

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

**Chapter 671 Boyce Shawn had Gone Missing**

**"Really?" Theresa obviously did not believe it.**

**Armand immediately stretched out three fingers and swore to heaven, "If I lie, I won't be a man all my life. Is this cruel enough?"**

**Theresa stood up. "I won't even believe a punctuation mark you said."**

**Armand was lost for words.**

**"I have to go to work later. For your sake of not sleeping all night, I'll give you a blanket." After that, Theresa walked to the bedroom, and Armand immediately followed. "I came all the way to see you, and you only give me a blanket? Where do I sleep?"**

**Theresa glimpsed back at him calmly and gestured with her mouth. "Sofa."**

**Armand was speechless.**

**He stayed up all night just to come to see her, and she only let him sleep on the sofa?**

**"Theresa..."**

"There are only three rooms here. You should know who stay in the other two? Tell me, whose room do you want to sleep in?" Theresa crossed her arms before her chest and looked at him.

Dolores used to live here, except Theresa's room, the others belonged to Dolores and her two children. He certainly would not go to Dolores's room. Even if she was gone, he can't sleep in that room. He could actually use the two children's room.

But he did not want to sleep in the two children's room. He still thought Theresa's room was the most suitable one. A flattering smile appeared on his face. "I think your room is suitable."

Theresa stretched out her hand to stop him. "Don't you think about it!"

"I don't understand what you said," Armand said recklessly, bent down and went under her arm. He leapt onto the bed and held the quilt. "I'm so sleepy. I want to sleep."

He buried his head in the quilt, and there was Theresa's breath and smell. Although her face had changed, her body fragrance would not change.

He hugged the quilt greedily.

Theresa was enraged and she bit her lip. She wanted to drag him away, but having thought that her strength was not as strong as him, and she could not drag him off the bed at all if he refused to move, she withdrew her hand, stood by the bed and said, "Armand, I didn't expect you to be such a rogue. Okay, you can sleep, I'll move to somewhere else tomorrow, and you won't find me."

Armand immediately sat up. 'That's not how it works.'

He grabbed Theresa's hand and looked wronged. "Theresa, my good Theresa, do you bear to see me sleep on the sofa after driving for the whole night?"

Theresa glanced at him coldly. "I don't buy this."

Armand, like a poor kid, stood up from the bed and stood aside with his head down.

"Don't try to get my sympathy." Theresa's voice became softer. "Go clean up and sleep."

Armand nodded "docilely", but he was laughing in his heart. It was still more useful to pretend to be pitiful. That works on this woman.

If Theresa knew what he was thinking, she would definitely kick him out.

"You go out first."

Armand was obedient and he immediately went out of the room. He knew he would not have a good consequence if he opposed her.

It was almost six o'clock now. He went to the kitchen to check whether there was anything to eat. Theresa just bought a lot of things yesterday. He did not want to eat outside by himself, and he decided to just make something at home.

Armand rolled up his sleeves and washed his hands. He took out eggs and bread. He could not cook complex dishes, but it was okay to fry an egg and make toast. Having seen these things in the refrigerator, he knew Theresa must be going to make her breakfast that way.

When the eggs were fried and the toast was ready, he put them on a plate, found a cup and poured out some fresh milk.

Theresa cleaned up, dressed up neatly and came out. Noticing he had made breakfast, she could not help raising her eyebrow and walked over. "I didn't know you could make breakfast?"

Armand smiled. "I'm willing to do anything for you."

Theresa snorted coldly. "Don't try to bribe me with a meal. Could I possibly live forever after this meal?"

Armand was speechless.

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He touched his nose, smiled and said, "Please sit down and eat."

Theresa pulled her chair and sat down. "I'll go to the store later..."

"You could mind your work, don't worry about me. Just tell me when you get off work in the evening," Armand said with a smile.

Theresa took a sip of milk. "I still can't be sure about it."

"Then could I go look for you?" Armand said with a smile.

Theresa did not speak and seemed to acquiesce.

After Theresa left, Armand cleaned himself up and lay happily on Theresa's bed. He looked forward to spending time alone with Theresa at night. He wanted to find a restaurant with a good atmosphere for dinner, then take a walk, take the opportunity to hold her hand and kiss her face...

Armand fell asleep amidst a beautiful dream and woke up in the rapid ringing of his mobile phone. He snatched his mobile phone and looked at the time. It was over 3 pm. He sat up. Had he been sleeping for nearly a day?

Also, what was Matthew calling him for?

He pressed the answer button. "Hey, what's up? I have to get my wife back now, I don't have time to care about Boyce..."

"It's me."

"Do, Dolores." Armand went clear-headed. "What can I do for you?"

"Armand, Boyce's whereabouts are unknown now..."

As if being hit by a thunder, Armand could not react at length. "What, what's going on?"

As he spoke, he got up and got dressed.

Her voice was trembling. "He drove Matthew's car and fell off XX Bridge. He's still unfound yet. Matthew has been looking for him outside. I'm so worried. Please help him look for him. The longer the time passes, the greater the danger, so..."

"Calm down, Dolores, I get it. I'll go back now." Armand hurried out. "How could this happen?"

"Matthew is looking for him now. There's no time to investigate what's happened." At the moment, Dolores was holding Amanda and she was trembling.

When the car fell, Amanda and Lucy were inside. She did not know the situation that time. She only knew that Amanda was rescued, Lucy drowned and Boyce was gone.

Amanda seemed frightened and she lay in Dolores's arms without talking.

Dolores kept patting her on the back and comforting her. "It's okay, it's okay, mommy's here."

"There's water, a lot of water." Amanda grabbed her collar. "Mommy, I'm scared, I'm really scared."

Dolores kissed her forehead. "Mommy's here. You won't be scared when mommy holds you."

She was exceptionally horrified at the moment and she was worried that something would happen to Boyce.

"How could this happen?" Coral walked anxiously back and forth in the living room. "Mr. Shawn came to deliver the car keys, and just in time, Simona was pulling Lucy to buy a cake. The chauffeur had

taken a leave, so Mr. Shawn drove them. How could the car go down the bridge?"

Dolores asked, "Why did she suddenly want to eat cake?"

She preferred eating ice cream during summer. There were many in the refrigerator at home.

Coral was gossiping with Lucy. Coral inadvertently asked Lucy's age. As they talked, they mentioned about birthday. As a result, she knew that today was Lucy's birthday. Amanda heard it and she insisted to buy a cake.

The chauffeur was not at home, and since Boyce had come, he was asked to drive them out. No one had expected such a thing to happen.

There were only Dolores, the two children and Coral in the villa.

Jayden and Kevin went out to help find Boyce.

She had no idea what had exactly happened during that time. One was dead, one had gone missing, and the other was stupefied and was shivering in Dolores's arms. \_\_\_\_\_

**Chapter 672 Why are There so Many Disasters in Your Life**

Amanda did not sleep nor speak, she nestled in Dolores's arms. Andrew was sitting on the sofa opposite, he pursed his lips and looked at his sister. He suddenly came down the sofa, went to Dolores, touched his sister's head and asked, "Are you hungry?"

Amanda did not speak.

He sighed. His sister was truly frightened this time and she did not even want to say anything.

It was late at night. Dolores asked Coral to take Andrew to bed. He refused. "What about you?"

"I'm waiting for your father." Dolores looked at her son. "Be a good boy and go to bed."

Andrew sat next to her and said, "I want to stay with you."

Dolores touched her son's head and took him into her arms. Waiting would not be so painful with them around.

They did not sleep that night. When it was bright in the morning, Coral said, "I'll get you something to eat. You didn't eat last night. With your current health, you can't always skip meals."

"Please make something."

Matthew had not come back yet. It must be that Boyce was not found yet. How could she have the appetite to eat?

Even if she did not eat, the two children still need something to eat. When Jayden and the gang came back, they could have something to eat too.

It was always right to prepare something.

However, all this was prepared in vain. They did not come back the whole day.

The two children could not help but fall asleep on the sofa. Dolores carried Amanda and went upstairs,



while Coral took Andrew into the room downstairs to sleep.

She sat by the bed and pulled a little quilt over her daughter. She did not dare to put her down. When she fell asleep, she would suddenly wake up and look for her.

That was caused by excessive fright.

Coral put Andrew on the bed. Seeing that there was no sign of him waking up, she went to the kitchen and brought a bowl of soup to Dolores. "Do you want to eat this bowl of soup?"

Dolores shook her head. "I can't."

"You have to even if you can't. You're not alone." Coral scooped the soup with a spoon, reached it to her and said, "I'll feed you."

"It's okay, leave it on the table. I'll eat it later." Dolores could not possibly let Coral feed her. She really did not want to eat it, but she did not want Coral to worry too.

At this time, there was a sound of door opening downstairs. Dolores became alert. "Are they coming back?"

Coral said, "I'll go down and have a look."

Soon there were footsteps upstairs. It wasn't Coral. She turned back. The one coming in was Matthew.

**"Well, did you find him?" Dolores asked anxiously.**

**Matthew did not speak, he jerked his collar and pulled down his face.**

**Dolores fell silent. He must not have found him, otherwise he would not be in such a bad mood.**

**Matthew frowned when he saw the untouched soup on the table. "You didn't eat?"**

**"I can't eat." Dolores lowered her eyes.**

**Matthew sat by the bed, looked at his daughter and whispered, "It was Declan who did it. I don't know how his family did it, they managed to get him out. They were going to go abroad. Old Mr. Bailey was going to get executed that day, and they wanted to avenge me."**

**During his two nights and one day outside while looking for Boyce, he had investigated the situation at that time. There was monitoring on the bridge. All the scenes at that time were captured.**

**Declan knew it was Matthew's car, but he did not know Matthew was not the one driving it. He drove a 4WD cross-country car and frantically hit Boyce's car. At that time, there were many cars on the bridge, and Boyce could not get away. Since there was a child in the car, he was very passive.**

**When the car was pushed to the railing by Declan's car, he threw Amanda out of the window and Amanda was rescued by the people on the road. Neither he nor Lucy got out and they fell with the car.**

**There was a dam under XX Bridge. The current was fast and it was very dangerous.**

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The car was salvaged, the car doors were closed and the window glass was not damaged. There was no trace of Boyce, only Lucy drowned in it.

Dolores trembled a little. "What about Declan now? Escaped?"

"No, he wanted to escape, but before he had time to board the plane, we found him in a nearby small hotel and had sent him to the police station."

He took the soup from the table and fed it to Dolores, comforting, "It's a good thing we didn't find Boyce, that means he may be fine. Armand and Officer Miller are still looking for him. I come back just to have a look at you and I'll go out later."

Dolores was still worried. Embankments were built at both sides of the river with stones. It was not easy for anyone to get rescued without help.

"How could Declan get out?" Dolores could not figure it out. His father had become like that, who would have the ability to get him out?

Matthew suddenly understood one thing. Emma Bailey, the sixth of the family, had suddenly showed up in front of Dolores, and it was easy for Boyce to find out that it was her. What was her purpose?

Was it really to ruin the relationship between him and Dolores?

It seemed to be not the case now. If it was really to ruin their relationship, she would not disappear after showing up only twice. She was trying to turn his attention away. Although the daughters of the

Bailey's were not satisfied of the Bailey family, Declan was the only man in the Bailey family. Now that Roger Bailey was sentenced to death, in order to secure the Bailey's only heir, it was still possible to get Declan out.

"Alright, eat something first." Matthew scooped the soup and handed it to her mouth. "Be a good girl. If you've fallen sick, what would happen to the children?"

Dolores could not refuse him and she opened her mouth.

The Miller family was not peaceful these two days too. Officer Miller had been looking for Boyce outside. Mrs. Miller sat on the sofa. "How could this happen? Something's happened to him when you've just recovered."

"Alright, mom, don't say anything unlucky." Wendy was upset and she did not want to listen to her nagging.

"Aren't I worried about you? You're divorced. Now that you've recovered with Boyce, his life and death are unknown. Why are there so many disasters in your life?"

Wendy was provoked, she got up from the sofa and walked towards the door.

Mrs. Miller was worried and she shouted, "It's late, where are you going?"

"I'm going to look for dad and see if there's any clue." She then went out and did not want to hear Mrs. Miller's nagging.

She called Officer Miller and asked, "Dad, where are you?"

Officer Miller was in the lower reaches of the river, looking for Boyce's whereabouts together with the

police officers.

Knowing that his daughter was coming, he immediately sent her the location with his mobile phone. He felt that she should come. After all, she had established a relationship with Boyce.

Now that Boyce's life and death were unknown, she should care and come to look for him.

Armand who was standing on the boat was wet. It was dark at night and they could only rely on flashlights. The search was not delayed at all, but it was still worrying after so long.

After about an hour, Wendy arrived and got on board with the help of Officer Miller.

"Still no clue?" She seemed a little apprehensive.

Although she only discovered the good part of Boyce after a while, she knew Boyce was really a good guy after getting along with him these few days.

Now that something like this had happened, she was also very worried.

Armand glanced at her and did not speak.

Wendy did not like Armand too and she did not say hello to him.

"Dad, can't you send more people?" Wendy said.

"All the people who can be used in the Institute have been transferred here." He was anxious too, but there was no better way.

It was out of the city and the river was so long. With a heavy heart, he thought that the possibility of him surviving was too small. \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 673 You Must Be Looking for Someone

It will be two days and two nights soon, could he still be alive even if they did find him?

Officer Miller took off his hat and sighed deeply.

"Dad, don't be like this." She took Officer Miller's arm and looked at the rising sun in the sky. She could not help sighing too.

There was a fork below the spot they searched. One side faced east and the other faced west. The river channel in the west was wider, which increased the difficulty of searching, and they needed to divide into two groups.

Armand said, "I'll take some to the west."

Officer Miller nodded and assigned more people to him. Armand had gone down several times. He was exhausted. He sat on the deck barefoot, and water was dripping from his body.

At dawn, Matthew came and asked him if he had any clues.

Armand shook his head and thought of the worst outcome. "Could he..."

"No." Matthew said firmly, "if we didn't find him, it's not necessarily that he drowned in the water, maybe he was saved? When the car was salvaged, the glass was not broken and the door was closed. We all know that due to the water resistance, it's impossible to open the door in the water. I think, maybe he's come out of the car and didn't fall into the water with the car."

What he said was very reasonable, but Armand still did not understand one thing. "If he's alive, and we've searched from the city to the suburbs, how come we still don't find him after such a long way? Where has he gone?"

Matthew could not explain this too.

As Armand said, if he was still alive, how can they not find him?

At this time, the mobile phone in the pocket of the shirt Armand threw aside rang. He snatched it and took out his mobile phone. It was Theresa's number.

He pressed the answer button. "Hey, Theresa."

"Did you find him?" Theresa asked.

He was in a hurry when he came back and he did not see Theresa. He called her and told her Boyce's situation. She must be worried that she called to ask about the situation.

Armand answered, "No."

"What if I go..."

"No, you can't do anything either. I'll call you when there's news. Don't worry, we'll try our best." There would be more people worried about Boyce when she came, it was better for her to stay away to alleviate the anxiety.

"Alright, don't forget to tell me any news," Theresa said.

"I won't."

Armand lowered his head. "I'm afraid I can't see you recently."

"You don't have to, it's more important to find him."

Armand agreed.

Theresa clenched her mobile phone and said, "If there's nothing else, I'll hang up."

She then hung up.

Armand put his mobile phone back into his pocket, stood up, walked to Matthew and asked, "There's no point searching this way."

Matthew looked at the small wooden boat docked by the river and turned to ask, "What's that boat for?"



Armand shook his head and said, "I don't know."

He did not say anything and asked people to pull the boat ashore. Armand ran over and asked, "What are you trying to do?"

Matthew still did not speak, because he was not sure whether his judgment was right.

Armand followed him off the boat and asked the rest to continue searching.

Along the shore was a reclaimed vegetable garden. An old man was picking vegetables. Matthew came over.

The old man put the picked lettuce into a basket. When he saw someone coming, he asked, "What can I help you?"

"I saw a boat docked by the river, what's that boat for?" Matthew asked.

"Why are you asking?" The old man was unwilling to answer.

Armand said, "We come to clean up the river."

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15 Celebrities With Terrible Personal Hygiene

The old man then only replied, "Mr. Parry used to raise geese in this water, but since he was not allowed to raise them later, the boat has gone useless."

"It was used to raise geese before, right?" Armand asked.

The old man pointed at the blue nets discarded by the bank and said, "Yes, these nets were fixed in the middle of the river back then. He needs to go in when feeding the geese, so Mr. Parry made the wooden boat, but the village head said that it would pollute the environment, and he did not allow him to raise the geese, so the boat was abandoned."

"So the boat was not used anymore?" Armand asked again, probably knowing what Matthew suspected.

Since no one was found in the river, could he possibly get ashore by any coincidence? Or was saved?

The old man said assertively, "No, you can see there's moss under it. No one used it, and it's not firm anymore after a long time, who would use it?"

Matthew looked up. There was a village not far away. Although it was a village, there were also small buildings with three floors and five floors.

"Have you ever had strangers in your village?"

"Yes, they're all strangers. Many rental houses in our village are occupied by migrant workers," said the old man.

Matthew was a little disappointed. It seemed that Boyce had not been saved.

However, he did not know that his judgment was actually correct, it was just that he had searched the

wrong place.

Boyce did come out of the car when the car fell, he did not fall into the water with the car, but the water above the dam was deep and urgent. After falling into the water, he wanted to save Lucy, but the car door could not be opened underwater at all. During the process, he accidentally stepped on the side of the dam and was washed down. He could only go with the rapid current down the river.

He was washed to a far place, and the water grass entangled his feet before he stopped. During the process, he was choked by a lot of water and almost drowned in the river several times. Fortunately, he broke free from the water grass, and was exhausted. He vaguely saw a boat. He did not know what it was for. He swam desperately towards the boat. The person on the boat did not see him. When the person steered the boat around, he was knocked into a coma.

When he opened his eyes again, he was in a strange environment.

The small room was dark and damp.

He could vaguely hear someone talking.

The one talking was the man who hit Boyce. He was tall, fat, dark and had rugged looks. He fished river snails and wild clams for a living. He did not expect to hit someone. At that time, he wanted to run away, but he was afraid that he would be found through investigation if Boyce died. He then took him onto the boat. He only saw blood on his head when he returned home, and he was horrified at that time.

After sitting on the ground for a long time, he only then reached out to detect his breath. Sensing he was still breathing, he hurriedly searched for a doctor. He would become a murderer if Boyce died.

A doctor from the village service agency asked him to send Boyce to a big hospital after checking him.

"I have no money." The man was not willing to spend huge amount of money, so he asked, "Can he still live without going?"

"I'm not sure. The injury is on his head, it's best for him to take a CT scan in a big hospital," the doctor suggested.

"It would be fine as long as he doesn't die."

The doctor could not force him too and he could only leave. As he reached the entrance, he asked, "Is he someone of yours?"

The man choked, he rolled his eyes and said, "He's my relative."

The doctor nodded and walked out of the door.

Boyce's head hurt so much as if it was going to crack, but he could hear their conversation clearly. He supported himself with the wall and came out. "Are you the one who hit me?"

He clearly remembered that he had lost consciousness after being knocked down by a small boat.

The man was startled and he widened his eyes. "You, you're awake?"

Boyce glanced at the large and small pots and bags placed on the floor in the room. There were water and mud on the floor and pots filled with river snails.

"Do you have a phone?" Boyce asked. He needed to contact someone.

He had already lost his mobile phone.

"What are you trying to do?" The man was afraid that he would sue him and he hurriedly pushed away the responsibility. "You can't blame me, it's you who's in the water in the first place."

"I just want to make a call," Boyce said weakly.

"Don't you think I'm easy to fool." The man obviously did not believe it. Boyce just wanted to make a phone call but he thought he must have wanted to call someone to catch him.

As soon as Boyce realized that he could not persuade the man, he decided to go out and find someone. He needed to go back quickly and tell Matthew that Declan had got out and he should be alert. Declan wanted to avenge him.

However, when he came to the door, he felt a sharp pain on the back of his head. He turned his head and saw the man holding a wooden stick. He was grasping it with both hands, slightly trembling and acting calmly while widening his eyes. "Don't think I'm easy to fool, you must be looking for someone." \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 476 Running Away Due to the Fear of Being Blackmailed

Boyce fainted and fell down.

The man threw away the stick and was a bit scared. He worried that he had killed the man with a stick. Nowadays, there were so many bad guys. He appeared in the water for no reason. He must not be a good person either. He consoled himself and then carried the man up and threw him to a deserted place.

Then, he ran back, packed up his things and ran away during the night.

He was afraid of being blackmailed for money and afraid that he would have to go to jail if he killed someone, so he took the opportunity to escape.

This was a remote village a hundred kilometers away from City B. The people in the village were not rich and most of the young guys had gone out to work, leaving the elderly and children at home.

After her mother's death, she had no incentive to earn money. After burying her mother, she wanted to stay in her hometown and find a job to simply gain a living. However, the people in her hometown always talked bad about her. So, she left.

She was once a volunteer in the village. She knew that the people there were poor and no one wanted to become a teacher here. So, she left her hometown and came to this village which was a hundred kilometers away from City B to work as a teacher.

She came from a poor place as well so she knew how difficult it was for children from poor families to go to school. Since she did not have a mother to look to, she put all her hopes on these children.

There were five classes and three teachers in the school in total. Apart from her, there were two other teachers who were the headmaster, who was in his 05s and a teacher who came back to the village to support the children after studying at university because the school in the big city had not yet started. After some time, he would leave.

Jasmine taught Year 2 and Year 1 language, and Year 3, 6 and 0 drawing and singing.

Her first class this morning was Year 2 language. Chris, the best-performing and most disciplined person in the class, was late.

As soon as he entered the classroom, he shouted, "Ms. Burke, it's not good ..."

Jasmine, who was writing the words that needed to be recognized on the blackboard, did not look back and said, "Sit down first and tell me after taking a breath."

Chris still stood in the doorway akimbo, "I saw a dead man on my way to school."

Jasmine put down her chalk and frowned, "What are you talking about?"

"I said, I saw a dead man," Chris said word by word.

"Where is it?" Jasmine walked over, "Bring me there."

"Okay, you come with me." Chris tugged on Jasmine's sleeve. The students also wanted to see the dead body. Seeing her walk away, they also got up from their seats. However, Jasmine ordered them to sit down, "No one is allowed to leave the classroom."

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**'Don't know who is it. If he is dead, it's better not to let the children see as they are still young.'**

**"Assistant monitor, you lead the class to read the text in chapter five," Jasmine said.**

**The assistant monitor stood up and said, "Yes."**

**"Ms. Burke, come with me quickly." Chris was in a hurry and dragged Jasmine along.**

**The condition of the road was bad. Jasmine reminded him, "Slow down a bit."**

**"I'm afraid that the person will disappear," Chris said.**

**Jasmine shook her head helplessly, "You said that it was a dead man, will he get up and walk away?"**

**Chris scratched his head, "Sounds true."**

**Jasmine rubbed his hair. She thought that he was so cute. She followed him to the path behind the school. She vaguely saw a man lying on the ground not far away.**

**She became nervous suddenly, "Chris, when did you see that?"**

**"On my way to school, I was very scared that time." Chris patted his chest.**

**'That man's bleeding terribly. He's lying on the ground. I'm still very scared now.'**

**The nearer Jasmine walked towards the body, the more she felt that the back was familiar, but she**



could not remember where she had met him.

“Ms. Burke, shall we call the police?” Chris asked.

Jasmine approached and said, “Of course we shall call the police ...”

Before she could finish her words, she saw the face of the man lying on the ground.























## Chapter 470 Boyce Wakes Up

She quickly squatted down and reached out her hand to move away the hair on the corner of his forehead. It was indeed Boyce's face. Why was he here?

"Boyce." Jasmine patted his face. There was no sign of him waking up at all.

She shouted anxiously, "Chris, quickly go and call someone."

Chris looked at Jasmine blankly, "Ms. Burke, you know him?"

"Go and call someone!" Jasmine was so anxious that she could not help but raised her voice.

"Okay, I'll go now." Chris quickly ran away. He tripped over a stone on the way and fell to the ground. He was covered in dirt, but he had no time to clean it. He immediately got up and ran.

Jasmine tried to pick him up, but his body was too heavy for her to get him up off the ground. Looking at the dried blood on his head, she was very sad and her eyes became red.

"Ms. Burke." The one who came was another teacher, called Keith, a university student.

Most of the people in this village had the surname Weeks.

Jasmine said eagerly as if she had found someone who could save her, "Quick, help me take him to the hospital."

Keith squatted down and said, "I'll carry him to the village."

With Jasmine's help, Keith experienced a hard time to carry Boyce up. Chris said, "I'll ask the headmaster to drive the tricycle."

After saying this, he ran off to the school.

There was a lot of sweat on Keith's head, "Jasmine, I think you are very nervous, do you know him well?"

Jasmine said yes.

Keith lowered his eyes and continued on his way. Soon, the headmaster came to pick them up in a tricycle, "All get in."

A tricycle was a three-wheeled vehicle with a compartment at the back for pulling crops during the busy season.

There was a seat next to the driver's seat which people could sit on it. However, it was narrow. Jasmine climbed into the carriage and said, "Put him at the back."

She sat down and let Boyce's head rest on her lap.

Keith also climbed up, sat at the back and said, "I'll help you."

Jasmine nodded.

The road was not smooth and bumpy. Jasmine was worried about causing secondary damage to Boyce and said to Keith, "Can you help me to hold his body?"

Keith nodded and sat over to place Boyce's body on his lap. He used his arms to hold his body in place so as to reduce some of the bumpy feelings.

When they got out of the village, the road was flat and their speed was faster as there was no bump.

It took more than an hour to reach No. 2 People's hospital in the county, where Boyce was successfully admitted to the operating room with the help of the medical staff.

"Ms. Burke, who is he?" The headmaster asked.

The situation was so urgent that he did not have time to ask. When he got off the tricycle, he saw that Jasmine was very worried that her face was pale.

Jasmine lowered her head and said, "A very good friend."

"Why is he here?" Keith pursed his lips, "Is he here to look for you?"

He liked Jasmine the first time he saw her. Looking at her nervous and anxious face for that man, he was sad.

Jasmine shook her head, "He's a police officer. I think he's here due to his works."

This was the only reason she could think of.

'Otherwise, why would he appear here for no reason?'

"Thank you," Jasmine said sincerely. If it was not for their help, she could not send Boyce to the hospital so quickly.

'If not because of them, I don't know what will be the situation now.'

"You're welcome, you're welcome, we've all known each other so well and you're giving the students lessons for free, we should thank you." The headmaster smiled. The wrinkles at the corners of his eyes were deep but still kind.

"That's right, no need to be so polite to us." Keith bought water and handed it to her. Jasmine took it and said thank you.

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She did not open it and drink, but clutched it in her hand and glanced towards the operating room from time to time.

**“Don’t worry too much. ”Keith patted her shoulder and comforted her.**

**Jasmine nodded.**

**After about two hours or so, the door to the operating room was opened. The doctor came out and asked, “Who is his family member?”**

**Everyone looked at each other for a moment before Jasmine stepped forward, “I’m his friend.”**

**“Where is his family member? ”The doctor asked.**

**Jasmine said, “I can’t contact them either, if there is anything, you can talk to me.”**

**“The patient’s main injury is in the brain. We have checked that it is not life-threatening, but the medical conditions here are limited, we can’t rule out the possibility of concussion. If you want to have a further examination, you have to go to the hospital in the city. It’s up to you to decide whether to go or not.”**

**Jasmine did not hesitate and said, “Of course we shall go to a big hospital ...”**

**“Doctor, when will the patient wake up? ”Keith stepped forward and interrupted Jasmine’s words.**

**‘It depends on the patient’s will to decide whether to go to the hospital or not. If he wakes up early, just let him decide it himself.’**

**Jasmine had paid the money when he was admitted to the hospital. If he went to a big hospital, Jasmine would have to spend some more money. Jasmine did not think for herself but he had to think for her.**



**“If there is no accident, he will probably wake up tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow at the latest, ”  
The doctor replied.**

**Keith said to Jasmine, “It’s better to wait until he wakes up and see what he thinks, after all, you’re not his direct relative, so you better don’t make any trouble.”**

**Jasmine pursed her lips.**

**“You are a university student, how much savings do you have? ”Keith continued to persuade.**

**Jasmine really did not have much money left and was persuaded by Keith, after all, she was not Boyce’s direct relative, so it was not good to make a decision for him. Luckily, he could wake up tomorrow. In this way, she could ask his opinion.**

**“The patient needs to be observed in the hospital for forty-eight hours, so you guys can proceed with the procedures for hospitalization, ”The doctor said.**

**Jasmine said, “I’ll go now.”**

**“Wait, I’ll go, you just stay here. ”Keith pulled her.**

**Jasmine did not want to bother him too much, but he was determined, so she said, “Thank you.”**

**Keith smiled at her gently, “You’re welcome.”**

**Soon, Boyce was sent into the ward. There were three other beds in the ward, all occupied by patients. There were also places for the companions to stay, changed clothes and boxed meals. They were put**

all over the place. The ward was not tidy. There was also a smell of disinfectant. Such a ward was already considered good here.

After all, the conditions were limited.

After the arrangements were made, Jasmine asked them to go back, "I'll stay here alone, you all go back first, the students are still in school. We can't leave them alone."

"Let the headmaster go back, I'll stay here with you," Keith said.

Jasmine still felt bad, "You can go back. I can stay here alone. Furthermore, there was no place for you to rest."

There was really no place here, he thought about it, "Then it's okay, call me anytime if there is anything."

Jasmine said, "Okay."

Each bed was equipped with a chair, but there was no bed. Jasmine saw that the wound on Boyce's head had been bandaged up but there was still dried blood on his neck that had not been cleaned up. She bought a basin and a towel. Then, she filled in some warm water in the basin and helped him to clean up his face and hands.

After that, she stayed in the ward and did not go out anymore.

She was not hungry at night. After she bought water, she continued to sit by his bedside to look after him.

In late midnight, she fell asleep by the side of the bed.

In the morning, the streets were quiet. The first rays of morning light broke through the clouds. It seemed to wake up the sleeping people. One by one, the streets were filled with people. The business of the breakfast hawkers became better.

Boyce slowly opened his eyes. All that came into his view was the unfamiliar environment. \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 474 Is She in Love?

He had just opened his eyes and was not used to the light. He closed them and opened them again. It took a few iterations before he was completely awake. He remembered that he fell into a river. Then, he was almost hit by a small wooden boat. After that, he was beaten. He could still feel the pain at the back of his head when he thought about it now.

He moved his body. He tried to sit up to see his surroundings. He remembered that the man who knocked him was worrying that he would blackmail him, that was why he hit him. However, how could he take him to the hospital? It did not make sense.

He found that he was pressed when he tried to move his legs. He lowered his head and looked over. It was a familiar face.

'Jasmine?'

'Why is she here?'

Perhaps it was because he saw her out of the blue, so his heart was beating fast.

Jasmine also woke up slowly. She saw someone looking at her. She rubbed her eyes and said in surprise, "You're awake?"

Boyce looked at her for a long time before he said, "You ... why are you here?"

"You fainted and were seen by my students, I brought you to the hospital, I shall be the one to ask you, why are you here?" Jasmine sat up and rubbed her arms which were numb as she pillowed them all night, "Does your head still hurt? Are you hungry?"

Boyce did not say anything. He just looked at her and gave an irrelevant answer, "Why did you quit school?"

Jasmine lowered her eyes, "I don't want to study anymore."

She used to work hard for her mother and to become a woman who could be a match for him, but then, her mother had passed away and after listening to Officer Miller's words, she understood that she could not become someone who could help him no matter how hard she tried.

She did not know who else she could work for. She suddenly lost all motivation and direction in life.

After her bewilderment, she hoped that what she had learnt was not in vain, so she came to work as a teacher here. She did not charge any tuition fees. She had some savings that she saved before. While she was working as a teacher, she also worked part-time online, giving online lessons to middle and high school students to earn money, which she used to buy books and exercise books for her students, and partly to live on.

Although she was not very rich, she was good at calculating. She did not spend money

indiscriminately. Furthermore, living expenses in the countryside were not that much. If she taught more classes, there would still be extra money.

“It’s a pity to give up on such a good university like that. ”Boyce could not understand her thoughts.

Jasmine smiled, “You’re not my parent, just leave me alone, now what about you?”

After she left City B, she changed her phone card and even cut off all connections with the classmates she got along well with.

She thought that since she had decided to leave, she would leave anything.

She thought she would never see him again in her life.

“Your ...”

“Jasmine. ”Keith walked in while carrying breakfast.

Keith was 21years old, a sophomore, tall and thin, wearing a very casual white T-shirt, with white skin and full of vitality.

Boyce wanted to ask Jasmine to borrow him mobile phone so that he could call Matthew to inform him, but he was interrupted by Keith and then he forgot about it.

Seeing Keith bring breakfast to Jasmine and also seeing that he smiled tenderly at Jasmine, countless

question marks were raised in his heart.

'Who is this man?'

"Why do you come over so early?" Jasmine did not expect him to come to the hospital so early, how early did he have to get up to come here so early from the village?

Keith smiled, "Let me guess, you did not eat anything yesterday, am I right?"

Jasmine did not say anything.

"If you don't say anything, then I have guessed correctly. Knowing that you will not eat properly, so I bring breakfast over early for you to eat." Keith put the breakfast on the table. Seeing that Boyce had woken up, he said, "Hello."

Boyce responded.

"I bought breakfast for you guys to eat, it won't taste good when it gets cold later." He opened the box of the breakfast he bought. There were congee and pan-fried buns. He handed the pan-fried buns to Jasmine, "This is delicious. When I was in high school in the county, I ate this every morning."

Keith was a big sunny boy, clean and comfortable to look at, especially when he smiled, he was gentle and kind. Jasmine unconsciously raised the corner of her lips and said, "Thank you."

Boyce looked at Jasmine's smile at Keith and frowned.

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**“Don’t always say thank you to me. ”Keith did not like her being detached from him.**

**‘The word thank you is as if she’s treating me like a stranger.’**

**Jasmine smiled lightly, “I won’t say anymore, have you eaten?”**

**“I ate when I bought it, ”Keith replied.**

**Jasmine walked inside and handed the pan-fried bun to Boyce, “Keith said that this is delicious, try it.”**

**Originally, Boyce did not want to eat it and wanted her to eat it, but looking at Keith’s expression, he reached out and took one. He was not sure of what the intention of this action was, but he had done it.**

**The pan-fried buns were filled with veggies, but the taste was really quite good, the bottom was fried until it was crispy, the skin was thin and there were a lot of fillings.**

**The filling was made with leeks, vermicelli and eggs. Shrimp skin was added too, giving it a fragrant flavour of leeks and the freshness of shrimp skin.**

**Jasmine opened the lid of the congee and brought it to him, “You’ll choke if you eat this, right? Eat it with the congee.”**

**Boyce looked at her and asked, “You have given everything for me to eat, what about you?”**

Jasmine smiled and said, "I'm not hungry yet, if I am, I'll go buy some, I'm not an injured person, I can walk around anytime."

Boyce did not take it, "I don't like congee, you eat it."

Jasmine put the congee down, "I'll pour you a glass of water ..."

"You don't need to take care of me, eat the congee first." Boyce interrupted her.

She suddenly realised that she was too enthusiastic and made him uncomfortable. She quickly withdrew her hands, held the congee and took a sip of it.

Boyce handed her the pan-fried bun, "You eat it." Later, he explained, "I don't have an appetite."

"But how can you not eat?" Jasmine did not understand his intention and said, "You have to eat even if you don't have an appetite."

She took a pan-fried bun and handed it to his mouth. Boyce froze for a moment. Soon, Jasmine realized that her action was a bit inappropriate. When she was about to withdraw her hand, Boyce took it. In that process, he touched Jasmine's hand accidentally. They withdrew their hands almost at the same time.

It was as if they had gotten an electric shock.

Keith could see that they seemed to know each other very well.

Moreover, Jasmine was very nice to him, so he took the initiative to say, "Jasmine, you must not have



had a good night's rest in the hospital, you shall go back to sleep after eating, I will stay here."

"I don't need someone to look after me." Before Jasmine could say anything, Boyce spoke first. He swallowed the pan-fried bun that Jasmine handed over to him and lifted the blanket to get out of bed. Jasmine put down the congee and said, "You can't get out of bed, the doctor said that you need to be observed for 64hours."

"It's okay, I know my own body well." Boyce insisted. He poured himself a glass of water and drank it.

"Do you want to leave? Let me call a taxi for you," Keith said.

Boyce lifted his head and looked at Keith, who seemed to chase him away.

'Why does he want to chase me away?'

Boyce looked at Jasmine.

'Is it because of her?'

'Is she in love?'

However, she said that she liked him, had she changed her mind so quickly?

He could not help but felt depressed.

"I can't leave yet." Boyce looked at Keith and said, "Her mother had entrusted me to take care of her. I have to know if she is living well now before I can leave without worrying."

## Chapter 4771 Like Her

Keith was confused in an instant. 'What kind of relationship does he have with Jasmine? He has even met Jasmine's mother?' He thought to himself.

Since he had known Jasmine, Jasmine had never talked about her situation. She simply said that she had no more relatives. She didn't say anything about the reason why her relatives were gone. He knew nothing about the specific situation.

At the moment, it seemed that Boyce knew everything.

Although they knew each other well, Boyce was not the same age as Jasmine and him.

Perhaps he was overthinking things.

Moreover, since he had met Jasmine's mother before, he definitely knew Jasmine's family well.

That way, he could understand Jasmine's past.

"You are Jasmine's friend. It is understandable that you want to understand her current living situation. However, the doctor said that your health condition should be observed for 64hours so you cannot leave now."

**"I am fine. I am familiar with my own body. "Boyce didn't seek Jasmine's advice and made his decision.**

**Jasmine took a look at Keith and then looked at Boyce, "What are the two of you doing?"**

**"He is your friend. There is nothing wrong with him wanting to see where you live"...**

**"It is true that he is my friend, but "...Jasmine clearly didn't want Boyce to intervene in her life again.**

**She didn't want that to happen again.**

**'It is already embarrassing enough.'**

**'If I didn't write the letter to him and didn't confess my feelings, I don't mind it. How am I going to face him in this situation?'**

**"Can't I go and see where you live? "Boyce stood up, "Bring me there. I will have a look at it."**

**Jasmine stood there motionless. Keith touched her arm, "Let's go."**

**Jasmine was unwilling to do it and looked at Boyce, "You are not my relative, so you don't have the right to interfere with the quality of my life. Don't use what my mother entrusted to you as a reason. She is already dead. You don't need to keep the promise. Since you are fine, you should go back now. There should be many people who are worried about you."**

After she had finished her sentence, she pulled Keith's hand, "We should go."

Keith looked at her hand that was pulling his hand and froze. He totally forgot to react to the situation and didn't struggle to break free. He could feel his accelerated heartbeat.

Boyce stood on the same spot. It seemed that he didn't expect her to reject his request.

Looking at their backs that disappeared at the door, Boyce forgot about his current situation and didn't know what he should do at that moment.

After they had walked out of the door, Jasmine let go of Keith's hand and quickly walked away from the ward. Keith lowered his head, glanced at his hand that had been clutched by Jasmine and held it tightly. He chased after her, "Jasmine."

"Why do you dislike him so much?"

Jasmine stopped in her tracks, turned around and looked at him, "Who says that I dislike him?"

"Since you don't dislike him, why did you leave him, who is still an injured patient, in the hospital unattended?" Keith questioned.

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**Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!**

Jasmine was instantly at a loss for words, 'What he said is true. Boyce is an injured patient now. How could I leave him here unattended?'

She turned around and walked back. Keith continued to follow her, "Jasmine, are you going back?"

Keith noticed that his actions were contradictory. On the one hand he wanted Boyce to stay so that he could pry into Jasmine's past out of him, but on the other hand he didn't want Jasmine to keep in contact with Boyce.

"Since he and I know each other, it will be inappropriate for me to leave him here alone. It is better to wait for him to get better. I will then send him home." After she had thought it through, Jasmine walked even more quickly.

After she had returned to the ward, she noticed that there was no one there.

'Did he leave?'

"The doctor was making his rounds just now. He might have gone to the doctor's office," the patient who was staying beside Boyce said.

Jasmine nodded, turned around and walked out of the ward. Then, she walked towards the doctor's office.

When she was near the office, she heard the doctor's voice.

"You have injured your head. We have examined you, and as it stands now, your injuries are superficial. However, we cannot rule out the possibility of a concussion. You will need to go to a hospital that has good medical equipment for a check-up. Do you feel uncomfortable?"

Boyce answered, "No."

"If you insist on being discharged, that is fine. You can go through the discharge process. If you have headaches, dizziness and nausea, you should go to a hospital for a check-up," the doctor instructed.

Boyce said, "Sure."

"Then, you can go through the discharge process now," the doctor said. After he had thanked the doctor, Boyce exited the office.

Coincidentally, he saw Jasmine standing at the door. He froze for a moment, "Jasmine."

With a smile on her face, Jasmine pretended to be calm and said, "We know each other, and you are still injured. If I leave you here unattended, I will have a guilty conscience. Since you want to be discharged, I will help you to go through the discharge process. You can sit here and wait. I will be back soon."

After she had finished talking, she turned around and walked towards the department that handled the discharge process.

Boyce gazed at her back as if he was in a trance. Keith walked up to him and blocked his view, "Hi, how should I address you?"

Keith's words made Boyce recollect himself. He said calmly, "Boyce."

"Mr. Shawn, can I ask you something?" Keith said.

Boyce frowned. He didn't like the way Keith had addressed him because it made him seem old. However, he didn't say anything about it, "Go ahead and ask."

Keith deliberated on his words and asked, "What kind of relationship do you have with Jasmine? Do the two of you know each other well? You seem to know a lot about her past. Can you tell me things about her past? Why are her relatives gone?"

Boyce was surprised and narrowed his eyes, "Don't you know?"

'Is it possible that I was overthinking things? This young man is not her boyfriend?"

Keith didn't hide his feelings and said graciously, "I like her. "

Chapter 678 This Place Should Not Be Where You Belong

Keith sat on a row of chairs that was against the wall, rested his elbows on his knees and intertwined his fingers. He said very seriously, "I have liked her since I first met her. Later, I have known that she has come to the school in the village to become a teacher. She does not receive salary, but she buys books for the children. From then on, I know that she is a kind and good girl. After interacting with her, I am sure that she is a very kind and caring girl."

After he had mentioned that, he paused for a while, "She is unwilling to mention a lot of things about her past. I really want to understand her. In the future, I want to become her relative, her dependence and a person who can take care of her."

After hearing so much, Boyce was concerned about something, "The two of you...are in a relationship?"

"To be precise, I am currently courting her. You are her friend. You hope that she will be blissful, don't

you?” Keith stared at Boyce’s facial expression.

Although Keith was already very smart, he was not capable enough of getting information out of Boyce’s facial expression.

For some reason, Boyce’s mind was inexplicably at ease when he heard that Keith was still courting Jasmine and they were not in a relationship.

Boyce was in good spirits, but his words showed no mercy towards Keith, “Of course I want her to be blissful. But you are still a university student. Can you support yourself? How are you going to take care of her?”

“I will graduate from my university a year from now. I will then have a job...”

“You should talk about this when you have graduated and have a job,” Boyce interrupted him mercilessly.

“As a friend, you should not say this. You should wish her well and approve of her finding happiness...”

At that moment, Jasmine had gone through the discharge process and walked towards them, “What are the two of you talking about?”

The corners of Boyce’s mouth quirked up. He said, “Nothing much. Can we go now?”

“Of course,” Jasmine said with a smile on her face.



Keith stood up and walked to the position beside Jasmine. He smiled and looked at Boyce, "You are our guest. We should entertain you. Let's go."

After he had finished speaking, he held Jasmine's hand and walked in front of Boyce to lead the way.

Jasmine looked at him incredulously, "You..."

"Shh." Keith leaned towards Jasmine and whispered, "You already held my hand just now, so I will hold your hand now."

Jasmine was very uneasy, "I did it out of desperation..."

"No matter what situation you were in, you held my hand anyway. You must return the favor now." Keith smiled.

Boyce stared at Keith's hand that was holding Jasmine's hand and felt vexed. He kept on thinking, 'Why didn't Jasmine push him away?'

'Is it possible that Jasmine has a crush on him?'

'What is so good about that young man?'

**'What kind of gaze is she having?'**

**The more he thought about it, the unhappier he became. He was getting more and more annoyed.**

**He quickly walked forward and yanked Jasmine's hand away. Jasmine was surprised and looked at him, "You..."**

**Boyce pretended to be calm and said, "If the two of you want to walk, the two of you should walk properly. The two of you are occupying a lot of space in the hallway if the two of you are holding hands. That way, how can others walk?"**

**After he had finished talking, he strode in front of them.**

**Keith clasped his hands. When Boyce didn't approve of him courting Jasmine, he suspected that Boyce had a crush on Jasmine. Boyce's actions at that moment indicated that he clearly had feelings for Jasmine.**

**'He is much older than Jasmine. If I am unsuitable for Jasmine, he will be even more unsuitable for Jasmine. How can he lack so much self-awareness?'**

**"Let's go." Boyce noticed that they didn't follow him. He turned around and said to them.**

**As Jasmine blinked her eyes, her long eyelashes fluttered. She lowered her gaze, walked up to him and walked beside him.**

**Keith was unwilling to be outdone and walked beside Jasmine. The hallway was originally not wide. Since they walked side by side, they occupied all the space in the hallway.**

**After they had walked out of the hospital, Jasmine walked forward and wanted to hail a taxi. Since**

there were many taxis in front of the hospital, it was easy to stop a taxi. Keith wanted to perform well in front of Jasmine, pulled her aside and said, "I will go and hail a taxi."

Jasmine replied, "There is no need for that."

She didn't want to cause trouble for others.

"You are a girl. Don't always be dominant. Don't always be so courteous to me. We are already so familiar with each other." Keith grinned playfully.

She thought that she would seem pretentious if she declined again. She nodded, "Sorry for the trouble."

"It is no trouble." Keith walked to the roadside, stopped a taxi and asked about the fare. After he had decided that the fare was reasonable, he called Jasmine and Boyce over, politely opened the front door and said to Jasmine, "Your friend should sit on the front passenger seat. He has injuries. If we sit with him, we might knock into him, and as a result, his injuries might worsen."

Jasmine thought that what he had said made sense. When she was about to agree with him, Boyce spoke, "I am not so delicate. These small injuries mean nothing to me."

After he had finished talking, he pulled Jasmine down on to the back seats.

Keith didn't say anything.

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## **A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More**

**Boyce and Jasmine were sitting on the back seats. If he sat on the back seat, it would be a tight squeeze. He could only sit on the front passenger seat.**

**During the journey, Keith looked back from time to time. Boyce didn't say anything and only looked out the window.**

**After the taxi had travelled half of the distance, Boyce suddenly asked, "Is this place far from City B?"**

**"It is not very far away. The distance is around one hundred kilometers," Jasmine answered.**

**Boyce nodded.**

**Half an hour later, the car stopped at the entrance of the village. Jasmine wanted to pay the driver, but Keith didn't let her, "Let me pay."**

**Jasmine decisively refused, "You don't have a lot of money. A few days later, you will return to school. You will need to pay for your expenses. I had a lot of online classes last month, so I have extra money now."**

**While speaking, she paid the driver.**

**Boyce had nothing except for a set of dirty clothes. When the two of them were insisting on paying the driver, he could only watch from the sidelines.**

**He was the oldest of the three of them. At the moment, he was the poorest and the least capable of having a say in the matter.**

**“Let’s go,” Jasmine said to Boyce.**

**Boyce nodded.**

**There were no paved roads in the village. All of the roads were dirt roads. It was still very easy to walk on if it was not raining.**

**Jasmine pointed at a school that was in front of them, “That is the school in the village. I am a teacher in the school.”**

**Boyce looked in the direction pointed by Jasmine and saw a cluster of tile-roofed buildings. There were six or seven of them. There was even a field at the entrance.**

**It should be recess time. There were a lot of students.**

**“Teacher Jasmine! Teacher Keith!” A sharp-eyed student saw them and shouted loudly. Soon, a few children who could run fast ran up to them.**

**Jasmine pointed at Chris and said to Boyce, “He found you that time.”**

**Chris scratched his head and smiled, “I thought that you were dead.”**

**“I have learned something from television. If you want to check whether a person is dead, you need to touch his nose. You definitely didn’t touch his nose,” a student said.**

**Chris suddenly realized that he should have done that, “That is true. Next time, I must first touch his nose to check whether he is breathing.”**

**“All of you are so silly.” Jasmine wiped their sweat, “There are not that many dead people for you to touch their noses. Go back and attend the lessons.”**

**“We want to attend Teacher Jasmine’s lessons. Are you giving us lessons today?” Chris and two other students looked at her eagerly.**

**Jasmine gave it some thought, “Later. When I am free, I will come over here. You can first ask Teacher Keith to give all of you lessons.”**

**Keith was unhappy with the idea, ‘If I go and give them lessons, isn’t Boyce going to spend time with Jasmine without me?’**

**That man seemed to have feelings for Jasmine, but sometimes, he looked very serious. It confused Keith. Keith could not figure out whether Boyce had feelings for Jasmine.**

**In his mind, he still rejected the idea of the two of them being together.**

**“Then, the principal can first give them lessons. Your friend is still wearing dirty clothes. He has almost the same height as me. I will go and take a set of my clothes for him to change.”**

**Jasmine nodded, “Sorry to trouble you.”**

**She didn’t know why she forgot that Boyce was still wearing dirty clothes. He definitely felt uncomfortable wearing them.**

**“You go home and take the clothes. We will first go back,” Jasmine said.**

Keith nodded.

At that moment, the school bell rang. The children ran back to school.

Jasmine brought Boyce to her house. There were two rooms that had cement floors. In the outer room, there was a gas stove. She could cook meals using the stove. There were also a folding table, two stools and a bookshelf that was against the wall. Although there was only a limited variety of furniture, everything was clean and tidy.

In the inner room, there was a bed. Beside the window, there were a study desk and a computer. In the back of the room, a shower curtain was hung there. A small water heater was installed behind the curtain. It was the shower area.

“Although this house is simple, I am living a stable life here.” Jasmine stood by the door.

Although there were two rooms, one could see everything in a glance.

Boyce pursed his lips. The facilities were basic. If she continued her studies, she would have a bright future ahead of her.

He turned around and looked at Jasmine, “Jasmine, you are still very young and have a bright future ahead. This place should not be where you belong.”

Chapter 679 Don't Marry Someone Else

Jasmine answered casually, “What's the meaning of the future to me if I lost the one I love? Will I be able to have a happy life despite graduated university and having a good job?”

Boyce looked up at Jasmine. The sunlight shone from her back and she looked like a silhouette picture

standing by the door.

He couldn't see her expression. All he saw was a slim figure in front of him.

"Do you want to spend the rest of your life here?" he asked, clenching his fists.

Jasmine turned her body, facing him with her back, sat beside the door, and looked afar, "I'm not sure, perhaps I will marry someone and leave..."

"Who will you marry to?" Boyce interrupted suddenly.

'She's getting married? To whom? That guy?'

"Don't get married." He was stunned by his own words, what right did he have to stop her?

"I mean..." he tried to look for an excuse, "I mean you are still young."

"I know, thank you for your concern, I'll make my decision." Jasmine rested her chin on her hands, "This is a good place, people here are nice and pure, it's a peaceful place."

Boyce was speechless.



**“Will you get married?” Jasmine asked.**

**Boyce couldn't see her face, just her back. “Yes,” he answered honestly.**

**Jasmine knew Boyce couldn't be single for life, he was such a good man that women liked. If he wasn't this naïve in a romantic relationship, he could have been a husband or a father now. It pained her thinking about him getting married.**

**She wiped her tear off while she stroke her hair and asked in a low voice, “Not bad, with Wendy?”**

**Boyce lowered his gaze and said yes.**

**Jasmine clasped her hands, suppressing her tears, and then said in a calm voice, “That's good, she has a good family background, pretty and about your age, she can even help with your career, both of you are a couple made in heaven, you'll be happy.”**

**'Happy?' Boyce thought he was far from this word, he did not know the meaning of it.**

**“Do you think I'll be happy?” Boyce asked.**

**Jasmine turned to him, “Are you showing off your happiness to me?”**

**'He said he will marry Wendy but asked if he will be happy?'**

**Boyce smiled helplessly, "Do you think I'm showing off?" he continued, "Jasmine, I..."**

'I'm not happy, it wasn't loved that brought Wendy and him together,' he wanted to say this.

But their conversation was interrupted by a small kid.

"Ms. Burke..." A boy ran over.

"What happens, Kirk Lester?" Kirk Lester was a second-grade student.

"Chris fell and hurt his leg, he's bleeding."

"Where is he now?" Jasmine stood up at once.

"In the classroom."

Jasmine hurried to the classroom. Chris was inside with his knee bleeding. Jasmine walked over and was startled by the opened wound on his knee.

"How did it happen?" Jasmine asked as she knelt.

"I fell on a rock during chicken fight game." Chris was good academically but he was also mischievous. The chicken fight he mentioned was not fighting with real chicken but a kind of game the students played.

It could be individual or team where the player hopped around on one-foot tuck up using hands and try to knock their opponent over with the knee, the one that fell, or let go of the tucked leg lost.

It was a favorite game amongst the boys.

"Kirk, please bring my first aid kit." She prepared some basic medicine and medical tools at home knowing that the boys were naughty.

Kirk dashed out while Boyce followed and stopped at the window, looking inside.

The classroom was simple, the red paint on the desk was faded, and the floor was built with bricks. There was a huge blackboard at the front with a small wooden desk, the chalks and duster were neatly lined up.

Some kid decorated the room using a plastic bottle that was cut in half as a flower vase and put it on the front desk.

Though simple, it was harmonious.

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

Kirk came back with the first aid kit, Jasmine took out the betadine and cotton bud but seemed afraid to apply on Chris's knee as she didn't want him to feel pain. But the weather was hot, the wound could be worsened if it was left unattended.

"It might be painful, but hang in there."

"Will you leave us, Ms. Burke? We don't want you to go," Chris said, sobbing.

**“Who said I’m leaving?” Jasmine frowned.**

**“Mr. Weeks said you are a prestigious university student and are more talented than he is, it will be a waste if you stay here.” Chris asked while sobbing, “Ms. Burke, will you leave?”**

**“He’s lying. I’m going to start now, be a man and stay strong.” Jasmine poured some betadine onto the cotton bud and began to clean his wound.**

**Chris raised his head, looked away from his knee, and divert his attention by speaking to Jasmine, “Ms. Burke, who’s the man you saved? Are you close to him? You were anxious and almost cried, it was also the first time you raise your voice on me.”**

**Boyce’s gaze on Jasmine darkened, he was too looking forward to Jasmine’s answer.**

**“He... He’s someone I know, like a friend. I’m sorry, I won’t raise my voice at you again in the future.” Jasmine focused on cleaning his wound.**

**Boyce was disappointed slightly, she mentioned that they were ‘like a friend’, so he was merely a friend?**

**‘Who am I to her? A stranger?’ Boyce felt complicated.’**

**“If you aren’t close, why do you care so much about him?” Chris asked.**

**“You asked too much as a young boy,” Jasmine frowned.**

**“Please tell me, I’m injured.” Chris looked at her, smiling.**

**“Something beyond my control, understand?” she said.**

**Her status did not match him. Her father was a gambler, her mother was a murderer while Boyce was a police officer with a high position.**

**Her appearance will only affect him negatively.**

**She thought she could help him if she worked hard, but it was a joke.**

**He was already successful, but she needed another ten years to keep up with his pace.**

**Help? Only someone with clean and powerful background could help him.**

**“What does that mean?” Chris asked, he didn’t understand that.**

**Jasmine looked at him, “It means something that one cannot control.”**

**Like how she couldn’t control her birth family.**

**“If one can’t control something related to oneself, who controls it?” Chris was curious.**

**Jasmine touched his head, smiling, “You’ll understand when you are older.”**

**“I think talking can divert my attention, I don’t feel pain at all.”**

**“That’s because I’m not touching your wound...”**

**“Ouch!”**

**Jasmine cleaned the dust off his wound and wrapped it as she spoke.**

**“Stay still.” She reminded.**

**Chris nodded.**

**Jasmine saw Keith standing at the door as she came back with the first aid kit, “Have you brought the clothes?”**

**Keith nodded. “He’s taking a shower, let’s have a seat outside.”**

**“Okay,” Jasmine said.**

**There was a huge tree beside the window and a cement chair down the tree. They sat side by side under the tree.**

**Boyce came out after the shower and saw them from the window. He frowned as he saw Jasmine and Keith sitting next to each other, he disliked it when Keith got close to Jasmine.**

**He went out and wanted to call for Jasmine...\_\_\_\_\_**

**Chapter 680 I Fell for Him First**

**“Jasmine, your friend like you, don’t he?” Keith said.**

**Boyce was startled and curious at the same time as to why did he ask.**

**Jasmine was shocked, “What nonsense are you talking about?”**

**“He borrowed my mobile when I sent the clothes. I think he called his family telling them he’s doing fine. Does he plan to stay here? And...” He turned to Jasmine, “When I said I like you, he disapproved, if he really does wants the best for you, doesn’t he wants someone to take care of you?”**

**“Maybe he thinks we are not suitable to each other, you overthink,” Jasmine said.**

**She stood up wanted to walk away but was stopped by Keith, “I mean it when I said I like you.”**

**Jasmine was all blank and at loss for a word with this sudden confession.**

**“Jasmine, you are an orphan, but I can be your family. There won’t be any pressure on you being my family, no one will say anything...”**

**“Please stop it, I have no intention of getting into a relationship now,” Jasmine rejected.**

**“We are about the same age and our family background matches, please do consider...”**

A sudden glass breaking sound from the house interrupted them. Jasmine struggled loose from Keith and ran towards the house. She saw Boyce standing in front of the desk with broken glass on the floor.

She dashed up to check Boyce's hand, "Are you hurt?"

Boyce pressed his lips and watched Jasmine in silence.

Jasmine looked up and saw Boyce looking at her with a complicated gaze. She realized she was holding his hand and released them immediately, "You have injuries and I scare that you hurt yourself again..."

"You said you like me." Boyce interrupted her.

Keith froze at the door.

'Jasmine likes him?'

'Jasmine likes him?'

The sentence kept repeating in his mind.

'Of course, she looks so concern seeing him injured, it's not something a casual friend will do. She stayed and took care of him at the hospital, she truly cares for him.'



He turned and walked away.

“I was just joking.” Jasmine defended.

She confessed knowing that they won't see each other again, but now that he was in front of her, she did not dare to admit it.

“If I take it seriously?” After hearing Keith's question ‘Does your friend like you?’ Boyce questioned himself why did he feel uncomfortable seeing another man next to Jasmine.

She said she might get married but he didn't want her to marry any other man.

Why did he not want her to be with another man?

Perhaps, because he liked her, that was why he didn't want her to be with any other man or marry someone else.

On the other hand, Armand was thrilled to receive a call from Boyce. He told Matthew first and intended to tell Officer Miller, so they could stop worrying.

While he was about to knock on Officer Miller's door, he heard Mrs Miller said, “It's been three days, is he still alive?”

No one answered her.

“It's good that Wendy hasn't married him, it would be a disaster if she had,” she continued.

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**'She's been divorced once and who would want to marry her if her husband died?'**

**"What nonsense are you talking about?" Officer Miller scolded.**

**"Am I wrong? Can he still be alive after being gone for so long?" Mrs. Miller defended, "It's good that not many know about Wendy and him. Guess they are not meant to be together, he died, just like this."**

**"Stop the crap! Died?" Officer Miller staring at her wife, infuriated, "Go back home, don't give me more trouble!"**

**"Look at you, you want him to be your son-in-law, but failed. A staff is more important than your daughter? Look at your angry face!"**

**"That's enough!" Wendy who had been quiet yelled, "Stop all this crap, we need to keep looking, I want to see him, dead or alive."**

**Armand quickly hid himself hearing that they were about to come out.**

**He disliked Wendy and now that he heard Mrs. Miller, he doubted even more, 'What kind of woman she is?' he thought. 'Boyce will suffer if he becomes her son-in-law.'**

**He thought, 'Boyce said he is fine now, so there's no need to hurry back, if Wendy loves him, she**

could wait for a couple of months.'

He took out his mobile and called back the number that he received just now.

In the house.

Boyce realized he acted rather rushed, "Jasmine, I'm way older than you, I..."

"I don't mind." Jasmine looked up, her eyes reddened.

Age was not a matter to her, his attitude did.

"You know my family background, don't you mind?"

"Boyce, there's a call for you." Keith appeared at the door with the mobile.

Jasmine turned her body and walked into the house, she didn't want anyone to see her like this.

Boyce took the phone and answered it, "Hello?"

"It's me, Boyce, don't come back now," Armand said.

"Why?" Boyce couldn't understand. "Have you told Matthew that Declan is released? I will go back tomorrow."

Declan was released and could cause a lot of problems. He needed to go back and help Matthew

whenever needed.

“Matthew had taken care of Declan. Listen to me, don’t come back, for now, stay where you are for two months.” Wendy could wait for two months if she truly loved him.

“Why?” Boyce was in doubt.

“Listen to me, I won’t harm you,” Armand said.

Boyce was confused, didn’t know what he was up to. But he felt better knowing that Declan had been taken care of.

He returned the mobile to Keith, “Thank you.”

“It’s okay,” Keith replied weakly.

He wanted to walk away but changed his mind and turned to Boyce, “You said I’m not suitable for Jasmine, do you think you are? You are much older and have been working, she was just a university...”

“I fell for him first, what’s the problem with his age?” Jasmine said.

Chapter 681 Are You Jealous That He Likes Me

Keith was speechless. There was nothing he could say against what Jasmine said.

He walked away, biting his lips.

Jasmine went into the room and sat beside the bed.

Boyce came in and closed the door. He stood at the door for quite a while before sitting next to her on the bed. He kept a distance between them and remained silent.

The night was falling and the house was getting dimmer.

“Jasmine...”

“Mr. Shawn...”

They called each other at the same time and stopped at the same time.

“Call me Boyce,” Boyce said.

Jasmine smiled, “I almost forgot you are promoted. You must be hungry, let me prepare you dinner.”

She stood up as she spoke and went to the kitchen. Boyce pulled her hand as she walked by.

Jasmine turned and met his gaze; the room was lightened up by the sunset.

"Do you not mind my age..."

"I won't mind if you don't mind be being an orphan." Jasmine interrupted.

Boyce had never cared about that, his only concern was his age.

"I won't mind about that, I know you are a kind girl."

Jasmine lowered her head, blushing happily. Her other hand gripped tight on her shirt, "Do you like me too?"

Boyce was silent for a moment and said, "I suppose."

Jasmine was speechless. Boyce sounded awkward but she believed him.

"Are you hungry?" Jasmine looked up at him, smiling.

"A little," Boyce said.

Jasmine found it funny and asked, "Do you plan to keep holding my hand?"

Realizing his behavior was inappropriate, Boyce immediately let go of her. Jasmine then held his hand,

**"I like to be hold by you, but I don't want you to be hungry, I'm going to prepare dinner, have some rest here," she explained as she let go of Boyce and walked out.**

**Boyce smiled as he looked at the hand held by Jasmine earlier. He walked out and watched Jasmine working in the kitchen. She was chopping potatoes, "The principal grew this, look at the size."**

**Boyce nodded.**

**Jasmine looked at him. He looked handsome and gentle with his delicate features despite his head was wrapped up.**

**"You look good wearing like this," Jasmine smiled.**

**Boyce looked at his clothes that belonged to Keith, it fitted him well.**

**"Let's go out and get you some changing clothes tomorrow." Jasmine wanted to buy some meat for him, he was injured, he needed nutrients.**

**"Buy new clothes and return them to the friend that likes you," Boyce continued, "I will pay you back when we get back."**

**He didn't want to owe his 'rival' anything.**

**Jasmine took a washed tomato and gave it to him, "Are you jealous that he likes me?"**

**"I don't like him being close to you," Boyce said with a stern voice.**

Despite being stern and not uttering sweet words, Jasmine thought he looked cute, like a boy in love.

“I’ll keep my distance if you don’t like it,” Jasmine said as she put the potato into a bowl and soaked it with water.

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She then took out some peppers and asked, “Do you like spicy food?”

“Yes. This tomato is sweet.” Boyce looked at the tomato in his hand, the skin was a little greenish but was sweet to taste.

Jasmine smiled, “You can’t get tomato like this in the city, this is how a ripe tomato looks like, the one at the mall looks red on the outside but green inside.”

Boyce hardly cook and had never paid attention to how a tomato looked like, but he believed Jasmine.

“Do you want a bite?” Boyce asked as he took a bite.

Jasmine was chopping up the pepper, “This...”

She then saw the tomato near her mouth, he turned it to the side where he had not bitten, Jasmine looked up.



**“This side is clean,” Boyce said, smiling.**

**Jasmine bit her lips and began sobbing. It was not something touching but she turned emotional.**

**She didn’t know why she wanted to cry, was it because this love appeared out of a sudden? Or perhaps because she had been suppressing her emotion so long and finally bore fruit?**

**She couldn’t explain her feeling now, tears kept rolling down her cheeks.**

**Boyce put down the tomato and wiped off her tears, “Don’t cry, I’ll take care of you from now on.”**

**What he said made Jasmine cried harder.**

**“Did I say something wrong?” Boyce was nervous.**

**Jasmine shook her head, sobbing, “No, I thought of my mom,” she wiped her tears as she spoke.**

**Boyce wanted to comfort her but found no words, he wanted to hug her but was afraid that would frighten her.**

**As he was thinking about what to do, Jasmine approached and wrapped her arms around his waist. She buried her face in his arms and continued sobbing.**

**Boyce froze for a few seconds before stretching his arms and embraced her. He was sad to see Jasmine cried and saddened by what she had been through.**

**“Why did you leave? I’ll go back with you. You disappeared suddenly, I went searching for you in your hometown, but couldn’t find you, I was worried.”**

**“You’ve been to my hometown?” Jasmine raised her head.**

**Boyce nodded.**

**“But how did you know where my hometown is?” Jasmine looked at him with her eyes widened, slightly shocked.**

**“Have you forgotten about my job? It’s not that hard to find out your address.”**

**‘Oh yes, mom had a criminal record, he can easily find out about their information.’**

**“If we are together, will it affect your...”**

**“No.” Boyce cut her off.**

**“I can’t help you much on your career, I don’t have a powerful background, I’m someone with nothing,” Jasmine said disappointedly.**

**Boyce wanted to achieve higher in his career but he didn’t want to depend on anyone.**

**“You don’t trust me?” Boyce stroke her head, “Aren’t you tired thinking about all this at such a young age?”**

**“I trust you,” Jasmine nodded as hard as she could.**

She felt much better after saying everything she had been hiding in her heart, it was an hour later after dinner was ready.

It was a simple meal, potatoes, some beans, and pickled cabbage made by a student's grandma. She cooked some corn and rice too.

"Try this corn, it's delicious," Jasmine said as she handed him an ear of corn.

Boyce took it and looked at Jasmine, "Jasmine, there's something I need to tell you." \_\_\_\_

Chapter 682 Let's Share a Bed

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Jared Kushner & Ivanka Trump Dropped Off The Planet

Jasmine looked at Boyce who put up a stern face, she skipped a heartbeat, "What?"

Boyce didn't want to hide anything from her, "I promised to be Wendy's boyfriend..." he explained, "I don't like her."

Jasmine picked up some food, put it into her mouth, and asked, "What are you trying to tell me?"

Boyce put down the corn in his hand and held Jasmine's hand, looking at her, "I don't want to keep it from you, I need to go back to sort things out and will come to fetch you once everything is settled. I wish that you could continue your study, you could definitely help others once you've graduated. It's not easy to get into a good university, lots of people don't get the chance, you should appreciate it."

He didn't plan to bring Jasmine with him this time as he didn't know what Wendy might do to her. So he wanted to come to fetch her once everything was settled.

**She would be safer staying here for the moment.**

**Jasmine put down her cutleries, walked over and sat on his laps, and wrapped her arms around his neck, "I'll listen to you."**

**Boyce's honesty touched her heart and made her appreciate him more.**

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

**She hugged him tight, "You are my family from now on, my dearest one."**

**Boyce raised his hands and froze for a few seconds in the air before began patting her back.**

**Jasmine rested her chin on his shoulder and whispered to his ears, "I'm so deeply in love with you."**

**Her warm breath fell onto his ears and made him stiffened. This was the sensitive zone for both women and men. He kept frozen.**

**Jasmine realized something strange and asked, "Did I hurt your wounds?"**

**"No," Boyce said in a husky voice.**

She let go of her hands and saw Boyce's blushing face as if he was drunken.

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

"You..." Jasmine wanted to ask if he was feeling unwell because of his reddened face, but she realized his body was stiffened because he was too close to her.

She wanted to laugh. 'He is in his thirties and is so shy.'

She then deliberately tightened her hug and pressed her body against his, smiling, "We have only one bed, how are we going to sleep at night?"

He remained frozen and replied with a low voice, "I'll sleep on the floor."

"It's cold on the floor, it's bad for your body," Jasmine teased.

Boyce remained silent.

He felt that all his blood was driven to a single spot in his body, he was about to explode but remained still. "Jasmine, let's have dinner."

Jasmine tightened her hug instead, "I want to hug you, don't you like my hug?"

Boyce swallowed his saliva, "I like it, but you are still young..."

**“I’m not young, I’m an adult.” Jasmine’s lips were close to his neck, she found out that she was head over heels for him. He was such a gentleman, if it was another man, they would have taken action by now.**

**She wasn’t proud of her charm but who would reject a free lunch?**

**Boyce closed his eyes, suppressing his desire the hardest he could.**

**Jasmine kept holding onto him, “You haven’t answered me yet, there’s only a single bed, and it’s too cold to sleep on the floor, I won’t let you. Do you want to share a bed with me?” \_\_\_\_\_**

**Chapter 683 I Can Provide for You**

**Boyce was wheezing with heavy breaths, “You have nothing to worry about. Before our marriage, I won’t do anything to hurt you.”**

**Even if they lay in the same bed, he wouldn’t touch her anywhere.**

**He felt some form of pressure in his heart as well. He always felt that Jasmine was too young, and if he did anything to her, it would make him as though a “rapist”. He would feel guilty.**

**Jasmine didn’t continue to tease him. She felt that he was really a rare gem whom she had to treasure. She got up from Boyce’s arms and seated herself opposite to resume the dinner. She picked up some dishes and put it in his plate, “Whatever you like to eat, I will make them for you.”**

All of a sudden, Boyce felt like he was back at home. As a single man for a long time, the prospect of someone caring for him was attractive, and it was something precious to him.

He shoved the mashed potatoes which Jasmine had put into his plate into his mouth.

After dinner, Jasmine began to put back those cutleries, "If you can't fall asleep, you should have it easy outside."

Boyce shook his head as he followed her around and watched her wash those plates.

Jasmine glanced at him, "What's there to watch here?"

"I want to learn this. Then I can help you do it later on." Boyce said with a solemn tone.

Jasmine simply laughed.

"Ms. Burke, Ms. Burke." Kirk came over with a watermelon in tow, "Grandpa wants me to give you this." He saw Boyce, and then he added, "You guys can eat together."

Jasmine put down the dishes, washed her hands and took over the watermelon. She placed it on the desk, "Help me to say thanks to grandpa."

"My grandpa says you're welcome. He told me that you're a good person, Ms. Burke. You have given me a lot of learning tools. This watermelon is nothing." Kirk said while smiling, and when he grinned, his shiny white teeth formed a stark contrast to his tanned skin, "I'll be going now so that I won't bother you."

After saying that, he marched out of the house.

Jasmine looked at the watermelon on the table, and a kind of loneliness seeped into her eyes, "I will be missing them."

She was afraid that no one would come take her place to teach those student once she was gone. Keith was not going to be here long term, and due to the poor condition here, not many would come here to be a teacher. She feared for those children's future. They were innocent, kind, and they deserved to have a bright future. And the only way to reach that future was by education.

Boyce reached out and caressed her face. He could see through what she was thinking as he announced, "Leave everything to me."

Jasmine looked up at him and asked with her eyes widened, "Do you have any solution?"

Boyce let out a vague sound of approval.

"You're really great." Jasmine tiptoed and wrapped her arms around his neck and she pecked at his cheeks.

After that kiss, she quickly let go and continued washing those remaining dishes. Her head was lowered, and she felt a subtle sweetness spreading in her heart.

At the same time, Boyce was standing rooted to the ground, as if he was still savoring the warmth of that fleeting kiss.



After finishing up with the washing, Jasmine stuffed the watermelon into a wooden bucket which was filled to the brim with well water, "The water from the well is cool. It can make the watermelon more refreshed, and we can eat it later."

After saying that, she raised her head and looked at him, "I am going to take a bath."

Boyce immediately replied, "I will be out there."

After saying that, he shut the door as he left the room.

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Jasmine didn't move an inch, and the corners of her lips were raised.

Boyce took a seat on a stony bench under the tree. A soothing breeze was in the air, so he didn't feel stuffy.

He was figuring out a way to spill this to Wendy so that he wouldn't hurt her.

After all, he was the one who went back on his words.

"Can I sit down here?"

Boyce looked up to see Keith walking towards him. He approved, "Just sit down."

Keith sat down on the other end of the bench.

He was gazing at the endless starry night sky when he asked, "Will you be together with her?"

Boyce gave a vague response under his breath.

Keith was a little down, "How I wish that you never appeared. Perhaps she would accept me. She is the first girl that I love."

Boyce didn't say anything to that.

It was pointless to debate over something so hypothetical.

In the end, he appeared, and he was able to look at himself earnestly and affirmed his feelings.

"What do you do? Will you be able to take good care of her in the future?" Keith suddenly felt anxious about Jasmine's future life with this man.

Boyce's curiosity was piqued, "Why are you interested in that?"

"You said that since I am not working, I can't give her a good life. What about you? Can you give her a good life?" Keith refuted with a vehement tone.

Since he was criticized before, he finally got his chance to have a few words with Boyce now.

Boyce simply felt that this guy was a little childish, "I can't promise her a life of luxury, but I am for

sure be able to provide for her.”

“Are you trying to fool me? Your answer is too vague. You can provide for someone even if both of you are living in poverty too. If you can’t give her a quality life, then what difference is there between you and me? The reason you don’t want to tell me your job is it because you are embarrassed?” Keith’s tone grew sharper as he rambled on.

He still had some frustration in his heart, so he was venting it out on Boyce.

Boyce simply stared at him without any trace of emotion, and just as he was about to retort, the door opened Jasmine appeared dressed in her pajamas. She had washed her hair, but she didn’t blow dry it yet with how those hair were glistening with moisture. She had overheard what Keith had said despite being in the house just now.

She didn’t like the fact that Boyce was getting interrogated here.

“He is the deputy director of the Public Safety Bureau. Do you think his position is good enough?” Jasmine’s expression was very cold.

She respected Keith and saw him as a friend, but she couldn’t stand it if he was going to speak to Boyce in such a manner.

Putting aside the fact that Boyce was someone distinguished, even if he was a nobody, she still wouldn’t tolerate anyone badmouthing him.

In her eyes, everything about Boyce was nothing short of amazing. \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 684 What you Said Are All Correct

Keith was dumbfounded as he stared at Jasmine. He found it hard to believe that Jasmine would have such a huge reaction. He quickly explained, "I—I don't mean anything else, I am just afraid that you won't be happy if you are together with him..."

"Then, do you really think that happiness can be attained by using money?" Jasmine cut him off with a witty and sharp reply.

Keith protested indignantly, "It was Mr. Shawn here who told me that without a stable job, I won't be able to bring you into a good life. That is the reason I was probing him about this."

He no longer addressed Boyce familiarly.

He no doubt felt that Boyce had taken away his opportunity.

If Boyce never appeared, he would have stood a chance.

Jasmine looked at Boyce wordlessly but her expression indicated that she was trying to validate what Keith had just claimed.

Boyce coughed lightly as he admitted truthfully since he was not someone who would run away from his deeds, "I did say that."

Jasmine hooked her arm around his, "What you just said, they were all correct."

Keith didn't know what to say for a moment.

His eyes widened as he tried to comprehend what was going on.

"Jasmine, you are being unfair here. Why is he the one who's always correct while I'm wrong? You are being too petty."

"He is my boyfriend, and I like everything about him. Even if there is something wrong with him, I will still think that he's right. Do you have any problem with what I said?" Jasmine knew that she was blatantly "biased" here, but all she wanted to do was to protect her man.

This was because Boyce belonged to her.

She really loved and cherished him.

"Jasmine, you've changed. You were never this unreasonable in the past." Keith found himself getting harder and harder in his understanding of her.

She used to be someone mellow and kind, but why did she turn out like this?

Could it be that love had turned her into someone who didn't know reason anymore?

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

## **Jared Kushner & Ivanka Trump Dropped Off The Planet**

**“No matter how great your love is for someone, you can’t discard your real self. As time goes on, he will look down on you and then his love will turn to resentment and in the end he will abandon you.” Keith was worried that Jasmine would get hurt. She was in a very belittled position in their relationship, and with the passage of time, she would slowly get the cold shoulder from Boyce.**

**Jasmine picked up Boyce’s palm and intertwined her fingers with his. She knew that Boyce wasn’t an irresponsible person, and she believed him fully as well as her own judgment.**

**“If I never have feelings, I won’t even consider putting in any effort, but if I fully love him, I will give him everything that I have. Even if time proves that I am wrong about him and I get hurt, I will be okay with it too.” Jasmine was gazing up at Boyce intently, but her words were directed at Keith.**

**Keith felt incredulous after hearing Jasmin’s logic. Why didn’t she try to do the best prevention? ‘Why did she have to succumb fully to her feelings? Why didn’t she give herself some leeway in case something went wrong?’**

**“You fool. People used to say that a woman who is madly in love has zero intelligence. I can finally prove that with my own eyes.” He turned around to leave after leaving that sentence, but he stopped short after taking a few steps. He turned to look at Boyce and warned him, “Be good to her. If you don’t treat her well, I won’t hold back on you. Your position won’t do you any good. I will punch you no matter the circumstances!”**

**After proclaiming that, he marched away.**

**Boyce called out to him, “I won’t give you a chance to punch me.”**

**Keith momentarily froze in his steps, but he didn’t turn around anymore and he didn’t answer Boyce. He marched forward once again, and his somewhat lonely silhouette gradually disappeared into the night.**

Jasmine let out a sigh, "I actually don't know whether I will regret this. I have pushed away someone who cares so much about me."

Boyce raised his brows and tilted his head at her, "You are regretting now?"

Jasmine replied solemnly, "A little."

Boyce bit his lips as a sense of discomfort crept up to him. Was he that unreliable?

Jasmine secretly observed the slight changes in his expression with the help of moonlight and she found that he actually believed her words.

She let out another sigh, "You are not fun at all. I think I am regretting falling for you." After saying that, she let go of his hand and turned to return to the house.

Boyce chased after her and grabbed her wrist and pulled her whole body into his embrace. "How can you regret your own decision? You can't be someone who eats her own words."

Jasmine was hugged too tightly by him to the point that she was beginning to catch her breath. Her legs were dangled in mid-air, and with her face facing his, she deliberately put her lips near his chin, "I am indeed regretting things now. What are you going to do about it?" \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 685 Do you Feel Hot?

Boyce's depthless eyes resembled those of a deep well, and he was frozen as he looked into the eyes of this girl. Her face was pale, and her eyes were crystal clear, which showcased a kind of maturity beyond her actual age. A sense of steely strength was hidden beneath her eyes, which incited feelings of protectiveness inside him. How could he put her in a position that would make her life difficult?

Slowly, he reduced his gripping strength, and Jasmine's scrawny arms wrapped themselves around his neck. Her lips met his, and she landed a deep kiss on his lips.

Boyce was caught off guard by this sudden kiss and he forgot to react or didn't even know how to respond for a moment.

Jasmine didn't mind one bit about his passiveness as she pressed her lips harder. She liked the clumsiness in him, and she also liked how innocent he was.

Perhaps because of Jasmine's passionate kiss, someone as passive as Boyce began to respond in subtle ways. He took her fragile body into his arms and tried to reciprocate her kiss albeit a little awkwardly.

After some time, Jasmine was the first to let go of him, and her lips had turned into a cherry which was dipped in dew. The moisture was glistening off her reddish lips, and as she blinked, she said with a hoarse voice, "How will I regret everything? I really love you. You are just too dense and foolish since you believe whatever I had said. I was just messing with you. I will never, ever regret this."

Boyce watched her sincere yet passionate face, and he felt like something was fluttering in his heart akin a feather fluttering, which made him a little numb and tremble. His heart seemed to take on a life of its own as it got out of his control. His heartbeat was irregular and without rhythm.

He wanted to reveal his feelings, but he was no good at expression such intimate words. All he could do was to gaze at her quietly.

His brows jolted as he said in a low voice, "Jasmine, I won't betray your trust. Thank you for believing in me."

Jasmine initially imagined that he would now belt out a "passionate confession", and even if he didn't do that, he should at least express his love for her. However... he was thanking her for her trust with



such a serious face?

She sniffed loudly and complained, "I am almost ready to cry, but somehow you make me want to laugh."

Boyce's face continued to be dense, "Did I say anything wrong?"

He was thinking in his heart, 'What did I just say wrongly?'

Jasmine shook her head, "There's nothing wrong with what you had just said. Your words are perfect, and I am so touched by them."

Boyce furrowed his brows, "You are going to laugh instead of crying because of touching moments. Do you really think I am that stupid?"

"Not at all, I never think of you in that way. I just think that you are not smart enough." After saying that, Jasmine sped off into the house and jumped onto her bed. She wrapped herself tightly with her blanket.

Boyce watched that pile of fabric on the bed and her lips slowly curled up, revealing a faint smile. He went in without any urgency and sat down on the edge of the bed before reaching out to peel off her blanket. Jasmine's head popped out of the blanket, and her big eyes were blinking at him.

Boyce stroked her face as he thought that her face still looked a little childish but at the same time, it also looked like a flower waiting to bloom. She was attractive and charming.

His heart continued to pound as he pecked at her forehead without warning. He didn't leave just yet

as he closed his eyes and took in her scent. There was a faint shampoo fragrance in the air, which made him even more unwilling to leave.

He called her name, "Jasmine."

"Yes." Jasmine answered.

Boyce stood up straight as he said, "Sleep now."

Jasmine shifted her body to one side and left a gaping space next to her in bed, "We will sleep side by side."

Boyce lied down and faced her.

The faint glow of moonlight poured into the room, illuminating the whole place in a warm light. Jasmine asked him, "Do you feel hot?"

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Boyce nodded, "Indeed."

He didn't mean the actual temperature of the room. His blood was boiling, and it was the lustful longing a man harbored for a woman.

Jasmine got up and switched on a small fan by the table. She then returned to bed and asked again, "Do you still feel hot?"

Boyce shook his head, "Not anymore."

Jasmine used her hand as a pillow as she continued, "Accompany me for a few more days before going back."

Boyce answered without hesitation, "Alright."

"You answer too fast. Don't you need to think about it?" Jasmine blinked in surprised.

Boyce answered, "There's no need for that."

Jasmine smiled too as she took his arm and placed it under her head. She was using his arm as a pillow, "Hug me to sleep."

Boyce was rock solid as he dared not to come closer to her. He was a little dense when it came to his feelings, but he was still an honest man who couldn't control his bodily impulses when he was in such close proximity to a girl.

Jasmine knew what he was on guard about, and she felt that he was especially attractive with that demeanour, "Are you afraid that I would pester you to no end?"

Boyce couldn't come back to his sense since he was telling himself secretly, 'She is still young, she is still young.' He only replied after a pause, "What?"

"Nothing. Just sleep." Jasmine stopped burrowing herself into his embrace. Although his arm was still used as her pillow, there was a small gap in between them. She didn't mind Boyce touching her before

marriage, but there was still an anxiety in her heart. In fact, she was not ready too.

The night passed by very peacefully. The two of them closed their eyes, but it took a while before they finally drifted into sleep.

Jasmine woke up in the morning, and Boyce stayed true to his words of accompanying her for a few more days. She was going to inform her headmaster after breakfast about her absence today as she wanted to accompany Boyce on a shopping trip to buy some clothes.

They forgot about the chilled watermelon yesterday, so she took it out and put it on the table.

She prepared rice to cook porridge too.

The leftover eggs that were given to her by Chris could be used. Every food in their house was gifted to them by the students.

Those foods were natural, organic ingredients, and those eggs were provided by domestic hen. They were natural and devoid of artificial components.

She thought that since Boyce was hurt, she wanted to fry two eggs for him.

Then, she planned to head out to buy some supplements for him.

She got used to living alone for some time, so she was very adept at doing house chores. The dishes that she prepared were not half-bad.

When she went outside to pour some water, there was someone coming to her.

She froze on the spot upon seeing this person.

#### Chapter 686 Thick-Skinned

With a live chicken in his hand, the principal chuckled and said, "Isn't your friend hurt? I thought for a while, figuring that there are not a lot of good things here. So, I caught a chicken for your friend, maybe it'll help him get better."

Jasmine had already gotten used to the kindness and enthusiasm of the villagers. However, she was still surprised when she saw someone gifting a live chicken early in the morning to her. She asked, "Thank you, but didn't you keep this chicken to be sent to your son?"

The principal's son lived in a different city and married a girl from said city. His wife got pregnant and was due to give birth soon. Thus, the principal wanted to send a chicken to his son's wife as a nutrient supplement after she gave birth.

"No worries, I have more chickens, so it doesn't matter that I'm giving one to you. Kill it and make chicken soup, it'll be good for your friend." The principal handed the chicken over to her.

Jasmine could not bring herself to kill something that was still alive and jumping around the place.

"Thank you for your kindness, but I mustn't accept your gift. My friend is very thick-skinned, he'll live without the chicken soup, so please, keep your chicken." Jasmine thought to herself, if Boyce really wanted some chicken soup, she would go and buy chickens that were already dead and make the soup, she could not stomach killing one with her own hands.

Even if she managed to kill the chicken, she could not stomach the soup later.

For her, not witnessing a living being lose its life right in front of her eyes would make her heart feel better.

**“Come on now, I’ve brought it all the way here, I’m not bringing it back.” the principal tied the chicken to a brick and placed it next to her door.**

**Seeing his persistence, Jasmine felt that it would be rude for her to continue declining his gift.**

**“I understand, thank you very much, sir.” Jasmine said sincerely.**

**“No need to thank me, you’ve been a great help to us, we should be thanking you instead.” the principal clapped his hands together as he was about to leave. He recalled something, turned around and said to her, “Oh and by the way, you don’t have to go for your classes today, worry about your friend instead, yes?”**

**Jasmine replied with a smile, “I was just about to tell you the same thing. I’ll organize replacement classes two days later.”**

**The principal waved his hands, “Don’t worry about that, yeah? Keith and I will take care of it.”**

**He took his leave as he said that.**

**Jasmine looked at her newly acquired chicken, pinched her nose bridge as she had no idea how to deal with it. She got back into the house, wanting to see if Boyce was awake or not. What she found instead was a distressed Boyce, looking at her with confused eyes.**

Jasmine was confused as well, touched her face and asked, "Do I have anything weird on my face? What's wrong?"

'Why was he frowning this early in the morning? Did someone piss him off?'

Boyce stood up, glared at her and asked in a serious tone, "Are you picking on me because of my age?"

Jasmine thought he must have burnt a fuse in his brain. She was pretty sure she made her stance clear on the matter, but why was he still asking her that question?

"Would you like me to write a certificate of authenticity for you?"

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Boyce had already woken up long ago, he just stayed in his room instead of going out. He heard Jasmine calling him a thick-skinned fellow, thus he thought that she hated him because of his age.

He touched his face. While it was definitely not as white and silky smooth as Jasmine's, his face was not exactly rough either.

"You're a lucky man, someone sent you a chicken this early in the morning." Jasmine pulled his blanket off and demanded, "Get up."

Boyce caught the blanket, preventing her from pulling it off, "Wait."

Jasmine was confused.

'What is he doing?'

She touched his forehead, "You don't have a fever, is your head aching?"

Boyce dodged her gaze and rubbed his face to wake himself up. Back then, he was busy enough that he never bothered with intimacy between a guy and a girl. But now that he had some free time on his hands, he found out that his desires were actually rather overwhelming.

While he was able to restrain the lewd intentions in his mind, he failed to control his body from reacting naturally.

He held onto the blanket so that it could conceal his manhood, which was basically forming an erect tent with his pants.

Jasmine did not know about the "morning wood" phenomenon.

She blinked innocently and asked, "Is something wrong?"

Boyce shook his head as he felt embarrassed for his lack of control. He was also afraid of scaring Jasmine.

Since she was still rather young and she never had a boyfriend before.

He held his stance for a little while longer before he finally got out of bed.



Still confused, Jasmine looked at him and asked, "Are you really fine? Wanna go to the hospital for a check-up?"

She was worried about Boyce's wounds

It was not without precedence, as he was bleeding profusely from his head when she found him.

While the doctor said that he was in stable condition, she was afraid that there might be some side effects from his condition.























## Chapter 687 What Belongs To Me Belongs To Him Too

Jasmine asked again, "Are you really, really fine?"

As he saw Jasmine caring for him so much, Boyce would rather dig himself a hole and hide in it to hide his embarrassment.

He drank some water that was on a table and replied, "I'm fine."

Jasmine felt slightly relieved after she heard him. She recalled that there was an unused toothbrush in the house, she then found it and handed it over to Boyce and said, "You can use my cup."

She left Boyce alone as he brushed his teeth. She then fried some eggs, just in time for the porridge to be ready.

When they were eating together, Jasmine asked, "You want some chicken?"

Unsurprisingly, Boyce was taken aback by her question.

Jasmine pointed towards the door with her head, where the chicken was dancing around lively, "the principal's gift to you. They're treating you very nicely, eh?"

Someone gifted him a watermelon last night, while he got a chicken as a gift this morning.

Boyce knew that people would send stuff to them thanks to Jasmine and her efforts. He looked at her with warm eyes.

Jasmine was a very kind girl, so it was no surprise that people repaid her kindness with their own. Moreover, the people in this village were very down-to-earth and honest.

After they had their breakfast, both of them went to the town to buy some daily supplies and new shirts for Boyce.

As Boyce was wearing Keith's shirts, Jasmine bought some shirts with the same size for Boyce.

She did not like Boyce owing Keith a favour, so she felt obliged to return the favour.

Even if it was not a big deal, she felt that she must return his favour.

After they returned from the town, they left the supplies in their house and went to the school. Jasmine bought some study supplies for the students, she could not wait to gift those to the students.

Keith was at the school as well, so Jasmine also returned him his shirt, "Thanks for your clothes."

Initially, Keith did not take the shirt, "Bah, it's only one shirt, it's basically free, you can keep it."

**“No, I insist,” said Jasmine as she held her hands out to him again, “While I’m not particularly well-off, I don’t like taking advantage of others, the same goes for my boyfriend.”**

**Jasmine was someone who was straightforward when it came to dealing with other people. If Keith was not in love with her, and he did not state that, she might have paid him back in other ways. However, Keith was in love with her, so she must pay off this favour as soon as possible.**

**She could not leave Keith hanging with his favour.**

**Keith took the shirt and asked, “You really are very considerate of your boyfriend, huh. Did you pay for this?”**

**Jasmine held Boyce’s arm and replied, “He’s my boyfriend, what belongs to me belongs to him, too.”**

**If Keith did not know about Boyce’s identity, he would have insulted Boyce as a man that shamelessly relied on his girlfriend.**

**However, Boyce was someone with a rather notable background, so even if Keith himself did go for higher education, he doubted that he would end up living better than Boyce.**

**Unwillingly, he admitted defeat, took his clothes and said, “I’ll go for my classes now.”**

**Jasmine nodded in response.**

**“Give me the bag,” Jasmine reached for the bag that contained the gifts for the students, which was being held on to by Boyce.**

Boyce did not comply, "I'll go in with you."

Jasmine asked with a smile, "Do you like kids?"

Boyce did not know the answer to that question, though he did like the two kids in Matthew's house, he was not sure if he would like other kids or not.

Jasmine smiled, "I like kids. If I ever have kids, I'm gonna give them the best things in the world, love them, let them enjoy a world full of love."

Boyce knew that she lacked family love, as she grew up in a rather poor environment. He patted her on the head, "You're still a kid."

Jasmine glared at him, "You're the kid, not me."

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She then walked big steps towards the classroom. Boyce chuckled, then followed her steps.

When they reached the classroom, Jasmine, with the bag in hand, asked everyone to come over to her. The students were curious about what was in the bag as they approached her.

The contents in the bag were not exactly big and luxurious, just some fruit shaped erasers, pink notebooks, stationery boxes shaped like a car among other random toys.

Even so, everyone was beyond happy.

One of the students was someone without a mother, she cried as she hugged Jasmine. She never knew what her mother looked like. Jasmine heard that her mother was someone that was not local that moved to the village with the student's father, hated the fact that they were poor, and she left after giving birth to her.

Her father had to work instead of looking after her, so he left her to her grandparents.

Her grandparents were old, unsurprisingly. Thus, they were unable to give her clean clothes. When Jasmine first met her, she was dark-toned and skinny, wearing a shirt that was so unbelievably dirty, she could not tell what colour it was supposed to be, her hair was also as messy as an overgrown field.

Jasmine brought her back to her home, gave her a shower and washed her clothes as well as she could.

This time, she specifically bought a new skirt for her.

The girl had basically never worn new clothes, as all her clothes were hand-me-downs from other people when they grew out of those clothes.

When she saw the skirt, she felt sad but grateful.

She was sad because her mother abandoned her, but she was grateful because a woman that was not her mother loved her like her mother should have.

Jasmine patted her on the back, "Don't cry, Jenny."



The girl's name was Jennifer Marsh. Everyone gave her the nickname "Jenny", as she was skinny and small for her age. She looked like a five-year-old despite being seven years old.

Jasmine wiped off her tears. She recalled her tragic childhood when she looked at Jenny.

It was because Jasmine knew full well how painful it must be for Jenny and other kids in similar situations, she had always did her best to help these kids. However, her abilities were limited by her wealth and influence, or lack thereof.

Thus, she could not help as many kids as she wanted.

Boyce was right, she must be better herself, so that she could help and support more kids.

She decided to finish her university studies before helping them.

"Are you crying, Ms. Burke?" Jenny wiped off Jasmine's tears.

Jasmine was not crying, her eyes started to tear up as she recalled her childhood. Her home was a war zone most of the time, all she saw was her father relentlessly abusing the ever living hell out of her mother, let alone receiving parental love from them.

Boyce walked over to her, placed his hand on her shoulder, patted her on the back and said in a pained tone, "Don't cry."

She was holding back her tears when Boyce said that. With his pat, she felt as if she was supported, thus she turned around and cried audibly without a care in the world in his embrace. Chris, with his broken leg, slowly limped into the classroom. When he saw Jasmine crying in Boyce's embrace, he frowned, continued limping forward, and interrogated Boyce, "How dare you bully Ms. Burke!?"

**“I’m telling you, even if we are little boys and girls, we can still help our teacher to fight off bad people. Many ants can move an elephant, you know?”**

**Chris said in a proud tone.**

**Jasmine wiped off her tears, got out from Boyce’s embrace and said, “No one’s bullying me, okay?”**

**“Then why are you crying?” asked Chris.**

**“There’s some sand in my eyes, alright?” Jasmine pulled out the car-shaped stationery box and handed it to Chris, “This is for you.”**

**Upon seeing his gift, Chris was so happy that he forgot his injured knee as he ran towards Jasmine to grab his gift. As soon as he could get his hands on the stationery box, he opened it and saw that it was the double-decker car-shaped stationery box that he had always wanted.**

**“Thank you, Ms. Burke!” With that, he had completely forgotten to ‘avenge’ his teacher.**

**After his rush of happiness, he blinked and looked back at Jasmine, “Ms. Burke, are you dating this man?”**

**After all, she was crying in his embrace not long ago.**

**She was not crying because she got bullied, so those tears might be tears of happiness, or else why would she cry while hugging him? \_\_\_\_\_**

**Chapter 688 Someone Is Looking for You**

Jasmine paused for a moment as if she didn't expect such a kid to ask such a question.

She reached out to touch his head, "You're still young, how come you are so mentally mature..."

Before she could finish her words, Chris grabbed her hand and clutched it tightly in his hand, gazing towards Boyce, "You mean that you're in love with Ms. Burke?"

Boyce said graciously when facing these children's questioning, "Yes."

Chris thought to himself, 'Sure enough, no wonder Ms. Burke was crying in his arms.' Worrying that Boyce would not treat Jasmine well in the future, he asked, "Will you treat Ms. Burke well?"

Jasmine looked at Chris, "Chris..."

"Ms. Burke, you don't have a family, but we are your family. We will protect you and won't let anyone look down on you or bully you easily."

"That's right." The other students gathered around and shielded Jasmine behind them, unanimously questioning Boyce, "Will you be nice to Ms. Burke?"

Jasmine, who had already calmed down, was touched by the students again. She hid her lips, smiling, but tears in her eyes.

Boyce was calm, but his heart was fluttering. These children's kindness also struck him.

'Look, how simple they are. They will be good to whomever they are good to wholeheartedly, without any fake.'

The best feelings in this world were nothing more than pure sincerity.

He answered seriously and earnestly, "I will be good to her."

"We remember that. We won't let you off the hook if you can't do that!" Chris spearheaded, and everyone followed suit.

Jasmine patted Chris's shoulder, "Alright, does your leg still hurt?"

It had stopped hurting initially, probably that he had forgotten about it. And when Jasmine asked about it, it seemed to hurt again. He sat down on the bench and sighed, "I had wanted to marry you when I grew up, but now someone else has beaten me to it."

Jasmine had just been touched, with the mist still in her eyes, and Chris's words again amused her.

"You kid."

"Will you marry him, Ms. Burke?" Jenny asked with a wink.

Jasmine choked for a moment. She could show her love to Boyce generously and treat him with her

most sincere heart.

But marriage was not something she could decide.

Marriage was a matter for two people, not something she could decide alone.

Much less she could decide it alone.

“Erm...” Jasmine thought about how to explain to the children, and Boyce opened his mouth before she could think about it yet. He looked at Jasmine and said solemnly, “We will get married.”

His voice was solemn and sonorous, without a hint of concealment.

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He would go back as soon as possible to deal with Wendy’s affairs and then bring her back.

Jasmine looked up at him, with her hands clutching the hem of her dress uneasily. She should be happy, but at this moment, she didn’t know how to react. She felt excited inside and also restless.

She was afraid that it was all a dream.

When she left, she thought that she would never have the chance to meet him again in her life. And yet, once again, he appeared in front of her and even gave her what she desired and wanted the

most.

Her eyes were filled with tears again, but she smiled, "You guys are really annoying, always trying to make me cry."

Boyce walked over and reached out to wipe her tears, comforting, "I'll think I said the wrong thing when you cry. Don't cry, okay?"

Chris blinked, thinking that Boyce was so silly, "Shouldn't you give Ms. Burke a hug now? What are your shoulders for?"

Jasmine lowered her head and smiled. She knew that Boyce wasn't the kind of person who was good at flattering. He was always so rigid in everything he did. At this moment, even a kid dared to talk about him.

'How much of a failure was he as a man?'

Boyce looked down and rubbed his nose. He wanted to do that, but he felt inappropriate as there were many children here.

"Give her a hug." Chris coaxed, and everyone followed suit as if they were shouting a slogan, "Give her a hug. Give her a hug..."

"Don't mess around." Jasmine pretended to be angry.

"You've really let us down." Chris sighed, "You've disgraced us as a man."

Boyce held his forehead helplessly, thinking in his mind that was he even not qualified to be a man?

Jasmine knew Boyce's personality. So for everyone to stop fooling around, she stood on tiptoe and wrapped her arms around Boyce, whispering in his ear, "It's okay. Just be yourself. Let me take the initiative to hug you from now on."

A kind heart and warm hands were all that a mortal had. Boyce was touched by Jasmine, and he hugged her too. Words were not needed to shake his heart. He didn't speak, but his heart to be with her for the rest of his life became more and more firm.

After being with Jasmine, he could feel his heart beating uncontrollably from time to time and the various sensations she brought to him that he hadn't felt before.

"Jasmine..."

Keith had something to look for Jasmine. When he came in, he saw the two people hugging each other in the children's middle. His words stuck in his throat for a moment.

Jasmine let go of him first. Boyce felt a bit uncomfortable, but he didn't let Jasmine face it alone. He reached out to hold her hand, looking towards the door and asked, "Do you need her for something?"

Keith's gaze fell on Boyce's hand, holding Jasmine's. He withdrew his gaze quickly and said, "Someone is looking for you."

"Looking for me?" Boyce asked uncertainly.

It wasn't like he knew anyone here.

"Yes, looking for you." Keith said with certainty. At this time, a figure appeared at the classroom door, and his appearance gradually came into everyone's view. He looked across the classroom, glanced

over Boyce's face and finally gazed at Jasmine, but talking to Boyce, "I'm looking for you." \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 689 So There's a Beautiful Woman With You

Boyce was surprised, "Why are you here?"

Armand finally looked at him again and asked rhetorically, "Can't I come here?"

Boyce denied and said to Jasmine, "You wait for me here."

He walked out.

However, Armand didn't move, and his eyes fixed on him for a moment, "No wonder you can stay outside. So there's a beautiful woman with you."

Boyce knew Armand was like this, and he was sure to tease him when knowing his relationship with Jasmine.

He pulled him away and asked solemnly, "I'm talking to you seriously. How did you find your way here?"

"You've called back. How couldn't I trace your location? Besides, Dolores thought you were suffering because of her and Matthew. She was worried about you and couldn't let go of you. She asked me to come to have a look on you. Originally, it was Matthew who would come over, but Simona was so scared that she was not in good spirits, so Matthew couldn't leave her side. And so, I came. I thought you'd be riddled with scars, dying and suffering. I didn't expect you to have a nice life here. How did you get Jasmine here too?"



Boyce explained roughly, "She came here after she left City B. It was a coincidence that I met her."

"A coincidence?" Armand had a flirtatious smile as he mulled over his word, "A coincidence? I think it's much more like a destiny."

Boyce frowned, "What are you talking nonsense about?"

Armand laughed, "Is it nonsense?"

Boyce didn't bother him and walked to the stone bar under the tree and sat down. Armand followed, "Don't you forget that there is still a woman waiting for you in City B."

Armand sat down beside him and gave him a look.

Boyce didn't forget about it, "I was just about to go back and settle this matter."

Armand stood up at once in shock and asked, "What did you say? You're going back?"

Boyce nodded.

Armand sneered, "Are you crazy?"

He calmed down a bit and spoke to Boyce, "From my observation, Ms. Miller will never let go of you if you go back alive. She was just obsessed with you, and how will she let go easily?"

Boyce pursed his lips. He should give her an explanation as he was the one who had promised her.

Armand knew that this was all of his so-called sense of responsibility, but he was just too ignorant of women.

He sat down and analysed with Boyce, "Here's the thing. You've already brought Ms. Miller to me and Matthew to see her, proving that you've already acknowledged her identity, and that's how you introduced her to us too. So, since now that you are in a relationship with her, what will you do when you go back if she refuses to break up with you?"

Boyce felt that Wendy wasn't the kind of person that would pester him relentlessly. However, Armand had a point there. What if Wendy refused to break up?

He could never let down and hurt Jasmine.

Jasmine had nothing left, and now all she had was him.

"Then what do you think I should do?" Boyce asked.

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Now he was also out of ideas.

Armand said confidently, "I've already thought of a solution for you. Not that I'm saying, Officer Miller is the only good man in the Miller family."

Boyce pretended not to hear it. After all, he had respect for Officer Miller. But Armand must have had his reasons for suddenly being so disgusted with the rest of the Miller family.

"I didn't tell the Miller family that I found you. I guess that everyone in the Miller family thinks you've already died in the river." He looked at Boyce, "My plan is that you don't show up for these two months and just stay here."

Boyce frowned, "What kind of solution is this?"

"After two months, if Wendy still thinks about you, I believe she truly loves you. If she finds a new lover in less than two months, it only means that she doesn't love you that much, but only wants to be with you because she sees you as a good person. Since she finds a new lover by then, she has no reason to pester you if you show up again."

Boyce hesitated, "What if she doesn't have a new lover in two months?"

Was he going to stay here forever?

"Then give her the news that you're dead for sure. Could it be that she will wait for you forever?" Armand hummed, obviously feeling that Wendy couldn't even last the first two months and would definitely search for a new lover as soon as possible.

Boyce said after a moment, "This is cheating..."

**“What’s wrong with cheating? Wendy is married, and what makes her think she can pester you?”  
Armand became angry the moment he heard this.**

**Boyce lowered his eyes. He was in favour of Armand’s approach, just that he felt sorry for Officer Miller to cheat others.**

**“So that’s it then.” Boyce agreed to this idea of Armand.**

**Seeing that Boyce could go beyond the sense of responsibility in his heart and agree to it so quickly, it seemed like he didn’t have any feelings for Wendy at all.**

**He moved closer to Boyce, and his hot breath puffed out as he spoke, “Have Jasmine and you established a relationship?”**

**Boyce pulled back and hummed.**

**Armand laughed, “Damn, way to go! This must be a blessing!”**

**Boyce didn’t bother with him and said thoughtfully, “I really like her and want to take care of her.”**

**Armand laughed, “Don’t tell me you’re just feeling pity for her. Didn’t you always dislike her before? And now you don’t anymore?”**

**Boyce looked at him. Indeed, he had never thought of it in that way. He just felt that Jasmine was not the right age for him.**

**Even if he had some feelings when he contacted her, Boyce would ignore it because he felt inappropriate.**

When he saw someone pursuing Jasmine, he was afraid that she would be with someone else.

In fact, he liked her.

“When are you leaving?” Boyce asked. \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 690 Honey

Armand looked at him and pretended to be angry. He was still clear about Boyce’s personality and deliberately questioned him loudly, “Boyce, what do you mean? I have just reached here, and you are asking me to leave before letting me have a drink here. Why? Are you afraid that I will disturb you and your little girlfriend?”

Boyce didn’t mean that. The environment there wasn’t good and he was afraid that Arman had no place to rest.

“Think what you like.” Boyce stood up.

Armand didn’t bother to pay attention to him and walked towards the classroom. Since Armand was here, he took this opportunity to reintroduce Armand to Jasmine.

Even though they already knew each other, their relationship was different before. Now, their relationship had changed, so he wanted to formally introduce him to her.

Armand followed him, “I drove here. At night, it’s okay if I can sleep in a place with the air

conditioning.”

He looked around, “This place is also good.”

He took out his phone and video called Theresa. Theresa picked up the call very fast. He held up the phone and pointed the camera at himself, “Guess where am I?”

He avoided Boyce and took a picture of the view behind him for Theresa to see.

Theresa sat in her office, holding her phone. From the video, she could see Armand was in the countryside. She felt that he was childish, “Armand, are you very free?”

Armand smiled at the camera, "I just want to report my whereabouts to you at all times."

Theresa picked up the coffee on the table. She drank a mouthful of coffee and faintly said, “Faster tell me what do you want, or I will hang up the call now.”

He was so pathetic every time.

Armand became less dandiacal and said seriously, “I told you that Boyce is fine. I’m here to find him.”

He pointed the camera at Boyce’s back. Boyce looked back at him and walked into the classroom without saying anything.

He hung up the video and changed it to voice call, "Do you know what Boyce is going to do now?"

Theresa asked, "I don't know. What is he going to do now?"

"He wants to formally introduce his girlfriend to me," Armand replied.

Theresa was clueless at the moment as she thought that Boyce had introduced his girlfriend to Armand.

'Why is he introducing his girlfriend to him again?'

'What the hell is going on?'

"Armand, tell me. What do you mean that he is introducing his girlfriend to you again?"

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Armand lowered his head and laughed as he looked at the screen of his phone. He knew that Theresa wanted to know it badly already. He deliberately chose not to tell her, "You may guess it."

Theresa didn't answer him anymore. She put her phone aside as she knew that Armand was deliberately teasing him. She didn't want to ask the truth from him anymore.

Armand couldn't receive her reply after waiting for a long time. He was a bit upset as he couldn't get her reply after a long time. He took the initiative to reply to her, "Boyce's true love."

Then he waited for her reply.

However, she still didn't reply to him.

"Armand." At this time, Boyce walked out of the classroom with Jasmine.

Armand averted his attention from the phone. He raised his head and immediately changed into a smiling face, "Jasmine, how are you?"

Jasmine smiled, "I haven't met you for some time."

Armand also smiled, "Yes, and you have become my buddy's girlfriend when I meet you again this time."

Jasmine lowered her head shyly.

Boyce said, "It's hot here. Let's go inside."

Armand agreed.

Then, Boyce and Jasmine walked to the front to lead the way.

Armand walked behind and looked down at his phone to see if Theresa had replied to him.



He still didn't receive any reply from her.

He blinked his eyes, wondering if she was angry at the moment.

He sent her a message again, "Theresa."

Then, he sent her another message, "Honey."

"Please reply to me to let me know that you have read my message. Is it okay?"

When they walked into the house, Boyce gave him a small chair. He sat down and Theresa still didn't reply to him. He started to be a bit worried.

He quickly typed on the screen of the phone, "Theresa, I was just kidding. I was wrong. Can you please quickly send me a message?"

Chapter 691 What Do You Want to Know

Armand nervously stared at the phone. He didn't know when Boyce had come over. He was startled when Boyce came over. His body leaned backward and the small chair tilted, making him fall to the ground.

After a moment, Armand's eyes widened, "Boyce, what are you doing?"

Boyce stood there, looking at him from above, "Have you done something wrong? How come you are

scared like this?"

"You're the one who has done something wrong!" Armand glared at him. He stood up from the ground while patting his buttocks. He didn't sit down again. The chair was too short and it wasn't comfortable to sit on it. To be precise, it was not suitable for people who were tall to sit on it. Otherwise, they had to bend their legs and had an uncomfortable posture.

Jasmine poured him a glass of water, "Drink it."

Armand reached out to take the glass of water. He didn't drink it immediately, but asked her, "If Boyce teases you, you will be very angry, right? Will you even ignore him?"

Jasmine blinked her eyes, "Is he the kind of person who would tease people?"

Armand was speechless.

He thought that Jasmine was also true as Boyce was so wooden-headed and it was normal that he didn't know how to joke with girls.

"Did you tease your girlfriend and she's ignoring you?" Jasmine looked at Armand's distressed look and guessed.

Armand laughed a little and explained, "We have a good relationship. I think that she doesn't have time to reply to me now."

He didn't want to let others know how inferior was he in this relationship.

**“I feel that you are very nervous,” Jasmine said honestly. If he wasn’t looking at the phone too attentively just now, he also wouldn’t be frightened by Boyce.**

**“Nervous?” Armand tried to display a calm look, “Am I nervous?”**

**Armand who forced himself to display a calm look was cute and funny.**

**Jasmine held back her laughter. She shook her head and said, “You’re not nervous. You’re just a bit anxious.”**

**He was anxious as his girlfriend didn’t reply to his message.**

**Armand laughed. He knew that he probably couldn’t hide his emotions. He pointed to Boyce and Jasmine, “Today you two must treat me well. I’m going out to make a phone call.”**

**With that, Armand walked out of the house. He called Jasmine. It was so hard for him to reunite with her. Therefore, he would feel nervous if Theresa’s behavior was a bit abnormal as he was afraid that something wrong would happen.**

**In fact, Theresa also didn’t choose to reply to his message deliberately. A customer had come to her shop and she went to serve the customer. Her phone was left in the office. After the customer had selected the model, she only went back to the office after sending her customer away. At this time, it was already the third call he made. She picked up to answer the call.**

**“Theresa!?”**

**Theresa frowned, “It’s me.”**

**“What have you been doing? Why didn’t you reply to my message? You make me feel very worried.”  
He said with some aggravation.**

**“I was serving the customer. Why did you keep calling me?”**

**“I was very nervous as you didn’t answer my call.” Armand smiled.**

**Jasmine who was inside the house could only see Armand’s expression. She couldn’t hear what he said, but it looked like his girlfriend had answered his call.**

**“Armand likes his girlfriend very much, right?” Jasmine asked Boyce. Although it was just a minor thing, she could see how much Armand cared about her.**

**Boyce nodded, “Well, it’s not easy for them to get back together.”**

**Jasmine was interested in their story, “Tell me more.”**

**“They had experienced many things and it is not easy to summarize their story. In short, they had gone through many predicaments to get back together. Moreover, you will find it unbelievable if I tell you the whole story.” Boyce did understand Armand’s mood.**

**Jasmine tilted her head to look at Boyce, “Do you have a lot of memories with him?”**

Boyce nodded, "Yes, a lot."

Jasmine lowered her eyes, "Go chat with your friend first. I will go prepare the lunch first."

She was a little upset as she felt that she didn't experience a lot of things with Boyce.

At this moment, Armand was still talking on the phone. Maybe it was because it was too hot outside, he ran to a car not far away to sit inside. He closed the windows and turned on the air-conditioner.

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Boyce didn't go over to disturb his conversation with Theresa, but he followed Jasmine, "I'll help you."

Jasmine said, "No need."

Boyce was not smart, but he could also notice that Jasmine was not happy, "What's wrong with you? Did I say anything wrong again?"

"No." Jasmine tilted her head and looked at him, "I just feel that I know too little about you."

In fact, she wasn't trying to explore Boyce's past and privacy. She just felt that she knew too little about the people and things around him.

She liked this man, and naturally she wanted to know more about him and his friends.

She didn't want to feel like an outsider when she was with them.

Boyce told her directly and decently, "What do you want to know? I will tell you later."

Jasmine smiled, "I will spend the rest of my life listening to your story. As long as you do not dump me in the middle, I will not stop listening to it."

Armand who had just come into the house after finishing the call clicked his tongue as he listened to Jasmine's words when he entered the house. He couldn't help but tease her, "You are worthy to be a graduate of a famous university as your words are so romantic."

Jasmine didn't feel embarrassed hearing his words and asked him back, "Your girlfriend isn't mad at you anymore?"

"Our relationship is very good. She won't be mad at me." This time, Armand became arrogant and acted like he was superior, "I will be the one who is mad at her."

Jasmine didn't know Armand well, but Boyce knew how many times did he experience despair in between before Theresa promised to start over with him.

"Can I forward the words you said just now to Theresa?" Boyce said faintly but Armand could sense that he was trying to warm him.

Armand immediately stood up straight, "Why are you so annoying? Did you even learn how to complain about others? Did you learn it from your little girlfriend?"

Boyce thought that he had a big age gap with his girlfriend and he didn't know her mind well. That's why Armand kept calling Jasmine his little girlfriend. He felt awkward like he did something bad.

He looked at Armand seriously, "Who's the older one?"

"You." Armand knew what Boyce mean after hearing his words and he said softly, "Aren't you married yet? Even if you marry her already... I won't call her like that."

She was too young.

"Then how can you call Dolores like that?" Boyce questioned him as Dolores was much younger than Jasmine when she was Matthew's wife.

Armand argued, "That's not the same."

Boyce asked, "What's the difference then?"

Armand scratched his head, "Do...Dolo...Dolores and Matthew have married and, naturally, I called her like that. Besides, Theresa has a good relationship with Dolores."

Boyce doesn't care how he thought, "Anyway, you are younger than me. Now I don't care about you. In the future, you must call Jasmine properly after we are married in the future."

Armand was speechless.

He blinked his eyes and looked at Jasmine. He remained silent for a moment and said, "You may tell me this after you two are married."

After finishing his words, he walked out of the house, "I'm going to enjoy the beauty of the surrounding area."

Jasmine heard some information from their conversation. She had also met Matthew before and had an impression of him. After all, he was a big boss. The aura he displayed was naturally unforgettable.

“Your friend’s wife is not too old either?” Jasmine asked.

Boyce nodded his head honestly, “Well, when we go back, I’ll introduce them to you.”

Jasmine nodded her head and asked, “Is Armand’s girlfriend old?”

She felt relieved as before this she was afraid that she could not integrate herself into them. But now she knew that she was not too young among them, so she was also much relieved. After all, his friend’s wife was not too old.

After being questioned by Jasmine, Boyce found something. It seemed like the girlfriends of the three of them were all quite young. \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 692 Only Have Love but No Fruit of the Love

“Why don’t you say anything?” Jasmine looked at Boyce, who was lost in thought, and asked.

Boyce quickly responded, “Nothing, I’m just thinking of something else.”

Jasmine did not continue to ask questions and gave a faint smile.

They went out today, so there were lots of foods. A friend of Boyce came over today, and Jasmine was going to cook more dishes to serve Armand.



Boyce lived alone, and he didn't know how to cook. Most of the time, he would eat instant noodles. Now, he could only help her by washing the vegetables and the rest had to be done by Jasmine.

Outside, it was a hot day and Armand did not go too far. He just stroll around nearby and stopped in front of the school. The children here were all very simple and naive. As he thought about the fact that he and Theresa could not have children in the future, he felt very down.

This would be their lifelong regret.

It was said that children were the fruit of their parents' love. Without children, was it a sign that they could only love each other, but wouldn't have any fruits of their love?

He did not dare to express that he liked children in front of Theresa. He was afraid that Theresa would feel more upset if he did that.

Theresa was the saddest person for not able to have children.

His gaze was gloomy. He took out his phone and sent a text message to Theresa. He wrote, 'Theresa, I miss you so much.'

These words were from the bottom of his heart.

In City C...

Oscar took Theresa to a very nice restaurant to eat. He said with a smile, "You should have come here with Armand. However, he doesn't know City C well, so he doesn't know places with nice food as well as I do. The lamb chop here tastes excellent, I guarantee that you will crave for it once you've tried it."

Theresa laughed, "Uncle, you should find a girlfriend. It will be so pathetic to live alone lifelong."

"I'm very comfortable living alone. I can change woman whenever I want. If I get a fixed girlfriend, she'll control me. How uncomfortable will it be? I'm not crazy to treat myself like this." Oscar was used to it. He, as a normal man, would definitely have needs too. Then again, he could have any kind of women as long as he got the money.

He would not find trouble for himself, and he couldn't fail the trust of the person who passed away.

"Here, let's sit here." Oscar pulled out a chair for Theresa. She smiled and said thank you.

"There's no need to be so polite to me." Oscar sat down on the opposite side.

Then, a waiter came over. Oscar knew the menu here, so he ordered a few delicious dishes.

"Have some wine?" Oscar asked, "I have a good bottle of red wine hidden. Do you want to try it?"

"Sure, since someone is willing to treat me to dinner and some good wine, of course I'll accept it." Theresa said with a smile.

Oscar gave her a thumbs-up. "I like you being frank. However, you just reconciled with Armand, it's not good for you to be shared."

Theresa lowered her eyelids, "It's always good to give him a test after reconciled."

She knew that Armand had no parents, but only a grandmother. His grandmother was very eager to have a grandchild. She could not image how Armand's grandma, Elizabeth, would react when she knew that she was infertile.

Would she oppose them being together? Or ask for a surrogate mother?

Now, she did not dare to think too much about it. She would only retreat after thinking about it.

"That's right, after all, you're going to spend your lives together, it's good to have a test." Oscar expressed his approval.

"I see that Armand is a good person, and you suit each other too." Oscar said. At this moment, the waiter brought the dishes and Oscar's wine to the table. He opened the bottle and poured a glass of wine for Theresa.

Theresa picked up the tall glass and was ready to taste the wine, the phone in her bag vibrated. She took out her phone and the top of the notification bar showed Armand's name. She clicked on the message and saw the message saying that he missed her.

Her eyes darkened and she replied quickly, 'Come and see me then.'

Armand was just called by Boyce to return to the house. He sat down on a chair. Jasmine cooked a few delicious dishes. He heard the message ringtone from his phone. He took out his phone quickly

and saw the content of Theresa's message. Then, the corner of his mouth was grinning with joy.

"What made you so happy?" Jasmine was giving him a bowl.

Boyce answered, "Normally, when he showed this expression, it should mean that he was summoned by Theresa. It's like when the ancient emperor summoned the concubines, the concubines will be very happy and excited, so they will show this kind of expression."

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Armand was speechless.

"Why do I feel like you're scolding me?" Armand frowned, but he was still in a good mood. Theresa wanted him to go and see her, did she mean that she missed him too?

"Let's eat." Armand picked up the bowl and chopsticks. He started stuffing rice into his mouth. He was really hungry. On the table, there were braised water bamboo, braised eggplant, scrambled eggs with tomatoes, and stewed pork ribs with white radish soup. These were all home-cooked dishes and they tasted good. Armand took a piece of braised eggplant and said, "You've found the right girl as your girlfriend. She knows how to cook well and you can enjoy her cooking in the future."

Boyce glanced at him and said, "Just eat. Even eating couldn't stop you from talking."

"I'm praising your insight, but you wouldn't cherish it." Armand swallowed the food in his mouth, "Boyce, I'll leave in the afternoon. Just tell me what you need as soon as possible."

Boyce was being straightforward, "I only need money."

Armand blinked his eyes and looked at him, "You are penniless? So, you're now relying on Jasmine to support you?"

Boyce did not bother to answer him. He did not even have a cell phone, let alone his wallet. He was fortunate enough to survive until today.

"I don't have much cash with me. Take my card." Armand was anxious to see Theresa. He finished his bowl of rice within a few gulps. He took a bowl of soup and it was still hot, so he put it on the table to cool a little. He took out his wallet and took out his card. He gave the card to Boyce.

Boyce took it and said, "I'll return it to you when I go back."

"Don't tell me these useless things." Armand wiped his mouth, "I'm not going back to City B, I'm going to City C. I'll go straight back to City B directly from City C, so I won't come here again. Go buy a cell phone when you have the time so that we can contact you."

Boyce said okay.

After eating lunch, Armand left.

In City B...

In the Miller family...

Boyce had been missing for nearly a week now. Mrs. Miller and Officer Miller started to believe that Boyce may have died.

After all, the situation was so dangerous. The search had lasted for six days.

“Wendy, will you just stop thinking about him? Give up.” Mrs. Miller tried to persuade her daughter. She sighed, “You just don’t have the destiny to be with him. For the first time, it was you who didn’t want to and you two did not work out. The second time, he is gone. If you’re destined to be together, you’ll be together since the first time. Let’s just find another suitable person, okay?”

Wendy was annoyed, “Mom, can you stop it?”

“I’m saying this for your own good...”

“I don’t need it.” Wendy stood up and took her bag after she said this. Then, she went out.

“Wendy...”

“Stop it, just let her go. As soon as she’s back, you started to nag. Not to mention her, I felt annoying too.” Officer Miller felt a bit tired.

Mrs. Miller felt that she was right, “I did it for her own good, didn’t I?”

“Okay, okay, just stop it.” Officer Miller pinched the bridge of his nose wearily. He did not want to listen to any nonsense anymore.

“Where do you think she will go?” Mrs. Miller was a little worried.

“She’s an adult. Don’t worry too much.” Officer Miller said earnestly, “If you control her too much, she will be unhappy. Just leave her alone and let her do whatever she wants.”

Mrs. Miller felt that children's affair should still be decided by adults, even though Wendy was already an adult. As she opened her mouth and wanted to speak, she was scolded by Officer Miller, "If you say another word, get out of here."

He was mad too.

Mrs. Miller covered her mouth and started crying.

Officer Miller got up irritably and went into the room. He would not have to be annoyed if he did not see her.

Wendy went to the villa after she went out. \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 693 See Him In Dead Or Alive

When she arrived at the entrance of the villa, Wendy parked the car at the curb. She did not get out of the car immediately but lowered the window to look at the villa. She found that Armand was not in City B, and Matthew was not in a hurry as before.

Did he give up, or was there something else going on?

She gently rubbed her hand on the steering wheel and pondered the possibilities of this matter.

In the end, she could not figure out what the key point of the matter was, and decided to find out from Dolores and Matthew. She put the car keys in her bag, pushed the door open and got out of the car, and walked towards the villa.

When she reached the door, she raised her hand and rang the doorbell.

It wasn't long before someone came to the door. Coral stood at the door and asked, "Who are you looking for?"

"I'm looking for Mr. Nelson and his wife. Are they in?" Wendy asked.

"Please wait a moment while I inform them." Coral didn't let her in. She had never seen this woman before, and Matthew had explained that no one she didn't know could be let in.

After what happened last time, Amanda was not in a good state of mind. They were afraid that if a stranger came into the house, it would affect her mood.

"Okay, please hurry up. It's hot outside." Wendy said.

Coral nodded, and as she closed the door, she asked, "What should I call you?"

Wendy replied, "My last name is Miller. You can call me Wendy."

"Okay." Coral closed the door and headed upstairs.

There was no one in the house but Dolores with Amanda. Jayden and Kevin had gone to the old house with Andrew, and Matthew was not home either. Lucy was in their house as a nanny when the



incident happened and they need to be held responsible. Matthew went to negotiate with Lucy's family to settle the matter, and only Dolores was at home with Amanda.

In the room, Amanda was lying in Dolores' arms and didn't say anything. She just grabbed her collar and was afraid that she would disappear.

Even when she was asleep, she would still grab her collar.

And she woke up several times throughout the night.

She was extremely upset inside.

Coral was afraid of alarming Amanda, so she gently pushed the door in and asked in a whisper, "Is Simona asleep?"

Dolores said no.

Coral whispered, "There's a lady downstairs, whose last name is Miller, looking for you. Do you know her? Should I let her in?"

Dolores hadn't been in the best of spirits the last few days. At first, she was worried because Boyce's whereabouts were unknown, and now she was worried about Amanda, fearing that it would cause her psychological damage and be affected mentally. Combined with the growing months of pregnancy, she also got tired easily.

Hearing that her last name was Miller, Dolores hadn't reacted to who it was. After all, they had only met each other once. She was half lying on the bed, with Amanda resting on her arm. Her arm was a little numb and she moved her body, "Did she say what she was doing here?"

Coral shook her head, "She only said she came to see you guys."

"Just tell her I'm not available for visitors right now," Dolores said.

Coral said yes, "I'll go down and get rid of her."

Dolores nodded and Coral walked out of the room. As she closed the door, Dolores asked, "Did she say what her name was?"

"She said her name was Wendy," Coral replied.

Wendy? Wasn't that Boyce's girlfriend? She rubbed her forehead. So it was her. But what was she doing here?

After all, she was Boyce's girlfriend, and it wasn't good for them to shut the door on her.

"Coral, let her in."

Dolores sat up from the bed, and Coral saw that she was struggling to pick up Amanda, so she came over and tried to hold her for her. But as soon as she touched her, Amanda wrapped her arms around Dolores' neck and held her tighter, fearing that she would let her go.

Dolores patted her back and whispered soothingly, "Good girl, I'm not leaving. Just let go of your hand."

I can barely breathe."

Amanda loosened up a little but continued to hold her very tightly, fearing that Coral would hug her.

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Dolores stroked her daughter's hair. She knew it was the shock that made her this way, and her mind needed careful care, "Coral, you go down first. I'll go down later."

Coral nodded.

Dolores patted her daughter, "It's all over. It won't happen again."

Amanda didn't say a word. She just wrapped her arms around her neck, and Dolores kissed her forehead, "We have a guest downstairs. I'll carry you downstairs, okay?"

Amanda didn't say anything, but just stayed in her arms and didn't come down.

Dolores stroked her head and stood up with her in her arms. Amanda was really much heavier now. She wrapped her arms around her daughter's waist and held her over her bulging belly, then held her buttocks with her other hand. She just looked at the road against her daughter's shoulder, and when she reached the stairway, she was afraid that it would be unbalanced, so she switched to holding her daughter with one hand and holding the railing with the other, and walked down.

Wendy, who had already been invited in by Coral, saw that Dolores was struggling to hold Amanda

and came over to help, "Simona, your mommy is pregnant. It's not convenient for her to hold you. Let me hold you."

With that, she reached out to hug Amanda. Dolores said, "No, she doesn't like to be held by others ..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Amanda let out a cry.

Wendy hurriedly withdrew her hand.

Coral, who was pouring water for Wendy, heard the sound and immediately came over and asked, "What's wrong?"

Wendy was a little embarrassed. She had wanted to help.

"I didn't know she would cry." She explained.

Coral looked at her and reached out to help Dolores, "You take it easy."

Dolores patted her daughter and told Wendy not to mind, "She's scared and doesn't want to be held by others."

"So that's it!" Wendy followed suit and came over to sit on the couch.

Dolores sat her daughter on her lap and looked over at Wendy, "Why did you have time to come over? Is there something going on?"

"I haven't seen Armand for the past two days, and I wonder what he's been up to?" Wendy asked.

Armand said when he went to see Boyce that he didn't tell the Miller family that Boyce had been found, and asked her and Matthew not to say anything either.

Armand said that Wendy and Boyce were not right for each other.

She didn't know if it was good to hide her, but she felt some of Armand's words make sense. If Wendy really loved Boyce, she should be able to wait for him for a month or two.

Now she thought that Armand must be trying to test Wendy's true feelings for Boyce.

She didn't think it was right to lie, but she had promised Armand and couldn't back out.

"Didn't he go to find Boyce?" As she spoke, Dolores lowered her eyes.

Taking the opportunity to pat her daughter, she avoided Wendy's searching gaze.

Armand had gone to find Boyce?

Wendy wondered if she had been wrong. They were still trying to find Boyce? And they were just widening the scope? So she didn't see Armand?

But then Dolores acted like she was avoiding her.

If he was really looking for Boyce, what was there to avoid?

She looked down, "I know you all must think Boyce and I are not suitable because I was married.

However, I really like him. I missed him once before because I wasn't a shrewd judge of character. I was very surprised and happy that he could accept me then. Now that his whereabouts are unknown, I am very sad and can not sleep at night. He called you sister-in-law, so I think you should be familiar with him and know what kind of person he is."

Dolores said, "I know. He is indeed a man worth trusting."

"Now I'm at a loss, and I don't know what to do. Can you help me with some ideas?" Wendy came over and grabbed Dolores' hand, "My mom told me to give up, but I don't want to. Whether he's alive or dead, I want to see him."

Chapter 694 Have A Clear Conscience

At this moment, Dolores could feel Wendy's inner torment.

But she also did not impulsively say Boyce was okay.

When facing Wendy, she felt very sorry inside.

"What can I do to help you?" Dolores asked.

Wendy slowly stood up and sat back on the couch, "You don't need to help me with anything. I have to brace myself for this kind of thing. Just, if you ever hear from Boyce, please let me know the first time. Can you promise me that?"

Dolores clenched her hands a little tighter and said, "That's for sure."

Her hands were covered under Amanda's skirt, so for the moment, Wendy didn't notice her hands that were uncomfortably clenched together because she was lying.

Wendy pursed her lips and asked tentatively, "Would you also find Boyce and me inappropriate?"

"If you are sincere, why do you care what others think?" Dolores didn't like her attitude of always testing others like this. "Even friends who are close can't interfere with emotional matters. It's good that you feel right and comfortable together. What other people think doesn't matter at all."

Wendy could hear the discomfort between Dolores' words. She wasn't trying to be annoying. It was just that Armand's dislike for her was too obvious. She was afraid Armand would say something bad about her in front of Dolores and Matthew.

"I didn't mean anything else. I'm just afraid people will say things about me ..."

"Just follow your heart and have a clear conscience. You don't have to care what other people think." Dolores interrupted her from explaining, because there was nothing to explain.

But this time, Dolores did see that she was not innocent.

It seemed that she had quite a lot of thoughts.

At this moment, Wendy regretted coming here. Dolores was not too old, but she spoke without mercy. She was quite thoughtful and insightful.

She felt right too. The woman Matthew liked must have merits. With Matthew's status, what kind of woman had he not seen?

And in the end, she managed to become Mrs. Nelson, so it could be imagined that she must have been exceptional.

"I've brought you displeasure, haven't I?" Now that she had seen through everything, she was no longer hiding.

Dolores smiled, "It's nothing."

Actually, there was something wrong with her. Hadn't she also lied to Wendy?

"I'll have to listen to my mother's nagging again when I get back tonight. Can I stay for dinner at your house? Actually, I think Boyce and you guys are close, so I want to get into your circle. Do you mind?" Wendy knew that if she opened her mouth, she would still see through her mind, so she might as well be frank.

She had been so frank, so Dolores could not just refuse her.

"Okay." She turned her head to Coral, "Prepare more dinner."

Coral said, "Okay."

"Thank you," Wendy said to Coral.

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**

**Coral smiled and said, "You're welcome." But in her mind, she was thinking that Wendy looked so smart, but how could she be so ignorant?**

**Dolores was pregnant, and Amanda was clinging to her. As she stayed here, Dolores had to deal with her, yet she still offered to have dinner here. She was obviously disturbing Dolores' rest.**

**She couldn't help but feel a little annoyed with Wendy.**

**It was selfish to think of oneself and disregard the feelings of others.**

**"Where did Armand go?" Wendy wasn't testing her. She just felt that it was too boring to just sit here and wanted to find something to talk about, otherwise, it would be awkward to just sit around.**

**Dolores was stunned for a moment, and couldn't find a good reason to answer her. She was afraid that if she said too much, she would be exposed, "He ..."**

**The door opened at the moment and Matthew walked in. Wendy turned around and saw him, then stood up from the couch and said, "Mr. Nelson."**

**Matthew greeted her with a slight nod. He walked right up to Dolores and asked, "You've been holding her again?"**

**Dolores nodded, "She doesn't get close to others now. You know that."**

**Matthew reached for his daughter, who had fallen asleep in Dolores' arms while Dolores was talking to Wendy. When Matthew moved, she woke up again immediately.**

"It's Daddy. I'll hold you." Matthew gently soothed his daughter, and when Amanda opened her eyes and saw it was Matthew, she did not reject and let him hold her.

Matthew picked her up and patted her back gently, "Let's go sleep upstairs."

Amanda didn't say anything, but she didn't refuse either, so she kind of agreed.

Dolores rubbed her arm, which was a little numb after being pillowed by her daughter, while Wendy came over, "Do you want me to help?"

Matthew, who was going up the stairs, heard the sound and looked back at her, but he quickly withdrew his eyes and didn't pay much attention.

Dolores said no, "You're too polite."

She was so polite it made her a little uncomfortable.

They had only met once, and this was only the second time they had met. How could she let Wendy rub her arm?

Wendy sat back down and glanced up at the second floor, "Mr. Nelson dotes on his daughter, doesn't he?"

Dolores also turned her head to look upstairs. Matthew had already carried Amanda into the bedroom and the stairway was empty.

She withdrew her gaze, "Girls like to be pampered."

"They say the daughter is the father's lover in a previous life. I think that's true in Mr. Nelson's case."  
Wendy said with a smile.

Dolores looked down and said, "It's all just joking. How can people have previous lives?" \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 695 A Cunning Woman

"Yes, it is. I don't believe in previous lives either." Wendy smiled.

"Mrs. Nelson." Coral came over, "Where did you put the ingredients for the last soup? I'm trying to make a soup and I can't find the ingredients." Coral walked over and said.

Dolores hadn't cooked recently, nor had she made any soup. But taking Coral's hint, Dolores quickly reacted, "Oh, I'll find it for you."

With that, she stood up and said to Wendy, "Have a seat. I'll go in and help her look for it."

Wendy nodded, but in her heart, she felt contempt for Dolores' hypocrisy. Coral was just a servant, and she treated her like family. Was she showing her kindness in front of her?

Dolores was already walking towards the kitchen and did not notice Wendy's contemptuous gaze, yet Coral accidentally saw it. She walked towards the kitchen with her head down.

Only when she entered the kitchen did Dolores ask, "Did you call me for something?"

Coral didn't answer her but brought in a chair from outside. Dolores looked confused, not understanding what she was doing.

"Coral ..."

"Mrs. Nelson. "Coral helped her sit down. Dolores sat down and asked with a smile, "Coral, what's wrong with you?"

Coral glanced out and whispered, "Who the hell is that Miss Miller out there?"

Dolores replied, "She's Boyce's girlfriend."

Coral's eyes widened, looking incredulous, "What? Boyce's girlfriend?"

Realizing that her voice was a little too loud, Coral quickly covered her mouth.

Dolores didn't understand why she was making such a fuss and asked, "Yeah, what's wrong? Why do you look so surprised?"

Coral folded her arms, "How can she be good enough for Boyce?"

Dolores with amusement, "Why?"

Coral analyzed, "Look, Boyce is very decent and nice to people. Look at this woman, she looks shrewd and cunning. Also, seeing that you are pregnant and holding a child as big as Simona, she doesn't have any self-awareness and keeps pulling you to talk. I just couldn't stand it, so I called you in on purpose."

Dolores sighed, "You can only say this to me. Don't let anyone else hear it. After all, Boyce personally introduced her to us. We have to respect her. Even for Boyce's sake, we have to treat her well."

She was also a little uncomfortable in her heart. It wasn't because Wendy didn't care about other people's feelings, but, although she said she couldn't let go of Boyce, she looked as if she wasn't that worried.

If Matthew's whereabouts were unknown, she was afraid she would not be in the mood to run to someone else's house and offer to have dinner at their home.

"Alas ..." Dolores sighed, "This time, Boyce is suffering because of us. For his sake, Coral, you have to be warm to Wendy."

Coral said, "I know. I won't let her see that I don't like her."

Coral washed her hands and continued cooking, "I just don't think she deserves someone as good as Boyce."

Because of Boyce and Matthew's relationship, Coral knew Boyce before Dolores did and naturally knew him well.

"I used to think that he would find a very nice girl for sure. Who knew he'd find such a ... Wendy looks pretty, but she just doesn't give me a really good feeling." Coral thought she was not good enough for Boyce.

Dolores looked at Coral's back as she cooked and curled her lips helplessly. If she knew that Wendy was married for the second time, she would surely feel even more that she was not good enough for Boyce, right?

"Coral, why don't you make a soup?" Matthew wasn't idle these days. He didn't sleep well at night, and he looked a little tired.

"Okay," Coral answered.

Dolores stood up.

Coral turned around, "You're going out?"

"It's not good to leave her alone in the living room." Dolores patted Coral on the shoulder, "It'll look like we're being rude."

Dolores was right. She nodded, "That must've been rough for you. It's obvious you have nothing to say and she has to find something to say."

Dolores held her forehead and laughed. She was helpless, but at the same time, she thought Coral was right.

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

It was true that her chat with Wendy was a bit stiff and not harmonious.

She walked out of the kitchen, and instead of sitting on the couch in the living room, Wendy was standing in front of the wine cabinet and looking at the wines. She seemed to know a lot about it, and Dolores didn't know anything about it. She walked over, "Do you like wine?"

At the moment, Wendy was holding a bottle of red wine. Dolores couldn't recognize what kind of wine it was and how it tasted.

When she saw her coming, Wendy put the wine back and said with a smile, "Found it?"

Dolores replied, then took the bottle she had just looked at out of the wine compartment and asked, "You know something about red wine?"

"Slightly. This wine is a limited edition, from Chateau Latour in F country, which has won many gold medals in wine awards. It has a complex and powerful aroma, and it tastes so smooth and balanced. Moreover, it has a long, rich aftertaste that makes you want to drink it again." Wendy said with particular insight.

Although Dolores also occasionally drank red wine before, she did not study it nor did she know that much. And she stopped drinking even more after she got pregnant.

She couldn't tell anything, and just as she reached to put the wine back in the compartment, Wendy asked, "Is this from Mr. Nelson's collection?"

The row of wine cabinets had always held a variety of wines, but Matthew didn't drink much. At least with her, she rarely saw him drinking alone in the house.

Since he made a wine cabinet dedicated to wine, he must have liked it. Just like there were a lot of limited edition cars in the garage. Even if he didn't drive them much, he would buy them. It seemed like men were very keen on cars, and so might be the wine.

"We also need to entertain when we have guests. It's not really a collection." Dolores did not mention Matthew.

Wendy smiled.

"Are you thirsty?" Dolores asked.

Wendy said, "No, I'm not thirsty."

"This place is decorated in style. I see every ornament in here is tasteful. Did you decorate it?" Wendy admired the layout and decoration of the villa.

"We got someone to design and decorate it." Although the house was like this when Dolores lived in it, she didn't think Matthew had that kind of time to get the house himself. He should have paid someone to design and decorate it.

"Mrs. Nelson, dinner is ready." Coral came over and said.

Dolores nodded, "You take Miss Miller to wash her hands."

Coral said yes and made an inviting gesture toward Wendy, "Miss Miller, this way please."

Wendy followed Coral to the bathroom.

Dolores breathed a sigh of relief and headed for the second floor. She pushed open the bedroom door and saw Matthew lying on the bed with Amanda in his arms and reading 'Peppa Pig' to her.



Amanda's eyes were open, and her long eyelashes fluttering, and she looked like she was listening very carefully.

Such a quiet picture made Dolores calm down as well. She smiled, "Dinner's ready."

Matthew tilted his head and saw Dolores standing in the doorway. He put down the book he was reading and kissed Amanda on the cheek, "We're going down to dinner."

Amanda nodded.

Matthew pinched her cheeks, "Do you want to walk by yourself, or should I carry you?"

Amanda reached out, meaning to let him hold her. Matthew picked his daughter up, "I can hold you, but you can't let Mommy hold you anymore. Can you promise me?"

Amanda wrapped her arms around him and didn't say anything.

"If you don't say anything, I'll take that as a yes." Matthew walked over with her in his arms, looked down at Dolores' belly, then reached out and touched it, "In the future, don't you hold her anymore."

Now Dolores' belly was getting bigger and bigger. It was easy to press her belly when she was holding Amanda like that.

Dolores hurriedly removed his hand and reminded, "We have a guest at home."

Matthew frowned, "She didn't leave?" \_\_\_\_\_

## Chapter 696 The Secrets

Dolores nodded.

A deep frown creased Matthew's forehead and he asked, "Why she is here?"

"She found out that Armand wasn't here and seemed to sound me out, saying that she was worried about Boyce, but I don't think it's simply because of him," She said despondently.

In her mind, she was worried that Boyce would have conflicts with her in the future.

Matthew said, "Don't worry about it."

During the previous days when Boyce was unaccounted for, they hadn't had much rest; moreover she had pined away a lot as Amanda suffered from irritability. He didn't want her to worry about other people's emotional stuff.

"Boyce is an adult, he can handle it himself, there is no need for us to get involved," Matthew said indifferently. In fact, he had secretly investigated her.

"By the way, why didn't Armand let Boyce come back? What did he want to do? And where is Boyce now? Is he injured?" Thinking of Armand who deliberately asked them to conceal the Miller family and didn't tell the reason back then, they were curious as what he had up his sleeve.

At that time, Matthew had no idea either, but he had received a message from Armand today and knew the current situation of Boyce and his relationship with Jasmine Burke. Armand had told him everything, asked him not to tell Wendy Miller that Boyce was fine and stated that Boyce also knew about this matter.

“I’ll tell you later at night.”

Now was really not the right time to discuss this topic, after all Wendy was downstairs.

Dolores nodded and didn’t pursue the matter. When they walked downstairs, Wendy was already sitting at the dining table. She stood up when she saw them coming down and said, “I’m sorry to bother you today.”

Dolores smiled and said, “It’s okay, have a seat.”

Matthew hugged his daughter and sat down at the main seat while Dolores took a seat next to him.

She smiled and said to Wendy, “Make yourself at home.”

Wendy smiled and said, “Yes.” Then she sat down again and looked at Matthew, “Does Amanda need to see a psychiatrist?”

He didn’t response.

Dolores immediately smoothed things over, “She has seen the doctor. She is in shock, it’ll take some

time to recover. Would you like to drink red wine since you like it?"

She smiled and said, "No."

"Well, it's my fault too. Now Boyce are unaccounted for, how can we eat and even have a drink at ease."

Dolores asked Coral, "Is the spirit-quieting decoction that I asked you to cook ready yet?"

Coral said, "It'll be ready soon."

She nodded, "Serve Miss. Miller a bowl later, she must not have rested well these few days."

Coral glanced at Wendy and felt that she didn't look like she hadn't rested well either. She felt uncomfortable, "Um." Then she turned around and went into the kitchen.

Wendy suddenly realized that she might have shown too much of her enthusiasm and became less concerned about Boyce. Were Dolores's words just now on purpose?

Soon she tensed up for a moment.

Coral was handy in the kitchen and the dishes she made were flavoursome and attractive.

At this moment, Wendy had lost her appetite.

Coral served a bowl of soup to Dolores first, then served Wendy reluctantly, "Miss. Miller, be careful, it's hot."

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**She was a little awkward and said without looking up, "Thank you."**

**"You're welcome," She said coldly.**

**Dolores felt a headache and didn't bother to say anything as Wendy who was such a smart person could definitely feel that Coral disliked her.**

**However, it was difficult to force someone to like a person they disliked.**

**She placed the soup that Coral had took over in front of Matthew, "I see that you've not slept well these few nights."**

**Matthew looked up, "Do I wake you up?"**

**Because of Amanda, he didn't sleep soundly at night.**

**He had to wake up several times at night to check on his daughter.**

**Dolores replied, "No."**

He frowned and thought, 'Do you think I'm stupid? How do you know that I wake up during night if you're sleeping?'

She just realized that what she said wasn't convincing after she finished her words.

Wendy lowered her head, as if she was superfluous and felt uncomfortable.

"Mrs. Nelson." She suddenly spoke, "I've no appetite, I'll go back first today, thank you for your treat."

As she spoke, she stood up.

Dolores also stood up and asked, "Is it because of Boyce's matter, so you can't eat?"

"Yes, now his fate is still unknown, how can I eat?" she acted in an upset way.

Dolores said, "Then I won't force you."

Wendy got up from her seat and Dolores walked her out.

"Do you need me to call a driver to fetch you?" she asked politely.

She waved her hand and said, "No, I come by car, you can go back."

After watching her leave, she closed the door and went inside, then sat down and said, "What kind of attitude did you show towards her? It isn't polite that you didn't respond when she talked to you. After all she is Boyce's girlfriend, I noticed that you and Armand don't like her much."

Matthew looked up at her, "Do you like her?"

She said pertinently, "It's not that I dislike her, I just don't think she is as innocent as she looks."

Matthew knew she had remarried and rejected Boyce before, thus he asked someone to investigate her secretly.

Perhaps Boyce didn't even know what he had found out.

He lifted up his eyes, "She and Boyce aren't suitable."

He put his phone in front of Dolores, "Look at it yourself."

She picked the phone up with curiosity and swiped to unlock screen. \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 697 Having an Affair

Matthew reminded, "Mailbox."

She slid across the page, found the mailbox, clicked it and asked, "The first one?"

He replied, "Um."

There was no title. She clicked and browsed through it.

The content showed Wendy had been went to the obstetrics and gynaecology hospital, and it also indicated the time, place and also the doctor's identity.

At first she didn't pay much attention, but then she looked down and saw that it was a copy of the medical record, which was filed at the hospital for each patient. It showed she had an abortion at that time.

Dolores frowned, "She and her ex-husband both had children and divorced?"

He told her to continue reading.

She became more apprehensive, 'Didn't Boyce say that Wendy and her ex-husband didn't have any children and the reason they divorced was because of her husband's cheating?'

The time of her abortion wasn't too long ago, it happened about two months ago.

She continued reading and now she couldn't keep calm anymore.

Her eyes wide opened as there was the evidence of her infidelity below, which showed the records of her visiting the hotel with her lover. Was she having an affair?

Wasn't her ex-husband who had cheated on her?



She looked up at Matthew, "Is this true?"

"It's true, Abbott Baron went to check it out personally. The only thing that's unclear now is how she got her husband to take the blame for this and even her parents were kept in dark."

She was stunned. Even though she didn't like Wendy much, she didn't expect that she could deceive others about this matter."

Obviously her character was bad.

Wasn't she lying to Boyce?

Dolores felt that her outlooks had been refreshed.

How could she go so far to deceive her own parents?

At the meantime she felt surprised, she began to worry about Boyce as Wendy was the one whom he had personally introduced to them and acknowledged as his girlfriend.

How would he react if he found out?

What was he going to do?

Matthew sighed as he knew that she was worrying again. He took his phone over and found the messages and photo that Armand had sent over. The photo was taken by Armand at the door when

Jasmine Burke was cooking while Boyce was helping her out.

“Take a look.” She took it over without question and saw the picture at first glance.

Who was this girl?

She read the messages Armand had sent and knew that Boyce was now staying with this girl. Her perception was once again refreshed.

She never expected that Boyce would have an affair. Before the matter with Wendy was resolved, he had stayed with another girl over there.

After reading all the messages, she roughly knew what was going on, which the girl he liked was the one who was with him now.

The reason he didn’t come back and deceived Wendy was to make her take the initiative to let go.

She handed the phone to Matthew, “I didn’t expect that Boyce had so many ideas.”

Last time she just heard the name from Armand, but now she was seeing the real person.

“I don’t think it’s right for him to do so. He is wasting her time, he should come back and talk to her clearly.”

If she didn’t give up two months later, what about Boyce?

How could he explain to her?

After all, he was the one who promised it at the beginning.

“You think he could come up with such an idea? According to his character, he should have come back long ago to deal with this matter, most probably it was Armand who gave him the idea.” Matthew was clear about their personalities.

She agreed as it must be Armand’s idea. If it was Boyce, he would have come back immediately to talk to her since he was straightforward.

“Will you tell him about what you’ve found out?” she asked.

She thought that Boyce should know it as it would be beneficial for him to end his relationship with Wendy.

He nodded, “I’ll tell him. As for how to deal with it, he would decide it on his own.”

She nodded too as she felt that this was the most appropriate way.

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جرمن نول جو سانز بٹرا کرنا ۵۔

When he finished the bowl of soup, Dolores asked, “Do you want more?”

He shook his head, “That’s enough.”

She thought for a moment and asked, "You like to collect red wine?"

He frowned and thought, 'What kind of question was that?'

She pursed her lips and showed him the wine cabinet, "There are so many wines here. Are these special collections?"

"No, lots of wine were given by other people, what's wrong? "he felt scared because she had never asked even though those wines had been kept there all the time. What was wrong with her today?"

She smiled, "Nothing, I'm just curious suddenly. I'll go upstairs first."

She put down the chopsticks and got up.

Now Amanda was sleeping with her, she had to take a shower first, so that she could snuggle up with her after her daughter was done with her bath later.

After Dolores finished showering, she put on her loose pyjamas, lying on the bed and picking up her phone. Sometimes she would chat with Theresa Gordon for a while about the affairs of shop.

Now Theresa was running it herself and it was going well. She had recruited a few more designers and had found a few skilful dressmakers and embroiderers with Oscar Adams's help.

Those bespoke clothes required a high level of craftsmanship from the dressmakers as the general tailors were unable to complete some of the special designs.

She sent a message to Theresa, but she didn't reply.

She thought that Theresa was probably busy at work, so she put her phone down and prepared to lie down. Then Matthew came in with Amanda in his arms who had already finished her bath and wore a pink silk nightgown with short sleeves and short pants with lace trim. He put her down on the bed and she quickly crawled to her arms. He stood beside the bed, looking at Amanda and thinking, 'When will you recover?'

She was so clingy that she didn't give them any time to take a breath.

Dolores gave him a look, "Why are you standing here? Don't you take a shower?"

He unbuttoned his blouse with one hand and said, "I'll take her to the office tomorrow."

In this way, Dolores could have a rest.

She had always carried Amanda herself when he wasn't at home.

He was worried as Amanda would soon be in first grade, she had grown quite tall and had put on weight, so it was too tiring to carry her all the time.

Moreover, with her health condition now.

It was better for him to take her to the company.

Dolores was speechless, "Why you want to bring her there?"

He said, "Let her meet more people, it's good for her recovery."

Amanda looked at Matthew and blinked her eyes, then turned her head to bury her face in Dolores's arms, as if she was rejecting his behaviour in this way.

Matthew pretended not to see it and turned around to go to the bathroom.

Dolores lied down and hugged her, patting her back, "Are you sleepy?"

She shook her head.

Dolores picked up the book on the table 'Peppa Pig', "I read you the story."

Amanda nodded.

Dolores lowered her head and kissed her forehead. She was very worried as Amanda who was so lively and playful before had turned so quiet.

When Matthew came out of the bathroom, Amanda was still awake, so Dolores moved to make room for him. He walked over to the bed and sat down, reaching out to take the book from her hands, "I'll read to her."

She felt a bit sleepy, so she nodded. He carried his daughter over, put his arms around her and asked her deliberately, "Where did your mummy leave off?" In fact, he had heard it.

Amanda pointed to the line that Dolores read just now.

He said gently, "You tell daddy where mummy left off, I want to hear you to talk."

She burrowed her head into his arms and kept silent.

He stroked her head and continued to read the story to her after he sighed.

By the time she fell asleep by listening to the story, it was already two hours later and Dolores had already fallen asleep. He put down the book and switched off the bedside lamp.

During the night, he heard Dolores's voice in a daze.

"Hiss ...so painful "..."\_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 494 Wendy's True Color

Was she about to give birth?

Matthew was instantly awake. He turned on the light by the head of the bed and looked at her worriedly, "Does your stomach hurt?"

Dolores frowned and she looked like she was in pain. Matthew didn't even put on his slippers when he got out of bed. He walked to her side and said, "I'll bring you to the hospital."

He leaned over and tried to carry her. Dolores grabbed his hand and shook her head, "No, it's not my stomach."

She couldn't move. Her body was tense, it was because she had a cramp in her leg.

"My leg cramped," she said painfully.

Matthew lifted the blanket and examined her legs under the light. He rolled up her pyjamas and could see her fair and slender legs before his eyes, "Which one?"

"The right one," she frowned even harder. It was as if her nerves were in a knot, she grabbed the blanket tightly and said, "It really hurts."

Matthew's face was tense, he tried to massage her cramped leg. He didn't really know what he was doing, he just wanted to ease her pain.

After a while, the pain was finally eased. Dolores looked up and said, "I feel better now. Let's go to sleep."

Matthew sat next to her on the bedside and put her legs on his thighs. He continued massaging them.

"Let's go to the hospital tomorrow."

Dolores said, "This is normal. Something like this often happens during the 3rd trimester."

Matthew pursed his lips and didn't say anything. He couldn't take the pain away from her. The only thing he could do was to make her feel as comfortable as he could.



Dolores nuzzled her legs against him, "Do you feel bad for me?"

Matthew slapped her legs lightly, "No."

Dolores moved her legs away and said coquettishly, "Then go away, I don't need your massages anymore."

Matthew grabbed her ankle and said, "Don't move. Be good, I'll massage you so that you don't feel pain."

"But you don't feel bad for me, I don't want your massage." Dolores arched her legs and tried to move away, not letting him touch them.

Matthew chuckled, "So willful."

Dolores pouted, "Well, I am willful. I order you to take care of me forever."

"Of course." Matthew pinched her thighs playfully and Dolores returned his flirting by saying, "Ouch."

Matthew asked, "Where does it hurt?"

Dolores pointed at her legs.

Matthew leaned over. Dolores noticed that he was about to kiss her and she quickly moved her legs

away. She reprimanded him softly, "Matthew Nelson."

"Don't be scared, I just want to kiss you." Matthew stared at her under the dim light, he had a serious look on his face, "If we have a son, let's send him to City C."

Dolores was speechless.

She didn't understand what he was trying to say.

"What if the baby is a girl?" asked Dolores.

"Then I'll keep her by my side."

Dolores sat up, she was a bit agitated, "What do you mean? Do you not want the child if he is a boy? Do you hate baby boys?"

"Why would I not want my child?" Matthew scooted closer and hugged her, "I am thinking that if we have a son, he can get your surname. Since you never changed your surname either, we can continue your family lineage like this."

Matthew and Dolores talked about this before. Dolores kind of understood what he was trying to say.

But what did this have to do with surnames and the gender of the child?

"Why can't my daughter get my surname?" Dolores remembered that Matthew liked daughters more than sons.

She pouted, “Normally, people would favor sons more than daughters. Why are you the other way around?”

Suddenly.

Dolores’ phone vibrated.

Matthew picked it up and saw a message from an unknown number.

“Who is it? Is it Theresa?” Dolores took her phone from Matthew, “I messaged her before I went to bed, and she never replied.”

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

Angelina Jolie Health Struggles - Talk About A Dramatic Change

She then read the message.

Matthew didn’t know what was going on. Before he could read the message, Dolores took her phone away.

At this moment, Amanda suddenly moved. She couldn’t feel the person next to her and wanted to open her eyes. Matthew reached over and grabbed her. He patted her back lightly, “I’m here.”

Amanda reached out her hands and touched her father. She then snuggled in his arms and continued sleeping.

Dolores stared at her phone and narrowed her eyes.

The message said, 'Your husband wore a light grey suit, a white shirt and a black tie today. A man in suit sure is charming.'

"Who is it?" Matthew looked up and asked softly, seeing how engrossed Dolores was.

Dolores quickly deleted the message. She took it as a prank and said casually, "Nothing much, just spam."

She laid back down on her side and put her leg on Matthew. It was hard to fall asleep during the 3rd trimester. If she lay down on her back her heart would feel uncomfortable. She would only feel better if she raised her leg and slept on her side, "I'm sleepy."

Matthew put his hand on her leg, he said, "Go ahead and sleep."

Dolores closed her eyes and didn't pay too much attention to the message. A lot of people noticed what Matthew wore daily, it was nothing unusual. She squirmed, trying to find a comfortable position and quickly fell asleep.

In the morning when Matthew woke up, he noticed that Dolores and Amanda were still fast asleep. He moved as quietly as he could while getting out of the bed, worried that he would wake them up.

When he was about to go to the bathroom, his phone on the table vibrated. Amanda was frightened last time by the ringtone because he got a call in the middle of the night. After that night, he would set his phone to vibration before they sleep.

He looked at his phone and it was an unknown number. He hesitated briefly, and then he decided to

walk out and take the call.

He put the phone next to his ears while walking downstairs with his slippers on.

“Hello?”

“It’s me. ”Boyce contacted Matthew first thing after getting a new phone.

“I’m fine, everything’s alright. You don’t have to worry about me. It’s just that I cannot return for the time being.”

Matthew walked up to a table and poured himself a glass of water, “You got a new phone?”

“Yes, ”answered Boyce.

“I’ll send you something later and you can decide if you want to come back. ”Matthew picked up the glass and drank some water.

“What?”

Matthew said, “See for yourself.”

He then hung up and sent the information that Abbott found out to Boyce.

Boyce could decide what he wanted to do next.

Boyce sat down under a tree. The call got hung up and he put away his phone. Soon after, he got an email. He quickly clicked into it.

He frowned as he read the email, he grimaced harder and harder.

He always had an okay impression of Wendy. He didn't like her, but he didn't hate her.

He thought that since Officer Miller was a nice person, the apple wouldn't fall too far from the tree.

He thought that Wendy had a similar personality to her father.

But he never would've thought that she would...

Officer Miller was an honest person, why would his daughter turn out to be such a selfish person and hurt someone for selfish reasons?

She was at fault, but she blamed it all on her ex-husband.

She made her ex-husband the public's target and made herself the victim.

How could she do that?!!

He wouldn't believe this if the information was from someone else. But it was from Matthew. Matthew probably looked into this very thoroughly. Otherwise, Matthew wouldn't have told him this.

"What are you looking at?" Jasmine hugged his neck from behind. She leaned on him and put her chin on his shoulder as she tried to peek at the message. Boyce quickly closed the email application.

Jasmine whispered, "What is that? Why are you so afraid that I'll read it? "

Chapter 499 Does Someone Has a Crush on You

Boyce looked back and said, "It's nothing, I will deal with it later. Jasmine, let's go back."

Jasmine was taken aback, but she quickly smiled and said, "I'll listen to what you say."

She got off Boyce's back and stood up, "I'll go pack. We need to say goodbye to the children. Ah, I'm actually here to ask to you come to have breakfast."

Boyce stood up and put his phone in his pocket. He went back to the house with her.

When they got in the house, Jasmine said, "I will miss the children."

"You can always come back to visit them, "said Boyce.

"Don't forget that you promised to help them."

Boyce answered, "I won't."

**In City B...**

**Matthew wasn't there anymore when Dolores woke up. Amanda was still asleep. She got out of bed and went to the bathroom. As she walked down the stairs, she noticed that Matthew was still in the living room. She thought he was at the office already.**

**She went up to him and hugged his slender waist from behind, "You're up early."**

**Matthew put down the cup of water that he chugged, turned around and looked at her, "Why don't you sleep more?"**

**Dolores stuck close to him and said, "I couldn't sleep."**

**Matthew glanced at Coral who was cleaning the drink cabinet. After making sure that she wouldn't look over, he hugged Dolores in his arms and kissed her on the lips. Dolores backed off, she was afraid that Coral would see them.**

**Matthew didn't let her escape; he grabbed the back of her head and pushed her towards himself.**

**Dolores knew that she couldn't win against him, and hence she surrendered.**

**When Matthew finally let her go, she put her arms around his neck and wasn't going to let go. She bit him on the shoulder through his pyjamas and put quite a bit of force into it. She knew that Coral was around, and Matthew wouldn't dare to make any noises even when he felt pain.**

**She was content seeing Matthew's face in pain while holding in his voice. She let go.**



Matthew fixed his shirt and took a look at his shoulder. There was a bite mark and it was almost bleeding.

He blinked his eyes and asked, "Are you trying to kill me?"

Dolores didn't believe him, "I didn't bite that hard."

"You wanted to bite harder than this?" Matthew couldn't believe his ears, did she really want him to bleed?

Matthew seemed to really be in pain. Dolores reached out her hand and opened his collar. The bite mark on his shoulder was quite deep, and it was slightly bleeding. She didn't know that she bit this hard.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to. I'll go get some ointment"...

Matthew pulled her, "No need."

Dolores didn't intend to bite him that hard, she scolded herself for not controlling her strength, "Does it hurt"...

"Don't worry, I'll take it as you are marking me. I will return the favor"...

"I don't want." Dolores wasn't an idiot. She didn't want any bite marks if it would hurt that much.

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"You can't say no." Matthew hugged her and acted like he was about to stretch her collar open. He wasn't planning on biting her; he just wanted to mess with her.

Dolores laughed as it tickled.

Coral looked over as she heard noises. She saw Matthew intimately hugging Dolores. She quickly turned around, but she turned too fast or was nervous. Her hand slipped and an unopened bottle of wine fell onto the ground. A loud noise could be heard, and the bottle shattered on the ground. The red liquid was all over the floor.

The room was soon filled with the scent of red wine.

Matthew and Dolores looked over. Coral tensed up and stood in place. She laughed nervously, "Please continue, I didn't see anything. I will clean the floor up immediately."

Dolores flushed and pushed Matthew away. She walked over and saw that the wine that fell onto the ground was the one that Wendy said was good. She sighed, "It was a good wine."

Matthew looked at her, "You can tell?"

He remembered that Dolores wasn't into wine.

The wines were always there in the cabinet and she never bothered to look at them. She could sometimes recognize local white spirits brands that were popular, but that was it.

**“Wendy told me about it. She was quite into wines, ”said Dolores. She realized that she always talked about Matthew and felt a bit weird about it.**

**Matthew scoffed. He obviously didn’t really like Wendy, he probably even despised her.**

**He hugged Dolores into his firm arms and carried her upstairs, “Just come up with an excuse next time she wants to come by. Don’t let her in and bother you.”**

**Dolores said, “Okay.”**

**“But I think she wouldn’t be able to come anymore. I told Boyce and based on his personality, he would come back and talk to Wendy.”**

**Dolores nodded, she thought that it was right to let Boyce come back and deal with it. It wouldn’t be a good idea to drag it out.**

**And if Wendy wasn’t friends with Boyce anymore, she wouldn’t have an excuse to come over.**

**Dolores looked up and stared at Matthew. His jawlines were pronounced and his neck was elegant. His skin was fair and his nose was even more prominent from the side. She was also jealous of his long lashes. She pouted, “Does someone has a crush on your office?”**

**Matthew looked over and was dumbfounded, “Why do you suddenly ask that?”**

**Dolores remembered the message she got last night, she said, “Someone said that you’re charming. Keep your distance with the women at your workplace, okay?”**

Matthew laughed, "What's wrong? Are you jealous?"

Dolores glared at him and didn't say anything.

Matthew stopped smiling and wanted to ask her more about it, but Amanda woke up. She started crying when she noticed there wasn't anyone next to her. Dolores quickly reached out her hand to grab her, but Matthew said, "Let me do it."

Amanda just woke up and wasn't too energetic. She laid her head on her father's shoulder and rubbed her eyes.

Dolores grabbed some clothes from the closet for her daughter.

Matthew carried Amanda to the washroom to freshen up. Dolores put the clothes that her daughter wanted to wear on the bed. Suddenly, her phone which was by the head of the bed vibrated again. She grabbed her phone.

It was the same unknown number from last night.

Dolores frowned as she opened the message.

Chapter 755 Not Giving Up

The content was "Good morning!"

Dolores stared at these words. She was thinking if the message last night was a prank or a random message sent by somebody.

Then what did this one mean this morning?

After Matthew helped his daughter wash her face, he walked out and saw Dolores standing by the bed while staring at her phone. So, Matthew approached her. Dolores was deeply immersed in her thoughts that she did not notice Matthew was already standing behind her. She was shocked when Matthew asked her who had sent her a message.

“Why are you walking without any sound?” Dolores put her hand over her heart which was still pounding.

Matthew looked at her, “It is not that I’m walking without any sound. You’re just too engrossed. Who sent you the message?”

Good morning?

Who?

Charles White?

Still not giving up on Dolores by now?

Dolores sat on the bed and raised her head while looking at him.

Matthew looked at her, “Why don’t you say anything?”

Dolores scrolled to the last message and pursed her lips, “It is strange. There have been unknown messages since last night. What does this person mean and what does he intend to do?”

Matthew took her phone over and scrolled through the messages. Then, he frowned as he seemed to be surprised as well.

“Have you been fooling around with girls outside?” Dolores frowned as she did not suspect him purposely. However, she just could not figure out who would do that with an appropriate reason.

Matthew took a glance at her and did not say anything. He forwarded the contact number on her phone to his own phone, “I will find it out. Don’t think too much about it.”

Dolores lowered her eyes, “I’m not thinking too much. I just feel a bit uneasy. Who will do that?”

“I will find it out.” Matthew’s tone was serious with imperceptible anger.

She had been in a good mood this morning. However, she could not calm down after encountering such a situation.

She was really afraid that if anything would happen again. Fortunately, Boyce’s issue was resolved without any trouble this time, but what about next time?

“How is Declan now?” Dolores asked.

It was him since the last time.

“He has been sentenced to prison. ”Declan had completely ruined himself. He originally had the opportunity to go abroad and avoid imprisonment. Now, he was like seeking his own death and nobody could save him anymore.

Dolores lowered her eyes, “It won’t be him then.”

Matthew told her not to think about it anymore, “I will find it out. Your daughter is hungry. Let’s go downstairs to eat.”

Dolores nodded and reached out to caress her daughter’s face, “Bring Andrew back today. He can play with her too. It is so lonely with nobody at home all of the sudden.”

Previously, Theresa, Jayden and Kevin were at home. But now, they were all gone and the villa became so quiet all of the sudden.

At first, Matthew wanted to bring Amanda to the company as it might be good for her recovery by getting along with more people. However, he gave up the idea of bringing his daughter to the company after receiving these unknown messages.

The main focus now was to find out who had sent those weird messages to Dolores’s phone.

“I will fetch him after the meal, ”Matthew said.

Dolores nodded her head.

The house had been cleaned by Coral, but there was still a faint smell of alcohol. So, Matthew asked Coral to open the windows for ventilation.

Coral said, "The windows are open. It may take some time to get rid of the smell."

"If you can't get used to the smell, just stay upstairs." Matthew lifted his eyes and looked at Dolores.

She did not have much appetite as she chewed the food in her mouth bit by bit.

Perhaps, she was thinking about something and did not pay attention to Matthew's words.

So, she did not respond either.

Matthew looked at her.

He knew that even she had promised not to think about it anymore, but she must be thinking about it over and over again in her mind.

He sighed, "Why can't you just listen to me?"

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No Wonder She's Always In The Top 15 Of These Lists

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

"Huh?"

Dolores regained her sense and did not hear what he had said clearly.



Matthew also lost his appetite and waited until Dolores had finished her meal. Then, he let Dolores take care of Amanda.

He left the villa to fetch Andrew.

He also brought Jayden and Kevin back to the villa with him by the way. So, there was somebody at home who could help Dolores to look after Amanda. Since Amanda did not even stick with Coral, only Dolores could look after her alone when he was away. It was inconvenient for Dolores to take care of Amanda with her big belly.

At nine o'clock, Matthew fetched them back home.

"Mummy." Andrew ran over and lay on her lap while looking at his sister, "Still not well?"

Dolores reached out and caressed his forehead, "Yes, so I have called you back to play with your sister."

Andrew had always been sensible and obedient. He nodded vigorously and then kept talking to his sister, "Amanda, I have something for you. Do you want to see it?"

Amanda blinked her eyes at him and did not say anything.

Andrew was not discouraged and continued to prompt her to speak, "Don't you really want to see it? Then I will give it to somebody else?"

Amanda remained silent.

It seemed that the toys could not tempt her. Amanda went to bring over the full set of toys for the playing house.

In fact, they were planning to come back even if Matthew did not fetch them from the mansion today. They had bought all these toys for her yesterday.

Amanda had always wanted to play house, but Andrew had always felt childish and was unwilling to play.

His sister was frightened till mental illness this time, so he gave in as long as he could make his sister recover quickly. He was willing to do anything for her.

Jayden came over, "Amanda, come and hug grandpa."

Amanda burrowed into Dolores's arms. She showed her reluctance with her action.

"Grandpa, let's play house together." Andrew pulled Jayden to sit down on the carpet while Kevin joined in with Cotton.

Amanda blinked her eyes at them. Andrew set up those toys properly, especially the kitchen toys which included all kinds of ingredients, pots and pans to slice and stir fry. She had always wanted to play house with a princess living inside.

After a while, she took the initiative to get out of Dolores's hug and join them.

Dolores heaved a sigh of relief.

It was good to see that she had finally changed slightly. Although she still did not talk, she was willing to play with the others.

On the other side, Matthew entered his office and made an internal phone call after arriving at the company, "Tell Abbott to come to my office."

"Alright, Mr. Nelson."

He unbuttoned his suit and sat down at his desk.

After Abbott received the call from the secretary, he came to Matthew's office. When he reached the door, he did not knock immediately, but he stood at the door for a moment before raising his hand to knock on the door.

Soon, Matthew's voice was heard.

Abbott pushed the door and went in.

"You go and check this number for me."

Matthew gave Abbott the phone number that sent messages to Dolores.

Abbott took it over and said while lowering his head, "Okay."

"Wait"...

Just as Abbott was about to leave, Matthew stopped him, "Why are you so tired recently?"

It was unusual for Abbott to look dull and feel dejected.

Abbott shook his head, "No."

"I will give you an extra week for your annual leave this year." Matthew flipped through the document on his desk that required his signature.

Abbott struggled as he wanted to say something to him, but he did not know how to say it. Finally, he said, "Thank you, Mr. Nelson." \_\_\_\_\_

Abbott went out of the office and closed the door behind him. He lowered his head and looked at the number in his hand, and his facial expression instantly became hideous.

He didn't need to check the number; he knew who did it.

"Mr. Baron." The secretary came out from the pantry and greeted him when he saw Abbott.

Abbott was so absorbed in his thought that he didn't notice anyone coming. When someone suddenly walked up to him and spoke to him, he was startled.

"Why are you here?"

"Why can't I be here? What are you looking at? Why are you so engrossed with that thing in your hand?" While saying that, the secretary looked towards the paper in his hand.

Abbott covered the paper and said, "What are you looking at? Go back to work."

The secretary glimpsed at him, "You think I want to watch it? I can tell from your pale face that this must be an annoying task."

Abbott immediately touched his face and said, "My face doesn't look good?"

The secretary ignored him and went back to her seat with her water.

Abbott didn't ask further and walked towards the elevator. Then, he glanced around and made sure that no one was around him. After that, he quickly ran into the stairway, took out his phone, and dialed it.

The phone call went through, but no one answered the call. Abbott called again with a gloomy face.

The call finally got through after the third call.

Abbott questioned the other party furiously, "What are you trying to do?!"

"Why are you so angry? I'm swimming, so I don't have my phone with me. Do you have to be so fierce? You are scaring me." Emma was draped with a white towel, sitting on a recliner. She touched her feet and said, "Why are you so anxious? Do you need something from me?"

Abbott clenched his teeth, "You know what you did!"

Emma laughed, "I really don't know what you are talking about. But if you are talking about sending a text message to your boss's wife, I admit it that was me. So, what do you want me to do now?"

"Stop it!"

"Fine. But you will need to ask your boss to meet me at Hyatt Hotel. Then, I'll stop..."

"In your dreams!" Abbott rudely interrupted her before Emma could finish her sentence.

Emma fluffed her hair, "If you don't agree, then tell me your boss's daily whereabouts. I'm going to continue sending text messages to his wife too. If I remember correctly, his wife is going to give birth, right? I wonder if anything will happen to her if she gets too upset..."

"Enough!" Abbott shouted angrily, "What exactly do you want?"

"What do I want?" Emma laughed, then she suddenly said in a cold tone, "He killed my dad and put my brother in jail. What do you think I want?"

"They can only blame themselves for that!"

"Abbott, are you going to deny the relationship between us?"

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No Wonder She's Always In The Top 15Of These Lists

## **Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!**

**"You set me up..."**

**"Even if I had set you up, it doesn't hide the fact that you have slept with me. I have video evidence, and it only has your face and your naked body in it. If I sell this to the pornographic website or the news media, I can probably fetch a good price for it. You can become famous too..."**

**"Emma Bailey!" Abbott was so anxious until his face turned pale. If he could, he really wanted to strangle this woman to death.**

**He never thought that he would be drugged when he went to the bar for a drink. Furthermore, he slept with this woman unknowingly. It would be fine if it was just a normal one-night stand. Who knew, this woman took his "nude photo" and video and even used them to threaten him.**

**Emma actually wanted to target Matthew. But she really couldn't find a chance; therefore she could only target the people beside him.**

**She had also considered Armand before. But after much observation, she found out that Armand wasn't an easy target, and even if she had succeeded, it might not be an easy task to threaten him.**

**In the end, she targeted Abbott.**

**Abbott tried to calm down, "Let's meet up and talk first."**

**Emma smiled and asked, "Do you miss me?"**

**Abbott tightened his grip on his phone, "Stop the nonsense. Let's meet up at the bar from the last time."**

"Okay," Emma answered him.

Abbott hung up the phone, gently opened the stairway door, and cautiously glanced outside. When he was sure that no one was there, he quickly came out and took the elevator down. After he went out of the company building, he drove to the bar where he had met Emma last time.

Emma arrived even earlier than him. When he arrived at the bar, Emma was already waiting for him there.

She wore a black halter dress and crossed her legs, sitting on the sofa seat. Abbot quickly walked forward, grabbed her wrist, and pulled her into a private booth.

Emma stroked his chest and laughed, "Why so anxious..."

"Can you have some dignity?" Abbott clenched his teeth.

Emma laughed, "Is Mr. Baron a gentleman now? You were quite wild when you slept with me."

Abbott clenched his grips, "Tell me. What do I need to do for you to destroy those things?"

Emma withdrew her hand, walked forward to the sofa, and sat down. Then, she bent down and pour herself a glass of wine from the table. She elegantly held the wine glass in her hand and gently swayed it, "What do you think? Am I short of money, or men?"

Abbott didn't say anything but stared fixedly at her.

As the saying goes, the more beautiful women are, the more dangerous they will turn out to be. This might be true. The woman in front of him is so poisonous. Once you are infected, you would be tortured endlessly even if you didn't die from the poison!



**"I only have one motive. He had destroyed my family, so I want him to suffer as much as I did." Emma suddenly raised her head, and her eyes were as sharp as blades, "Mr. Baron, if your father and brother dies and goes to prison, what will you do? Just pretend like it never happened before?"**

**"None of these will even happen if they are good people. They only have themselves to blame for what happened to them, so how could you blame others for it? Your brother could have left the country and lived a free life overseas, but instead, he was looking for trouble himself, so who can save him? You are only a woman, so how are you going to seek revenge? Other than selling your body, what else can you do?"**

**Abbott tried to convince Emma, "Just let it go. You have your own life to live. Why do you want to ruin your own life for them? I know my boss well, and I am very sure that you won't be a match for him. If he knows that you are the one behind this, you won't be able to get away so easily!"**

#### **Chapter 752 Abbott's Decision**

**Emma didn't seem like she was scared. Instead, she got up relaxingly from the sofa, walked towards Abbott, tugged his tie, and said, "I know I'm not a match for him. But I still have you, right? Aren't you working for him?"**

**Abbott looked down at her hand and sneered, "Why are you so sure that I'll help you?"**

**Emma approached his chin and blew warm air at him, "If you don't want to help your woman, who else do you want to help?"**

**"Is this a joke?" Abbott pinched her cheeks, "You willingly throw yourself at me. You don't deserve to be my woman!"**

Emma wasn't angry. She just laughed and said, "Whether be it I throw myself at you, or you voluntarily find me, all of these don't matter. The important thing is you have slept with me, so are you trying to deny it now? Should I go public and sue you for rape?"

Abbott narrowed his eyes.

"Don't stare at me." Emma lifted her leg and rubbed it on his side, "I prefer you to be gentler to me."

Abbott was speechless.

"Can you show some dignity? Can you stop being so bitchy?" Abbott shoved her away.

Emma bumped into the corner of the table. She held her leg and said, "Abbott, you have gone too far."

"You are the one who has gone too far. Do you really think that I'll listen to you just because I slept with you? It's just some photos; you can give them to whoever you want. As for the video, you can give them to whichever media you like, I don't care. You will never be able to threaten me!"

After saying that, Abbott went out and slammed the door behind him.

Emma sat on the table and looked at the closed door. She tightly clenched her fists.

She refused to give up. She took out her phone and called him.

**Abbot was driving. He heard his phone's ringtone, took it out and saw that it was her name. He didn't pick it up but just threw it aside and let it ring.**

**Seeing that he didn't pick up her call, Emma wasn't discouraged. She chose to text him instead.**

**Very soon, the phone ringing stopped, and the text message notification sounded. Abbott reached out and looked at his phone. The contents were, [You don't want your future anymore?]**

**Abbott stopped the car beside the road and replied to her text, [Do I still have a future after I met you?]**

**Emma didn't give up, [Can you really give up your dignity for your boss?]**

**[Emma, do I still have any dignity after I met you?"]**

**Emma bit her lip and dialled his number once again. This time, Abbott picked up her call, "What more do you want?"**

**Emma, "You really can give up your future?"**

**Abbott answered her without hesitation, "Yes."**

**"Are you a dog? Why do you need to be so loyal? You are just working for him. If you help me, I can let you become your own boss. You are capable, I can..."**

**"Emma, do you think other people are the same as the Bailey family? A person without humanity and morality is worse than a pig or a dog. I can't control you, Emma, but you can also stop thinking about manipulating me."**

**Emma held her phone and didn't speak for a long while.**

**Abbott asked, "Why are you not talking?"**

**"I don't know what to say," Emma mumbled.**

**She really couldn't refute Abbott. She understood that her father and her brother were to blame for what happened to them. But she was their daughter and sister, she couldn't remain indifferent about what had happened.**

**INTERESTING FOR YOU**[Adskeeper](#)

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

**Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!**

**"Abbott, I'm asking you one last time. Are you really not going to help me?" Emma asked.**

**Abbot gave her the same answer, "I'm not going to betray my boss."**

**"Okay. Don't regret it!" After saying that, Emma hung up the call.**

**Abbott looked at the screen of his phone, which showed that the other party had already hung up,**

and the beeping sound was on. He pressed the end button, threw his phone aside, laid his elbows against the steering wheels, and covered his face.

He let go of his hand after a long while. After some pondering, he finally made up his mind.

He started the car again and drove to the company.

He parked his car, got into the elevator, and stopped at the office level. After he got out of the elevator, he walked straight to Matthew's office.

Just as he was about to knock on Matthew's door, the secretary told him, "The boss is not in."

Abbott turned around and asked, "Where did he go?"

"I don't know where he has gone to. It's not in the schedule." The secretary said.

She really had no idea where Matthew went. His private matters wouldn't be listed in the schedule.

Abbott furrowed his eyebrows tightly.

"Do you have something important to report to him?" The secretary saw that he looked quite anxious.

Abbott didn't say anything and went back to his own office.

His office was located diagonally opposite Matthew's office. It was spacious and aesthetically decorated. He walked to his desk and touched it. Emma said that he was just a normal employee

working for someone. She was right. He was indeed working for someone, but he felt a great sense of achievement. He had attained his status and position today all because of Matthew. Matthew trusted him and even entrusted him with important responsibilities. Otherwise, how could he be able to demonstrate his capabilities?

How could he be a person without a conscience?

He would never help Emma to frame Matthew.

He could tell that Matthew really cared about Dolores.

How could he be so ungrateful and sow discord between the two of them?

Abbott lowered his eyes, took out his phone, and dialled Matthew's number.

Matthew was accompanying Dolores for a check-up. This month, she would need to go for regular check-ups. Right now, she's performing fetal heart rate monitoring. They could hear the fetal's heartbeat clearly, which was presented through the whirring sound of the machine.

Matthew stood beside Dolores, grabbing her hand tightly. He felt complicated and excited. From the heartbeat sound, he could tell that the baby was very energetic and full of vigour.

He even unknowingly tightened his grip that was grabbing Dolores's hand.

Dolores felt a little painful, and it was sweaty as well, but she didn't remind Matthew. When she was pregnant with Andrew and Amanda, he didn't get a chance to hear the heartbeat in her belly. Now that he had got the chance, it was natural for him to get aroused. This was a normal reaction for a father.

At this moment, the phone in Matthew's pocket suddenly rang.

He took out his phone and saw that it was Abbott who had called him. He hung up the phone, leaned over to Dolores, and whispered, "I'm going outside to return a call."

Dolores nodded, "Just go."

Chapter 753 People at the Door

Matthew walked out of the medical examination room and went to the end of the corridor to give a callback, the call was connected soon and Abbott also picked up the phone very soon.

"What happened?" Matthew asked.

"I've found out the things that you let me investigate."

"Who was it?"

"Emma Bailey, Declan's sixth older sister," Abbott answered.

Matthew raised his eyebrows slightly, it seemed like he was not so surprised - he already had some guesses in his mind.

"Are you busy, Mr. Nelson? I wish to meet up with you." Abbott stood in front of the window and said while looking at the scenery outside.

**“What happened?”**

**Abbott said insistently, “I wish to meet up with you and talk to you in person.”**

**Matthew lifted his hand and glanced at the watch, and then he said, “I’m free only during the night.”**

**“Then let’s meet up at night, in my office at the company, ”Abbott said.**

**Matthew realized that there was something wrong with Abbott’s tone of voice, he said, “I’ll be there at seven o’clock.”**

**He hung up the phone after saying.**

**He didn’t go back to the examination room immediately, he was thinking about why Abbott wanted to meet up with him?**

**Abbott was behaving unusually.**

**In the examination room...**

**Dolores Flores lowered her head and asked, “Is the baby healthy, doctor.”**

**The doctor nodded, “The child is growing very well and is well developed from all aspects, but”...**



**“But what?” Dolores became anxious suddenly. She was so afraid of the doctor talking in this way, saying that everything was fine at first, then followed by a comma.**

**“We’ll wait for Mr. Nelson to come back, then I’ll tell both of you in more detail, both of you need to decide on what should be done next,” the doctor said seriously.**

**Dolores frowned, it seemed like this was a serious thing listening to the way the doctor talked, she grabbed the doctor’s sleeve, “Can you please tell me first? If not, I can’t stop worrying.”**

**The doctor sighed when seeing that she was so anxious, “When you gave birth last time, did the doctor tell you not to give birth again?”**

**Dolores nodded; the doctor did tell her before that her body was injured.**

**“It’s true that you are not suitable to give birth anymore because your uterus lining has become very thin after giving birth last time. There won’t be any anomalies during the early stage of pregnancy, but as the amniotic fluid increases month by month and the fetus develops faster, the pressure exerted on your uterus will be greater, then you’ll be in danger. Now it is seven months, I suggest that you can have earlier labor induction or Cesarean delivery when it reaches seven and a half months, or the most is eight months.”**

**Dolores couldn’t accept it, “I, I’m not feeling unwell”...**

**The doctor said seriously, “When you start feeling unwell, you’ve already reached the limit. The medical technologies nowadays are very advanced, you don’t have to worry that the child can’t survive after being born. The child develops very well, there shall be no big problem, don’t worry too much.”**

Dolores's feeling became complicated in a sudden, for sure that a seven and a half months fetus hadn't become mature yet.

"Doctor, I want to tell my husband by myself. "Dolores didn't know how Matthew would feel when he heard of this news.

The doctor nodded, "Both of you should discuss first, but you must make a decision as soon as possible since it's already seven months now."

Dolores nodded, "We'll discuss this properly"...

"What do we want to discuss properly? "Matthew heard of Dolores saying this when he came inside, so he continued her words and asked.

Dolores smiled immediately, "Nothing. "She held her womb and wanted to stand up, Matthew walked there and helped her, he asked, "Have you done the checking?"

Dolores nodded, "The doctor said that everything is fine."

Matthew looked toward the doctor, it seemed like he was asking.

The doctor glanced at Dolores and pushed the spectacles on the nose, then said, "The child is very healthy."

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## **Angelina Jolie Health Struggles - Talk About A Dramatic Change**

**The doctor seemed to be doing this purposely, Matthew narrowed his eyes, but he didn't ask in front of Dolores.**

**He put his arms around Dolores's waist and said, "Let's go."**

**He took the blue envelope with the examination reports inside and held Dolores to walk out of the examination room.**

**Walking out of the hospital and getting into the car, Matthew helped Dolores to fasten the seatbelt, then he said, "I go to the washroom for a while, wait for me in the car."**

**Dolores leaned on the seat back and nodded lightly.**

**Matthew didn't go to the washroom, but he went back to the hospital and found the doctor who had helped Dolores for the check-up at the outpatient department.**

**Although Dolores was pretending to be good, he could feel that Dolores was not as relaxed as when she came.**

**The doctor was not answering calmly as well, there were doubts in his mind, he couldn't stop worrying if he didn't clear his doubts.**

**The doctor was shocked to see that Matthew was back again.**

**"How's my wife examination results?" Matthew asked directly.**

**“The child is fine, the scorings from all aspects were very high, but your wife’s body”...**

**“How’s her body?”**

**Matthew asked anxiously, the doctor was interrupted by him when the doctor had not finished talking.**

**The doctor opened the record of Dolores’s ultrasound imaging, the cursor was moved to show the thickness of the uterus, “Your wife’s uterus was injured when she gave birth last time, the condition now is still thinner than a normal pregnant woman. As the amniotic fluid increases month by month and the fetus develops faster, the pressure exerted on the uterus will be greater. I had told your wife that I suggest her to give birth earlier, it will be best before seven and a half months, this will reduce her risks. If the uterus breaks, not to mention about the child, even she will be in danger too.”**

**Matthew frowned, it was obvious that he couldn’t accept this kind of thing happening in a moment, “The previous checking results are all quite well.”**

**“The symptoms were not obvious previously because the months of pregnancy were still short.”The doctor paused for a while, “I had told your wife about this situation, she had said that she will discuss with you when going back.”**

**Matthew lowered his voice and asked, “Is there any other solution?”**

**The doctor shook his head, “The child will get bigger in the mother’s womb and grow even faster during the later months, this means that the pressure exerted on the uterus is becoming greater”...**

**“If she were to give birth earlier, will this affect the child?”Matthew had understood it, but it would definitely affect the child if she were to deliver the child when the pregnancy hadn’t reached full term.**

**“It will definitely affect the child since it doesn’t reach full term, but the medical conditions now are**

nice and the fetal condition is also very good, the survival rate is above eighty per cent, "the doctor said.

"Eighty per cent? "It was obvious that Matthew was not satisfied with this answer.

However, Dolores's health was more important, he then turned and left the hospital.

He decided to find other experts in this aspect to check again with this matter, then only he would make the decision.

He pretended as if he didn't know anything when he got back to the car, he asked Dolores if she had waited for him for too long, Dolores said, "No."

"Let's go back home."

Matthew started the car.

Dolores couldn't stay calm in her mind after listening to the doctor's words, she didn't want to talk, so she closed her eyes pretending that she was sleeping.

Matthew turned his head and looked at her, he pursed his lips tightly, he could deeply understand Dolores's current feeling.

He was the father, he was also the husband, he couldn't injure his child. It was the same that he couldn't make any decision that would harm Dolores.

At this moment, his feeling was so complicated and down.

He moved one of his hands to grab her hand, Dolores opened her eyes, Matthew said, "Sleep for a while if you're tired, I'll wake you up when we arrive home."

Dolores nodded, then she closed her eyes again.

After a while, the car had arrived at the bungalow. When Matthew was going to drive the car to the yard, he saw some people standing at the door. \_\_\_\_

Chapter 756 New Girlfriend

Matthew saw clearly the people who were standing at the door when getting closer, he called Dolores, "Boyce is back."

Dolores didn't fall asleep; she could hear him once he talked. She opened her eyes and looked toward the door; there was a girl with a backpack on the back standing beside Boyce Shawn.

Perhaps she was Jasmine Burke.

Soon, Matthew had parked the car in the yard. Dolores unfastened the seatbelt and pushed the door open to get out of the car.

Boyce walked hand in hand with Jasmine toward Dolores, "Sister-in-law."

Dolores smiled at them, then she asked, "When did you come back?"

Boyce said, "We just got out of the car."

After saying this, he introduced Jasmine to Matthew and Dolores, "You can just call them like how I do."

Jasmine had seen Matthew before, but this was the first time for her to meet Dolores. She knew from Boyce that Dolores was young, now she had met her in person and she felt that Dolores was not only young, but she also looked very pretty as well.

"Nice to meet you." Jasmine couldn't call her sister-in-law at the moment.

Some more Boyce hadn't settled his matter with Wendy Miller, it was inappropriate for her to call in this way now.

Dolores smiled, "Let's go into the house, you guys should be tired riding the car."

Boyce said that they were not tired, "We are here to ask for help from you."

Dolores and Matthew stood next to each other, Dolores looked up at Matthew after hearing Boyce's words, then she talked to Boyce, "Just tell us if you need our help."

After all, the reason he had faced the dangerous thing this time, was because of them.

"I need to go back to the station and settle something with the Miller family, so I wish to let Jasmine stay temporarily at your house for a few days, I also still need to help her to settle the matters at her school."

She had dropped out of school, now she wanted to go back again, so there were some procedures which were needed to be done and he needed to find the person in charge at the school.

Dolores agreed without hesitation, Boyce wanted to leave Jasmine here because he trusted them.

How could she deny it?

“Let’s go into the house first,” Dolores said smilingly.

Boyce nodded.

Matthew didn’t talk from the beginning to the end, he grabbed Dolores’s hand suddenly. In fact, he didn’t wish that there were other people at home during this moment, some more a stranger. Dolores’s situation had really made him suffer, he just wanted peace at home. However, Boyce would seldom ask for help, some more Boyce was almost dead because of him, so he should agree with it, no matter for the sake of their friendship or the sense.

He was just worried about Dolores, she was having something in her mind, but she still needed to treat others politely.

He felt uncomfortable.

Pushing open the door, the living room was full of playhouse toys. The two elderly were accompanying the two children, the scene looked so warm.



**“Amanda, ”Dolores called her daughter. Although she was not clingy anymore, she was not as talkative as in the past as well. Hearing that someone was calling her, Amanda Nelson looked toward there. She saw that Boyce was here too, she put down the ‘pot ’in her hand and stopped cooking the dish, she then ran toward there and stood not far away from Boyce.**

**Seeing Boyce, Amanda recalled the dangerous scene during that time again, she cried loudly all of a sudden.**

**Everyone was shocked, Dolores went toward her and hugged her, “Mommy is here, don’t scare.”**

**She patted lightly on her daughter’s back, but this tugged at her heartstrings.**

**Amanda was crying non-stop, no one could coax her.**

**Dolores kept on helping Amanda to wipe the tears away, her eyes became red automatically seeing that Amanda was crying so hard, her heart ached for her daughter. She kept on kissing her daughter’s forehead and cheeks, trying to comfort her frightened soul using her love.**

**Matthew knew that Dolores was so sad, he carried their daughter away from her arms.**

**He helped his daughter to wipe the tears away using his hand, but Amanda suddenly shouted toward Boyce, “Uncle Shawn.”**

**They were in danger together during that time, seeing him now made her recall the horror, stimulating the matters that she didn’t want to face, but now the things appeared clearly again in her mind.**

**Boyce walked toward her, stretched his hand patting on her head and comforted her, “The danger had passed already and now we’re fine, Amanda doesn’t have to scare anymore.”**

Amanda blinked her eyes, tears dropping down; she sobbed and asked, "Is it true?"

"Yes." Boyce answered confidently, and then he said, "Amanda is not pretty when crying."

Amanda lifted her hand and wiped the tears away, but her shoulders were still shaking. She then pointed at Jasmine and asked hoarsely, "Who is she?"

Boyce glanced at Jasmine and said, "She is my girlfriend, I just want to introduce you to her, she is Jasmine Burke."

Amanda was a bit confused, "Isn't it that you had introduced your girlfriend before? Why there's another girlfriend again? Is she the new one?"

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Boyce was speechless.

Jasmine also felt awkward standing beside them.

The air froze for a while, Dolores told her daughter, "This is the girlfriend that Uncle Shawn likes."

Amanda blinked her eyes and lied in Matthew's arms, "Daddy, their relationship is so messy."

It seemed like Amanda had recovered in a moment, the knot in her heart was untied.

Matthew was gratified; he stretched his hand helping her to wipe the tears away. Amanda had not talked for these few days, he didn't mention it but he was always worried that this might traumatize her, he didn't expect that she would recover after seeing Boyce.

If he had known it earlier, he would have asked Boyce to come back earlier.

Dolores introduced Jayden Nelson and Victoria Forbis to Jasmine, "She is Boyce's girlfriend."

Jasmine bowed politely, Dolores told her that she didn't have to be so polite, "Just make yourself at home."

Jasmine pursed her lips and said, "Thank you."

"Don't mention it. Boyce is so close with us, you're welcomed to join us."

Dolores said smilingly.

Jasmine stared at Dolores, she wondered why Dolores looked so beautiful when she smiled? Some more she was so friendly, she didn't put on airs and graces even if she was wealthy, Jasmine had taken a shine to Dolores.

Jasmine felt slightly relieved, she was always worried that she might not get along with Dolores well, or Dolores might look down on her when she came.

She didn't expect that Dolores was so friendly and approachable.

**“Coral. ”Dolores called Coral, “Please tidy up the room that Theresa stayed in previously.”**

**Coral said, “Sure.”**

**In fact, there was nothing much to tidy up, the bedsheet and blanket were all washed already, she just had to put some toiletries in the washroom.**

**Boyce wanted to go out for a while since there was still some time, he told Dolores, “Sister-in-law, I need to go out, sorry to trouble you for taking care of Jasmine. I’m worried that I can’t settle the things with the Miller family in a short time, it’s inappropriate to let her meet Jasmine, but I’m also worried to let Jasmine stay at another place, so”...**

**“I understand.”**

**Dolores knew that Boyce was worried about Wendy Miller being unwilling to break up with him, and she might harm Jasmine if she knew her existence.**

**Actually, Boyce was right.**

**If he were to take Jasmine home with him now and let Wendy see her, it would be difficult to wind the matter up.**

**Therefore, Boyce had let Jasmine stay here without worrying about anything.**

**Jasmine nodded, “Just go ahead with your stuff.”**

**Boyce left after talking to Jayden and Victoria. After Coral tidied up the room, Dolores brought Jasmine to the room, “You can stay in this room, my friend had stayed here previously. You can call me or Coral if you need any help, you can have a rest first since you may be tired riding the car. I’ll call**

you when the dinner is ready.”

Jasmine was grabbing her hem. Although Dolores was friendly, she was still unfamiliar with this place. Some more, there was even an attached bathroom in the guest room and the decorations were very luxurious, she felt inferior to these wealthy people and she couldn't adapt well.

“I'm sorry to trouble you, ”Jasmine said embarrassingly. After all, Dolores was pregnant, but she still needed to take care of her, Jasmine was apologetic.

“It's okay, just stay here without worry. Boyce will arrange the things for you when he finishes settling those things, ”Dolores said.

She believed that Boyce had some plans, if not he wouldn't have brought Jasmine back.

Jasmine nodded.

Dolores walked back to the living room after arranging for Jasmine to stay here, Victoria Forbis walked in front of her and lowered her voice asking, “How old is this girl?”

Dolores was not sure of how old Jasmine was, she only knew that Jasmine was in her first year at university.

Victoria smiled, it seemed like she felt that Jasmine was too young.

Jayden didn't care about how old Jasmine was, he was glad that Boyce was safe, some more Boyce had already had a girlfriend. He was happy with him, but he was still paying all attention to his grandson and granddaughter, he carried his granddaughter from his son's arms, “Come here, grandpa continues to play playhouse with you.”

Amanda sniffed, there were still the marks of tears on her face, she nodded and said, "Okay."

There was someone taking care of her daughter, Matthew did not worry, he helped Dolores to go upstairs after handing over his daughter to Jayden.

Matthew closed the door after entering the room, he helped Dolores to sit down at the bedside, "I have something to tell you."

"What is it?" Dolores looked up. \_\_\_

Chapter 750 In a Dilemma

Matthew sat beside Dolores. He held up her hand and gently placed it in his palm, "I have found the person who sent you the message"...

"Is it the same person who sent me the thing last time?" Dolores turned her head to look at him. Although she was asking a question, she felt sure in her heart. This was because only the Bailey family had the motive. They held a grudge against her as Declan Bailey was imprisoned.

Matthew nodded.

After thinking about the words that the doctor had said, he couldn't stay calm in his heart. He reached out his hand and touched her belly. He gently called her, "Lola"...

"Yes?" Dolores looked at his face that was close to her. His face was clean and delicate. Even the hair on his face could be seen clearly.

Matthew kissed her cheek and said with a relaxed tone, "Nothing. I just want to call you in this way. Later I have something to do and I have to go out. I don't know when I will be back. You sleep early. Don't wait for me."

Dolores didn't ask him about the matter. She only gently nodded.

Matthew asked her to rest upstairs as it was too noisy downstairs. Dolores nodded and urged him as she smiled, "You go and settle your matter. Couldn't I properly take care of myself?"

She was not a child anymore.

Matthew pinched her cheek and asked, "Don't you have anything to tell me?"

Dolores was nervous. She wanted to shake her head but she nodded. She pushed him while laughing, "What do you want me to tell you?"

Matthew stared at her deeply for a few seconds. He didn't expose her as he wanted to let her calm down alone. He would also find another specialist to give her another checkup. If there was really no other way, she could only give birth to their child earlier. He couldn't let her be in danger.

Their child and Dolores ...He would choose her first over the child. Without her, they wouldn't have a child. Furthermore, her body was in this state because she gave birth to their children for him.

He held her head and kissed her lips, "I am leaving."

Dolores smiled and said, "Okay."

She saw Matthew leave the room and close the door. Her face was still showing a faint smile.

Until she heard his footsteps that he went downstairs, the smile on her face slowly disappeared. As a mother, she would think of her child first.

It was as same as when she tried hard to keep Andrew Nelson and Amanda Nelson.

She also loved this child and looked forward to him.

She wanted to give her child a healthy body. Seven and a half months, it was two months before when she would originally give birth to her baby. The baby didn't completely develop. There must be some risk.

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If...

If her child had bad legs and feet, or if her child didn't have enough IQ ...There were a lot of possibilities.



Therefore, she didn't dare to gamble. She also didn't dare to tell Matthew.

She lay down with a messy heart.

She was tired but she couldn't relax herself to take a rest without thinking anything.

She pressed her temples as she tried to calm herself through some forces.

Compared to her worries, Matthew felt more worried. After all, one was his own child and the other one was his wife.

If he chose to let her give birth to their child early, he was hurting his own child. If he chose to let her give birth to their child until the complete stage, he would be risking Dolores's life.

He was in a dilemma. He felt worse than anyone else.

When he reached his company, a lot of people were still working overtime. The lights made the place as if it was daylight.

The secretary wanted to leave. She saw Matthew who went down through the elevator. She moved towards him and greeted him, "Why is Mr. Nelson coming here so late?"

Matthew nodded and asked, "Is Abbott here?"

"He is in his office. I don't know what's going on today. He has been locking himself in his office since he came back this morning." The secretary had never seen Abbott Baron acting so pessimistically to lock himself for so long.

Normally, he was still busy at this time.

Besides Matthew, he was the busiest in the company.

Matthew said that he understood. He walked towards Abbott's office. When he reached the door, he pushed the door.

Abbott was answering the phone in front of the window. He completely didn't notice that someone was here.

"I have told you. You can give it to whoever you want. I don't care!" \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 754 Resign

Emma Bailey still couldn't believe that Abbott Baron could give up his future and pride. She thought he was just acting impulsively last time.

"Abbott, you better don't think that I wouldn't dare. Don't speak to me with such a harsh tone!"

Abbott made a cold sneering sound, "I am only acting harshly. I am forced by you until I only have such little pride. What? Am I not allowed to defend myself?"

"You"...

Emma was furious.

**“I don’t want to see you and I don’t want to talk with you. You can do whatever you like. Don’t call me anymore!”**

**After saying that, Abbott hung up the phone. It seemed like it wasn’t enough as he even turned off his phone. He gasped as he talked to himself, “You are a daughter from a rich family. Fuck. You are so despicable!”**

**Matthew asked unhurriedly, “Who makes you so angry?”**

**Abbott turned his body and saw Matthew who was standing in the doorway. He was completely stunned.**

**“Mr. ...Mr. Nelson, when did you come here? ”Abbott was so nervous as he stuttered.**

**Matthew loosened his collar and pulled the chair in front of his desk and sat down, “I just reached here. I didn’t hear much.”**

**Abbott hurriedly walked towards him, “My girlfriend and I broke up”...**

**“When did you have a girlfriend? ”Matthew frowned. He clearly didn’t believe him.**

**“We had only been together for a short period. ”Abbott didn’t want to tell Matthew. It was so shameful. He was an adult. Yet, he had his naked photos taken and blackmailed. He would lose all his**

face if he told him.

“Mr. Nelson.” Abbott kept his emotions. He walked towards the desk with a serious face. He put the resignation letter in front of him, “I really appreciate your trust and nurture. I want to have a rest”...

“Did someone offer a high salary to headhunt you?” Matthew only glanced at it and he didn’t pick it up.

“No. Really no. I just want to have a rest”...

“But you told me that you only want to earn money?” Matthew looked closely at him as if he was examining him. Abbott was stared at and he felt uncomfortable. He dodged Matthew’s gaze and explained, “No one really headhunts me. I only want to take a rest.”

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“I heard that the boss of FY Group wants to headhunt you. He promises you the position of vice president.” Matthew spun his chair and looked at Matthew.

Obviously, people who had capabilities would be headhunted.

“It has been a few months ago. How do you know this?” Someone indeed headhunted him. However, he didn’t change his mind. He clearly understood where the place that would have future development was.

Soon, Abbott laughed at himself, "I am asking a stupid question."

If Matthew didn't even know that someone was headhunting his people, how could he be a boss?

How could WY Group make it to this point?

Matthew was straightforward as he said, "Tell me. Why do you want to resign? You could tell me if you have any complaint."

Abbott immediately shook his head. Matthew treated him well. He didn't have any complaints.

"Really. It is my matter. Mr. Nelson, I am really sorry for the trouble that I cause you."

Matthew squinted his eyes, "Abbott, how long have you been following me?"

Abbott immediately said, "Eight years."

Matthew stood up, "Think carefully before you talk to me again."

After saying that, he walked out. Abbott stood in place. He felt extremely guilty in his heart. He had caused trouble to Matthew because of his carelessness.

He never thought that Emma would sabotage him.

Matthew walked out of Abbott's office. He didn't leave the company but he went to his own office.

Obviously, something happened to Abbott and he was hiding it from him.

It was something that caused him a lot of trouble. Because of Dolores's matter, he might not have time to care about his company's matters. And now Abbott wanted to resign. \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 757 Priority

Matthew rubbed his glabella knowing there was nothing he could do about Abbott now. Dolores was already seven months pregnant and the doctor suggested an inducing birth at seven and half months, he had not much time left to look for and consult another doctor.

He made a call on the desk phone.

The hospital Dolores was visiting was top-notch domestically, but he was still worried. His wife and baby were way too important for him to be careless.

He made an appointment with Mr. Thompson.

After the call, he took his mobile, walked out of the office and loosened his necktie single-handedly while browsing for numbers on his mobile. He instructed the person in charge at the overseas branch to consult doctors over there. He was confident with the local medical team, but he needed a backup.

He explained Dolores's condition once the call was connected. "I'll send the details over." Matthew ended the call once the other side replied with a yes.

He pressed for the lift and Abbott approach while he was waiting.

"Mr. Nelson."

Matthew glanced at him, "You are in rush?"

"No..."

"Think about it and call me," Matthew said as he walked into the lift.

Abbott gazed at the floor. He wanted to be honest but he was a man with dignity.

'Can I say I slept with Emma, she's taken my naked pictures and threaten me with it?'

He was a man and thought this could only happen to women.

However, Emma used the trick on him.

He scratched his head and couldn't say it out.

**It was too embarrassing.**

**Matthew started his car and drove out from the parking lot. The street was lightened up by colorful lights, which made the town with skyscrapers looked even more lively compared to the day.**

**He headed straight to the villa.**

**He parked the car and saw someone sitting on the bench in the garden as he walked back to the house. It was Dolores.**

**He approached her.**

**She didn't turn around but recognized his footsteps, "You are home."**

**Matthew nodded and sat down next to her.**

**Dolores leaned in and rested her head on his shoulders, looking at the starry sky.**

**She then mumbled after some time, "I remember my contractions lasted for the entire night when I was giving birth to Andrew and Amanda. I kept bleeding nonstop and nearly collapsed. When the doctor carries two tiny and slightly purple bodies in his hands, that was the first time I saw them, it pained my heart and frightened me. I was afraid that the two tiny and weak babies will turn out like me, to have no one to take care of them, facing their future in the delivery room. They were smaller in size compared to the normal infant as they are twin. Amanda was even weaker. I tried my best to fill their emptiness for not having love from a father. They are the most precious part of me, no matter when, no matter what. I hope you are the same, putting the children as a priority."**

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## **Angelina Jolie Health Struggles - Talk About A Dramatic Change**

### **A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More**

**She knew she couldn't keep her health condition a secret, hence, she was telling Matthew the importance of children to her.**

**Andrew, Amanda, and the baby in her womb were all equally important to her.**

**She could risk her life giving birth to Andrew and Amanda, she could sacrifice her life for this baby.**

**Matthew's body stiffened. He pulled her into his arms, kissing her hair. He knew it clearly and understood her words. But...**

**Dolores continued with a low voice, "Doctor said I need labor induction, but the preterm baby is at high risk..."**

**She couldn't keep it from Matthew, hence, she chose to be honest.**

**"You are more important..."**

**"Don't you get it after everything I've said?"**

**Dolores sat up from his arms; she wanted him to understand how important children were to her.**

**"I understand." Matthew starred deeply at her, "Kids are important to me too."**

**'But if I have to choose, I will choose you, without you, there will be no children for me,' he thought.**

"You still didn't get it, there will be too much unknown risk on the baby born preterm, I would rather risk myself than the baby," Dolores said weakly and helplessly.

"Dolores!" Matthew yelled as he grabbed her shoulders. His eyes darkened in sorrow, "This is not absolute, there's a ninety per cent possibility that the baby will be born healthy."

He said ninety instead of eighty mentioned by the doctor just to put Dolores at ease.

Tears began rolling down her cheeks.

"Why am I pregnant?" She couldn't comprehend Matthew's thoughts.

Even only ten per cent were enough to make her worry.

What if it really fell into this ten per cent?

Matthew pulled her trembling body into his arms, "I didn't know your body is not suitable to bear a child. If I knew, I would never make you pregnant."

He patted her back lightly, "I'm looking for the best solution, trust me, okay?"

"I'm scared," she said, sobbing.

"I know." Matthew tightened his hug. He too was scared. Dolores worried about the baby as a mother while he worried as a father.

But he was a man, so he needed to be strong to face what was coming.

Chapter 754 How Could You

"There's still some time left, I will make sure to get the best doctors to handle our problem, we still have time, don't worry too much."

Matthew comforted her as he rubbed her back gently.

Dolores closed her eyes slowly; she had been worried all this while.

"Don't worry; I'll take care of everything." Matthew kissed her forehead, "Sleepy?"

Dolores shook her head, "Have you eaten? I told mom to keep some food for you."

"I've eaten."

He didn't, he had no appetite.

"Take a walk with me then." Dolores didn't want to go back to her room, she felt suffocated.

Matthew nodded and walked with her, holding her hand.

It was a breezy evening, not too hot or too cold.

Dolores held onto his arm and said, "Stay home tomorrow morning, will you?"

Matthew looked at her.

"Tomorrow is September first," Dolores said, smiling.

Matthew forgot about the date until she reminded him.

He missed the birth of his children, and he did not want to miss their first day of school.

"Do we need to prepare something?" Matthew became excited slightly, his children were going to school.

"It will be too late if I wait for you," Dolores said as she threw him a glance.

Matthew was speechless.

She had everything prepared.

At the Miller residence...

Boyce visited the Miller residence after the police station. He wanted to cut the chords between Wendy and him the soonest he could.

The Millers were shocked to see him. Officer Miller was the first to spoke, he raised his voice at Mrs. Miller, "What are you doing frozen? Let him in."

Mrs. Miller then welcomed Boyce in an instant.

"You are finally back, Boyce. Wendy worried so much after you went missing. She couldn't eat or sleep well and had lost a tremendous amount of weight."

Mrs. Miller was trying hard to create a good impression of her daughter.

While Wendy was still in shock by Boyce's sudden appearance in front of her, "Boyce..." she mumbled.

Boyce on the other hand apologized calmly, "I'm sorry to have made you worried."

"It's alright. Most importantly you come back alive. I've been crying since your disappearance, though you and Wendy have not married, I treated you as my son-in-law. I'm so glad that you come back alive." Mrs. Miller pulled Boyce's arm, "Come sit down, have you eaten? Let me prepare something to eat."

Boyce's appearance shed light on Wendy's future, Mrs. Miller was eager to show her concern over Boyce.

"There's no need, I'm not hungry," Boyce said.

"Let me prepare something," Mrs. Miller insisted.

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"There's no need," Boyce rejected.

Officer Miller couldn't stand her acts, "Just shut up!"

'Since when did she cry for Boyce? She keeps pushing Wendy to look for someone else.'

He sighed as he thought of that. "What happened, Boyce? Where have you been?" He asked.

Boyce told the truth about what happened and how he was rescued, but he skipped the part with Jasmine.

Officer Miller let out a sigh of relief, "It's good that you are alive, I thought you were dead."

"Sorry to have made you worried," Boyce apologized again.

"As long as you come back safe." Wendy came forward and hugged Boyce in front of her parents.

Boyce froze. "Wendy."

He wanted to push her away but the more he pushed, the harder she hugged. "I nearly collapsed, my

days were like years."

Boyce's hands froze in the air, "I'm sorry to make you worry, Wendy, please get up."

Wendy hugged even tighter hearing that, "No, I won't ever let you go again, I don't want to lose you again."

Boyce didn't know what to do.

"There's something I need to tell you, Wendy." He wanted to cut the chords between them the soonest possible.

Wendy looked up, "What do you want to tell me? Do you plan to propose?"

"No Wendy, I'm here to break up with you," Boyce said honestly.

Wendy's face stiffened, so did Mrs. Muller's. Mrs. Miller immediately asked, "What did you say?"

Boyce stood up. He bowed at Mr. and Mrs. Miller, "I'm truly sorry that I can't be with Wendy."

Officer Miller was calmer compared to the others, he knew from the beginning that Boyce didn't like his daughter, he agreed out of respect for him.

"There's no point apologizing, you agreed to be with Wendy but breaking your promise now. How could you conduct such a shameful act?"

Boyce was speechless; it was him that broke his promise.

**"You've agreed to marry Wendy, how could you break up with her now..."**

**"That's enough!" Officer Miller was annoyed. He knew Boyce didn't like Wendy but he didn't expect him to break up with her. "Tell me what is happening."**

**Wendy interrupted, "You fall for another woman?"**

**She starred at Boyce. She knew this man, he was not a sentimental person when it came to romantic relationships. He even introduced her to his closest friends right after he agreed to be with her. He was a man with a sense of responsibility.**

**There must be another woman that he liked so much that made him broke up with her.**

**"Tell me who is she." Wendy clenched her fists.**

**Boyce apologized, "I'm sorry."**

**"Apology is useless, you've hurt my daughter. Listen carefully Boyce Shawn, I won't let you break up with my daughter. What a bastard, we were worried about you while you went missing but you come back to break up with Wendy? How could you!"**

**Chapter 759 Stirling My Family into a Tempest**

**Mrs. Miller flew into a rage as if she could rush over to Boyce in the next second and hit him.**

**Officer Miller felt a headache when he looked at Mrs. Miller, who was behaving like a shrew.**



He said in a deep voice, "Cut it out! Let's listen to what Boyce wants to say."

Boyce did not beat around the bush and said directly, "I found that I don't like Wendy, so..."

"Boyce, what do you mean you don't like Wendy? You've promised to be with my daughter, and you tell us that you don't like her now," Mrs. Miller was fuming in anger and pulled Boyce's arm and said, "What do you take my daughter as? What gives you the right to dump her as you like? Boyce, don't forget that if it weren't for Wendy's father, you are nothing!"

Officer Miller heavily pressed his eyebrows with his fingers. He felt shame at his wife's behavior.

"He gets his success by his abilities!" Officer Miller pulled his wife away from Boyce, "Go into the room. You don't need to be here!"

Mrs. Miller raised her head and looked at her husband. She suddenly cried out loudly, "Are you crazy? Wendy is your daughter. How come you favor an outsider instead of your daughter? Boyce is dumping your daughter now. Do you still want to favor a person who is dumping your daughter?"

"Shut up!" Officer Miller felt ashamed.

However, Mrs. Miller did not care about him, and she thought that it was Boyce who owe them an apology. She also thought it was her husband's help so that Boyce could become the deputy director at such a young age.

**“Boyce, let me tell you, don't imagine you can dump my daughter easily. You have to be responsible for my daughter since you've promised us. You want to break up with Wendy, and that's not going to fly!” Mrs. Miller pointed at Boyce and rebuked him without giving a thought to her image.**

**Officer Miller felt his brain was going to explode and spoke to Boyce, “Let's stop here today, and you go home first. Everyone is too aggressive now and can't talk. We'll talk about this properly when we both calm down and sit together.”**

**Boyce wanted to make it clear, but he could not continue to say when he saw Mrs. Miller, who looked mercilessly. He could only nod, “I'm sorry, Officer Miller.”**

**Boyce felt sorry to Officer Miller from the deep of his heart.**

**Officer waved his hand and did not want to listen to Boyce.**

**“I'll go out with you. We should talk between the two of us since it's our business. I don't want my parents to be sad and upset because of my business,” Wendy got up and walked over to Boyce and said, “Let's go.”**

**“Wendy, you can't be soft-hearted. He's the one who promised you, so he can't go back on his word,” Mrs. Miller was worried that her daughter would agree to break up with Boyce in a moment of madness.**

**‘Where would Wendy find such a suitable person after break up with Boyce?’ Mrs. Miller thought.**

**Wendy said in reply, “I can handle my own business.”**

After that, Wendy pulled Boyce out of the house and walked downstairs. Wendy let go of him, "Are you happy after stirring my family into a tempest?"

She clenched her hands tightly. Was she sober of a sudden? She knew Boyce did not like her all along, but she was confident that she could let Boyce would fall in love with her.

Boyce said, "I'm sorry for that."

Wendy suddenly growled at him, "I don't need your apology."

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A neighbor passed by them and looked at them and asked, "Why? Did you guys fight?"

Wendy immediately adjusted her appearance and locked her arms in Boyce's arm. She smiled and explained to the neighbor, "No, we were just horsing around."

The neighbor laughed and said, "You young people like to play around. I heard from your mother that you guys are in love. When will you two get married?"

Wendy took a glance at Boyce and said, "For the time being, we're not considering it."

"You guys are not young anymore and hurry up to get married and have a baby. I'll leave first. I have to go to pick up my child after school. Goodbye."

Wendy waved at the neighbor. She thought that they were not talking in the right place. She pulled Boyce to walk out of the housing estate, and she found somewhere with fewer people.

“Boyce, you must give me a reason if you want to break up with me. You've seen that my neighbors have known that we are in love now. How will people look at me if they know we break up?” Wendy stood still and looked at Boyce, “I think you're not an irresponsible person, right?”

Boyce took a tough stand, “You can ask for any compensation from me that you think I need to do for you.”

“What if I don't agree with that?” Wendy said firmly.

Boyce frowned, “Don't do that.”

Wendy snorted, “What have I done? You're the one who wants to dump me now. Do I not even have the right refuse to break up?”

“Wendy, for the sake of Officer Miller, there are some things that I don't want to say clearly. I want us to merry meet and merry part rather than making both of us unpleasant.” Boyce looked icily as if the frost was covering his face.

Wendy was stunned for a moment, “What do you mean?”

“Nothing. I want to break up with you. I don't like you, and we'll have no future together,” Boyce did not want to unmask her. For the sake of Officer Miller, Boyce wanted to maintain Officer Miller's dignity.

After all, Officer Miller had nothing to say to him.

He was not an ungrateful person and did not want to make things disgraceful.

Wendy felt a little anxious. She had erased her past affairs, and she thought, 'Boyce should not find out anything of it.'

"Are you going to blacken my name after breaking up with me?" Wendy still did not believe that Boyce would know the real reason for her divorce.

Boyce's expression and gaze were frosty, "I'll give you a day at most to think it wisely. We break up peacefully and don't make things disgraceful. Otherwise, it's not good for anyone. Officer Miller is a person I respect. I don't want to embarrass him."

After saying that, Boyce turned around and walked towards the car that parked at the roadside.

Wendy clenched her hands into fists and trembled with rage. She growled in a deep voice, "Boyce!

Chapter 715 Impure Motive

Boyce did not stop his footsteps and opened the car door, then got into the car. He started the car and left the place.

Wendy rooted in the spot and stamped her foot in anger.

She knew from his words that Boyce had aware of something. For the sake of her father, Boyce was not willing to unmask her.

Wendy bit her lip and could only watch helplessly as the car left.

She did not dare to chase after him. She was afraid that Boyce had the real reason for her divorce that was her black history. It was a monkey business and could not be exposed.

She decided to find out why Boyce suddenly changed his mind.

She wondered, 'Will someone change the character after encountering an accident?'

She turned around with anger and returned home.

At the same time, Theresa was still working overtime in City C. Armand was bending over the table and looked at Theresa eagerly, "Are you hungry? Do you need me to buy you some late-night supper?"

"Didn't we just have dinner?" she was coloring a drawn picture on the computer, and she wanted to find out the most suitable color for the dress style.

Armand smiled, "I'm afraid you'll be hungry."

"Can you be quiet? You're like flies now," Theresa looked at him, "If you're still making noise endlessly, then I suggest you go home hurriedly."

Armand immediately shut up and crouched down in front of her, "I'm not going to talk now, but let me give your leg a massage."

Theresa moved her hand away from the mouse and swiveled round in her executive chair to face Armand, "Why aren't you going back? Why are you so idle every day? Is the firm going out of business?"

Armand did not stop his hand's movements and gave her legs a good massage. He raised his head and showed her a grin, "You are going to take care of me forever if the firm is closed down."

Theresa put her foot on his legs and bent towards him. She looked at him, "I don't like men who are good-for-nothing."

Armand was speechless.

"Don't worry. I'll never let you sleep on the street..."

"Wait, I'm not going to be with you," Theresa interrupted him.

Armand blinked his eyes with a resentful expression, "How can you go back on your words?"

"What did I say?" Theresa withdrew her legs and crossed her legs elegantly. She looked at him faintly.

"You said to give me a chance," Armand put his arms around her waist and buried his head in her arms, "Don't you deny it!"

Theresa pushed him away, "Let me go!"

**"I'm sorry," Armand snuggled up in her embrace, "Let's go register for marriage."**

**Theresa's eyes were darkened. She looked indifferently, but the turmoil within her was great, "I've been fooled by you last time. If I fall for it again this time, I'm stupid."**

**"We don't register if you're not willing to do so, but don't ever imagine I'll let go of you," Armand greedily smelled her scent, and his arms embraced her tighter.**

**Theresa frowned, "Look at you. Can't you be steady like an actual man?"**

**Armand did not care about it and did not let go of her, "You know well whether I'm a man."**

**Theresa was speechless.**

**"I'll be angry if you don't let go of me," Theresa pretended to be angry.**

**Armand let go of her and stood by the side like a wronged wife and said resentfully, "Can't you stop threatening me?"**

**"You can disobey me. I didn't ask you to listen to me," Theresa swiveled the executive chair to her computer desk to continue her work.**

**Armand looked at her with a grievance. It was Theresa who asked him to go to the office and then left him hanging, "You're going too far!"**

**Theresa pursed her lips, "You can choose to give up if you can't stand it..."**



Theresa had not finished her words, and Armand suddenly grabbed her shoulders. He pinned her down on the desk and leaned towards her to kiss her lips.

When Theresa's back was against the edge of the desk, she felt pain and frowned. She did not push him away nor closed her eyes. She lowered her eyes and looked at Armand, who was in a shameful rage.

“Don't say that again. I'll be sad, ”Armand was a stone's throw away from her. He looked more serious and less light-minded.

Theresa reached out and gently stroked his face, “You used to hurt me deeply too.”

Armand was instantly discouraged and tilted his head, “Can you not bring up the old scores?”

Theresa fiddled with the short hair in front of his forehead, “You make me suffer a lot, can't I make you suffer?”

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Armand was speechless.

“Theresa, I'm serious. How about I settle in City C? So that I can be with you all the time, and I don't have to travel back and forth between City C and City B, ”he said as he put his head upon her shoulder.

Theresa looked at the ceiling, and she did not dabble by feelings and said indifferently, "Let's talk about it later."

She wondered, 'It's still uncertain whether we'll be together in the future.'

Armand was the only child of the Bernie family and was brought up by his grandma. Theresa was infertile, and Armand would be the last of the Bernie family line if he wanted to be with Theresa in the future.

Would Armand's grandma accept Theresa if she learned her physical condition?

Theresa lived in Armand's house for a short time, and she knew how much Elizabeth wanted to have her great-grandchildren.

Buzz...

At this time, the phone in Armand's pocket rang. However, he did not want to answer it and let the phone vibrate.

Theresa pushed him away, "Your phone is ringing."

Armand buried his face in Theresa's embrace and said sullenly, "I know, but I refuse to answer it."

"What if it's an urgent call? Pick it up," Theresa found his pocket and took his phone out, and handed it to Armand.

Armand had to take it over, and he took a glance at the caller ID, which it was calling from home.

He pressed the key to answering the call.

Soon Armand heard an urgent voice of the maid was coming from the other end of the phone, "Mr. Bernie, we have a situation here. Mrs. Bernie fell from the bed."

Armand straightened his body and asked, "What's going on?"

"I went to dry the clothes just now, and Mrs. Bernie was thirsty at that time. The water cup was a little far from her bed. She lay too close to the edge of the bed and then fell off the bed."

Armand said, "Call 125. I'll have someone to go there soon."

"Okay, okay."

Armand hung up the phone and made a call to Boyce. Boyce had sent Armand a message after he bought a new phone, so Armand knew Boyce's new phone number.

At the same time, Boyce drove his car to the villa and received a call from Armand.

"Hello..."

"Boyce, my grandma just fell off the bed, and I can't go back home right now. Can you go and keep an eye on my grandma first? I'm rushing back now," Armand said urgently.

Boyce replied, "I got it. You take it easy. I'll call you if anything happens. I'll go to Mrs. Bernie now."

Armand said alright on the other end of the phone. Boyce hung up the phone and turned the car around, and steered for Armand's house.

Dolores, who was walking along the roadside, saw Boyce's car.

"That's Boyce's car."

Matthew raised his head to look at the car, but the car had driven away from them.

Dolores frowned, "Why is he going out again? Is he not handling well the matter with Wendy?"

Matthew patted her on the back of her hand, "You're always worrying for nothing."

Dolores thought Wendy was not a simple woman. She was the one cheating in her marriage but told others that her husband cheated behind her. From this, Wendy had an impure motive.

The intention of Wendy approaching Boyce was not simple.

Perhaps she thought that Boyce was a man of great promise, integrity, and single. Boyce was a perfect man.

Wendy definitely wanted to approach such a perfect man.

"Let's go home," Matthew put his arms around her waist, "Are you tired?"

Dolores said no.

They greeted the moonlight and walked home.

As soon as they entered the door, they heard a crying sound, and the living room was in a mess.\_

Chapter 711 Looking at Her Happy Look

“What’s going on?” Dolores looked at her son who was standing in front of the sofa.

Andrew pointed at his sister who was still crying, “She wants to play Cat and Mouse but she cries when she loses.”

“You’re a nuisance.” Amanda wiped her tears, ran towards her daddy and mummy and complained, “He’s so annoying.”

Dolores looked at her speechlessly.

She was worried when Amanda got scared and didn’t speak for a long time before, but she turned into her old self again after she recovered.

“When will you turn not to be a telltale?”

Matthew Nelson reached out his hand to stroke her head, “Admit your failure.”

Jasmine Burke gathered up the pillows and toys that had just been thrown everywhere.

Amanda thought that her father would bias her and reprimand her brother, but to her surprise, he didn't favor himself, so she curled her lips and ran back to help Jasmine clean up the toys.

"This child can't be spoiled, if you spoil her, she might be crying again this time," Dolores said to the man beside her.

Matthew turned his head to look at her, "You mean I'm spoiling her?"

Dolores said, "You know it yourself."

After finishing her words, Jasmine walked over, "Leave it, let Coral clean it up."

She stood up with her hands clutching the hem of her clothes nervously, "It's okay, it isn't tiring."

Dolores smiled and said friendly, "You're not used to it, right?"

Jasmine lowered her head, "It's fine."

Dolores could see that she was a bit nervous as she felt uncomfortable to live here. After all, she didn't know anyone and hadn't spent much time with them together.

"My two children are very rowdy." Dolores spoke to her to lighten the atmosphere and also tried to get closer with her so that she would be less restrained.

She smiled and said, "They are very cute and smart."

Dolores sat down on the sofa and asked her to sit as well.

"Let me help to tidy up. "She squatted in front of the toy basket and picked them up with Amanda.

The toys had been spilled when they played Cat and Mouse, and many small parts were rolled everywhere.

"When is Boyce Shawn coming back? "Amanda asked as she tilted her head and looked at Jasmine.

Boyce hadn't called her and she hadn't taken the initiative to contact him because she knew that he must be busy and had a lot of things to deal with when he returned.

She couldn't help him, the only thing she could do was not to cause him any trouble.

"I don't know too."

Amanda blinked, "Aren't you his girlfriend? How come you don't know his whereabouts?"

Jasmine found her amusing as she seemed to know a lot since she was a kid.

"Even if I'm his girlfriend, I can't deprive him of his time, right? He has his own things to do."

Amanda couldn't fully understand.

"There are so many things in adults 'world. Girlfriends are also changing one after another."

Soon her smile changed.

She clearly knew that Amanda was referring to her and Wendy Miller.

"She is a child. She is immature." Dolores was afraid that she would think too much about it.

Jasmine was busy shaking her head, "Actually it's my fault."

If looking into it, it seemed that she was the third party who broke up Boyce and Wendy.

Andrew helped his sister to put the toy basket in the corner and said, "Let's go to the room."

Amanda nodded, "Is grandpa in the study room? I want to see what they are doing."

"Let's go then." Two of them walked towards the study room hand in hand.

Now they had a close bonding and she forgot that she had just cried.

Coral sat down on the sofa and looked at Dolores, "Did Boyce talk to you about my situation?"



Dolores said, "He had mentioned some, but he didn't say it in detail."

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Jasmine intertwined her hands and said after remaining silent for a while, "I don't have parents, let alone a good family background. I can't help him in any way "...

"Boyce isn't the kind of person who needs to rely on others 'help in his business, you just need to take good care of his life," Dolores interrupted her.

She felt that relationship is pure, as long as she was clear about whether she liked or disliked, nothing else mattered and there was no need to care.

If thinking about it too much, it would bind her hands and feet.

Jasmine smiled and said, "Thank you."

Dolores's words had enlightened her. Even after following Boyce back, she was still uncertain and had no idea whether she was right or wrong to do so.

Right now she was sure that she and Boyce loved each other.

Although there was an age gap between them, it wasn't important.

Dolores patted her hands, "Rest early."

She nodded.

Dolores got up and went upstairs, then pushed the bedroom door open and noticed that someone was talking on the phone. As she vaguely heard him talking about something related to doctor, she felt nervous then lightened her steps to approach, trying to hear what he was saying clearly. However, just as she got closer, Matthew hung up the phone. When he turned around and saw Dolores standing behind him, he froze for a moment, "When did you come up?"

"I just came upstairs. Who were you talking to on the phone?" Dolores tilted her head and asked.

Matthew who had showered wore a silk pyjamas and Dolores could smell the scent of his body wash as he stood close to her.

"The head of the branch in Country M called me, saying that he had contacted a specialist from the Mayo Medical Center to give you a consultation. We'll go there tomorrow afternoon."

Dolores nodded and said, "Okay."

Matthew put his arm around her shoulders and headed inside, "Let's go to bed."

She asked him to sleep first, "I'll go and wash up."

The next day, they woke up early as well as the two children as they knew they were going to go to school while Jasmine helped Coral to prepare breakfast.

After eating, Dolores packed up the relevant formalities needed for the two children to go to school. The two children were somewhat excited as they put on their school bags.

She smiled as she felt they were cute and wondered what they were so excited about since there were no books in their bags yet.

After dressing them up, she braided her daughter's hair and explained, "You're a big kid as you go to primary school "...

"I can't be wayward, I've to be polite and respectful. You've said it many times, I know and I remember, you should stop saying it all the time, mommy, "Amanda said with some impatience.

Andrew pinched her cheek, "Look at your impatient look, you're ugly."

"You're the ugly one! "she hated others to comment that.

Dolores sighed and seemed to have no choice with them.

At the table in dining room, Matthew said to Jayden Nelson and Victoria Forbis, "I'm taking Lola abroad."

"Go abroad at this time? I think it isn't convenient for her to go now, "Victoria said.

Matthew had the same opinion too.

If they wanted to go abroad, it was better to wait until she had given birth.

He didn't hide it from the two elders, "She is in a poor health, she needs to go for a check-up."

**“What’s going on? ”Jayden was worried about Dolores and the baby too.**

**“I’m not sure yet, I’ll let you know when the test is done and the exact result is released, ”He said.**

**“You guys just go without worries. We’ll take care for home and children, ”Victoria said.**

**However, Jayden wasn’t so optimistic. Since they had to go abroad, it must not be a small deal. He stood up and put his hand on Matthew’s shoulder and gripped on it firmly, “Whether it’s good or bad, tell me truthfully.”**

**He replied, “Will do.”**

**Today was the first day of school and both of them fetched the children. The driver drove the car while they sat at the back with the two children.**

**By the time Amanda woke up in the morning, she always showed a smile on her face.**

**She seemed to look forward to her primary school life.**

**There were many people at the entrance of school and the luxury cars which were parked on the roadside in line had blocked the road. The guards were evacuating people around and Matthew frowned when Amanda pulled him to push their ways through the crowd, “Move slower.”**

**It was easy to bump into others since there was a crowd.**

**Above the school building, there was a man standing up there and looking at Amanda. His fists clenched tightly together when looking at her smile and happy look.\_**

**Chapter 712Carrying My Baby**

However, Amanda who was excited, was completely unaware that she had been hated by someone.

At the moment, she still immersed in happiness.

Today the students would stay at school to familiarize with the environment and parents could just drop their children off but many of them didn't dare to leave. They were afraid that the children weren't used to stay there on the first day as they were pampered, so the parents looked from afar across the big iron gate.

Dolores also stood among them. Time seemed to have passed in the blink of an eye, as if the children were just babies one second before and now they had stepped into the primary school.

Matthew stood beside her, put his arm around her shoulders and said, "Let's go, they have to grow up themselves."

She understood and nodded.

They didn't return home as he said he had some work stuff to deal with and asked her to wait for him in the car. In fact, he was going to look for Mr. Thompson. He didn't want Dolores to be there, that was why he lied.

She held her chin and watched the comings and goings of people on the roadside. Probably because she had been sitting in the car for a long time and the air conditioning made her mouth dry, thus she

asked the driver to buy a bottle of water for her.

“No ice.”

“Yes, ”The driver said and pushed the door open to get down of the car.

Then she held her chin and continued to look through the window at the people. Suddenly she saw a familiar figure in the rear-view mirror, she lowered the window glass and looked back. Soon she saw who the person was clearly.

Meanwhile, she was confused and thought, ‘Why was Abbott Baron here? Was he here for work?’

When she was about to push the car door open and get down, she saw a woman coming after him. Dolores had seen this woman before who had said some inexplicable things to her that day at the hospital.

Matthew had told that she was the sixth sister of Declan Bailey.

How could she and Abbott be together?

She quickly closed the door and looked at them through the rear-view mirror and wanted to find out their exact relationship.

Abbott was impatient and was almost being driven mad by this woman, Emma Bailey as she blocked him at the office and where he lived.

It made him afraid to go to the office or even return home now.

“I say, Miss Bailey, what exactly do you want?” he glared at Emma with anger and felt bored and grumpy, “I’ve fucking quit, I’ve nothing now. Why are you still pestering me?”

After reprieving for a moment, he quickly responded, “By the way, you still have my clues in your hands. I’ve made that very clear, you can give it to whoever you want, I don’t care.”

He patted his cheek, “Isn’t it just a face? Here you go.”

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

Angelina Jolie Health Struggles - Talk About A Dramatic Change

Emma realized that she had miscalculated as the people around Matthew who were tough to handle, weren’t just Armand Bernie and Boyce Shawn, but also Abbott who was dauntless.

She gritted her teeth, “Abbott, don’t you help me?”

“Don’t expect me to help you!” he said decisively.

She clenched her hands, “Fine, since you don’t let me have an easy time, I won’t make it easy for you either!”

He sneered, “When have you ever made things easy for me?”

**“Abbott!” she got angry as he was so stubborn.**

**He was even stupid enough to quit his job. Was he crazy?**

**She couldn’t understand Abbott, but she knew those clues in her hands couldn’t threaten him as nothing could make him fear since he didn’t even consider his future.**

**She thought, ‘Obviously the hard tactics doesn’t work, maybe I can try the soft method?’ Suddenly her gaze changed, she calmed her tone and asked in a pleasant manner, “Abbott, how old are you?”**

**He noticed her expression change and took a step back as he felt that she was trying to set him up and harm him again.**

**“Why are you asking my age?”**

**She smiled, “Thirty years old, I think.”**

**“It’s none of your business how old I am, ”He blurted out directly.**

**She didn’t get angry, instead she smiled more radiantly, “Do you want to be a father?”**

**He paused for a moment and asked, “What, what do you mean?”**

**Right now he was the one who turned to be unsettled.**

**She looked down and touched her stomach, “Literally? Why can’t even understand these simple words?”**



**“Pff, are you saying that you’re carrying my baby?”he said.**

**He paused for a moment, “You think I would believe it?” \_\_\_\_\_**

**Chapter 713Crazy**

**Emma shrugged her shoulders and threw up her hands, “Since you don’t care, I will go for an abortion.”**

**She turned around and left after saying that. Abbott stood in place for two seconds before he stepped forward and stopped her, “You’re joking with me, right?”**

**“So you think a woman who just lost her father and whose brother was in jail will make such a joke? The only thing I want to do is to take revenge on those who put them in trouble!”Emma said sternly.**

**Abbott sneered, “Is the Bailey family all dead? What are you, a woman, doing out here?”**

**“Abbott!”Emma scolded.**

**Abbott ignored her and continued speaking, “It is because they are still kind. They can differentiate clearly what is right and wrong. Only you’re crazy and obsessed with revenge.”**

**“Abbott, you bastard!”Emma disregarded her image and punched at him.**

Abbott did not move and let her hit him. He would never hit a woman even though he wanted to do so in his mind.

Dolores had been hearing it for a while and she probably had understood what was going on. She did not get down from the car to reveal it. However, she gave Matthew a call.

It was inside the private room at the moment.

Mr. Thompson had already heard the situation from the doctor who examined Dolores. He had also gone through the report and had gathered experts from this field to do research.

“According to your wife’s condition, it will be advisable to give birth in seven and a half months. If you’re worried about your baby’s health, then let her stay in the hospital and we will observe her situation daily. She can take until eight months at the latest.”

Matthew rested his forehead on his hand as he was unsatisfied with such a solution.

“Actually, your wife is not suitable to have another child. From this medical check-up, her body is considered weak.” Mr. Thompson leaned his body back, “For the safety of the adult, an early delivery is the most conservative option.”

Buzz...

Matthew’s phone rang in his pocket at this moment. He took it out and glanced at the contact notification before picking it up.

**“When will you be done?” Dolores asked.**

**“I will be out soon,” Matthew said.**

**Dolores replied “alright ”and hung up the phone.**

**Matthew stood up and claimed that he had something else to do. He thanked Mr. Thompson for the appointment. Mr. Thompson also stood up, “You’re welcome. Your father and I are old acquaintances. We will do our best and that’s the best we can achieve at this moment.”**

**He took out a name card from his pocket and handed it to Matthew, “This is an old acquaintance who we studied together before. He is now the attending physician in Mayo Medical Center. You can go to him if you need to.”**

**Matthew reached out to take the name card and said, “Thank you.”**

**“You’re welcome.”**

**Matthew offered to shake his hand, “I have taken up your time today. I will treat you to dinner next time when I’m free.”**

**Mr. Thompson agreed graciously and Matthew walked him out. Matthew also left after seeing him get into his car.**

**He walked to the car that was parked at the roadside. Then, he opened the car door and asked, “What’s wrong?”**

Dolores moved in to give him a seat. She replied, "Nothing much, I saw Abbott with a woman just now."

Matthew sat in and closed the car door. He asked, "What woman?"

**INTERESTING FOR YOU**Adskeeper

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**Make Your Own Product For Your Scalp**

Dolores told the truth and then asked him, "Do you know?"

Matthew seemed to understand instantly why Abbott had been unusual. It turned out that he was with Emma.

No wonder he wanted to resign.

He said to the driver, "Go to the company."

After saying that, he called Abbott and told him to go back to the company.

At this moment, Abbott and Emma were on their way to the hospital. Abbott did not believe that he had made her pregnant. So, he forced and dragged her to the hospital for a check-up.

Emma did not want to go but Abbott was too strong. She tried to struggle but she could not escape. She was escorted by him to a taxi. Halfway, Abbott's phone rang and it was Matthew calling him to go back to the company.

Emma took the advantage to escape from the car when Abbott was answering the call and the driver was waiting for the traffic lights.

She was going to the hospital with her empty belly? Wouldn't that be exposing herself?

"Emma!" Abbott shouted angrily. Emma ran quickly as she was afraid that Abbott would chase after her again.

Abbott had a headache while looking at the bag which was left on the car seat.

This woman was simply a devil.

The taxi driver asked, "Are you still going?"

Abbott sat back in the taxi and said, "Go to WY Group."

The taxi driver soon drove and headed towards WY Group.

Abbott paid and got down from the taxi upon arrival. The driver reminded, "Don't forget anything."

Abbott looked at the bag Emma had left on the car seat and hesitated for two seconds. He reached out and picked it up. After closing the car door, he headed to the entrance hall. He stopped walking when he saw Boyce's car enter the car park.

Boyce parked his car and opened the car door. Then, he walked towards Abbott and asked Abbott, "Why are you standing here?"

Abbott said, "I'm waiting for you."

"Let's go in together." Boyce put his hand on Abbott's shoulder and glanced at the female bag that he was holding. Boyce asked, "Your girlfriend's bag?"

Abbott looked down and said, "It belongs to someone crazy."

Boyce laughed gently and did not continue asking.

Abbott asked while walking into the lift, "Why are you here? Is there something wrong?"

Boyce said that Matthew had asked him to come.

Matthew was going to take Dolores abroad and would not be in the country for a while. So, he wanted to ask Boyce to take care of his family. After all, he was a bit worried since there were elders and children at home.

Abbott said, "Coincidentally, it is also Mr. Nelson who asked me to come. Is there something to announce?" \_\_\_\_

Chapter 716 Armand's Idea

Boyce said, "Not sure about it, perhaps."

The lift came to a halt at the moment. Both of them walked towards Matthew's office. Probably because Matthew had informed earlier, the secretary said when she saw both of them coming, "Mr. Nelson is in his office. He said that you can go to find him directly when you come."

Boyce nodded and said, "Got it."

Boyce pushed the door when he reached the office. He thought that it was just Matthew, but he did not expect Dolores to be there too. So, he greeted Dolores.

Dolores smiled and nodded, "Please come in."

Matthew put down the work in his hand and walked over. He let both of them sit down.

Abbott realized that he still had the woman's bag in his hand, which he had just forgotten to put outside at the doorway. It seemed that he was unable to go out now.

He hid the bag behind his back.

Dolores noticed Abbott's movement. She saw the bag in his hand and said with a smile, "Does it belong to Ms. Bailey?"

Abbott turned pale instantly. How did Dolores know about Emma?

Dolores addressed her as Ms. Bailey, so she obviously knew her.

How did she know?

“Missus”...

“I was on NH Road today and saw you and Ms. Bailey arguing on the roadside. Is there any conflict?”

“No, it is not like that.” Abbott explained hurriedly, “Things aren’t like the way you think. She is the one who pestered me”...

“Why is she pestering you?” Matthew spoke steadily.

Abbott pursed his lips as he found it difficult to explain.

Matthew was slightly impatient as he was exasperated by Abbott’s stammering look. He disliked people who spoke incoherently the most.

“Aren’t you going to say anything?”

Boyce was also surprised that he and Emma had gotten together. Boyce touched him, “Why don’t you tell us, what is going on?”

Abbott gritted his teeth and confessed to Matthew, “She, she tricked me and wanted to make use of me to provoke your couple relationship. When I refused, she threatened me”...



**“How did she threaten you?” Boyce asked curiously.**

**In fact, everybody cast a curious look at Abbott and waited for his answer.**

**Abbott wished that he could find a hole to hide in. It was really embarrassing.**

**It was so difficult to describe.**

**Boyce frowned, “Abbott, when do you become so sluggish?”**

**Abbott glared at Boyce and thought that he could not describe it too if this had happened to him!**

**“How can we help you out if you don’t say anything? Do you think resigning is the best option?”  
Matthew pulled at his collar and he looked slightly agitated.**

**Dolores got up and went to pour him a glass of water. He took it over and have a sip. When he put it on the table, he lifted his eyes and looked at Abbott, “You have been with me for so long. You should know my temper. If you have really decided to leave, I won’t stop you. But if you’re being pestered by Emma just because of me, I hope you will be honest about that.”**

**It was obvious that Abbott being pestered by Emma until his resignation must have some relationship with Matthew. Declan had just been sentenced to prison, so she must have resentment in her heart. Matthew understood, otherwise she would not have sent those messages to Dolores.**

**“Do you know that she sent those messages to Dolores?”**

**Abbott gathered his courage and said, “Yes, I made love with her. She took pictures of me in bed and**

threatened me. If I didn't agree with her, she was going to expose the pictures. I definitely wouldn't betray you, so I had no choice but to leave."

Poof...

Boyce almost laughed out but he restrained his emotions hurriedly.

He was amused by Abbott's remark about the pictures in bed.

He was an adult and was being threatened by a woman with his pictures in bed?

Boyce held his forehead.

"Just laugh if you want to laugh. Don't hold it in!" Abbott glared at him.

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

"Who wants to laugh?" Boyce immediately became serious, "What are you going to do?"

Abbott looked sorrowful, "What can I do? I can only avoid her. Isn't she thinking of harming people? But she doesn't harm anybody. I can't sue her or send her to jail."

This was indeed a headache.

**“An eye for an eye. How she has tricked you, you just trick her back. She is a woman and she is more shameful than you.” Boyce said.**

**Abbott showed an ugly look, “What kind of stupid ideas are you coming up with?”**

**“Then what can you do? She still wants to harm people but she hasn’t harmed anybody yet, so you can’t do anything to her. But she is obviously a time bomb and you don’t know when she is going to harm people. She won’t listen to you unless you find her weakness.”**

**Boyce was right.**

**Everybody understood this point.**

**They could do nothing to her for the time being although they knew she did not have good intentions.**

**Matthew was going to take Dolores abroad today. So, he did not have time to deal with her either. He pondered for a moment, “Abbott.”**

**Abbott answered immediately.**

**“I’m going abroad for a trip today. I’m still not sure when I will be back exactly. Do me a favour by calming down her first. I will also find somebody to monitor her every move.” He turned his head and looked at Boyce after saying that, “You will stay at the villa when I’m not around.”**

**“Why are you going abroad at this moment?” Boyce asked.**

**He was obviously very surprised.**

Matthew did not elaborate much and he only said that there was something to handle.

“Don’t worry.” Boyce said, “It will be inconvenient when you’re abroad. So, leave the task of monitoring Emma to me as well.”

“Emma’s matter should still be handled by me.” Abbott knew that Matthew must be up to something, otherwise he would not have gone abroad at this time.

“Anyway, she pesters me every day. So, I will just deal with her. At the worst, I will just lie to her by promising her.”

Boyce patted his shoulder, “I don’t think that is a definite solution.”

“Then you have another solution?” Abbott asked rhetorically.

“I have a plan. Trick her with your beauty and screw her once and for all.” Boyce threw up his hands.

Abbott looked Boyce up and down and said, “Have you been with Armand for a long time? Why do you speak in the same tone as him?”

Boyce was unaware of this, “Really?”

Abbott gave him a disgusted look, “You should stay away from Armand in the future. How come a good person has learnt something bad.”

He changed the topic of discussion quickly, “If I can make her fall in love with me, then only I persuade her to give up her revenge. Will the chances be higher?”

Boyce was speechless.

Poof!

“You say I’m like Armand, I think you’re the one who looks like him. This idea is what Armand can think of.”

Abbott scratched his head, “Is that so?”

“We know that she is vengeful and also her behaviour, so it is not difficult to guard against her,” Boyce said in this way to reassure Matthew.

He was quite relieved with Boyce around here.

Abbott also said, “Then I will still come back to work since the company can’t be left unattended while you’re gone. She is just a woman and I will definitely keep an eye on her so that she has no chances of creating troubles.”

“Alright, feel free to contact me if anything happens.” Matthew stood up and took Dolores back home. They still had to prepare for the afternoon flight.

Abbott stayed at the office. He took the initiative to contact Emma and tell her that he had understood the situation. He wanted to meet and talk to her.

Boyce also had something to do. So, he left the company and went to the school to deal with Jasmine’s issue. Then, he had to visit Officer Miller.

He saw Wendy's car at the entrance when he went to visit the headmaster.

Boyce was puzzled. Why did she come to the school?\_

Chapter 710 You Are Despicable

Boyce walked to the office building with doubts in his mind and found the principal's office. When he raised his hand and prepared to knock on the door, he heard Wendy's voice.

"What makes you look for me?" The voice that spoke was that of a woman, the daughter of the principal, who was very close to Wendy.

"Can't I come to you if I have nothing to do?" Wendy's voice doesn't sound energetic.

"What's happened? Aren't you having a good relationship with your boyfriend?" The principal's daughter could see that Wendy's expression didn't seem good.

Wendy nodded her head, "We might break up."

She didn't dare to argue with Boyce as she was afraid that he knew her dark past which was something scandalous that she didn't dare to disclose.

She could only give up this relationship even though she was unwilling to do so.

**“Hasn’t that girl called Jasmine Burke already left City B? Wasn’t she reviewing herself and was embarrassed in front of all the teachers and students in school last time? How dare she have the shame to compete with you for a man?”**

**“No, she is a stupid woman. ”Wendy had no idea that Jasmine had already returned and even returned together with Boyce.**

**It was a wise move where Boyce had arranged for Jasmine to stay at Matthew Nelson’s house because Wendy had suspected and purposely went to Boyce’s house, but she couldn't find anyone there.**

**The reason why she came to school was also to make sure if Jasmine had come back again, but it turned out she was not here at school either.**

**“I think that girl is pretty smart, why has she become foolish? ”The principal’s daughter asked with a smile.**

**Wendy was close to her, so she spoke directly, “Do you know that she even looked for me before she left?”**

**“Huh, why did she look for you?”**

**“She had low self-esteem. She thought she would hinder Boyce and said that Boyce and I can have a good future if both of us are together. She hoped that I would treat him well. In fact, I also want to treat him well, but he has changed his mind now. ”Wendy was furious once she recalled Boyce’s tough attitude. “Was his brain damaged when he drowned for a while? He clearly promised to go out with me before, and then now he wants to break up with me right after he comes back and tells me that we’re not suitable for each other and that he doesn't like me.”**

**“Maybe it’s true that he doesn’t like you.”The principal’s daughter laughed.**

**“I’m disgusted.”Wendy pretended that she was angry.**

**Boyce was standing erect outside the door. Even though his face remained expressionless, his heart was filled with emotions.**

**It turned out to be Wendy was the one who made him come to school and ran into Jasmine when she was reviewing herself in front of all the teachers and students.**

**The reason why Jasmine chose to leave him was that she was afraid of holding him back.**

**Suddenly he felt that the girl was too silly.**

**It’s heart-breaking to know her silliness.**

**Luckily, he had known all about it and would be able to take good care of her in the future.**

**He clenched his hands and repeated it several times until his body relaxed considerably. He raised his hand and knocked on the door.**

**“Who is this?”The principal's daughter froze for a moment when she saw it was Boyce after she opened the door.**

**Wendy’s face changed in a flash right after she saw the person who was standing at the door. Perhaps it was because she had done something wrong and she had a guilty conscience, the first thing that came to her mind was, ‘When does he come? Does he hear anything?’**



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A 20-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

Kylie Jenner's Most Expensive Outfits: How Much She Spent? "Bo...

Boyce, what're you doing here?"She stood up from the sofa.

Boyce's face was calm, "I'm here for the principal to discuss something."

"You may come in, my father has gone for a meeting, and he will come back later."The principal's daughter pulled herself away and let him in.

Boyce stepped in and his eyes rested on Wendy's face. He thought he knew her well. After all, her father was such a decent person, she should be like his father too.

At that moment, he realised that he was wrong and it's ridiculous.

"Are you free? Let's go outside together and have a few words,"Boyce said. He wanted to take this opportunity to speak to her clearly.

"You guys can talk here if you have anything to say. I'll go out first."The principal's daughter gave Wendy a wink, trying to hint that she should take this opportunity to explain.

She then walked out of the office after giving Wendy a hint and closed the office door behind her.

"What ...What do you want to talk about with me?"Wendy felt vaguely uneasy.

It was like Boyce was about to have a showdown with him. Nevertheless, she was right in her perception.

Boyce got right to the point and said, "I unintentionally know why you get divorced."

Wendy's body immediately stiffened and she firmly refused, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"You understand and know exactly what I'm talking about. It is your business that you're unwilling to admit it but it is my business that I know it is a fact. It is unintentional today that I have overheard something I shouldn't have. I used to think that you should be a good person but now I just find that I'm wrong and we're really not suitable for each other."

Wendy bit her lip, "You eavesdropped on us."

"I've told you that I didn't mean to listen." Boyce sat down, "As long as you promise to break up, I can keep your secret for the sake of Officer Miller. I'm willing to forgive you once but only this time."

He said and gazed at her sharply, "Bullying a parentless orphan is despicable."

Wendy clenched her hands into fists and gritted her teeth, "Are you here for a lesson to me?"

Boyce snorted scornfully, "I'm not your parent so definitely I don't have the right to lecture you. I just feel bad for Officer Miller. If he knows what you have done, he must be very sad. Not to mention if he knows that I am aware of that, he will even feel disgraced. You shall know that your father has always been open and honest, especially as he is a dignified person."

Of course, Wendy knew it, which was why she was afraid that her secret had been disclosed.

She clearly understood that she had no way out but to agree to Boyce's proposal.

**"I promise you that we will break up peacefully. However, you must promise that you will not tell anyone, and the secret must die with you!"**

**"Sure."**

Boyce agreed immediately.

His purpose was to end his relationship with Wendy, he had no plan to put the situation into a deadlock. He was willing to keep it a secret even for the sake of Officer Miller.

**"I hope you understand that all my tolerance today is for the sake of your father. "Boyce's expression was extraordinarily cold and stern. It was the first time Wendy had seen such an expression of Boyce. Her heart fiercely cringed, then she grabbed her bag on the sofa and ran out.**























## Chapter 714 The Anxiety of Armand's Grandma

The principal's daughter was standing in the corridor outside the door. While she was not paying attention, she heard the door opening and immediately looked over. Just as she wanted to greet Wendy, she had already run out.

She stared at Wendy's back and her eyebrows slightly raised, 'Are they quarrelling?'

She then glanced into the room again but didn't take the initiative to go in. It seemed like it was an unpleasant conversation.

After about twenty minutes, the principal finished the meeting and came from the other end of the corridor, seeing her daughter standing in the doorway. He asked, "Why are you standing here?"

His daughter smiled, "You have a guest."

The principal nodded as if he knew who it would be.

He had been contacted by Boyce earlier.

"You know someone is coming to see you?" his daughter asked.

The principal admitted it.

Following her father into the office, she picked up the bag on the sofa and said to him, "I'll go first as you have work now."

The principal waved his hand, "Both Nicolas and you come back home tonight for dinner."

Nicolas was the principal's son-in-law. The principal missed his daughter, so he asked her and his son-in-law to go home for dinner.

Her daughter waved her hand and acknowledged that then she walked out of the office and closed the door.

Boyce stood up and the principal made a sign to ask him to sit down. He walked to the front of the office desk and sat down. He picked up the thermos on the table and took a sip of water before speaking, "Are you talking about the student?"

Boyce walked over and said, "Her name is Jasmine, you should have an impression of her."

The principal did have an impression of her, and he looked up at Boyce as if he remembered that the student was the one who had a scandal with him at that time.

"Are you really in a boyfriend-girlfriend relationship with her?" The principal asked.

Boyce said, "Yes."

**“Why are you here today even though she’s already dropped out of school?”The principal crossed his arms on his desk.**

**“I’m not sure if you understand why she dropped out of school.”**

**“I heard from her teacher who was responsible for her that she dropped out of school due to family matters.”**

**“Her mother passed away and there was no one to bury her so she went back to give her mother a burial as her mother was her only family member. The reason why she made the wrong decision was that she was too upset at that time and couldn’t accept the fact for a while. Therefore, I hope you can give her another chance, it’s not easy for her to get into this university and be accepted.”**

**The principal considered it for a few moments, “I’ve read her file and she’s been doing well except the scandal with you. However, it is truly not good behaviour that she chooses to drop out.”**

**Boyce replied, “Of course, we all know it’s not right. Please give her another chance.”**

**“Well, I can give her another chance for the sake of Officer Miller and you, and her good studies. However, this will be the only time. Otherwise, no matter how good her grades are but her behaviour is bad, we won’t give her another chance anymore.”The principal was a sensible man as he understood that the relationship between Boyce and Officer Miller was close and that he and Officer Miller had a good relationship.**

**Considering the relationship between them, he agreed easily.**

**Boyce thanked the principal.**



The principal asked Jasmine to come over early to report to the teacher who would be responsible for her.

Boyce agreed.

After talking to the principal for a while longer, mostly about Jasmine, the principal finally said, "Please help me to greet your boss."

Boyce agreed. He then went straight from the school to the villa. When he's back, he bumped into both Matthew Nelson and Dolores Flores who were out and about to depart to the airport.

Boyce helped the driver to put the luggage into the trunk and said, "Let me take you to the airport."

Dolores rejected him and asked him, "Have you solved the problem between Wendy and you?"

"Yes, she has agreed to break up peacefully," Boyce replied.

Dolores was surprised that it was settled so quickly, she had thought that Wendy would pester Boyce and not let him go.

But on her second thought, Wendy might feel embarrassed to continue pestering as Boyce had known the real reason for her divorce.

"Jasmine is the only one in the villa, you may go in," Dolores said to Boyce.

Neither Jayden Nelson nor Kevin Forbis was home, and Coral had gone to the supermarket.

**“We’re out of time, let’s leave first.”**

**The driver opened the back seat door and Matthew shielded Dolores’s head and told her to be careful and not to hit her head. Dolores bent down to get into the car. Matthew did not get in immediately but instead, he looked to Boyce and said, “Contact me anytime.”**

**“You guys may leave without worries, ”Boyce said.**

**Matthew trusted Boyce’s ability; he nodded his head and bent down to get in the car.**

**After watching the car drive away, Boyce entered the house whereas Jasmine was cleaning up the table. When she heard the door sound, she thought Dolores had forgotten something. She looked up and asked, “What you...”**

**Before she could finish her sentence, she already found out the person who came in was Boyce, not Dolores. She then put down the rag in her hand and walked over, “Why are you coming back at this time?”**

**INTERESTING FOR YOU**[Adskeeper](#)

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

**A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More**

**Boyce said, “I just come back as I finish my work.”**

**“They’ve just left”...**

**"I know that as I just met them at the door. "Boyce gazed at her. Even though Jasmine grew up in a bad family, her heart was untainted. It was pure and very rare.**

**Boyce reached out and hugged her between his arms, he said, "Jasmine, let's get married."**

**Jasmine froze for a moment, hugged his waist back and asked, "Have you thought it through?"**

**Boyce replied, "Yes, I've thought it clearly. In terms of school, you may go back to class soon. If you think it's too early, I can wait until you graduate"...**

**"I want to get married to you. "Jasmine tightly wrapped her arms around his neck, "I don't want to wait anymore and I'm afraid of any changes."**

**Boyce did also consider her before proposing marriage, he was afraid that there would be any misunderstandings and that people would spread the rumours and it would leave an impact on her.**

**Jasmine had attained the age of an adult. Once they had married, their relationship would be legal and no one else could say anything.**

**Jasmine suddenly let go of him and asked if he knew why Dolores had left.**

**Boyce shook his head and said, "I'm not quite sure."**

**"I know, it seems to be related to her pregnancy. The doctor asks for early delivery but they are not comfortable with it, so they decide to go abroad to a more authoritative hospital for a check-up. "She heard it because Dolores and Matthew spoke without deliberately avoiding her.**

**Boyce finally understood why Matthew chose to go abroad at this time. He took a deep breath, he could only wish them well and all he could do was to help him to look after his family.**

**"I don't need to go back to the office. Later, let us pick up the two kids from school together. You've been here for two days, you should know them by now."**

**Jasmine nodded, "Yes, but you don't need to pick up the kids. The job has already been taken by someone else."**

**Both Jayden and Kevin were responsible for the two children and normally others were not allowed to interfere.**

**"Isn't the office busy?" Jasmine asked.**

**Boyce said, "I've just returned so I'm not busy these two days."**

**Jasmine said, "Then let's prepare dinner together."**

**She pulled Boyce into the kitchen, Boyce rubbed his nose, "You know that I don't know how to cook."**

**Jasmine twisted her head to look at him, she suddenly stood on her tiptoe and kissed him on his cheek. She said with a smile, "Then you watch me do it."**

**Boyce froze for a moment, reaching out to touch his face."**

**Jasmine liked the way he was in a daze, it was so cute. She said mischievously, "Look at you, it's just a kiss. No, I'll let you kiss me too."**

**Boyce always felt guilty towards Jasmine as he felt like he was committing a crime while he got too close with her.**

Jasmine knew what Boyce was uncomfortable with, so she didn't continue to tease him. She then said with a smile, "Come and help me to peel the lotus root."

Boyce said, "Sure."

Jasmine passed him the peeling knife, Boyce took it and asked, "How do you want to cook the lotus root?"

"I'm going to make lotus root balls for the two children." Jasmine lowered her head while cutting the meat.

The pork chosen for the lotus root balls had to be both fatty and lean, and it must be chopped. The lotus root had to be blended and mixed with the chopped meat. The next step was to form the balls and steam them on the plates.

Next up, she boiled the soup and put some shrimp, vegetables, nori and the steamed lotus root balls into the soup. After she added a little sesame oil, the lotus root balls with nori soup were ready. It contained the fresh taste of shrimp and nori while the vegetable contained vitamins. Without adding too many ingredients, the soup had a light taste, and it was very suitable for summer as it was healthy and delicious.

"You even know how to cook dishes like this?" Boyce thought she only knew how to cook some simple dishes.

Jasmine said, "Coral taught me how to cook and she said both two children liked this dish."

Boyce looked at her, "Do you like them a lot?"

Jasmine lowered her face, she rubbed the lotus roots with a wipe and said, "Of course, I know they are close with you. I will treat everyone around you nicely. But then again, both of them are fun."

They were always noisy, and their existence had made this villa lively.

At first, she was afraid that she would be uncomfortable here. However, after spending time together, she found out that all of them were kind and nice to deal with even though they had unusual wealth and social status.

Boyce leaned against the basin while watching her. Looking at Jasmine who was eloquent and her serene face, without him knowing, a smile was spilling from the corners of his lips.

In hospital...

After Elizabeth fell and was taken to the hospital, the doctor checked that there was no serious injury. Once Armand rushed back from city C, he immediately came to the hospital.

Elizabeth was lying in bed. She was happy to see her grandson but also felt disconsolate at the same time.

Worrying about her grandson's marriage decision has become anxiety to her.

Elizabeth took Armand's hand, "Tell me that I can see you getting married and let me see my grandson when I'm still alive."

























## Chapter 717 Where Should I go?

Armand closed his eyes and suppressed the depression in his heart, "Grandma, can we change the topic?"

Elizabeth was unhappy, "Why do I have to change the topic? This is the only hope of the rest of my life, when can you actually fulfill my wish?"

Armand leaned on Elizabeth's legs and kept silent.

He didn't want to tell Elizabeth that he had reconciled and started over with Theresa, but Theresa's health condition...

If Elizabeth knew, she would definitely nag in front of Theresa about wanting her great-grandson, Theresa would feel mentally burdened.

It wasn't easy for him to reconcile and start over with Theresa, what should he do if she ran away because Elizabeth wanted a great-grandson?

Elizabeth hated how Armand didn't say anything, she patted his back and said, "Why don't you speak? Do you want to make me angry?"

Armand buried his face in the blanket and said, "Grandma, I beg you, you just need to be in charge of having a grandson. As for great-grandson, that's my problem and it has nothing to do with you... Please don't worry about it anymore, okay?"

Elizabeth was surprised, "What do you mean?"

Armand acted dumb and didn't lift his face, Elizabeth tugged his hair and said, "Speak clearly."

"Ouch, it hurts." Armand frowned, "You're so cruel, am I your real grandson?"

"What do you think? Wouldn't I throw you away long ago if you were not? Speak now, what did you mean by that?" Elizabeth kept tugging his hair.

Armand's face looked bitter, "Who are you telling me to have a child with?"

"Theresa doesn't want to get back with you so you have to find a new one." Elizabeth felt sorry for Theresa at heart but she couldn't let the Bernie family end in Armand's generation.

She had old fashioned thoughts, she just wanted to see Armand get married and have children while she was still alive, otherwise, she would feel ashamed when she met her partner in the afterlife.

Armand held Elizabeth's hands, "Grandma, I only like Theresa, I don't want others..."

"Then if she doesn't forgive you, are you planning to not get married for all your life?" Elizabeth glared at him, as long as Armand said 'yes, she could hit him until he was willing to get married.

"As long as I try hard, I still can get Theresa back, give me some time and don't force me."

"I also want to give you time, but God isn't giving me time, how many more days can I stay alive? "

Elizabeth was well aware that she was old, she was even paralyzed, how many more days could she stay alive?

“Armand, I don't hope for anything else from you, they said that a man should be able to stand on his own at the age of thirty, you don't even have a family, how will you stand on your own?” Elizabeth sincerely wished, “No matter what, you must let me see my great-grandson born when I'm still alive.”

Armand felt like his brain was going to burst, hearing Elizabeth mentioning great-grandson, his feelings were inexplicable.

Pain?

Pain couldn't describe his feelings at that time.

“The doctor told you to rest a lot, listen to him, take good care of your health, only with good health you'll get to see me get married and have children, isn't that so?”

Elizabeth was indeed old, so her energy was not as good as before.

Armand stayed there, the cellphone in his pocket suddenly buzzed, he slowly stood up, walked out the ward, and took out his cellphone... Theresa's number was shown on the screen, he pressed the 'accept call' button, and put it beside his ear, “Theresa.”

Theresa just finished with her work and she was worried about Elizabeth's situation, so she called and asked him.

"It's fine, don't worry, she's at the hospital now, the doctor had checked and said that it's not a big deal." Armand stood in front of the window as he looked outside, "Theresa."

"Hm?"

Armand wanted to say a lot of things to her but he couldn't say anything at all.

As if Theresa had sensed that he was gloomy so she didn't ask further, she didn't hang up either as she listened to his breath.

After some time, Armand said, "Are you busy?"

"I just sent a customer away." Theresa sat in front of the work desk and asked, "Did something happen to you?"

Armand said, "I miss you."

Theresa scratched the edge of the desk as she looked down, "Armand, when can you be more serious?"

"Am I not serious?" Armand asked.

"What do you think?"

"Don't tell me that if I hide the fact that I clearly miss you, that's called serious?" Armand thought that it was not worth doing, "That's a fake serious, I'm a man of honor, I'll say what I think at heart, I'm an honest person, isn't that so, Theresa?"

**“Go away!”**

**Armand smiled, “Where should I go? To your place?”**

**Theresa said, “Don't keep coming, take good care of Grandma.”**

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**Armand blamed himself more and more, how great would it be if the previous matter didn't happen? They would have children and a happy family by then.**

**But...**

**There were no ifs and no 'medicine' for regrets in this world.**

**He was the one at fault to cause the scene that day.**

**“Theresa, I'll definitely treat you well, no matter what happens, I won't let you go again.”**

**Theresa was sensitive, hearing Armand's words, she could pretty much guess what had happened but she didn't say it straight to Armand.**

She seriously said, "Armand, I don't want you to be in great pain, tell me if you're too tired, I won't blame you ."

"What are you talking about?! "Armand was angry in an instant, "Don't overthink it."

Theresa looked at the window in a daze, "I didn't overthink, take good care of yourself."

Armand said yes, "I'm afraid that I can't visit you these days, Grandma must be observed in the hospital, I must stay in the hospital and take care of her."

"I know, you don't need to come every time, just take good care of Grandma, "Theresa said.

Armand softly said yes.

Customers came to the store after that, Theresa hung up the call and greeted the customer, when she was discussing the design with the customer, Oscar walked in with take-away boxes.

Theresa was busy, he didn't come over and disturb her, he just sat by the side and watched her work.

He only spoke when Theresa finished her work, "You haven't had dinner, right?"

Theresa put the tablet down, sat down, saw the takeaway boxes on the desk, and asked, "Did you buy this for me?"

Oscar nodded, "Lamb stew."

Theresa was speechless.

**"I don't eat that. "she couldn't bear the mutton smell.**

**"Try one. "Oscar was so confident that she would like it.**

**Theresa still refused, "I don't want to."**

**"Try it. "Oscar opened the box, wore a disposable glove, took a piece, and gave her, "Smell it, does it smell?"**

**Theresa tried to smell it, there was no mutton smell.**

**Oscar put it closer to her mouth, "Have a bite."**

**Theresa tried to bite a bit, there was really no mutton smell and it was a slice of good meat.**

**Oscar smiled, "I didn't lie to you, right? Wear the gloves, there's a straw here you can suck the bones marrow."**

**Theresa smiled, she took the glove and wore it as she said, "Why are you so kind to me?"**

**"You call me Uncle, shouldn't I love you dearly like a niece? "Oscar leaned on the chair as he looked at Theresa.**

**"Uncle, have you had your meal? "Theresa looked up.**

**Oscar said, "Yes, I have."**

After saying that, he stood up and poured a glass of water for Theresa.

“Uncle, seriously, your sense of fashion is really bad. ”Every time she saw Oscar's flashy clothes, she couldn't help ridiculing him.

Oscar felt that his clothes were great, “There are so many young ladies that like me.”

“Then the ladies that like you must be blind. ”Theresa harshly said that.

“Oh my, I loved you for nothing. ”Oscar was so angry that he laughed, “From now on, I won't buy food for you.”

Theresa immediately admitted her fault, “Olders always forgive the unintentional offensive words from the young.”

“Now that's the way, ”Oscar said.

He said a sentence and she replied with another sentence, time went so fast when they talked and laughed, they closed the store, Oscar felt that it wasn't safe for a woman alone so he took the initiative to send her home.

The second day in City B, Boyce went to the bureau to work in the morning but Mrs. Miller blocked him at the entrance. \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 714 What Are You Fussing About?



Mrs. Miller heard from Wendy that she agreed to break up with Boyce, Mrs. Miller was so angry.

She felt that back then, Boyce had agreed on himself to date Wendy.

Officer Miller had promoted his job, too.

She felt so angry at heart, early in the morning she went to the bureau without letting Officer Miller and Wendy know.

Boyce hadn't even entered the door, she already blocked him by the entrance, her face looked so cold as she asked for Boyce's statement.

"We already broke up, not sure what are you doing now?" Boyce coldly said that.

He didn't expect her to block him in front of his workplace's entrance.

"Boyce, you're so ungrateful! At first, you agreed to date, right? None of us forced you, right? Why do you just break up after saying so now?" Mrs. Miller's face was all red, "I don't care, you must give me an explanation."

Boyce frowned without saying anything.

Everyone in the bureau knew Mrs. Miller, a colleague came over and persuaded her, "What if I bring you to Officer Miller's office to have a seat?"

"No, I want you to give me a statement, say it, he said that he wanted to date my Wendy, but then he dumped Wendy in an instant, what's with his personality?" seemed like Mrs. Miller was venting her grievances to others, but she was actually defaming Boyce.

Her words meant to say that Boyce's words couldn't be trusted and his personality was bad.

It wasn't like others could comment as well, they could only listen in silence.

"Say it, how could there be such an ungrateful person? Officer Miller treated him like a son, what about him? He stabbed us from the back, the world keeps rolling, aren't you afraid of getting your punishment?" Mrs. Miller knew that she couldn't step back anymore so she was willing to risk anything.

Boyce stared at Mrs. Miller in silence, he suddenly thought that Wendy's hypocritical character might have come from her.

"You better go home and ask your daughter, why did she agree to break up..."

"Why else? She's tender-hearted, she has a conscience, unlike you... Why else would it be?" Mrs. Miller sneered, "You must apologize to me in front of everyone today."

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Boyce stood still, "I did nothing wrong, I don't need to apologize to you, making a fuss like this is embarrassing Officer Miller, if there's anything you want to say, you can say it in my office ..."

"Don't think that you're so great after becoming the Deputy Director, I tell you what, this matter won't be finished if you don't apologize to me today." Mrs. Miller just stood by the entrance, blocking the way, nearly everyone who was supposed to work at that time had arrived, many people were getting blocked by the door.

It was useless, no matter who had persuaded her.

"If my Officer Miller didn't select and promote you, who the heck are you? Now you're being hypocritical to me, what the heck?" Mrs. Miller carried her bag, standing fiercely, in a manner of 'if Boyce didn't apologize to her, the matter wouldn't be finished.

Everyone understood Boyce's character, Officer Miller did appreciate Boyce, if Boyce wasn't capable, he wouldn't be in his current position at that time.

But with her status, it wasn't like everyone could say something to her, but they all looked down on her in their hearts.

Officer Miller had such a good character, amiable, upright, and righteous.

But Mrs. Miller...

Alas...

Everyone sighed in their hearts.

Boyce took his cellphone out, he was going to contact Wendy and tell her to bring Mrs. Miller away,

Mrs. Miller thought that he was going to contact Officer Miller, so she hit his cellphone as she angrily said, "Who are you going to tell on?"

His cellphone fell to the floor, the screen cracked, someone picked it up, gave it to Boyce, and said, "The screen of the phone is broken."

Boyce sighed deeply, "Do you have to make a fuss here?"

Mrs. Miller sneered, "So you're afraid now? Or did you find your conscience?"

"What are you fussing about?! "there was an angry shout coming out of the crowd. \_\_\_

Chapter 719 Made Her Husband Pass Out From Anger

Everyone turned their heads around, only to see Officer Miller striding in their way with a gloomy expression. They moved aside to make way for him, greeting him in a low voice, "Officer Miller."

The man didn't respond. He was infuriated.

Last night, Officer Miller caught a cold. His wife urged him to visit the hospital for a check-up today, so he went, thinking that his wife was concerned about him. But on the way there, he felt that something was off.

His wife wasn't happy since their daughter came home last night. She told them that she had broken up with Boyce.

Officer Miller thought his wife might have some tricks brewing in her mind, and as expected, she did.

After getting him to the hospital, she came to the office to stir a fight.

It made Officer Miller feel ashamed.

Mrs. Miller was afraid of her husband. Otherwise, she wouldn't have sent him away to the hospital before she came to the station.

"You...didn't you go to the hospital?"

"Hmph! Instead of dying from illness, you're going to infuriate me to death first. How many times have I told you to leave the children's matters alone? Did you ever listen to my words? Are you only going to keep quiet when I divorce you? "Officer Miller's face was red from anger, and no one had ever seen him this way before. After being in a high position for many years, most people would fear him when he got furious.

What more to say for Mrs. Miller who was a woman?

She was also scared of her husband, but fortunately, he wasn't one to get mad often. However, she had indeed riled him up this time around.

"What are you dreaming away about? Move!"

It was shameful for Mrs. Miller to get scolded by her husband in front of so many people, but she did not dare to retort and could only suppress her dissatisfaction as she moved aside.

"Get back to work, everyone. Don't stay around here. "Officer Miller ordered.

The situation wasn't a joyful one, and it wasn't good to meddle in their superior's business so everyone quickly walked away from the scene and entered the building.

"You should go back to work too." Officer Miller said to Boyce who hadn't left.

Boyce nodded and entered the office after everyone else.

Mrs. Miller was not happy as she did not get what she wanted and even got reprimanded by her husband. She called out, "Boyce"...

Officer Miller threw a glare in her direction right away. It made her shudder in fear for a moment and immediately kept quiet.

Boyce pretended not to hear that and headed to his office.

"He betrayed our daughter. How can you still side him"...

"Shut up!" Officer Miller was shaking from fury at this point, "Come in with me."

Mrs. Miller held the bag in her hand tightly and followed Officer Miller into his office, who banged the door shut behind them. If somebody were to look closely, they can definitely see the ceiling shook a little.

Now, she did not dare to say a word anymore and just stood by the door.

"What the hell do you want? You came here to embarrass me, you know that? Do you want me to die an early death?" Officer Miller walked back and forth in his office with his hands on his back.

**Mrs. Miller whispered, "I was just trying to do something for our daughter. Who does he think he is to just break up as he wishes?"**

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**That made Officer Miller stop in his tracks to stare at his wife, "What? Can't couples in relationships break up? Your daughter has even gotten a divorce before!"**

**"The divorce wasn't her fault"...**

**"It doesn't matter who was at fault, but she did go through a divorce, didn't she? Even married couples divorce, so why can't people break up? Why must he marry your daughter? What's so great about her? "Mrs. Miller couldn't retort to anything her husband said.**

**She pursed her lips and said in a soft voice, "Whose father are you? It seemed that Boyce is your son from the way you talk"...**

**Officer Miller held his chest angrily, thinking to himself, 'Why can't I get my words through to this woman?'**

**"Are you trying to enrage me to death? "Officer Miller slammed his palm to the table vigorously, "How much have I sinned in my past life to be married with such an unreasonable woman like you?!"**

**Mrs. Miller didn't feel that she was at fault at all. Upon seeing how mad her husband was, she didn't restrain herself anymore and fought back, "I know you look down on me. You wouldn't have married**

me back then if it wasn't for your father. You still don't love me after so many years."

Officer Miller felt a wave of heat rushing into his head. It made him dizzy.

He had long accepted his fate after so many years. It was good enough for him that she gave birth to their daughter and took care of the family. He treated her well too, so why was she bringing those things from the past up again now?

Officer Miller felt that he had lived his life in vain!

He gasped hard, "You! You, you must be trying to piss me off to death. You want me gone, don't you?"

"Isn't what I said correct? Would you have married me if it wasn't because of your father?"

"We've been married for decades. Why does it matter now?! Ah --!" Officer Miller clutched his heart, feeling suffocated and out of breath. Mrs. Miller rushed to him and patted his back, "What's happening"...

Officer Miller shoved her away, "You're going to piss me off to death!"

He beat his chest, thinking to himself, 'How did he get himself involved with such a woman?'

She was going to keep going until he was dead!

"I'm just patting your back, why is that pissing you off? "Why are you so ungrateful? I only looked for Boyce because I wanted to get justice for our daughter! Since you can't lecture him because you're his superior, I'll do it! Who do you think I'm doing it for? Is it not for our daughter? You're the one who is on the wrong side"...



Before she could finish her sentence, Officer Miller had passed out from anger.

“Ah! Honey!” Mrs. Miller was shocked, “Somebody! Somebody help!”

Soon, the door to his office was pushed open. When the other officers saw that Officer Miller had fainted, they quickly carried him into the car to send him to the hospital.

Mrs. Miller followed from behind, “Should we call the ambulance instead?”

“We’ll need to wait if we called for the ambulance. It’s quicker if we just send Officer Miller to the hospital now.”

She agreed and quickly helped to put her husband in the backseat of the car. She put his head on her lap, urging, “Hurry up.”

“Yes, madam. Sit tight.”

The car soon rushed into the streets.

Not long later, the car parked at the entrance of the hospital. At this time, a taxi stopped nearby them too

Chapter 725 Elizabeth’s Determination

Theresa came down from the taxi with a bouquet of fresh flowers in her arms. She saw a group of medical staff rushing out of the hospital with a stretcher. They quickly opened the door to the backseat of the other car at the entrance to get an unconscious man to the emergency room as soon

as possible.

She took a glance only, and didn't pay too much attention to the scene as she didn't know Officer Miller. She didn't tell Armand that she was coming to the hospital as she wanted to give him a surprise. Besides, she wanted to visit Armand's grandma too.

After all, she was Armand's only relative now. Now that she was hospitalized, Theresa felt obliged to pay her a visit.

When she arrived at the ward, she asked for Elizabeth's room number from the nurse station and headed over.

Armand was a filial grandson. Elizabeth was staying in the VIP room. It was silent and clean there, but the air was still filled with a faint smell of disinfectant.

When Theresa reached the door of Elizabeth's ward, she raised her hand to knock on the door, but before she could do so, she heard Armand's wail of pain. That made her smile a little.

Elizabeth seemed to be in pretty good spirits. She still had the energy to beat Armand up.

Theresa put her hand down, and when she was about to knock on the door again, Elizabeth's furious voice came through, "Armand, don't fool me anymore. You said that Theresa had forgiven you, so where is she? You lied to me, didn't you? You don't want to give me my great-grandson, do you?"

Her hand froze mid-air. 'Great-grandson?'

She knew better than anyone that Elizabeth's wish was to have a great-grandson. When she was with Armand in the past, Elizabeth was already eager.

"I did not lie to you! As for your great-grandson, that's my private business. Please, grandma, don't bug me about it anymore, okay? I've had enough listening to that. Please just let it go."

"That's my only wish. I just want you to get married and give me my great-grandson. I wouldn't care about any of your other matters." Elizabeth was particularly firm on this.

Armand felt that his head was about to explode.

She nagged about this all day long, and it was driving Armand nuts.

"I don't like kids, and I don't want to have children"...

Slap!

"Ouch!" Armand held onto his arm, "Grandma, how do you have so much strength? You're going to disable me if you hit me again. By then, how can I have children?"

"You're not disabled now, and I don't see you have children too. Let me tell you this, Armand. You're not a kid anymore, don't joke around. I'm serious about this, and you cannot let me die with regrets."

"You're going to live forever"...

**“Kiddo! ”Elizabeth gave him a slap on the arm again. Armand leaned closer towards her, “You might as well beat me up to death now. I’m going to go crazy from your naggings anyway.”**

**Elizabeth was truly furious now, “Do you think I like to nag you? If you have brothers, I wouldn’t care if you’re single for your whole life. Do you think it was easy for me to raise you?”**

**As she said, her eyes became teary, “Your dad passed away just like that, and your grandpa left me a long time ago too”...**

**Armand was afraid that his grandmother would bring up the past. He quickly drew a piece of tissue and wiped her tears.**

**“I won’t ask much from you. I just don’t want to see you single when I’m dead. How can I die in peace? How could I, knowing that our family’s going to cease to exist after this generation?”**

**Armand laid at the side of the bed irreverently. He didn’t want to talk nor move.**

**He really did not want to accompany her here.**

**However, she was old and had no children by her side anymore. Her only son had passed away at such a young age. Armand was her only family now. He had to take care of her now that she was hospitalized.**

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**But when he was here, she would nag on and on without end. Perhaps the elderly could talk endlessly about the same matter.**

**She kept repeating her words that he was almost at his limits.**

**“I don’t want to force you either. Just do whatever you want. I’m going to die soon anyway.” Elizabeth was still mad.**

**Armand smacked his head with his fist, “You’re already so old, don’t get mad. If you continue being angry, I’ll just die together with you.”**

**Elizabeth grabbed his hand, forbidding him from hitting himself, “I won’t force you, but give me a time. I don’t have many years left to live. Can you get married and have children while I’m still alive?”**

**Armand had no choice but to comfort her, “I’ll get married and give you your great-grandchildren in two years, okay?”**

**He thought of adopting one and tell Elizabeth that it was his child when the time came to comfort her first.**

**“No, two years is too long. One year.” Elizabeth was determined.**

**Armand could only nod now, “I promise you, so can you stop the nagging?”**

**Elizabeth let out a sigh, “When you’re old, even your family dislikes you.”**

**Armand was speechless.**

**"I don't dislike you. What do you want to eat? I'll go buy it for you." Armand patted Elizabeth, "I know all these years had been tough for you."**

**Elizabeth asked him back in return, "You didn't eat breakfast this morning, did you?"**

**How could Armand have the appetite to eat?**

**She had been blabbering on and on. He was going to go mad.**

**"You go and eat, I ate earlier so I'm not hungry."**

**Armand wasn't hungry too, but he wanted to go out and get some fresh air. He said, "I'm hungry. I'm going to buy some food."**

**Elizabeth told him to just go.**

**All of a sudden, Theresa did not dare to meet Elizabeth anymore. When she heard that Armand was going to leave the room, she dashed in the direction of the pantry. As soon as she entered, Armand walked out.**

**Hiding at a corner, she watched Armand walked further away. She only came out slowly after Armand reached the elevator.**

**Standing in the corridor, she listened to the sound of the surrounding.**

**She heard the elevator's doors opened and closed after a moment. She walked over, and sure enough, Armand wasn't there anymore.**

At this time, the door to the other elevator opened. Theresa entered and went down to the lobby too.

She arrived a little later than Armand. When she came out of the elevator, he had already exited from the hospital's doors.

Theresa didn't know whether she should head back home or meet Armand. She was stuck in a dilemma.

Upon seeing that Armand did not leave to buy food but turned into an alley, Theresa followed him from behind, wanting to know what he was up to. \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 721 Everyone Has a Desire to Be Pretty

PROMOTED CONTENT Adskeeper

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

Armand squatted by the wall and took out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket. He shook a piece out, put it into his mouth, and clumsily lit it up.

This was also the first time Theresa saw him smoking.

She knew very well that Armand never smokes.

However, he was hiding and smoking in an isolated place at this moment. She could see how frustrated he was feeling inside.

To think about it, she was infertile herself, and his only family was urging him to get married and have children. How could he not be suffering deep inside?

Theresa really didn't want to see him struggling so much.

She turned around quietly. She didn't go upstairs to see Elizabeth anymore because she had underestimated Elizabeth's desire for a great-grandson.

She didn't think about it too much when she came over. She just wanted to see Armand and visit Elizabeth. It was this unplanned action that let her clearly see the problem between herself and Armand.

How long could they be together if they didn't have any children?

Armand may not want one, but it would be impossible for his grandmother to not want one.

She sat by the flower garden on the roadside and gave Armand a phone call as she took her phone out. The call was picked up when it connected after it rang for a short while.

Theresa could imagine what he was doing when he answered the phone late.

He was probably adjusting his mood or putting out the cigarette in his hand.

"Theresa."

Soon enough, Armand's relaxed voice echoed over.

If she didn't see him hiding and smoking to alleviate his emotions, she would definitely think that he was in a good mood right now as she listened to his voice through the phone.



However, she knew that Armand was just faking his good mood right now.

He was hiding his inner feelings in front of her.

"It's nothing. I just wanted to call you," Theresa lowered her head and looked at her toes, "Armand."

"Hmm?"

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Jared Kushner & Ivanka Trump Dropped Off The Planet

Theresa really wanted to say, 'Let's break up.'

'And stop tormenting each other.'

But she couldn't say it out loud.

She could actually feel that Armand still had feelings for her.

She also felt the same.

"Why are you not talking? Did you miss me?"

As Armand's voice echoed over, it pulled Theresa's drifting thoughts back. She said, "I don't know what to say."

Theresa stood up and threw the flowers she bought into the trash can on the roadside, "I still have to work. I'll hang up now"...

"Don't hang up."

Armand hurriedly interrupted her. He was afraid that she would hang up.

Theresa asked, "Did something happen?"

"You gave me a phone call, but you're going to hang up without even saying that you miss me. Isn't that too harsh?"

Theresa hailed a taxi, got in, and said, "Armand, can you stop being so immature?"

"Am I immature?" Armand's voice echoed through. Before Theresa could respond, he spoke again, "I am immature, but I only want to be immature towards you."

Theresa held her phone tightly. Her heart seemed to have been pricked by something.

The taxi driver asked, "Miss, where are you going?"

"Where are you, Theresa?"

"I'm in a car outside."

Armand doubted, "Didn't you say that you're going to work a while ago? Why are you in a car right now?"

"I am going out to meet a client, Armand. I still have something to do. I'll hang up now."

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

Kylie Jenner's Most Expensive Outfits: How Much She Spent?

"Well, get going with your work. I miss you, Theresa, even if you don't miss me. Take good care of yourself. I'll see you after Mrs. Bernie leaves the hospital in a few days."

"Mhm," Theresa mumbled, "I'll hang up now."

After saying that, she immediately hung up.

She just felt her heart was gripped by something. It was so suffocating that she couldn't even breathe.

She couldn't tell if it was heartache or it was aching where else. She just couldn't control the tightening of her throat and the twitching of her nose. She just wanted to cry.

She covered her mouth and nose with her palm and choked up.

The driver in front didn't know where to go either, so he asked again in a whisper, "Miss, where are you going?"

Theresa came back to her senses and realized that she was sitting inside a car right now. She hurriedly sniffed back and gave him the address of the villa.

Since she was here, she was going to visit the two kids and Dolores Flores.

The driver started the car and asked, "Are you heartbroken?"

Theresa collected her emotions and asked, "Where in me did you see that I'm heartbroken?"

The driver smiled, "You look so pretty, so of course you won't be heartbroken. There are definitely a lot of people who like you."

Theresa smiled, "Pretty? Don't you know that plastic surgery is popular right now? This entire face had work done."

"Everyone has a desire to be pretty. That's normal."

Theresa didn't respond anymore.

After a while, the car stopped at the gates of the villa, and Theresa got out of the car after paying.

The driver gazed at the independent and unique building outside the window. He sighed, "Indeed, she has the money to do plastic surgery since she lives in such a nice villa."

The driver withdrew his envious gaze as he drove his car away.

Theresa walked towards the gate and rang the doorbell. Coral came to open the door. Coral was the only one at home since Jasmine Burke and the two kids went to school, and Jayden Nelson and Kevin Forbis weren't at home. Coral wasn't sure where they went either, but they would pick up the kids and take them home on time anyway.

"Ms. Gordon," Coral hurriedly moved aside to let her in.

Theresa smiled, "How are you, Coral?"

Coral also smiled and said, "I'm just the same. My health has been fine."

After she entered the house, Coral asked, "What would you like to drink?"

Theresa said, "Water is fine."

Coral poured her a glass of water and brought it over. Theresa took it. She was just about to ask if Dolores was at home when she heard Coral sighing, "Mrs. Nelson has been abroad for two days already. I wonder how she is doing now."

Theresa raised her head to look at Coral and asked, "What did you say?"

"I said Mrs. Nelson went abroad...Didn't you know about it?" Coral thought she knew.

She thought Dolores would tell her.

Dolores didn't give Theresa a phone call to tell her that she was going abroad. Now that she was abroad, Theresa would definitely ask her why.

She just didn't want other people to worry about herself.

"What happened?" Theresa nervously asked. How could she go abroad at this time when she was pregnant?

"It seemed to be because of Mrs. Nelson's health. I'm not sure of the details either," Coral said.

Theresa took her phone out and gave Dolores a phone call. However, it couldn't get through. She frowned, "Why can't I reach her?"

"Maybe it's because she's abroad." Coral guessed.

Theresa took her phone and stood up. She decided to find Boyce Shawn and ask him about it.

She didn't want Armand to know that she came back already, so she could only go look for Boyce.

'Why did Dolores have to go abroad for her health?' She really wanted to know.

As she walked through the hallway to open the door, someone was just about to enter from the outside.

When she saw that someone came, she was stunned for a long while. \_\_\_\_

Chapter 722 Armand Bernie's Girlfriend

Jasmine went to the school to enroll today and met her former teacher. Her teacher was very happy to know that she could go back to continue studying.

She also decided to make the most out of this opportunity.

She wouldn't be as impulsive as last time.

She didn't have class today, so she came back. She just didn't expect to see someone she had never met at the gate.

"You are...?"

Jasmine didn't know Theresa Gordon, but Theresa saw her before.

She hadn't seen her personally. She just saw Jasmine's picture sent by Armand to her.

"Are you Boyce Shawn's girlfriend?" Theresa was a little bit uncertain because Armand also sent her Wendy Miller's picture before.

Jasmine unconsciously pulled the corner of her clothes, "Yes" ...

"Do you know Jasmine?" Coral walked over and asked.

Theresa smiled and said, "This is my first time meeting her personally, but I've seen her photo before."

**"Who sent you the picture?" Jasmine was shocked.**

**She was curious because she had never seen Theresa.**

**Coral spoke for Theresa before she could speak, "She is Armand's girlfriend."**

**Jasmine suddenly realized, "Oh, hi."**

**Theresa smiled back, "Hello."**

**"Are you going out right now?" Jasmine asked.**

**Theresa nodded and said, "I was just about to go find your boyfriend Boyce to ask him something."**

**Jasmine asked, "Are you going to ask him about Ms. Flores?"**

**Theresa paused for a while and nodded her head.**

**She had always called Dolores Flores by her name. She didn't call her Ms. Flores like Armand did. That was why she didn't realize that Jasmine was referring to Dolores at first.**

**"I know about it. Let's talk inside," Jasmine said.**



Theresa nodded and went back inside the house. Jasmine also entered. She took off her backpack, put it on the sofa, and sat across Theresa.

**INTERESTING FOR YOU**Adskeeper

**No Wonder She's Always In The Top 15**Of These Lists

**Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!**

**"Ms. Flores suddenly went abroad because she was in poor health. The doctor wanted her to have preterm labor. But she's just seven months pregnant right now, so preterm labor might not be good for the baby. They must have gone abroad to do examinations in the hospitals abroad," Jasmine said.**

Theresa was worried, **"Did she say what the reason was?"**

**"It seemed that her uterus lining is thin."**

Theresa understood it. This was most probably caused by Dolores 'birth to Andrew Nelson and Amanda Nelson.

**"Do you want to eat dinner with us together with Armand?" Jasmine enthusiastically asked.**

Theresa shook her head, **"I'm here alone since he still has something to do. I'll leave right after seeing the kids."**

Jasmine nodded.

**Buzz...**

Theresa's phone vibrated inside her pocket.

She took out her phone. When she saw Dolores 'number on the displayed caller ID, she immediately answered the call.

"Did you call me?" Dolores 'voice echoed through.

Theresa grunted in agreement, "I heard that you went abroad. How is your health?"

Dolores sat in the spacious ward and looked at the unfamiliar scenery outside through the French window. She said, "How did you know about this?"

"I came to City B and heard about what happened to you."

Dolores got down from the bed and walked towards the French window. Then, she lifted both legs, snuggled into the sofa, and subtly said, "I just had an examination today."

Although the doctor didn't tell her what the result was, she could already tell from the doctor's eyes that it wasn't good news.

Matthew Nelson was talking to the doctor right now.

She was alone inside the ward.

"No matter what the result is, you should put your mind at ease and maintain a happy mood. Only in this way would it be good to you. Did you get that?"

Dolores grunted in agreement and asked, "Did you go to City B to see Armand?"

Theresa said no, "I came to see you."

Dolores laughed. She obviously didn't believe her, but she didn't expose her. Both of them talked a few more, then she hung up when the door opened. She got up from the sofa, looked toward the person who just entered, and asked, "What did the doctor say?" \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 723 What If I Get Tired of It?

Matthew didn't answer immediately, but closed the door and stepped in.

Dolores was more and more nervous and even her hands trembled unconsciously.

The more he didn't talk, the worse the test result was.

"What you are worried about?" Matthew shook her hand. "I'm hungry, let's eat something together."

She didn't move but looked at him.

Matthew sighed. He knew that she wouldn't feel relieved without an answer.

He took Dolores' hand and sat on the sofa. According to Dolores' test result, an early delivery must be necessary, because her uterus was thinner than an average person. It was too dangerous to wait until

the day of delivery because if the uterus ruptured, it could threaten her life.

The doctor's advice was similar to the domestic plan. If she couldn't deliver within seven and a half months, then she must rest in bed and the delivery would be extended to eight months at the latest.

"The doctor said our baby is in good health and there is no danger even if the baby is born early" ...

"So we still need an early delivery?" Dolores interrupted him.

Matthew squeezed her hand, "Don't worry, okay?"

"I'm not worried," Dolores said, pulling back her emotions.

She stood up from the sofa, took his hand and said coyly, "Weren't you hungry? I eat something with you."

She kept her worries to herself and tried to look relaxed in front of Matthew.

Actually, Matthew knew she was pretending, but he didn't expose it.

He was worried just like her. After all, it was his child and his wife, but he also couldn't show his worry in front of her.

His negative mood would only make Dolores feel more nervous.

“I know a good restaurant, let’s eat there. ”Matthew put his arm around her waist. “We don’t go out often, is there somewhere you’d like to go? I can take you and relax.”

Dolores deliberately said, “I want to go to a nightclub.”

Matthew glanced at her belly. “You can’t neither drink nor smell the smoke of the cigarette. What will you do there?”

“I want to look at some handsome boys, ”Dolores said.

Matthew laughed, opened the car door for her and asked, “Am I not handsome?”

“Not as the boys who are there, ”Dolores said, sitting inside and looking up at him.

Matthew stood in front of the car door, on elbow on the car door, and looked at her slightly, “Even if they are handsome, you can’t look at them. You are only allowed to give me a child obediently.”

“You can only look at me.”

Dolores laughed, “What if I get tired of it?”

Matthew, ”...“

**“I’m so handsome, ”he said stiffly. “You won’t get tired of it. You’ll just like me more and more.”**

**Dolores laughed out and found that he was very narcissistic.**

**Matthew relaxed a little when he saw her laughing.**

**When they came there, everything was arranged by the people in charge of the branch company. The people in charge of the branch company knew that Matthew was coming over, so they prepared the car for him.**

**Soon the car stopped at a luxurious restaurant. Matthew parked the car, pushed the car door to get off and opened the car door for Dolores. “Here you can eat things that could not be found anywhere in our country.”**

**Dolores bent down.**

**Matthew handed the keys to the restaurant staff, who parked the car in the parking lot.**

**INTERESTING FOR YOU**[Adskeeper](#)

**Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!**

**Make Your Own Product For Your Scalp**

**The restaurant was very spacious and decorated with taste and personality. It was different from many other restaurants, which had many seats. It only had a total of seven or eight tables separated from each other, as if each of them was an independent party.**

**The light was soft and made people feel quiet and comfortable.**

The waiters there were wearing a black vest, white shirt and a tie at the neck of the dress. They were polite but also gentlemanlike.

They sat down at a random table and the waiter, with one hand behind their back, bent slightly to hand over the menu.

Matthew took it and handed it to Dolores, "Look what you want to eat."

Actually, Dolores' appetite was not very good. She was just thinking about the baby in her belly, moreover, because of her health problems, the baby had to be born ahead of time. The atmosphere between Matthew and her was a little cautious.

She pretended to be hungry and opened the menu.

The menu was all named in English and each dish had a picture and a description of its ingredients.

From the pictures, the dishes looked very delicious.

Moreover, they all were expensive ingredients.

She ordered two specialities of the restaurant, some light food and finally, she ordered a dessert.

Matthew was socializing outside. He ate a lot of greasy food but at home, he also liked light food.

Dolores also liked light food, so she handed the menu to the waiter after ordering.

**“After dinner, we’ll go out for a walk, ”Matthew said.**

**When they came there, they just took a break and went to the hospital. They had no time to take a walk.**

**“Okay, ”Dolores said with a smile.**

**Soon the waiter brought a dish.**

**When looking at the pictures, Dolores realized that the cuisine there paid particular attention to the decoration of the dishes, and when she saw the real dish, she found it more refined than the pictures.**

**Matthew let her taste it.**

**Dolores picked up the knife and fork and tasted the food.**

**In the beginning, she just found it refined, but when she ate it, it tasted great.**

**People there were different from their country. They didn’t have stir-fried food but kept the original taste of the food.**

**After adding a special seasoning flavor, they could obtain another taste.**

**‘When you have something in mind, even the best food loses its flavor.’**

**Dolores said the food was delicious. She took the fork, picked up a piece of meat from her plate, and put it on Matthew’s plate, then she said with a smile, “Eat more.”**



Matthew laughed, "Shouldn't you eat more? Why did you give it to me instead? Is it because you care about me?"

"If you think so, so be it," Dolores said with a laugh.

After dinner, they left the restaurant and, instead of driving, they strolled hand in hand through the streets of a foreign country.

That day, Matthew didn't wear formal clothes and, compared with the formal clothes that made him look mature, casual clothes made him look cleaner and younger.

Holding hands like that was like a couple in love.

"Since it's the same situation, it's better to go back to deliver." She knew many people in the country and the children were also there. If she stayed abroad, that meant she wouldn't see them for a long time.

They were already in school and they couldn't just take some days off.

However, she didn't know that something was happening in her country. Chapter 726 I Will Survive

Jessica was out of prison.

Boyce picked her up and took her back to the villa.

In order not to make Jessica worry, he didn't tell her about Dolores.

He just told her that Matthew took her on a trip abroad.

"Lola is pregnant, it's not suitable for her to travel abroad. If she wants to travel, she should wait for the child to be born, and then I will take care of him for them and they can go wherever they want." Jessica lost a lot of weight, but she looked good.

Maybe seeing her daughter happy made her be in a good mood, that was why she looked good.

Although she wasn't Dolores' birth mother, she raised her since she was a child, so her feelings for her were deeper than a biological mother.

"It's okay, don't worry." Boyce comforted her and told her not to overthink.

"Yeah, if she has someone who takes care of her, then it's okay to go abroad to relax," Theresa added.

When Dolores gave birth to her two children, Jessica knew that she wasn't in good health. Now that Dolores was late in the pregnancy, she hoped she could be more careful.

But she also thought that Matthew should know what he was doing and be able to take care of Dolores, so she was no longer worried about that.

Then she looked forward to seeing the children soon after school.

Boyce told Coral to prepare a sumptuous dinner. After all, Jessica went out of prison so it would be good to celebrate it. Moreover, even Theresa was there.

“Are you here to see Armand?” he asked.

Theresa’s smile gave place to embarrassment, “No, don’t tell him I’m here.”

‘Although Boyce was insensitive to his own affairs, he was able to understand well others’ affairs. The fact that Theresa was there had something to do with Armand.’ “Aren’t you good now? Did he make you angry again? I don’t think so, I think he treats you like a queen.”

Theresa looked at him, “Boyce, are you mocking me?”

Boyce laughed and asked, “Do you think so?”

Theresa didn’t answer, sat on the sofa and talked with Jessica.

Boyce was also busy, so he didn’t remain in the villa.

When he was in the office, he heard that Officer Miller was sent to the hospital. It had been a day and he didn’t get any news, so he wanted to go there to check.

Although he hated the mother and daughter of the Miller family, he wanted to visit Officer Miller.

**INTERESTING FOR YOU**Adskeeper

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

**Jared Kushner & Ivanka Trump Dropped Off The Planet**

**He said hello to Jasmine and left.**

**When he arrived at the hospital, he asked about the ward where Officer Miller was. He hesitated before knocking at the door. He hesitated because he was afraid that Mrs. Miller and Wendy were there. He really didn't want to see them.**

**When he opened the door and didn't see them, he was strangely relieved.**

**Officer Miller was wearing a hospital gown and didn't look very well.**

**"What happened?" Boyce asked with concern.**

**Officer Miller snorted, "Is it not because of you? You said you didn't want to, so why did you make that promise? She has made troubles and I lost my reputation in the office."**

**At that moment, Boyce wasn't sure about his feelings, but he believed that Wendy, who had the same age as him, was suitable for marriage.**

**Who could have imagined that when he met Jasmine again...**

**"Are you all right? What did the doctor say?" Boyce knew that his promise was too hasty and that he**

agreed without thinking clearly.

At that moment, Wendy chased him insistently, so he couldn't do anything.

Officer Miller leaned back in the head of the bed, indulged for a moment then he said, "I will survive."

He fainted away because of a blood disorder. It wasn't a serious illness.

"Officer Miller, I'm sorry, I"...

"You don't need to explain to me. Do you think I don't know you?" Officer Miller sighed again, "It's also my bad. I knew that you didn't like her, I have still made a match between you. It's so embarrassing."

Boyce bowed his head. In front of Officer Miller, he looked like a child who did something wrong.

"It's all right. But you can't come to my home anymore. "His wife must be having a hard time now.

Boyce didn't know what to say.

"Okay, go quickly. "Officer Miller waved his hand. His wife and daughter were out to buy something and he figured that they should be back soon. If they saw him, it would be a mess in the hospital.

If so, he would totally lose his face.

Boyce said, "I'll go then."

Officer Miller let out a hum. When Boyce opened the door, Mrs. Miller and Wendy had just come back from shopping.

Chapter 720 Forced Marriage

The more she despised something, the more it would appear in front of her.

Boyce was just about to take his leave, when Mrs. Miller stretched her arm out, "What are you doing here? Did you want to see if you've angered my husband to death?"

Mrs. Miller felt that Boyce was the cause of everything, and she blamed him.

Boyce had no intention to start an argument, but Mrs. Miller didn't want to let him off the hook that easily.

"Come inside now!"

Officer Miller shouted in a deep voice.

Mrs. Miller scoffed and knocked Boyce on her way inside, Officer Miller glared at her and said sternly, "The doctor already said that I shouldn't get angry, carry on what you're doing if you want me dead."

"What have I done? It was him"...

**“Mother, that’s enough, ”Wendy Miller interrupted Mrs. Miller. She was afraid that Boyce would be irritated and exposed her dark past.**

**She peered at him and said coldly, “My father was hospitalized because of us, are you happy with how things are now?”**

**Boyce seemed completely unfazed, he only cast a glance at her.**

**He didn’t see the need to explain himself to such a person, and so he stood there in silence.**

**Officer Miller’s hospitalization was rather indirectly related to him, he wasn’t the main reason of why this happened.**

**He avoided her sideways and walked out when Wendy tugged him by his arm, “Boyce, if you didn’t want to be in this relationship from the start, why did you agree and investigated me behind my back” ...**

**She wasn’t done when Boyce’s phone rang in his pocket, he took it out and the caller named ‘Cutie ’ was shown on the screen.**

**It was Jasmine Burke who accompanied Boyce to purchase a mobile device at the time, she told him, “The first contact you save on your phone should be mine.”**

**She snatched his device from him and keyed in her phone number. When she got to the caller’s name column, she asked Boyce, “What are you planning to address me as?”**

**This question had never come across Boyce's mind, he figured that her name suited the best.**

**Jasmine wanted to be playful, and so she changed it to 'Cutie'.**

**She had a short stature and was skinny, walking side by side with Boyce made her look small, she even ridiculed him, "Would others think that I'm your daughter if we went out together?"**

**Awkwardness was written all over Boyce's face then.**

**When Wendy caught sight of his phone screen, she frowned.**

**Cutie?**

**She didn't know he had such taste for a close-minded person like him. Besides, who was this 'Cutie' anyway?**

**Wendy narrowed her eyes and thought, 'Does he like someone else already?'**

**Her hands that fell at her sides formed into fists. Who stole her boyfriend?**

**Boyce didn't answer the call immediately; he held his phone in his hand and walked a distance away from the ward before pressing the answer button.**

**Jasmine called to ask if he was coming back for dinner.**



Boyce replied, "I'm going back, I'll be there in a while."

"We'll wait for you then," Jasmine followed.

Boyce hummed and ended the phone call. He didn't head back right away, he went to visit Elizabeth instead.

When Armand Bernie was away in country C, he was the one who sent Elizabeth to the hospital, and he knew she was admitted here as well.

As he arrived at the corridor of the ward, he noticed that Armand was smoking in the smoking room through the glass panes.

He pushed the door open and went in, Armand who drooped his head didn't even realize someone entered.

Boyce gave a heavy pat on his shoulders, he looked up and was surprised to see Boyce there, "How come you're here?"

Boyce didn't answer his question, "When did you even start smoking?"

**INTERESTING FOR YOU**Adskeeper

**He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions**

**Make Your Own Product For Your Scalp**

Armand put his arm out to litter his cigarette in the ashtray, and took a deep breath, "My grandma is forcing me to get married"...

"Haven't you made up with Theresa Gordon already?" Boyce rested his arm around his shoulders, "There's nothing difficult about getting married, are you so worried about it that you've started smoking?"

Armand lifted his head and laughed bitterly, "I could still talk Theresa into marriage, but she wants a great grandchild, how am I going to do that? How am I supposed to give birth to one?"

Boyce was speechless at that moment.

With Theresa in such a condition, the expectation to bear a child was an unsolvable problem.

"Was it because of this that you were at odds with Theresa?" he realized that Theresa didn't look too well when he saw her at the villa.

"No?" Armand found Boyce's words to be weird.

He was doing alright with Theresa, as long as she didn't learn about Armand's grandma's request, there wouldn't be a huge issue. At the very least, she wouldn't back down from this.

"Do you want to join me for dinner at the villa?"

Theresa didn't allow him to inform Armand that she was here, but she didn't mention that he couldn't bring him over for a meal.

Armand said, "I need to stay here and take care of my grandma."



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