of empty seats. Matthew and Dolores were sitting in the corner of the last row. Matthew held her in his arms.

She nestled in his embrace.

During the movie, Matthew probably didn't know what he was watching. He only kept kissing Dolores.

Occasionally, when the volume of the movie got higher, he would deliberately make sounds when kissing her, which were covered by the sound from the movie. He had his kicks in doing it and kept kissing Dolores. Her lips turned red.

When the movie ended and they walked out of the room, Dolores lowered her head all the time, afraid to be seen by others.

When they went back to the hotel, their room had been cleaned. They didn't go out again. They also called the room service for dinner. For a whole day, they clung to each other.

In the evening, Dolores was dragged into the bathroom to have a bath with Matthew together. Of course, besides simply taking a bath, they also did things that should happen between a couple.

On the second day, Matthew went with her for the prenatal examination.

Last time in City C, Matthew secretly followed her while disguising as a doctor. This time, he didn't need to do that again because all had known that they were a couple. He could go with her aboveboard.

Since they had an appointment, as soon as they arrived, Dolores could go straight to the examination instead of waiting in line.

The baby was over six months old.

After the examination, Matthew went to get the result. Dolores was waiting for him while sitting on the bench in the corridor.

Right then, a woman came over and sat next to her. \_\_\_

Chapter 662: Unnecessary to Come to This World

“Are you here for the prenatal examination?” The woman took a glance at Dolores’s belly.

Dolores nodded politely.

“You are so lucky. You had such a grand wedding. I truly envy you,” said Emma with a smile.

Dolores looked at her and asked, “Have we met before?”

“Probably you don’t know me, but I know you,” said Emma, still smiling.

Dolores slightly creased her brows, recalling the woman in her mind, but she was sure that she had never seen her before.

“How did you get to know me then? May I know who you are?” In face of a stranger, Dolores was quite alert. She picked up her handbag, pulling out the cell phone.



Once anything happened, she could call for help right away.

Watching her, Emma thought to herself, 'This woman is quite highly alert.'

"Have you received the wedding gift from me? Did you wear it and show it to your husband?"

Dolores's expression changed dramatically. It turned out the lingerie was from this woman. She wondered who this woman was and what she wanted. How could Boyce fail to find anything about her?

"Who the heck are you?" Dolores clenched her fists tightly, feeling extremely uneasy.

Her intuition told her that this woman came to her intentionally and she had an evil purpose.

"You don't need to know who I am. I'm just an unlucky woman. You came here for the prenatal examination, but I..."

Emma pointed in the direction where the surgery room was, "I came here for the abortion."

After that, she stood up, "I meant it. I truly envy you. Your husband loves you and cares about your children, but I can't give birth to my baby."

"What on earth do you want to tell me? Why are you telling me those things?" Dolores asked in a cold tone.

“I don’t mean anything. I just want to tell someone about my depression. After all, a mistress’s child is unnecessary to come to this world. Besides, my baby’s father has a wife and children. How could my baby exist? Probably, that man came to me on his impulse... I believe he still loves his wife. Otherwise, how could he treat her so well?” she deliberately misled Dolores.

After finishing her words, she turned away.

Dolores frowned more deeply, wondering what the woman meant.

She implied something between her lines.

Dolores pulled out the phone and dialed Boyce’s number.

Right then, Boyce was answering a call. The men he sent to follow Emma had lost the target, so they were reporting it to Boyce now.

“What happened? How could you lose her?” Boyce snapped.

“She should have seen me. She went to the ladies but didn’t come out for a long time. When I went into the bathroom to search for her, she’s already gone. I couldn’t follow her all the way into the ladies. Hence... it’s my fault.”

“I got it. Try to find her and continue following her.” Boyce was worried. Emma obviously had an evil intention. She purposely sent a gift to Dolores at her wedding and could sensitively find that someone was following her and get rid of them. Obviously, she was quite scheming.

Right then, Boyce heard an alert tone on his phone, indicating that there was an incoming call. He said,

“Find her as soon as possible.”

After that, he hung up the phone and swiped to answer the incoming call, “Hello?”

“It’s me. ”Dolores grabbed her cell phone and looked around in the corridor, “I know who has sent me the box at the wedding.”

Boyce paused and asked, “How... how did you know it?”

“I’ve met her. It’s a woman. She said a lot of weird words to me. Could you please help me check her up?”

“I can help you. Please tell me where you’ve met her. Does Matthew know it? ”asked Boyce.

Now he could be sure completely that Emma deliberately approached Dolores. She should aim for doing something evil.

“He doesn’t know it. I haven’t told him yet. Don’t forget to inform me after you got the information.”

Boyce said OK.

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Right then, Matthew walked over with the result, “Who are you talking to on the phone?”

Dolores hung it up and said it was Boyce.

“What happened?” Matthew could tell that she looked a bit pale. Reaching out, he helped her stand up.

“I haven’t told you. On the wedding day, I received a gift, but I didn’t know how has sent it to me. I asked Boyce to help me look into the matter.” She raised her head, “Have you got the result yet?”

Matthew hummed gently. Then they went to the consultation room to show the result to the doctor.

The doctor told them everything was all right after reading through the results. The baby was well developed. He reminded them to keep Dolores happy and come for examination on time.

Matthew said OK.

Dolores was a bit absent-minded. She couldn’t help wondering what that woman meant.

When she sat in the car, she even forgot to fasten the seat belt. Matthew leaned over and helped her buckle the belt and asked, “What’s bothering you? You’ve been absent-minded all the time.”

Dolores looked at his face that was so close to her, calling him gently, “Matthew.”

“Yes?” He looked up at her.

“Would you fail to restrain yourself when facing the seduction?” He was in his thirties, which was the age when men were the most attractive. He was mature, steady, handsome, and rich. A lot of women would take initiative to seduce him.

Some of them could be outstanding.

She wondered if Matthew would be attracted.

Matthew started the engine. He looked extremely serious without a smile on his face. Obviously, her question came so sudden. They had got along well all the time, but suddenly she asked such a question with implications, "Do you not trust me or yourself?" he asked.

Right then, the cell phone vibrated in his pocket. He pulled it out and saw an unread message from Boyce. He tabbed it to read: "My men lost Emma Bailey when following her. She went to meet Dolores. Probably she said something to Dolores, and Dolores called me to investigate on her."

Matthew quickly entered his question: "What did Emma Bailey say to her?"

Then he pressed the send button.

"I don't know. Dolores told me she has said some weird words, but she didn't tell me the details. Last time she sent Dolores the lingerie. This time, I guess she had spoken something more excessive. Otherwise, Dolores wouldn't have called me for the investigation."

Matthew replied: "I got it."

He tossed the phone aside, started the engine, and drove.

Dolores looked at him, "Whose message?"

Matthew said, "The phone is over there. Check it up yourself."

Dolores didn't pick it up to read. Pressing her lips, she kept silent. Matthew didn't speak to her either when driving. Soon the car was parked in the hotel. They got off and went back to the room.

After entering the room, Matthew tossed the car key and his cell phone on the table. Loosening his collar, he pulled Dolores to sit on the sofa.

"On the wedding day, the woman who has sent you the gift is named Emma Bailey. She's the sixth older sister of Declan Bailey. Now, Declan Bailey and Roger Bailey are under investigation, so probably the Bailey family has known that it was pushed by me. That's why she wanted to approach you. Her purpose was obvious. Either she wanted to cast a bone between us or try to set you up. After all, you are my wife. What has she said to you? Are you suspecting me now?"

Dolores widened her eyes, "Is she from the Bailey family?"

Matthew hummed gently, "Yes. Tell me. What has she said to you?"

Dolores felt quite ashamed for being oversensitive. Lowering her head, she said, "She implied to me that you might have an affair with her."

"So you believed her, didn't you?" Matthew raised his brows.

"Nope." She looked up, "I didn't. I was afraid of losing you."

She took the initiative to hug him, pressing her face on his chest. Her fingers fiddled with the buttons on his shirt. She said in a grievance, "You are such an outstanding man. There are so many women outside. I'm a mother of three kids already. I'm afraid that you would dump me one day. My children would have no father then. How pitiful!"

Matthew burst into laughter in anger. Pinching her chin, he raised her head. \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 666: Let Me Think It Over

Dolores patted him on his hand, "It hurts!"

Matthew laughed in fury, "Are you playing a sympathy-getting ploy?"

Dolores realized that she was wrong. She should not have suspected him, even just a little. Right now, they were a couple. The most important between a couple was trust.

Earlier, she didn't fall into the trap after seeing those photos. But this time, it was different. Emma was quite smart. She didn't expose things completely but hinted at her to overthink.

Dolores realized that she had been careless, almost falling into the trap.

It was her fault, so she admitted it.

She took the initiative and sat on Matthew's lap. Wrapping around his neck with her arms, she played at being cute to him, "Does my sympathy-getting ploy work for you?"

Matthew looked down. Even if he got upset because of being suspected, looking at her pitiful face, he didn't have the heart to blame her, "Your sympathy-getting ploy might not work for me. I'm quite cold-hearted and I don't know how to treasure beauty. You can play the honey-trap for me."

Dolores smiled, "Do you think I'm beautiful?"

Matthew carried her in his arms and walked to the room, "If not, why would I want to make love to you every day?"

Dolores struggles and pushed him, "It's still daytime. Why are you carrying me into the bedroom?"

"To prove how charming you are." Matthew kicked the door close.

Dolores was unwilling, "No way. I don't want it!"

Matthew's voice rang out behind the door, "What don't you want?"

"What do you want?" asked Dolores.

"I've fallen into your honey-trap, so I'm lured by your beauty. What else can I do?"

"I'm so tired," Dolores refused, making an excuse, "Doing it too much is bad for the baby."

In the name of "just getting married", Matthew kept making love to her. Although the baby had been bigger and stable, Dolores didn't believe it would be so strong to bear it.



“Okay. I’ll only hold you without doing anything then.” Matthew held her in his arms. Her worry for the baby worked more than anything else. He behaved himself immediately.

Matthew kissed her lips, “After giving birth to this baby, we shall have no more.”

Dolores asked, “Is it because you want to satisfy your desire or you care about me?”

“I feel sorry for you.” Matthew held her tightly. When he went to get the examination result, he passed by the delivery room and heard the women who were giving birth howling and crying. It must hurt a lot. Otherwise, how could an adult let out such a loud voice?

“Did you cry when giving birth to Amy and Andy?”

Dolores nestled in his arms and whispered, “Yes, I shed tears, but I didn’t let out any scream. Next to me, a woman kept cursing her husband. It was quite hilarious.”

“If it hurts too much when you give birth, you should curse me as well,” said Matthew dotingly.

Dolores laughed, “It’ll be so disgracing. I won’t do it.”

She changed the subject, “Shall we go home tomorrow?”

The elders were staying at home now. Matthew and she couldn’t stay out all the time.

Matthew hummed, “Yeah. Recently, it’s quite dangerous outside. Before the matter of Roger Bailey and Declan Bailey is done, you’d better stay home if I’m not with you. I’m afraid that they would do something desperate.”

Although he also kept an eye on the Bailey family, just in case, he couldn't feel easy until everything had been settled.

Dolores agreed. She understood what Matthew meant. The woman named Emma was obviously doing something desperate. She even came over and cast a bone between Matthew and her.

Dolores once again complained about herself for being so silly as she almost fell into the trap.

The next day, Matthew went to work. Dolores went back to the villa. Arriving home, she immediately went to find Theresa.

She asked Theresa how it went between Armand and her.

Theresa looked down, "We've decided to start it over again. I should have listened to you back then and told him the truth. It turns out that it's not so difficult to face it after telling him the truth."

Dolores patted her on the shoulder, "That's good for you."

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"Uncle and I plan to go back to City C tomorrow," said Theresa.

"What about Armand?" asked Dolores. She wondered why they separated right after being reconciled.

"I've told him about it. He knows I'm going back to City C." Although they decided to restart, last time they fell in love too fast, so this time they also decided to take time to get along with each other. After they've made up their mind, Armand would take her to meet his grandmother.

"Did he agree with you?" asked Dolores.

"Yes, he did." Theresa pressed her lips. Now, Armand was quite obedient to her. He agreed with her on everything she said.

"I'm so happy for you guys. If you had told him earlier, you didn't need to be so suffered."

Theresa lowered her head in silence. It was because she didn't want to face the fact, all people were worried about her.

In the evening, Armand came to the villa. He bought a lot of toys for the kids. On one hand, he wanted to announce to everyone that Theresa and he had decided to start it over again. On the other hand, he wanted to thank others for taking care of him in the past.

"Didn't you inform Boyce?" Dolores asked while looking at Armand. All but Boyce were gathering in the villa.

Armand answered, "I called him, but he wasn't available. It seemed that Officer Miller invited him for dinner in his house. Officer Miller has been taking good care of him and likes him a lot."

Indeed, Office Miller liked Boyce a lot. Otherwise, he wouldn't think of letting his daughter marry Boyce.

He invited Boyce to his house in the name of talking business, but in fact, he purposely wanted his daughter to get along with Boyce.

This time, Officer Miller also directly told Boyce about his idea.

During dinner, he suddenly asked, "Boyce, I always like you. I guess you know it, don't you?"

Boyce said, "Yes, Officer Miller. You've been taking care of me."

Officer Miller gulped down the liquor. He felt too embarrassed to mention it if he didn't drink first. If it weren't that his wife and daughter kept bothering him about it, he wouldn't ask Boyce to date his daughter directly, but after all, it was about his own daughter, "I wonder if you could tell, in fact, Wendy has a crush on you."

Boyce was taken aback for a moment. After a long while, he finally realized what Office Miller meant.

"I... I..."

"Don't be nervous." Office Miller thought for a moment and continued, "I don't think you are an outsider. Let me get straight to the point. I don't like beating around the bush. You know Wendy's status well. She has divorced. I know she doesn't deserve you..."

"Not at all. I'm not a good man either. Divorcing isn't a shortage," Boyce immediately said, "It was because that man failed to restrain himself when facing the seduction. It was not Wendy's fault."

Officer Miller heaved a sigh, "I'm so glad that you said so."

Boyce didn't answer. He almost knew what Officer Miller wanted to tell him now. For a moment, his mind was messy. He didn't know what to do.

"Boyce, you are not young either. Would you... like to think about it?" Officer Miller blushed. As Boyce's boss, he asked Boyce to date his daughter who divorced. He felt quite shameful.

"If you are not willing, you can ignore my words," Officer Miller added.

It happened quite suddenly. It was so sudden that Boyce didn't know how to refuse.

Officer Miller had been taking good care of him always. Wendy was not bad. However, since that time it didn't work, he had never thought about getting married again.

"Come on. Let's drink. Just take it as if I didn't mention anything." Officer Miller poured a glass of liquor for Boyce.

Boyce was silent.

Officer Miller picked up the glass and clinked his, "Let's bottom it up."

Boyce picked up the glass. After thinking for a moment, he said, "It happened too suddenly. I don't know how to answer yet for a moment."

"Don't be nervous. After all, Wendy doesn't deserve you." Officer Miller didn't say those words purposely to Boyce, because he believed that the divorced woman had lower social status than others. He had some ancient thoughts. Even Wendy was his daughter, he also thought so.

Boyce was single, never married. He had integrity. Officer Miller liked him a lot.

If Wendy weren't his daughter, he wouldn't let Boyce date any divorced woman.

Boyce was in a dilemma. He said, "Please stop saying that. It's too sudden. Please allow me to think it over."

## Chapter 666: Can You Please Accept Me

“Okay. Sure. Please think it over.” Officer Miller heaved a sigh, “I feel so disgraced in front of you.”

Then he changed the subject, “I’m willing to do it for my child. The parents always do things for their children all their lives. All because of the parents’ love!”

Boyce filled Officer Miller’s glass with the liquor, “Yes, I understand.”

He knew Officer Miller very well. Even if he didn’t agree in the end, Officer Miller wouldn’t hate him. Officer Miller treasured his dignity a lot. Right now, he asked Boyce to date his daughter, and Boyce could tell how hard it was for him.

“Please don’t be stressed.” Officer Miller Picked up the glass and clinked with Boyce’s.

Boyce said he wouldn’t.

After dinner, Wendy suggested driving him home, “You drank some liquor. I’ll send you home.”

Boyce looked at her and nodded in agreement.

Officer Miller watched them go out, heaving another sigh. Mrs. Miller didn’t like it when her husband

kept sighing. She said, "Why are you sighing? Boyce should agree. Wendy is pretty and well-educated. She deserves him!"

Officer Miller cast her a cold glance, "She's married once. Just upon this, she doesn't deserve Boyce."

Mrs. Miller was rendered speechless for a long while. Then she retorted, "So what Wendy divorced? Didn't he have a girlfriend before?"

Officer Miller put his hands behind and walked to the bedroom, "I'm not in the mood to argue with you."

Mrs. Miller didn't get angry though. She forced her husband to directly tell Boyce about his purpose, which had been bothering her husband a lot.

Her husband treasured his dignity all his life. Today, he had lost it to his subordinate, so he felt quite upset.

Mrs. Miller started to clean up the table.

Outside, Boyce got in Wendy's car.

"Fasten your seat belt," Wendy reminded him.

Boyce was quite upset, so he hadn't heard Wendy's words. Squinting, he rubbed his temples with strength. His mind was still in a mess.

Wendy thought that he had been drunk, so she leaned over so that she could pull the seat belt out and buckle it for him. When she leaned over, Boyce suddenly realized what Wendy was saying, so he hurriedly said, "I'll do it myself."

Wendy moved away with a smile, "Are you drunk or thinking about my dad's words?"

Boyce said that he was drunk.

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Smiling, Wendy said, "Okay. I won't let him drink with you in the future."

Boyce smiled but didn't answer.

Wendy didn't speak any longer. Silence blanketed the car.

A moment later, the car was pulled over in front of Boyce's apartment building. He pushed the door open and got off. When he was about to say bye to Wendy, Wendy also pushed the door open and got off.

"I want to go upstairs and visit your apartment. Would you refuse me?" asked Wendy with a smile.

Wendy was indeed good-looking. Her family background was good as well.



However, Boyce didn't have any feelings for her. At the most, he considered her as a friend.

"Do you want to say no?" Wendy could hardly maintain the smile on her face. No one had refused her before.

Although she was a divorced woman now, she was still charming. A lot of men were after her. For her father, a lot of men wanted to marry her.

However, she didn't like them. She only had a crush on Boyce.

"Not at all. This way, please." Boyce walked in front to lead the way. She followed him and entered his apartment.

Usually, a single man's residence would be quite messy, because no one helped him clean it up. However, Boyce's apartment was pretty clean. He would clean his house when he was free. He didn't like a messy apartment at all.

"Do you hire an hourly servant to clean the apartment?" Wendy asked while sitting on the sofa.

Boyce poured a glass of water for her, "Nope."

"Who helped to clean your apartment then?" Wendy smiled, "Yourself?"

Boyce said, "I'm alone, so I don't have many belongings. It doesn't need to be cleaned up. Have some water, please."

Wendy took over the water glass, stood up, and walked to the window. The gaps among the buildings and the green areas were quite large in this community. Boyce's apartment was on a high-rise with a beautiful night view, "I like this apartment."

Boyce said, "My friend helped me to choose."

Armand helped him to choose the apartment. It was indeed a good location.

Wendy turned around and looked at him, "Boyce, could you please accept me? I like you." \_\_\_\_

Chapter 666: Love Could be Developed

"Wendy..." Boyce wanted to take the chance and make it clear to her.

Wendy wrapped her arms around his waist, "Boyce, I truly like you. Please don't refuse me. OK?"

Boyce pulled her arms away, "Please stop doing it."

Wendy wasn't willing to. Instead, she hugged him more tightly, "Don't push me away. Please."

As she spoke, her face clung to Boyce's chest tightly, "Do you know how much courage I've plucked up to ask my father to talk to you about me? If you refused me, I would be too embarrassed. Do you dislike me because I'm divorced?"

"Not really," Boyce explained. It was just because he didn't have any feelings for her. While Wendy was hugging him like this, he only felt awkward because she was a woman. He had no fluctuation in his heart at all.

If he liked a girl, he wouldn't care if she was divorced or not.

He didn't care much about that kind of thing. The girl didn't have to be a virgin.

"It's getting late. You should go home now." Boyce couldn't put down his hands at all. He dared not to touch her.

"No way. If you don't say yes, I won't let go of you." Wendy couldn't care much right now. She didn't want to pretend to be reserved. All she wanted was to grasp this man. No matter what ways she needed to use, she must get this man.

She had missed him once, so this time, she must grasp him tightly.

"Wendy, don't you care if I like you or not?" asked Boyce directly.

He didn't know what to talk to Wendy, so he could only tell her about his current thoughts.

Wendy stiffed a bit. It was a heavy blow to her. Raising her head, she said, "I believe the love could be developed."

Boyce doubted about her words inwardly.

If so, he couldn't keep refusing her.

He said, "Okay. I agree."

Wendy couldn't believe that Boyce had said yes so soon, "For real?"

Boyce nodded and said, "I never lie."

Looking at his solemn face, Wendy thought that he was quite cute. She wondered why she never found it before.

If she had known a man like Boyce was worth loving, probably Boyce and she would have children already.

"I'll go home and tell my parents." Wendy was overjoyed. Releasing him, she said, "Okay. I'm taking off now."

Boyce nodded, "Be careful when driving home. Good night."

Wendy paused, raised her head, and looked at him, "Don't you ask me to stay?"

Boyce was speechless.

He was confused why he would need to ask her to stay.

It was quite late at night and they had dinner already.

Wendy said with a smile, "Don't you ask me to stay overnight?"

Boyce choked up.

"I'm just kidding. You look so silly." Wendy put away her smile, "I'm leaving now. Good night."

After that, she walked out of his apartment.

Boyce stood motionlessly for a while before coming back to his senses. He walked her to the door.

"Go to bed early. See you," Wendy said to him at the door.

Boyce nodded and closed the door.

When he was closing the door, he still felt as if he were dreaming. After a long time, he heaved a sigh.

He told himself to make do with her - probably other women wouldn't be so suitable as she was. Besides, Officer Miller had asked him personally.

If he turned Officer Miller down, he would feel sorry for Officer Miller. After all, Officer Miller had been taking care of him. Boyce felt a bit embarrassed to refuse him.

Anyway, he couldn't stay single forever.

While trying to convince himself, Boyce sat on the sofa. He gulped down a glass of water and muttered to himself, "In fact, Wendy Miller is not bad. We've known each other for a long time. It shouldn't be bad for us to live together."

Suddenly, he smiled. Patting himself on the head, he realized that he was still comforting himself.

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When it was the dawn of the next day, Boyce was woken up by Armand's call. As soon as the call was connected, Armand yelled, "Boyce, could you do me a favor please?"

"What can I do for you? "Boyce just woke up, still dizzy.

"I was reconciled with Theresa. "Boyce could feel how delighted Armand was even on the phoned. He snorted and said, "All right. Congratulations!"

"Why does your boss keep inviting you to his house? He likes you and wants you to be his son-in-law, doesn't he? "Armand was driving to his apartment. Although he still had some bruises at the corner of his eyes, he still had a bright smile on his face.

If Boyce could see him face-to-face now, he probably would ask Armand if his face still hurt.

"Are you calling me to inform me of your good news?"

"Nah. Theresa is going back to City C today. I'll go to see her off. Can you go with me?"

"She's your girlfriend. Why should I be with you? "Boyce was confused.

“Here is the thing. Last night, when I announce the good news, you were not there. You must be in your presence today. You are my best friend. You must witness it.”

Boyce wondered why he needed to witness it personally after hearing the news on the phone.

He wondered if Armand was in his right state of mind.

To avoid disappointing this poor man who finally gained his girlfriend’s heart back, Boyce said, “You must come to pick me up. I don’t have a car now.”

“I’m already downstairs of your apartment. Hurry up and come down.”

“So soon?”

“Cut the crap. Hurry up!” urged Armand.

Boyce said, “Ten minutes, please.”

After that, he hung up the phone, got up, and tidied himself up.

He went downstairs after ten minutes. As soon as he walked out of the community, he saw Armand’s car that was pulled over on the roadside. The car window was open. When Boyce got closer, he could hear Armand humming a song.

Boyce pulled the door open and sat in, “You’ve just reconciled but she’s leaving today. Aren’t you afraid that she would fall in love with another man?”

“No, she wouldn’t. If so, she would have fallen in love with another man a long time ago,” said Armand extremely confidently.

Boyce cast him a glance, “Look at you!”

“Heh... I’m just so happy!” Armand couldn’t hide his good mood in Boyce’s presence.

Boyce laughed, “Come on. Be a man!”

Armand put away his smile and said solemnly to Boyce, “Theresa has some health problem. In the future, we’re not going to have our own children. Don’t mention children to her. I’m afraid that she would be quite sensitive to the subject.”

He had known that Theresa was unwilling to face the fact because she didn’t want to tell him about it. Hence, he guessed Theresa must be quite sensitive, afraid that she would be upset when hearing about children.

“How come?” Boyce frowned.

Armand quieted down. After a long while, he answered hoarsely, “It was caused by her miscarriage last time.”

Boyce patted him on the shoulder, comforting him silently.

“Don’t show your care for her particularly either or your compassion. As long as you don’t mention children, it’ll be fine,” said Armand.

Boyce understood.



When they arrived, they saw Dolores and Matthew talking to Oscar. Theresa was playing with Amanda.

In the morning, Dolores and Matthew got up to see Theresa and Oscar off. Amanda insisted on coming over, so they took her to the airport as well.

“Morning, Uncle Armand, Uncle Boyce, ”Amanda noticed them first and greeted them.

Theresa raised her head and saw them. Looking at Boyce, she said with a smile, “Why are you here as well?”

Boyce smiled, “Armand insisted on asking me to see you off. He said I was the only one absent last night, so I must make it up. By the way, congratulations!”

Theresa lowered her head, “Thank you. It’s not a big deal.”

“We’ve reconciled. Isn’t it worth celebrating? ”Armand sat next to her, putting his arm on her shoulder, “You’ve promised me. You can’t go back on your word.”

Boyce was quite sensible. Lifting Amanda, he said, “Amanda, let’s go. Leave them in peace.”

Chapter 666: You Smile Like an Idiot

“Uncle Armand, are you going to playing the kissing game with Aunt Rene? ”Amanda widened her eyes, blinking.

“Of course I want...”

Theresa glared at him, so Armand immediately became a coward and couldn't utter any word.

"She's a child, quite naive. Are you also a child? Where are we now?"

Armand immediately admitted his mistake, "It's my bad. I'll pay attention to the occasion next time."

Boyce couldn't hold back his laughter when looking at Armand's coward look. He held Amanda to leave them alone.

"Have you seen the news?" asked Oscar.

Matthew hummed. In fact, he didn't watch the news. Abbott had been keeping an eye on it. Once there was news, he called Matthew.

Dolores asked in confusion, "What news?"

Roger's case had come to an end. The official micro-blog account had announced the result last night.

After an event in the past was brought up, it wasn't only relevant to a lot of people, but also brought up more cases as long as Roger had done something evil. For corruption and bribery that reached two hundred million, he was sentenced to death.

All the netizens cheered.

Oscar patted Matthew on his shoulder, "Take good care of Lola. Come to City C when you are free."

Matthew held Dolores's shoulder and said, "We will."

"Flight A 061 to City C is ready to board. Passengers, please take your pass to the boarding gate."

"I must go now. Take care." Oscar waved at them.

Armand and Theresa also walked over. Theresa hugged Dolores and said, "I'll go back first and take care of the store. Please don't worry about it. Take care of yourself and the baby, my godson."

Dolores hummed.

They walked them to the boarding gate.

Watching their receding figures, Dolores suddenly had a strong disappointment surging in her heart, "Uncle, Theresa, I'll go to visit you."

"Sure. You are welcome at any time." Theresa waved her hand with strength. Oscar's eyes turned reddened for some reason, "Oh, disgusting!"

After he finished his remark, he turned away.

He disliked it when this became too emotional. All good things came to an end. Besides, they would meet in the future.

“Bye, Grandpa Oscar, Aunt Renee!” Amanda raised her arms high, waving hard, “I’ll miss you both. I’ll go to visit you with Andrew.”

There were too many passengers at the gate, so they needed to go in right away.

Standing there, Armand pulled out his cell phone and messaged Theresa: “Theresa, you’ve just left, but I’ve already missed you. What should I do?”

Theresa heard the message tone of her cell phone as soon as she sat in her seat. She tabbed it to read and replied: “Hold it back.”

Then she turned off the phone.

Reading the reply, Armand let out a silly laugh. Even they weren’t sweet words, as long as Theresa replied, he was quite joyful, happy, and satisfied.

Boyce cast a cold glance at him and said, “You smile like an idiot.”

“You are an idiot!” Armand retorted him. Right then, his phone rang. It was a call from his firm. There was a tough suitcase that none of the attorneys in the firm dare to take care of, so he needed to go back to deal with it. Armand hung up the phone and said to Boyce, “I have something urgent to deal with. Could you please take Matthew’s car to go home?”

Then he trotted away.

Boyce said, “What an unreliable man!”

Matthew gave his car key to Boyce, "Drive my car."

"What about you?" asked Boyce.

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

"I still need to deal with something, so we won't go back now. Could you please sent Amy back to the villa?"

Boyce nodded, "Sure."

After he took a few steps, he asked, "Are you free tonight? If yes, I want to treat you for dinner."

"Any celebration?" Dolores looked at him and asked.

Boyce nodded, "I want to introduce my girlfriend to you guys."

Dolores widened her eyes, "Do you have a girlfriend now?"

Boyce thought that he had agreed with Wendy and accepted her, so he should introduce her to his friends.

He nodded, "Yeah."

"Sure, we're free." Dolores smiled, "It's such a big matter. Of course, we must be free."

Boyce said, "Okay. After I reserved the restaurant, I'll send the location to you."

Dolores said OK and asked him to be careful when driving.

Boyce said, "No problem. I'll definitely send Amy home safe and sound."

After that, he held Amanda out of the airport lobby. Amanda lay prone on Boyce's shoulder, curling her lips, "Alas... I'm dumped."

"Bullshit! Dumped by whom?" Boyce opened the door and put her on the children's safety seat in the backseat.

Amanda curled her lips, "Of course by Mommy and Daddy. They are always together, ignoring Andrew and me."

"You can be my daughter. In the future, you can stay in my house..."

"No way!" Amanda hurriedly interrupted him before Boyce finished his words. Although her parents were always together, she still felt quite happy.

She wouldn't want to leave her parents and stay in Boyce's house.

Boyce started the engine and thought of Wendy. He pulled out the phone and was about to call her,

only to find that he didn't have her phone number. Hence, he called Officer Miller.

Last night, Wendy told her parents that Boyce had accepted her.

Mrs. Miller was overjoyed, but Officer Miller only slightly heaved a sigh.

Mrs. Miller was quite unhappy and said, "Don't you want our daughter to date Boyce?"

Officer Miller snorted but didn't answer. Of course, he wanted his daughter to be together with Boyce, but right now, he was quite upset, feeling sorry for Boyce.

Seeing Boyce calling him, he swiped to answer immediately.

When he was about to ask Boyce if he had thought it over, Boyce asked him, "Hello, Officer Miller. I want to call Wendy, but I don't have her number."

Officer Miller cast a glance at his daughter, who was peeling an apple, and passed the phone to her directly, "Boyce's call. He wants to call you but doesn't have your number."

Wendy immediately took it over to answer with a smile, "Hello, Boyce."

"I want to invite my friends for dinner tonight and introduce you to them. Are you free tonight?"

"Of course. By the way, where are you now? Can you come to pick me up? I don't want to drive to work. Why don't you send me there? Then you can drive your car back." Since he had agreed to her, they were now dating. Hence, they must be together as often as possible so that love could be developed.

On the way back to the villa, Boyce would pass by the community where Wendy lived, so he said, "Sure. Come downstairs and wait for me. I'll be arriving soon."

Less than twenty minutes later, Boyce pulled over the car at the door of the community. Wendy had been waiting there. She thought that Boyce would come over in a taxi as his car was still with her. It wasn't until Boyce pressed down the car window and called her did she see him.

After sitting in the car, she asked, "Whose car is it? Is this yours as well?"

Boyce was about to say no, but Amanda chimed in, "It's my daddy's."

It wasn't until then did Wendy notice that there was someone else in the car. She frowned. She wanted to get along with Boyce alone, wondering who the kid was. \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 666: She Doesn't Deserve Uncle Boyce

Although Wendy hurriedly put away her frown, Amanda still noticed it. She was quite happy to meet Wendy earlier, but the smile faded away gradually. She asked, "Excuse me, Aunt. Aren't you happy?"

Otherwise, why did she frown?

Wendy hurriedly put on a smile, "Yes, I am. I like you very much. What's your name?"

"I'm Amanda." She blinked.

"I see." Wendy turned to look at Boyce, "Why did you take her with you?"



"I'm sending her back home, so I came to pick you up on the way," said Boyce.

Wendy was silent.

She wondered if she, Boyce's girlfriend, couldn't compare to his friend's daughter.

"Boyce."

"Yes?" Boyce took a glance at her and continued to drive. He asked, "What's wrong?"

Wendy suppressed the unhappiness in her heart, "Nothing. I've never thought that your friend is so rich."

This car was quite expensive.

She had never thought that Boyce had such a rich friend.

Boyce smiled because what Wendy said was the truth - Matthew was quite rich.

"Uncle Boyce, are you busy today?" Amanda poked her head, "If not, can you take me out for fun?"

Wendy looked back at her, "Uncle Boyce is going to work today. How could he take you out for fun?"

Amanda leaned back on the seat and said, "I was asking Uncle Boyce, not you. Why did you answer for

him? So impolite!”

Wendy looked annoyed immediately. Boyce noticed her expression, and his eyes were darkened. He said in a deep voice, “She’s just a child.”

Wendy adjusted her expression and said, “I know. I didn’t say anything, did I? Why are you so protective of her? If you want to be protective, you should defend me.”

Amanda looked at Wendy from the back, curling her lips. She didn’t like Wendy for some reason because she thought Wendy was too hypocritical.

Wendy was obviously angry, but she denied it.

Amanda sneered inwardly.

“Which restaurant aren’t you planning to go to tonight? I know a nice one. Their food is yummy, ”said Wendy.

“Okay. It’s up to you then.”

Boyce was quite easy-going on those matters.

Wendy leaned over, pressing her head on his shoulder, “It’s so nice of you, Boyce.”

She realized that he was indeed a good man. Last night, he accepted her, and today he was going to introduce her to his friends, which was an official announcement, making her feel quite secure.

When a lot of youngsters dated nowadays, girls always challenged their boyfriends, asking if they dared to show their group photos on the WeChat Moments, which was a sign of feeling insecure.

Boyce hadn't been used to her approach, feeling quite uncomfortable. However, he didn't push her away. He didn't think he was a nice man, but as long as he said yes to her, he needed to make it official.

Amanda glared at Wendy. She disliked Wendy a lot because Wendy didn't care about her public image and acted so intimate to Boyce despite that she was here as well.

For some reason, Amanda disgusted Wendy. No matter what Wendy did, she disliked her a lot.

Wendy asked, "Boyce, where is your phone?"

"In my pocket," answered Boyce.

Wendy reached out to fumble for it. It was in the pocket of his trousers. Once she lay a finger on it, Boyce hurriedly pushed her hand away, "I'll get it for you."

Wendy's hand was stiffened for a moment. With a smile, she said, "I want to save my phone number in your phone. Don't be so sensitive."

Boyce didn't answer. He pulled out his phone and gave it to her.

Wendy took it over and asked, "What's your password?"

“No password.” He didn’t set up the password for his cell phone.

Wendy swiped to unlock the screen. She smiled and asked, “What should I name the caller ID? Honey?”

Boyce answered indifferently, “It’s up to you. Anything will do.”

Wendy took a look at him, feeling that his mood wasn’t good, “Are you unhappy?”

“Nope,” Boyce answered.

Wendy didn’t mind, “The caller ID is my name. Do you know JN Restaurant? I’ll reserve a table.”

Boyce hummed. Soon, they arrived at Wendy’s company. After the car was parked, she pushed the door open and got off, “Be careful when driving. Call me when you are free.”

Boyce said OK.

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When Boyce drove away, Amanda asked, “Uncle Boyce, is this lady your girlfriend?”

Boyce answered, “Yes, she is.”

"She doesn't deserve you," said Amanda. In her opinion, Boyce was quite lovely but the woman wasn't. Besides, she was disgusting.

Boyce felt amused, "What do you mean by that? Besides, I'm not an outstanding man."

"No, you are. Uncle Boyce, you are the best," Amanda retorted.

"Really?"

"Of course. Haven't you noticed that the atmosphere became bad when she was here? Without her, we are so happy, aren't we, Uncle Boyce?" said Amanda.

Boyce recalled a bit and had to admit it - when Wendy was in the car, neither of them felt comfortable.

"Probably it's because she hasn't known as well. It'll be better after we get to know each other more," said Boyce.

Amanda shook her head, "Uncle Boyce, you called Uncle Armand an idiot. You are truly an idiot."

Boyce laughed in anger, "Amanda, you are so sharp-tongued. I'm afraid you won't have a boyfriend in the future."

"I don't want a boyfriend. I will be with my parents forever." Amanda raised her head proudly.

When arriving at the villa, Boyce held her out of the car. As soon as they entered the villa, Cotton pounced at them while shaking its tail. Amanda struggled, "Put me down."

Boyce put her down.

Amanda held Cotton and rubbed its head. Jayden was drinking tea. Seeing that Boyce sent his granddaughter back, Jayden asked, "Why did they ask you to send her back?"

"Matthew is busy dealing with something. I'm taking off now, Uncle Jayden," said Boyce.

Jayden hummed. He rubbed Amanda's head and asked with concerns, "Is it hot outside?"

Amanda shook her head. She looked up at him and said, "Grandpa, I've seen Uncle Boyce's girlfriend."

"Oh? Does Boyce have a girlfriend?" Jayden felt quite surprised but happy for Boyce.

"Yeah. But I don't like that lady. She's so fake. Uncle Boyce isn't enthusiastic to her either."

Jayden laughed, holding his granddaughter up, "You are still a kid. How do you know what the enthusiasm is?"

"How don't I know? I'm not stupid."

Jayden was amused by her, "Right. Amanda is pretty smart. Did you follow your daddy or mommy?"

Amanda held his neck and answered, "I followed my grandfather."

Jayden laughed out happily. Kevin, who was playing chess with Andres, said, "Look at you."

Jayden wasn't angry, "I'm so happy. Mind your own business."

Since there were two children in the villa, the two elders didn't feel lonely at all. They sometimes teased each other and sometimes argued with each other.

The whole villa was full of the harmony of the family.

WY Group.

Leaving the airport. Matthew directly took Dolores to the company.

"You came here to work, but why did you drag me here?" Dolores felt so helpless. He asked Boyce to send their daughter back home, so she thought that he must be busy with something. Much to her surprise, he asked her to accompany him to work.

"Why? Aren't you willing to?" Matthew opened a file. Dolores closed it for him and took it over to read through, "Of course not. You won't pay me."

Matthew wrapped around her waist and let her sit on his lap, "Even I belong to you. Why aren't you still satisfied?"

Dolores went through the document in the file but fail to understand a single thing. She closed it and tossed it on the desk. She said jokingly, "Between the money and you, I prefer the former more."

"Really?"

Matthew pinched her thigh under the cloth of her dress. Dolores let out a hiss in pain, glaring at him, "I

just told you the truth. Why? Don't you like it?"

"Of course not. Can the money make you comfortable?" Matthew approached her with a smile, "How about I prove to you that I'm more useful than the money?"

Dolores pushed his face, "We're in your company. Behave yourself."

"Tell me. Do you prefer the money or me?" Matthew didn't stop.

"I prefer you." Dolores held his face and kissed him, "Tell me. Why did you take me to your company?"

Matthew put on a serious look, "Most of my company employees didn't attend our wedding. I took you here to meet them."

They couldn't invite so many people to the wedding, so only the senior executives had attended it. He wanted to introduce Dolores to the whole company.

Dolores widened her crystal clear eyes, curling up her lips into a smile. Raising his chin, she said coquettishly, "I see. You took me here just because you wanted to officially introduce me to them. It's not because you're reluctant to leave me or you miss me. Humph!" \_\_\_

Chapter 666: He Has Poor Taste

Matthew was quite cooperative. Raising his face, squinting slightly, he said in a magnetic and hoarse tone, "If I admit that I miss you, will you allow me to do something in my office?"

Dolores couldn't hang on instantly. She couldn't compare to him in terms of being shameless.



She released him, but Matthew grabbed her hand, unwilling to let her go. With a smile, he said, "You can't just leave after flirting with me."

Dolores said coquettishly, "I wasn't flirting with you. Besides, who has witnessed it, and who can prove it?"

Matthew laughed, "In the future, no matter what you'll do to me, I must take a video to make it the evidence."

Dolores didn't continue teasing him. She stood up from his lap, "Go back to your work. I'll be waiting for you aside."

Matthew was unwilling to let go of her, "I can read the documents with you in my arms."

Dolores was embarrassed, "I don't think it's a good idea if someone comes in and sees us."

"We're married. Who dares to criticize us?" Matthew said naturally.

Dolores was still unwilling. Matthew didn't care, pulling her back into his arms. With one hand wrapped on her waist, he opened the file to read with the other.

Knowing him well, Dolores didn't struggle again. She found a cozy place and sat there. A lot of men the same age as him were becoming fat, but he didn't have any fat on his belly at all. When he was sitting there, she could only feel the muscles. Even women would envy his shape.

Dolores felt bored. She asked, "Don't you feel uncomfortable when holding me?"

Matthew looked down at her and answered, "No, I don't. I like holding you."

Dolores smiled, nestling in his arms, "What kind of girl is Boyce's girlfriend? Boyce is so dull, but she has made him accept her. She's pretty good."

Boyce was a nice man, but he was pretty slow in love.

Suddenly, he had a girlfriend, which made Dolores quite surprised. Last time Armand said Boyce had a girlfriend, but the latter denied it.

"Have you met the girl named Jasmine Burke?" asked she.

Matthew said no.

In fact, he had met Jasmine, but he forgot.

Armand used to take her to the company once.

Dolores couldn't understand the document in his hands. The more she read, the more sleepy she was. Yawning, she asked, "When will you finish it?"

Matthew patted her, "Just take a nap if you are sleepy. I'll wake you up when I'm done."

Dolores hummed and closed her eyes, leaning against his chest.

She had slept for two hours. Matthew's lap went numb, but seeing that she was sleeping soundly, he didn't wake her up, and nor could he make a move, afraid that he would wake her up.

"You should have woken me up." Dolores rubbed her eyes and stood up from his arms. There was a glass of water on the desk, so she grabbed it over and took a sip, easing the thirst in her throat.

Matthew rubbed his numb thighs, "You were sleeping quite soundly, so I didn't have the heart to wake you up."

Dolores put down the water glass and looked at him. She hugged him and pecked on his cheek, "Honey, where are we going to lunch today?"

Matthew was shocked when hearing her calling him honey. He stared at her in a daze for a long while, "What did you call me just now?"

Dolores stood upright and denied it, "Did I call you just now?"

Matthew smiled helplessly, "You are becoming so cunning."

Dolores leaned against the desk, "That's used to describe a fox."

Matthew pulled the chair away and stood up. He bent over and lifted her, "You are a fox."

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Dolores shook her legs, leisurely enjoying her husband's intimacy and care. With a gentle smile, she said, "Then, are you fond of a fox like me?"

"I've been seduced by the enchanting fox, so now I want to be with the enchanting fox now." Matthew put her on the sofa, "Let's go to the company canteen for lunch."

Dolores nodded and said obediently, "All up to you."

Smiling, Matthew poked her nose.

At then past eleven, all the employees were knocked off. Matthew and Dolores went downstairs ten minutes later. When they arrived, almost all the employees of the company had been in the canteen.

Abbott came for lunch later than others. With a tray in his hands, he saw them come in, greeting them with a smile, "Good day, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson."

He was surprised to see Matthew have lunch with Dolores in the canteen. He asked, "Are you here for lunch?"

Dolores smiled and asked, "Or what?"

Abbott smiled, too. Although the food in the canteen was delicious, it couldn't compare to the food from a restaurant.

Right then, someone stood up and said, "Congratulations, Mr. Nelson."

On his wedding day, Matthew gave each employee of WY Group two thousand as the lucky money.

Now, they were quite enthusiastic when seeing the couple. They called Dolores Mrs. Nelson respectfully.

Earlier when Matthew hadn't held the wedding, the employees knew their relationship. However, they didn't dare to change her title.

Now, all people in this country knew that they were married.

"Please come to sit here. There are empty seats," said the secretary of Matthew's office. She was sitting alone at a table with several empty seats.

When Matthew was busy, he used to come here for meals often. The employees had been used to it. However, this was the first time that their CEO's wife came here.

Someone also showed the empty seat at his table, "We also have empty seats here."

"Thank you all. We can sit here." Dolores smiled and sat down with Matthew at the secretary's table.

The secretary mentioned it first, and it was quite suitable to sit with her.

All employees liked Dolores very much. She was easy-going and never put on airs. Right now, she came in with Matthew to have lunch in the canteen, so the employees were quite enthusiastic about her and they respected her a lot.

Dolores didn't eat in silence. All the employees came over to greet her after lunch.

"Please endure it, Mrs. Nelson. Finally, our CEO has a wife. We all are happy for him." Abbott also came over after lunch. Two employees had just come over to greet Dolores, so he teased her.

He thought to himself, 'I looked down upon Dolores the most in the past, but now so many employees liked her. Sure enough, I'm not good at knowing others.'

That was why he could only work for others instead of being a boss himself.

Matthew looked up at him, "Aren't you busy?"

Abbott let out an awkward laugh, "I just came here to say bye."

When he left, he said to Dolores, "Look. That's how he suppresses me."

Dolores laughed. After Abbott was gone, she poked Matthew, "You'd better treat your subordinates better in the future."

"Don't listen to his nonsense." Matthew sneered.

Dolores had been in the company for a whole day. In the evening, Amanda called, saying that she wanted to have dinner with them together. Hence, they went to pick her up before heading to the restaurant.

When they arrived there, Armand was already waiting in the box.\_

Chapter 660: Big Fat Fish that Was Hooked

Matthew pulled the chair out for Dolores. After she sat down, he pulled out another one and sat down with Amanda in his arms.

Armand checked the time and said, "Boyce is putting on the air, isn't he? It's his treat, but he's late."

"Probably he's delayed by something," said Dolores. As far as she knew Boyce, he was always a punctual man.

"His girlfriend? Who is it? Hasn't Jasmine Burke left City B already? Dolores, do you know who his girlfriend is?" Armand recalled that once Boyce had got into a woman's car. He wondered if that woman was Boyce's girlfriend.

"Isn't she Jasmine Burke?" asked Dolores.

Armand shook his head, "That girl has left town..."

"I know who she is. I met her," Amanda interrupted Armand and said complacently. She was quite proud that she was the first one among them all to meet Boyce's girlfriend, although she didn't like that woman at all.

"Really?" Armand asked with a smile, "Is she good-looking?"

Amanda thought for a moment, "Just so-so."

No matter how good-looking she was, her first impression wasn't good. It was nothing.

Amanda didn't care about Wendy's appearance at all. She only remembered that Wendy wasn't good.

She couldn't tell exactly why Wendy was good, but simply she disliked that woman.

Right then, two persons entered the restaurant.

"It's really inappropriate for us to be late. It's our treat." Boyce looked a bit annoyed. He thought that Wendy was quite willful indeed. It was almost time, but she insisted on going home and changing her clothes. Hence, they were late.

"You're introducing me to your friends today. If I was indecent, I would embarrass you, wouldn't I?" Wendy knew it was bad to be late, but she would meet Boyce's friends, so she wanted to show them her best side.

"If I was dirty and ugly, don't you feel disgraced if you introduce me to your friends?"

Boyce couldn't win against her verbally. He said indifferently, "I only treasure the character, not the hypocritical appearance. You are who you are. You don't need to care about others' criticism."

Wendy pressed her lips, "Are you angry?"



"No. All right. Here we are." Boyce meant to stop arguing. He pushed the door of the box open and said with a smile, "I'm sorry. We're late."

Wendy was indeed good-looking. She dressed up gracefully. Holding Boyce's arm, she echoed with a smile, "I'm sorry. There was traffic on the way. We're late."

Boyce frowned. Obviously, he didn't expect that she would lie.

They were late because she insisted on changing her clothes. How could she lie about the traffic?

"It's alright. Nothing." Armand smiled, looking at her up and down, He slightly raised his eyebrows. Sure enough, it was truly that woman he had seen once.

Boyce introduced his friends to Wendy, "This is Armand Bernie, a friend of mine."

Wendy smiled at Armand politely, "Nice to meet you."

Armand nodded.

Amanda lay prone on Matthew's shoulder and whispered in his ear, "Daddy, I don't like this woman. She's so disgusting."

Matthew patted her gently and whispered, "Be polite."

Amanda pouted and whispered, "I told the truth."

"Dolores, this is Wendy Miller, my girlfriend," Boyce took Wendy to Dolores and introduced her.

"Nice to met you," said Wendy with a smile. She looked at Dolores up and down. Pretending to cast a casual glance, she looked at Matthew sitting next to her.

Although Matthew didn't speak, she noticed this man as soon as she entered the box.

She had never expected that Boyce's friends were like this.

Sure enough, outstanding men made friends with outstanding ones. If she had known that Boyce had such friends, she would have grasped him a long time ago.

Dolores smiled at her, "Nice to meet you, too."

Her first impression about Wendy was not bad - she was pretty and polite.

"We've been waiting for you guys for a long time. Come on. Don't starve us any longer."

"Sure. Let's sit down." Wendy pulled Boyce to sit down.

Armand pulled out his phone and took a photo of Boyce and Wendy secretly. He sent it to Theresa.

Soon, Theresa sent back an emoji with a surprised look. She asked: "Who is the woman next to Boyce?"

Armand answered: "Guess."

Theresa: "Tell me or not, I don't care." She also sent an emoji with a proud face.

Armand smiled. He replied: "His girlfriend. He's introducing her to us. If only you haven't left town. You could gather with us tonight. How about I'll drive to City C after dinner?"

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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No Wonder She's Always In The Top 61Of These Lists

"It's so late now. Are you nuts?"

"I want to have breakfast with you tomorrow morning."

Theresa stared at her cell phone. Although she was smiling, she replied unfriendly words, "You are out of your mind."

Armand smile and put away his cell phone.

"I know some chef's specials of this restaurant. Do you guys avoid eating any food?" Wendy looked over at Dolores, "What's your flavor? I heard that pregnant women are quite picky."

"I'm not picky. I'm OK with anything," said Dolores.

“Okay. I’ll order the dishes then.” Wendy opened the menu. Amanda chimed in, “Aunt, you haven’t asked me about my flavor yet.”

Wendy’s expression was stiffened for a moment. Immediately, she smiled at Amanda and asked, “What would you like to eat?”

Amanda leaned against Matthew’s chest and said, “I don’t know what dishes are served in this restaurant. How could I order?”

Wendy understood and passed the menu to her, “Take a look and let me know what you want to eat.”

She smiled friendly, but inwardly, she hated Amanda to death. She wondered why this little girl was so hateful.

She blamed Amanda inwardly.

Dolores frowned, patting her daughter, “You can’t be so impolite. Mind your attitude when talking to Aunt.”

“It’s alright. She’s just a kid.” Wendy kept being graceful on the surface.

Actually, Amanda knew that she shouldn’t have been so impolite, but for some reason, she disliked this woman a lot. It was just like how much she liked Tiana. There was no reason at all.

She liked or disliked others for no reason.

“Amy, order more dishes. Uncle Boyce rarely treated us for dinner.” Armand winked at Amanda.

Amanda opened the menu and read it through seriously. She had only been in the preschool for a few days, so she couldn't read much. However, there were pictures on the menu, so she pointed at the dishes.

She smiled and inwardly praised the menu. Some restaurants didn't provide menus with pictures, so she couldn't order any dishes as she didn't know how to read.

She ordered dishes as long as they were not spicy. She always ate light dishes at home, and her parents like the light dishes, so she made such choices.

When waiting for the dishes to be served, Armand asked, "Excuse me, Miss Miller?"

Wendy nodded with a smile.

"Is your father Officer Miller?" Armand finally understood something. Dolores and he had the same confusion, wondering how the woman managed to make Boyce accept her.

Right then, he suddenly recalled that the surname of Boyce's boss was also Miller. He wondered if this woman's father was Officer Miller.

Boyce didn't like sharing what happened at work with them.

Hence, Armand didn't know much about it.

Wendy said with a smile, "Yes, he is."

"What happened? Have you already got married?" Armand recalled once Boyce mentioned that he had attended a wedding. Armand asked him whose wedding was it, and Boyce answered it was the wedding of his boss's daughter.

Wendy's expression changed dramatically.

"I divorced." Wendy put on a stiff smile, feeling quite awkward at the question about her marital status. She stood up, "I'm going to use the bathroom."

As she spoke, she walked out of the box.

There was a few seconds of silence in the room. None of them had expected that she was divorced.

Armand looked over at Boyce, "Did she chase after you?"

Boyce nodded.

The next second, Armand lost his temper. He didn't discriminate against Wendy for she was a divorced woman. Instead, he knew that Boyce had been respecting his boss always.

If Officer Miller mentioned it to him, Boyce would probably say yes to save Officer Miller's dignity.

Earlier, Boyce felt quite upset because Jasmine suddenly had left him. Later, he claimed that Wendy was his girlfriend. It was obviously weird.

"You don't fit each other," said Armand directly.

Boyce said expressionlessly, "I don't think so."

Armand didn't answer, staring at him.

Under his gaze, Boyce was quite uneasy, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Armand snorted, "You are just like a big fat fish that was hooked!"

Chapter 661: Keep My Virginity

"Haha- " Amanda burst into laughter suddenly.

She was amused by Armand's words, "Why does Uncle Boyce look like a big fat fish?"

Dolores pulled her into her arms, asking her to be quiet.

Rubbing her hair, she said, "Be a good girl."

Amanda nodded obediently.

Armand just thought that Boyce was so stupid, "Does your boss want his daughter to marry you?"

Boyce nodded honestly. He could feel it, and Officer Miller did mean it.

Armand sneered, "Since he wants his daughter to marry you, why did he marry her to another man earlier?"

"She didn't agree to marry me before."

Upon hearing it, Armand disliked Wendy more, "She didn't agree before, but now has she realized how good you are?"

After a pause, he asked in a colder and harsh tone, "Are you a backup?"

"Stop criticizing." Boyce took a sip of the water.

"It's not that I'm criticizing your relationship. It's the truth. She didn't like you before. After divorcing, she liked you. What kind of woman is that?" Armand disdained such a kind of woman, "Boyce, we're all close friends. Tell us. What are you thinking of? Do you really like her? If you truly like her so much, we won't disagree."

Boyce felt annoyed. He kept filling his water glass.

Dolores cast a glance at Armand, "Please stop it."

"I don't want to mind his business, but I'm afraid he would suffer loss, be deceived, and regret it." Armand also gulped down mouthful water, "You must spend the whole life with your wife. You must choose for yourself. I won't stay for dinner tonight then. I've met her. I'm still busy. Gotta go now."

After finishing his words, Armand pulled the chair away and looked at Boyce, "Boyce, forgive me, but I don't like this woman at all, no matter what."



Then he walked out of the box.

Dolores felt quite disappointed as Wendy didn't like Boyce in the beginning and came back to him after the divorce.

She agreed with Armand - Boyce was just a backup.

Boyce was an outstanding man, but how could she do that?

"Dolores, what do you think?" Boyce looked over at Dolores in confusion.

His mind was in a mess now.

He knew that Wendy and he didn't fit in all kinds of ways, but he believed that the current status was his life now - as long as he could find someone to marry and live on.

"She can't decide for your own love. The most important is what you yourself think," Matthew answered on Dolores's behalf.

Boyce was quiet.

He had already convinced himself. However, after Armand criticized him, he couldn't keep calm at all.

He felt as if he had made a wrong decision.

Out of the box, Armand bumped into Wendy, who came back from the ladies'.

Seeing him, Wendy asked with a smile, "Are you leaving? We haven't had dinner yet."

"I got something urgent to deal with." He bypassed her. After a few steps, he stopped, "Excuse me, Miss Miller."

Wendy maintained her smile and asked, "Yes, Mr. Bernie?"

"Miss Miller, may I ask you a question, please? What do you like about Boyce?"

Wendy answered without any hesitation, "He's a good man. I like the way he is."

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A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

"Why didn't you like him before but started liking him after divorce?" Armand asked harshly.

Wendy could hardly maintain the smile, "What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? Miss Miller, you are a smart woman. You should know it." Armand snorted, "One should have the integrity. You can't bully an honest man. Otherwise, you'll get your karma."

Wendy finally couldn't keep smiling at all. She even couldn't maintain being graceful. She said in a cold tone, "Is it just because I've divorced, I can't have the right to be happy?"

“Do you think being with Boyce is your happiness?” Armand felt ridiculous.

“Yes. I feel happy when being with him.”

Armand laughed, “Since you like him, why did you refuse him in the beginning. You feel happy, but how about him? Have you asked if he’s happy? Miss Miller, do you only care about your own feeling but ignore others?”

“You...”

“I just feel sorry for my friend. Miss Miller, please don’t mind.”

After finishing his words, Armand strode away.

Wendy was standing motionlessly, glaring at Armand’s receding figure, “You should mind your own fucking business.”

Armand hears her words but ignored her. He walked out of the restaurant lobby, pulled out the car key, and pressed the unlock button. The headlight of a car sparkled. He walked over and pulled the door open. The more he thought about it, the angrier he got. He was so angry that Wendy did cherish Boyce in the beginning, but after she divorced and became second-handed, she went back to Boyce. What a shameless woman she was!

He started the engine but didn’t drive away immediately. He looked up the route to City C on his cell phone.

It was dark in the evening, so Armand didn’t drive fast. He made up his mind so suddenly, so he didn’t bring anything to see Theresa.

At past four in the morning, he arrived in City C. He finally arrived at Theresa's apartment at five o'clock.

Theresa was staying in the apartment that Dolores and she used to stay in. Now she was alone. When it was five o'clock in the morning, she was still sleeping. She was woken up by the doorbell. Before sobering up, she went to open the door in pajamas, "Who is it?"

Opening the door, she found that Armand stood at the door. His clothes were wrinkled. There were two big dark circles under his eyes. He mentioned that he would come over to find her today, but Theresa thought that he was kidding. After all, she had just come back for two days.

"Why... Why did you come here for real?"

Armand smiled, "I missed you, so I came here."

Theresa was a bit touched. She said, "Please come in..."

Armand hugged her. She gaped. He pressed his head on her shoulder and whispered, "I miss you so much."

Theresa didn't respond, just standing there motionlessly. After a long while, she said, "Come in. Don't stand at the door."

Armand let go of her.

Theresa closed the door and asked, "Are you going to take a nap?"

He had such big dark circles. She guessed that he had stayed up overnight.

Armand shook his head, "I'm not sleepy yet."

Theresa poured a glass of water for him and sat on the sofa. She asked, "What does Boyce's girlfriend do? How did they get to know each other?"

"Gee. That's a good question." Armand took a sip of the water, "She's a divorced woman. A few years ago, she didn't like Boyce. Now she's divorced, so she came back to him. Boyce is still a virgin. That woman doesn't deserve him!"

Theresa supported her chin and looked at him, blinking, "Are you?" she asked.

"What am I?" Armand was confused.

"A virgin. Are you a virgin?" Theresa curled up her lips into a smile, but her eyes looked quite serious. Armand felt a bit creepy.

He almost sprayed out the water in his mouth, feeling as if he had shot himself on his foot.

"Theresa, could we stop talking about things that had happened in the past, please?" Armand fawned on her by grabbing the sleeves of her upper pajama, looking aggrievedly, "If I had known that I would meet you in my life, I would keep my virginity. I promise you. I wouldn't lay a finger on any other woman in the future besides you."

Next chapter