

Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap

Chapter 801 Having Me Tattooed on Your Heart

“Why are you feeling unhappy? Did Armand bully you?”

Theresa looked at her phone, she said after keeping silent for quite a while, “No.”

Her unhappiness was not caused by Armand; it was caused by the surroundings. After all, Armand’s grandma was still blocking between Armand and her although she was staying away from Armand’s grandma.

The child was the obstacle that they couldn’t overcome.

Oscar sent her a helpless emoji.

Oscar sent her a voice recording after a while, Theresa then clicked on it. She thought that Oscar was going to tell her something, but to her surprise, it was a piece of music.

The music was from the classic scene of Journey to the West, in which the Monk Pig was carrying his wife on his back, quite amusing.

Theresa pulled a wry face in a moment.

A message popped up again on the screen, “The Monk Pig was so happy even if he was carrying the monkey on his back, but you are unhappy all the time even if you have a handsome husband.”

Theresa couldn't help laughing, "Uncle, your comforting words are different from others."

"Of course, I am what I am, the one and only me."

Theresa laughed and replied quickly, "Are you really getting carried away?"

"Haha, isn't it that uncle is trying to make you happy?"

Theresa replied, "I know."

"Then please take good care of yourself since you know it, being angry will make you older, so you should laugh more. You will not want to look in the mirror anymore one day when there are wrinkles on your face like me."

"There is no wrinkle on uncle's face, there are just the marks left by the time."

"You're a good talker."

"I'm just telling the truth."

"I haven't seen you for just a few days, you're so sweet now."

"I've learnt from uncle."

“Haha, am I so good in teaching?”

“You look so happy, who are you chatting with?” Armand leaned against the door frame and looked at her.

He had come back for quite a while, and then he saw that Theresa was smiling while looking at her phone, so he was curious and didn't disturb her. Theresa was so concentrated; she didn't notice that he was back.

Theresa turned her head, staring at him surprisingly, “Isn't it that you had gone back home already?”

Armand walked toward her and said, “I'm back because I'm worried that you may be boring.” His eyes fell on Theresa's phone screen when he was talking.

Theresa kept her phone when she noticed that Armand was looking at it, she then stood up from the hanging chair and said, “Shall we go for a movie?”

Armand kept silent while looking at her.

Theresa frowned, “Why are you looking at me?”

Armand lowered his eyes and said, “Nothing.”

Indeed, he wanted to ask, ‘Are you unhappy when staying with me? If not, why you have never laughed so happily in front of me?’

However, when the words were on the tip of his tongue, he noticed that Theresa was unhappy because of the pressure from his family.

If he put himself in her shoes, he wouldn't feel happy as well.

Therefore, he didn't ask.

He knew that Theresa was having great pressure to stay with him, but he couldn't do anything for her.

"Theresa, if you feel that you're too tired, I..." He paused when he wanted to say that he would let her go. It was easy to think in his mind, but he realized that it was not so easy when he wanted to say it out, he looked up, "I'm unwilling to let you go."

Theresa seemed to be realizing the contradiction in him, she looked into his eyes and said, "I know."

"I'll do good and accumulate the merits in the future, I hope that the god will have mercy on us and let us have a child successfully, so that we won't have to worry about the child again." Armand took her into his arms.

Theresa leaned in his arms, "Let's go out."

Armand agreed, they went to have a meal, then a movie which was popular recently, there were lots of people there.

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Most of the movies nowadays liked to include some sentiment scenes, so those who were sensitive would shed tears in the cinema.

Theresa was also considered sensitive, Armand told her that she would cry because she was a woman.

“Don’t men cry?” Theresa gave him a dirty look.

Armand said, “Men will also cry, but it’s more difficult, this kind of sentiment scene still can’t make me cry.”

Theresa took his arm and bit hard on it, Armand didn’t move, he just frowned slightly, it was painful.

Theresa felt unhappy and she was venting on him, but she didn’t notice of her strength. She only realized it when her mouth was full of the scent of blood, then she immediately let go of his arm.

There was a deep row of teeth marks, some sites were bleeding.

“Why don’t you tell me that it’s painful?” Theresa asked.

Armand said, “It’s not painful, why should I say that it’s painful?”

Theresa was speechless.

“It’s not painful, right? Okay, then I will bite you again!” Theresa pulled his arm, pretending that she wanted to bite him again, but Armand still didn’t move, he said, “I’ll make it as the marks left by you. I’ll go to the tattoo studio and have the teeth marks tattooed on my arm, is it okay?”

“Are you a freak?” Theresa couldn’t understand his thinking at all. ‘He is a lawyer, having a tattoo on his arm will make other people feel that he is not a serious lawyer when seeing it. Some more, the teeth marks don’t look nice. What it will be like to have a circle tattooed on his arm?’

“You can if you want to have a tattoo, just have me tattooed on your heart!” Theresa pointed at his chest.

Armand laughed and grabbed her hand which was pointing at his chest; he held it tightly in his hand and kissed it. He put one of his arms around Theresa while another hand in the pocket, then he talked while he walked, “Let’s go find a tattoo studio and have you tattooed on my heart, I’ll let the tattooist use the best tattoo ink, which cannot be removed using any methods.”

“Do they have that kind of ink?” Theresa continued his words and chartered.

“We can go and ask,” Armand said smilingly.

Theresa was not willing to go, “Will they think that you’re crazy?”

Armand said, “Do I look like a crazy person?”

Theresa looked him up and down, then she curled her lips, “You look like a crazy person entirely!”

She ran away quickly after saying this, Armand then chased her, “Don’t run.”

“No.” Theresa turned her head to see him while running.

Armand ran very fast and caught her finally.

‘Ah...’

Armand hugged her from her back, “You can’t run already, right?” His lips touched her face while he was

talking; Theresa then pushed his face and said, "We're in the public."

"But we didn't do anything."

Armand put his arm around her waist, "Let's go home."

Theresa said, "Let's walk back; I want to take a walk."

Armand agreed since their home was not too far away.

They reached the entrance of their residential area after walking for approximately thirty minutes; they could see from far away that there were two familiar people walking around in front of the entrance.

Theresa touched Armand, she pointed at the entrance and asked, "Is it them who are in front of the entrance?"

Armand looked toward the direction pointed by Theresa, the people who were walking around in front of the entrance, were his litigants. He had taken the case, so the mother and younger brother of the deceased were his current litigants.

Theresa glanced at him, "Are they looking for you because they need your help?"

"Perhaps." Armand held Theresa's hand and crossed the road, walking toward them.

"Mr. Bernie." The woman and her son walked in front when they saw him.

"What's the matter?" Armand asked.

The woman looked ghastly, and his son didn't look well too, they were looking at Armand and it seemed like they found it difficult to start the conversation.

"Hmm...Mr. Bernie, it's because..." _

Chapter 802 I Won't Let You Afraid

Her son pulled her arm when the woman stuttered, "Let me tell Mr. Bernie."

Armand looked at him.

"It's because we don't want to litigate and sue them anymore." The person who talked was the woman's son.

"Why?" Armand couldn't understand. 'They were so angry before this, they wanted to seek justice for the deceased even if they were going to lose everything, but they had changed their opinion so sudden?'

"There is no reason; we don't want to sue them anymore." He then pulled the woman and left after saying these.

Armand didn't move, he had some guesses in his mind, perhaps they were forced by the power of the Day family. He had taken this case under the pressure from those lawyers in the firm, just because he wanted to help them, but they had withdrawn when he hadn't even withdrawn.

The woman pulled her son when she had walked for a distance, she then came back and bowed toward Armand, "Thank you for taking our case, there are so many people who are worried of getting into troubles, so they are staying away from us as far as possible. We don't want to sue them anymore, not because we don't hate them, but it's because we still have to move on with our lives, or else we can't

continue our life.”

The tears dropped again when the woman talked. They were just from a normal family; the Day family had married her daughter during that time, just because her daughter looked pretty.

Now, the Day family knew that they wanted to sue them and expose this matter to the public, so the Day family had put pressure on them, causing her son and daughter-in-law to lose their jobs already.

“We can’t offend the Day family. It’s fine to let us suffer from injustice, but my grandson is still young, and he still need to study and have a bright future. We can’t make those who are still alive suffer for a person who had died, so we don’t want to sue them anymore.” The woman wiped her tears away and looked up at Armand, “I still want to thank you.”

He was willing to help them even if he knew that this was a difficult case. Just for this reason, she was extremely grateful to Armand.

“The reason that my grandson could study at Pearl School was because of the help from the Day family, but now my grandson may be expelled from the school anytime,” the woman said resignedly.

They could only give in now, her daughter had gone, and she couldn’t let her grandson lose his future anymore.

They still wanted to continue their life, they wouldn’t be able to continue their life here if they were to vex the Day family.

They didn’t wish to make a concession, but this world was based on the survival of the fittest, did justice

really exist all the time?

Armand said, "I understand."

"Thank you." The woman thanked Armand again sincerely. Their relatives who were not so close with them, were all staying away from them because they were worried of getting into troubles.

During that time when her daughter just married into the Day family, those unfamiliar relatives had also come to them, but now they had disappeared completely.

The fickleness of human nature, there were many people who would stay closer with you when you were glorious. However, there would be little of them who would help you when you were poor.

This was the human nature, there was no one to blame.

"Don't mention it, I didn't do anything," Armand said, "Since you have decided in this way, I won't intervene anymore, take care."

"Thank you, Mr. Bernie, I..." The woman's son said but hesitated, "I'm useless."

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He had already known that his sister's death was caused by the Day family, but he had to bear the humiliation in order to survive.

Armand understood the contradiction and unwillingness in his mind; they were forced to give up. This was life; there were many moments when nothing could be done.

For example, him. He also had troubles and helplessness.

The woman and her son left, Armand put his arm around Theresa and walked toward the residential area.

Theresa didn't talk all the way. This was life, there were so many things that nothing could be done.

When they had reached home, Theresa closed the door; Armand hugged her once she turned. Theresa put her hands on his chest; she lowered her voice and said, "What are you doing? You're hugging me too tight, I almost can't breathe."

Theresa resisted.

Armand didn't let her go, he lowered his head and put his forehead against her forehead, then he said, "I miss you."

Theresa stared at him, "You meet me every day, why will you miss me?"

Armand smiled, the corners of his mouth curled up giving a nice angle, his eyes were brown, the pretty and coquettish eyes were full of love, "Don't change the subject, you know what I'm talking about."

Theresa lowered her eyes gently; she hadn't done that kind of thing with him ever since she made up with him. There was still a barrier in her, she felt that she had lost an organ and she was incomplete, so she had the feeling of inferiority.

"Armand, I..." She looked up, the dark eyes under the long eyelashes were like the peaceful and clean lake water, but there was insensible withdrawal hiding deep inside.

Armand kissed on her nose gently, "I know, you're afraid to face me, but you're still yourself, you have never changed in my heart."

Theresa bit her lips, her clenched fists slowly relaxed. Armand held her hands, the thumbs were stroking on her palms, "Look at me."

She looked up.

Armand tilted his head down and kissed her lips, he pinned her against the door and kissed her hardly.

His body was hot and hard, like a volcanic rock.

Theresa was gasping for breath and pushing him, "You're going to suffocate me."

Armand chuckled, "I won't let you die." He carried her in his arms while talking and put her on the sofa, then he bent over her. He looked at her carefully, her looks were completely different from the past except for her eyes, but he knew that she was still Theresa.

He lowered his body and looked into her eyes, he said gently, "We can have a try, if you really can't accept it, I won't force you and let you afraid." _____

Chapter 803 Be Selfish This Time Around

Theresa slightly nodded. Armand got her permission. He held himself up with one hand, reached out his other hand and caressed her cheek, her eyes, her nose and her lips. He used his fingertips to imprint how she looked like. He wanted to remember how she looked like and forever keep it in his memories.

He then inched closer and Theresa closed her eyes.

Armand kissed her slowly without rushing. He knew that Theresa was very vulnerable right now and needed protection. He whispered in her ears, "Theresa, you can tell me everything in the future, good and bad things. Don't keep it to yourself."

He was always jealous, back then when she was always full of smiles and was always smiling at others.

Not long after, he realized that she smiled less and less when she was with him. Her smile felt forced, she was trying to hide her feelings and didn't want to open up to him.

Theresa opened her eyes widely in bewilderment upon hearing him.

Armand kissed her eyelid, his lips were soft but it was still ticklish. Theresa closed her eyes again.

He kissed her for a very long time. Theresa was now used to his familiar and intimate touches.

Armand unbuttoned her shirt and Theresa didn't feel as disgusted as she thought she would be. She welcomed him with open arms.

Soon, clothing fell onto the ground, Theresa's and Armand's.

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When Theresa woke up she was lying on the bed. She remembered vaguely that Armand carried her to the bedroom. Armand's shirt was on the end of the bed. She simply grabbed it and put it on her. It was big on her and looked like a mini dress. It covered her private parts and exposed her long and slender legs.

She walked out of the room and saw Armand in the kitchen with an apron on. Theresa leaned on the door and looked at his back. He was in casual wear, his waist looked thin and his legs long. He looked slender but still powerful. His body looked delicate, just like his looks.

Boyce was hale and hearty, and Armand was pretty and handsome. His skin was fair and his facial features prominent. When he smiled foolishly he seemed unruly, but when he was serious his eyes were sparkling.

He looked young. He was in his 30s, but he looked like someone in their 20s. When he was not wearing his suit and his tie, if he tried to put on a stern face he would look like a puppy.

Theresa felt relaxed these past few days after moving out. She was smiling again. She took a stride and walked towards Armand, she then hugged his waist from behind. She looked over his shoulders and stared at the pan, "What are you cooking?"

"Prawns in tomato sauce." The prawns in the pan were as large as his fingers. They were pink and was mostly cooked. Theresa could smell the nice fragrance.

Theresa pursed her lips and opened up to Armand, "Just not long ago, I had to live my life every day cautiously. I was always a nervous wreck and was always scared."

Armand turned off the stove and turned around. He wanted to touch her cheek, but he kissed her on the forehead instead after realizing that his hand might not be clean. He said softly, "I know."

He saw everything.

But he couldn't help her.

She was scared and anxious because of him.

“Let’s give up on the surrogacy,” said Armand with a serious look on his face.

Theresa grazed the part between his eyebrows, “I like it more when you smile.”

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

Kylie Jenner's Most Expensive Outfits: How Much She Spent?

Armand couldn’t smile.

Theresa said after pausing briefly, “Let’s try it one more time. We’ll give up if we fail this time. We have to finish what we started.”

Armand hugged her and said, “Okay, one last time. It doesn’t matter to me if we fail...” he paused briefly, “We won’t move back to my place, I’ll talk about it with my grandmother.”

Theresa agreed. She couldn’t handle his grandmother; she liked how relaxing it was to live outside on their own.

“Then, I’ll be selfish this time around. I’ll hide behind you while you deal with everything,” Theresa laughed happily.

Armand liked looking at her like this. He liked that she was smiling again, he liked that she was honest with him.

At the end of the month, Theresa did it the second time. She was anxious the whole time. She was afraid that the outcome wouldn't change. If this wasn't successful, she would have to suffer and take all the pain. She was afraid that the doctor would say that it failed again.

After her eggs were retrieved, Armand bought her home. The hospital smelled like antiseptic and Theresa was tired of the smell. Every second passed in the hospital was draining for Theresa, she couldn't even breathe well.

It was great that she could go home and rest.

Armand was by her side the whole time.

Elizabeth never asked about Theresa. Armand was dealing with her and Theresa didn't want to think about it.

At the end of the month, Boyce came back.

Jasmine said that she didn't have time to stay here because of her classes and moved to the dorm, but it was an excuse. Jasmine left the night Boyce came back.

Boyce stupidly believed what she said; he thought that Jasmine was really busy with her studies. Matthew knew that Boyce was back and invited him over for a meal. Boyce went to his place around noon.

Dolores noticed that he was alone, she asked, "Why is Jasmine not with you? You can rarely come back because of your job."

They were newlywed; they should've been stuck like glue. But Boyce was alone.

Dolores went to City C not long ago. She tried to convince Matthew to let her bring their youngest along with her to City C. She had a business over there. She gave birth and was out of postpartum confinement. She didn't want to give up the business she poured her heart into.

Matthew didn't agree. The money he earned was enough and they had more than enough money. By going to City C, their family would be living apart.

Dolores understood his concern, which was why she didn't push it and was waiting for Matthew to have a change of heart.

She was holding her youngest son. He wasn't wrinkly like a newborn anymore. He was cute and pinkish, looking more like Dolores than his father. Andrew looked like his father, but her younger son looked like her.

Boyce answered, "She's busy with her studies. She went back to her dorm."

Dolores felt that something wasn't right. Jasmine visited a few days ago. She mentioned that she didn't have many classes anymore and was looking for an internship.

Chapter 804 Didn't Your Husband Give You Any Allowance?

Dolores looked at Boyce and asked, "Are you guys fighting?"

Boyce was surprised that Dolores would say something like that, he answered, "No?"

Dolores didn't seem to believe what Boyce said, but she didn't ask any more questions. Boyce wasn't a child anymore, but Jasmine was also much younger than him. Sometimes, a girl could have more delicate thoughts. Dolores told Boyce, "You know Jasmine's situation the best, you need to love and protect her, make her feel like she has a family. Don't make her feel abandoned."

Boyce smiled and nodded in agreement.

He was nice in his own way towards Jasmine. He supported her studies. When she said that she wanted to stay in the dorm because she was busy with her studies, he didn't stop her or say anything, even though he wanted to spend more time with her when he came back.

He even drove her there.

But Boyce thought about it and felt that Jasmine was indeed different from before. She used to be full of zeal and liked to be close to him. But lately, she was indifferent and cold. Did he do something wrong?

He pondered about it. The last time before he went back, they didn't fight. He was busier these days and they weren't in contact very much, there was not even a chance to argue.

Maybe he was overthinking it. Maybe Jasmine wasn't angry at him.

"Give me the baby." Jessica walked over and got the baby from Dolores' arm. "The baby needs more sleep at this stage."

Dolores handed the baby to Jessica and went to pour two glasses of water. She put one in front of Boyce and asked, "When is the next time you're coming back?"

"In a month or so," Boyce replied.

Dolores nodded; she took a sip of water and asked, "How many days were you here already? When are you going back?"

"I was quite busy recently. After finishing up the things there I finally have some free time now. I can stay for one more day, so I'm going back on Tuesday. And the next time I come back, I should be almost done with my studies there," said Boyce.

"I know that you're busy, but even so, you still should make time to be with Jasmine." When Jasmine came over last time, Dolores noticed that there was something on her mind. She kept smiling, but she spaced out a lot.

Boyce nodded, "I know."

"Food is ready." Coral put the dishes on the table. It was quiet at Dolores' place today. It was Sunday and Jayden brought his grandsons to the museum. They weren't coming back for lunch; Matthew as well as he had some business to attend to.

It wasn't as merry as it used to be.

Boyce went back after the meal. He sat in the car and realized that he had nowhere to go. There was no one at home, Jasmine wasn't home. He took out his phone and messaged Jasmine, "Have you eaten lunch?"

Jasmine was at the canteen. She bought something to eat but didn't have the appetite. Her phone buzzed and she took out her phone. She noticed that it was Boyce who messaged her and she quickly unlocked her phone. She was angry about Boyce not taking the initiative to contact her, but she couldn't help but want to care about him and feel happy because of a message from him.

She read it and tried to act indifferent as she replied, 'Yes.'

Boyce held his phone and didn't know what else to say. Should he tell her that he missed her? Was that too cheesy? Jasmine was at school now, so he asked, 'What did you eat?'

Jasmine was speechless.

How could he be such an idiot?

She held her breath and replied, 'Yoghurt drink, salad, sandwich.'

Boyce realized that it was a stupid question, and then he asked, 'How many more classes do you have today?'

There was a light of hope in Jasmine's eyes, she replied, 'Why?'

Boyce quickly typed, 'I want to see you...'

But then he hesitated and changed it, 'Let's have dinner together.'

Jasmine was speechless again.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

Such an idiotic man!

'I have classes, no time.' Jasmine wrote and put her phone on the table. She didn't have an appetite, to begin with, and now she felt worse.

Elaine went up to her, "Jasmine, let's go shopping after this since we have no classes in the afternoon."

Jasmine didn't want to go and wasn't in the mood.

She asked Elaine, "Have you found an internship position yet?"

Elaine shook her head, "Not yet, how about you?"

"I'm aiming for Double H Stock Exchange." Jasmine studied finance and wanted to work in a company that was related to her field. She wanted to gain relevant experiences.

But it wasn't easy to get into that particular company. She couldn't get in without help.

“Ask your husband to help you, he must know somebody,” said Elaine enviously, “I’m so envious. You’re already married before graduating from university, not to mention that your husband is a good man. If I were you, I would quit studying. I would just stay at home and be a housewife, taking care of my children and my husband. Isn’t that great as well?”

Jasmine glanced at her, she didn’t want to be a housewife.

She wanted to be equal with Boyce.

Initially, she wanted to take the test to become a policewoman. But then she thought that maybe it wasn’t a good idea for both of them to work in the same field. So, she decided to study what she originally wanted to do.

“Jasmine, I’ll treat you to a drink. Come shopping with me.” Elaine held Jasmine’s arm, “It would be so boring, shopping alone.”

Jasmine pursed her lips.

“Two drinks. I’ll buy you two drinks, okay?”

Jasmine glanced at her and said, “Fine. Just one drink is enough.”

“Then hurry up and finish your food.” Elaine urged Jasmine to eat faster so that they could go shopping.

Jasmine grabbed her chopsticks and glanced at her phone. There was no new message. She took her phone and put it into her pocket, lowered her head and continued eating.

After eating, Elaine called a cab. They got in the car at the university entrance. Jasmine thought Elaine wanted to go to Peace Street. Peace Street had everything and the prices were usually reasonable. She didn’t know that Elaine wanted to go to a shopping mall.

They were students and didn't have that much money.

Clothes at the shopping mall were more on the expensive side.

Jasmine asked, "What do you want to buy?"

"I want to buy business attire, for job interviews," said Elaine as she looked at Jasmine, "Are you not going to buy one?"

Jasmine shook her head, "I have one already."

"You bought it from Peace Street, didn't you?" Elaine stared at her.

Jasmine did buy it at Peace Street. She thought that it was good enough, "What's so bad about that? It suits my identity."

She never worked a serious job before. She thought wearing branded clothing would make her seem money.

She would also only be an intern, there was no use wearing nice and branded clothing.

But Elaine disagreed, she thought that good clothing could make one feel more confident, "Didn't your husband give you an allowance?" ____

Jasmine had money. The card that Boyce gave her last time contained Boyce's savings. She did not spend much. Although she had money, she would not spend lavishly. She was still quite arrogant and unwilling to simply get advantages from others.

Although Boyce was his husband and she was not yet working and had no much money with her, she would not use Boyce's money to squander. If she wanted to buy expensive items, she would want to get them with her own efforts.

Not hearing Jasmine say anything, Elaine's eyes widened, "Your husband will give you money to spend, right?" Immediately after this, she added, "You're so much younger than him, shouldn't he take care of you with money?"

Jasmine found these words especially harsh. 'She is younger so she ought to be taken care of by others?'

'What kind of logic is this?'

These words sounded derogatory as if the reason why she married Boyce was that she was fond of his money and his social status.

"I married him because I like him, not because of his money," Jasmine stressed.

Elaine smiled and comforted her, "I know. I didn't say anything though, don't get agitated."

Jasmine glanced at her and did not quite believe her words.

Elaine sighed, "Okay, okay, I've said the wrong thing. I didn't mean other things, don't think too much."

In fact, she was really unintentional to say that. She did not intend to say that the reason why Jasmine got married so early was because of others' wealth.

But because she wanted to continue the topic, she casually uttered this sentence. She did not expect that Jasmine would be so sensitive.

When they arrived at the place, Elaine went to buy bubble tea. The two of them walked into the mall arm in arm. As it was the weekend, there were quite many people.

"Women's clothing is there, let's go over there." Elaine pulled Jasmine. Jasmine was just accompanying her to do window shopping. She did not intend to buy anything so she just followed her.

After Boyce left, Jessica Lennon said the weather was slowly becoming cooler and said Andrew Nelson's long-sleeved jacket was a little too small as he grew a lot taller so there was a need to buy a new one. She also said there was a need to buy for Amanda Nelson's too as some of the clothes last year were too small for her body too. She was not as tall as Andrew but she also grew taller this year.

Jessica and Coral would take care of the child. Dolores Flores came out to buy autumn clothes for the two children.

Now, she was feeling more and more like a housewife and was even the kind of housewife who was very comfortable. When she went out, there would be a driver so she did not even need to drive herself. At home, Jessica and Coral would help her take care of the children.

As for the money, Matthew Nelson would earn it. It was as if she did not have anything to do. She did not like this kind of lifestyle. She hoped that she could do whatever she liked to do.

However, Matthew did not allow her to go to City C so she could only be a housewife at home.

She had been here for a while. The driver followed her and was already carrying a few paper bags. She originally wanted to buy clothes for Amanda and Andrew but when she saw the baby store, she went in. She saw a lot of cute small clothes so she bought a few clothes and some baby supplies.

On the other side, Elaine pulled Jasmine and walked closer to a jewellery store. Jasmine blinked and looked at her, "Elaine, do you want to buy something?"

Elaine whispered in her ear, "No."

Jasmine did not understand. 'Since she doesn't intend to buy, why does she want to go into the store? Also, there are apparently no cheap things there. The expensive ones cost about 2.5k dollars and the cheap ones cost more than a hundred dollars. Things below a hundred dollars completely cannot be found.'

"Since you're not buying, we shouldn't go in to see." Jasmine thought it was not necessary. Shopping without buying was a waste of time. Besides, it seemed a bit embarrassed to just look at it without buying.

"Jasmine, we're here to do window-shopping. I'll just take a look. Anyway, it won't cost me anything to try it on."

While saying, Elaine pulled Jasmine and walked into the store. After entering, an attendant came over to serve them.

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Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

Elaine pulled Jasmine and walked to the necklace area. The lighting of the jewellery store was very sufficient and it made the jewellery made of expensive metal material shine brightly.

All women liked those exquisite trinkets. Jasmine also liked those. It was just that she was capable to resist herself and only do things within her capability.

She never did things that were beyond her ability.

Elaine now also did not have the financial ability to buy these things. She just liked those things. Even if she could not afford to buy one, it was good for her to try it on as well.

She pointed to a platinum necklace that she had seen its replica countless times on the Internet. When she saw the genuine one now, she was eager to try it on, "Could you take this one out for me to take a look?"

The salesperson with white gloves on her hands said yes, opened the glass case and took the necklace out. She put it in the red velvet jewellery tray for her to see.

It was a fine platinum necklace with a delicate heart-shaped pendant hanging on it. The pendant was very simple. It was made of platinum and looked just like a small heart shape. A small diamond was inlaid on the side. It looked exquisite and was very suitable for a small woman with fair skin.

Elaine took it. This was much brighter than those replicas she saw on the Internet. She was eager to try it on, "Can I try it on?"

The salesperson said, "Yes."

Elaine gave the necklace to the salesperson and asked her to help her put it on.

Soon, the salesperson helped Elaine put the necklace on. She was quite a pretty woman and the necklace

suited her well.

"This necklace suits you very well." The salesperson enthusiastically gave her the mirror to take a look.

Elaine looked in the mirror at the necklace that was shining on her neck. She liked it from the bottom of her heart.

"How much is it?"

"2.47k dollars," the salesperson said, "Platinum is certainly expensive. In addition, there is a high-quality diamond on it so the price is undoubtedly not too cheap."

Elaine looked in the mirror and reached out her hand to touch the very small diamond. Diamonds that were too small belong to broken diamonds so there was no value.

"Is there any event for discount?" Elaine let the salesperson help her take it off her body.

The salesperson took it down for her and said, "This is the latest model. It won't be discounted."

"Okay."

"You're very discerning. This necklace really suits you well. It looks good on you and you look very feminine. Upon wearing it, the feeling you give off has changed and you look very classy."

Elaine truly liked it but she also knew she could not afford to buy it.

She could only buy it later when she had money.

“Actually, I don’t quite like it. We’ll go to another store to take a look.” Elaine smiled and pulled Jasmine to walk out.

The salesperson put the necklace back into the glass case and muttered, “Just say you can’t afford it if you can’t afford it. What for you said you don’t like it. You don’t know your self-limitation at all.”

Elaine was not pleased when she heard that. She turned her head to look at her, “What did you just say?” _____

Chapter 806 Wasted a Great Time

The saleswoman smiled and said, “I didn’t say anything.”

“I clearly heard you speak just now. You said I can’t afford it.” Elaine’s face turned red and she really could not accept others to say so.

The saleswoman was still smiling, “You heard it wrongly. I didn’t say anything.”

“I’m not deaf. You’ve clearly said it.” Elaine’s eyes turned red and she pulled Jasmine, “Did you hear her say it?”

Jasmine pursed her lips without saying anything. She pulled Elaine, “Let’s leave here.”

The saleswoman did say it and she heard her say it. However, if she said yes, Elaine would definitely quarrel with her. She did not want Elaine to quarrel with such a person.

The saleswoman obviously looked down on them. But, she was very wise and would not be impulsive to argue with others. She was different from Elaine. Her family background was not very good but it was also considered a well-off family. She raised herself very early and had suffered too much disdain from others.

She knew that when facing such a person, the best way was to let her go and ignore her.

But, Elaine could not stand to be said so by others.

“You’ve clearly said it, don’t think I didn’t hear it. Let me tell you, if you don’t apologize, this isn’t going to be over!” Elaine shouted, “Where is your store manager? Where is the manager? I want to complain!”

Some other staff came to persuade her, “She really didn’t say anything. Since you didn’t buy anything, you should quickly leave here.”

“I didn’t buy anything, so what? I didn’t buy it because I don’t like it, who are you to comment about me like that?” Elaine’s cheeks turned red.

The saleswoman who was standing at the counter to get the necklace for Elaine stared at Elaine, “Did I say it wrong? Can you afford to buy it? If you buy it now, I’ll apologize to you immediately!” The saleswoman was sure that Elaine could not afford it and that was why she was so arrogant.

Hearing this, Elaine was anxious. Her face reddened even more.

“Why don’t you say anything?” The saleswoman looked at her and knew what she said was right so she became even ruder, “If you can’t afford it, just say you can’t afford to buy it, what for you said you don’t

like it? Nowadays, there are really more and more women who are materialistic.”

Elaine’s face had turned to the colour of molten lava and her tears almost trickled down.

“Jasmine?” Dolores was standing at the door. When she passed by the entrance of this store, she saw someone who looked like Jasmine standing inside. She walked closer and took a look and it seemed like it was really her.

‘Didn’t Boyce say she had a lot of classes? How come she is in the mall?’

Jasmine turned her head and saw Dolores walking over, “Dolores.”

Dolores nodded gently, glanced inside and asked, “Are you here to buy something?”

Jasmine shook her head, “I come with my classmate.”

“Oh, you don’t have class?” Dolores asked tentatively.

Jasmine said, “I don’t have class.”

Dolores sighed in her mind. ‘Is she angry with Boyce? She lied to him and said that she was being busy?’

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

15 Celebrities With Terrible Personal Hygiene

"I'm also here to shop. Do you want to come to my house tonight for dinner?" Dolores intended to let Boyce know Jasmine was angry with him. When he was away, he would be away for a month. Now, he finally got a chance to come back but the two of them still had a dispute. It was a waste of a great time.

Jasmine pursed her lips, "My friend..."

Dolores walked in and asked, "What's wrong?"

The driver also walked in. He was not only a driver but also a bodyguard.

Jasmine held Elaine's hand and said, "Let's go, don't waste time on her."

Elaine wiped her face and lowered her head, not saying a word.

Dolores looked at the angry saleswoman for two seconds and then looked at Jasmine's friend. She roughly understood what was going on.

She smiled and said to Jasmine, "I haven't given you any wedding gift yet after you and Boyce got married. Since we meet today, it's just nice. Pick an item you like. I'll give it to you as a wedding gift."

Jasmine quickly shook her head and said, "No, no need."

The things here were too expensive. She could not accept it.

"It's okay. Don't you know the relationship between Matthew and Boyce? Pick one."

As she said, she walked to the counter. When one had money, one naturally had confidence. There would be an imposing aura no matter where one stood.

She pointed to a necklace below the counter, "Take this one out for me to see."

The saleswoman who argued with Elaine just now immediately smiled and took out the necklace pointed by Dolores.

"Jasmine, come here and try it on." Dolores turned her head to look at her.

Jasmine pulled Elaine and walked over.

Dolores picked it up and helped her put it on to see how the effect was.

She was discerning. It was a very thin necklace with a four-leaf clover pendant which was a classic model on it. The pendant was inlaid with red onyx. It was small, delicate and very suitable for someone of Jasmine's age. She had fair skin so she looked energetic upon wearing the red four-leaf clover.

Jasmine's eyes that looked at Dolores were sparkling. She indeed liked this style and had paid attention to it before. She did not expect that Dolores would pick this style for her to try on at once.

"Do you like it?" Dolores gave her the mirror to take a look.

Jasmine was wearing a white light-collared T-shirt today and exposing her collarbone. She wore a small suit with three light colours and bracelet sleeves as an outermost outfit. She was very good-looking with a necklace like that on her.

Elaine wiped the corner of her eyes and said, "You look good with it on you."

Jasmine thought about the necklace that Elaine just wore, "Can I try on this one too?"

Chapter 807 Comparisons Are Odious

The saleswoman froze and glanced at Elaine.

Dolores asked, "Cannot?"

The saleswoman smiled again and said yes. Then, she took out the necklace.

Dolores helped Jasmine put it on. This model was similar to the one that Dolores took just now. Both were thin necklaces with a simple pendant. Only the style of the pendant was different so the effect was similar.

Anyway, young women with fair skin would look delicate to wear thin necklaces.

Dolores saw that she looked quite good also with it so she asked Jasmine, "Which one do you like?"

Jasmine said, "This one."

She still wanted to vent the anger for Elaine. No matter what, this saleswoman should not criticize her

like that.

'Perhaps it's not appropriate that Elaine just tried it on without buying it. However, she also should not verbally attack her.'

'As a salesperson who serves customers, she should not treat customers like that.'

'Everyone is not rich, why must she deliberately make things difficult for others?'

'If she were a rich person, she wouldn't have come to be a salesperson to sell things here.'

Dolores said, "Okay, then I'll buy this one." She took out a card from her wallet and put it on the counter.

The saleswoman hurriedly took the card, "Please wait a moment."

She took the card and walked to the front desk to process the payment.

Also, she turned her head to glare at Elaine. She was very irritated. 'How can this kind of person have such a rich friend?'

Dolores was dressed in clothes with a simple style that was not extravagant. However, she emitted a feeling that she was a confident person. Moreover, a man in a black suit who worked as a driver and a bodyguard was following her to carry things for her so she just emitted feeling that would make one thing that she was a wealthy person.

Soon, the saleswoman came over with the receipt and the card. She said with a smile, "Do you need me to help you wrap it up?"

Seeing Jasmine look good with it, Dolores said, "She'll just wear it. Put the receipt and warranty list in the box for her."

"Okay." The saleswoman put everything in a delicately wrapped box and handed it over, "Welcome to visit our store again."

Dolores took the box, smiled and said, "Let's go."

Jasmine pulled Elaine and followed her to walk out.

When they were quite distant from the store, Jasmine said, "Isn't this a little too expensive."

'2.47k dollars is almost 2.5k dollars. When did she ever wear such expensive jewellery.'

Dolores smiled and said, "The most important thing is that you like it."

Jasmine hesitated for a moment and asked if she was spending Matthew's money.

Dolores smiled and said, "My own."

Most of the shares of the WY Group were in her hands. She was an invisible rich woman.

Matthew was just working for her. He worked so hard to run the company. But in the end, the money was hers.

Jasmine said, "I want to be like you in the future, financially independent."

Dolores said, "What belongs to mine is also his, what belongs to his is also mine. We're already married, there isn't a need to be so specific. Do you and Boyce have a dispute?"

She asked tentatively.

Jasmine shook her head, "We're good."

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

Dolores obviously did not buy her words but she did not expose her and said with a smile, "I still have things to buy, do you want to shop together with me?"

"Yes." Elaine felt that she would always have the confidence to be with Dolores.

Jasmine said, "Okay. You're alone, we two can still talk with you. We can also help you look for the things that you want to buy."

Dolores said let us go.

So, Dolores who came alone to shop was now with another two people.

Elaine and Jasmine followed Dolores.

“It looks so good.” Elaine reached out and touched Jasmine’s necklace, “That saleswoman is too arrogant, how could she look down on others. I must earn a lot of money in the future.”

Jasmine said, “We can do it.”

She also wanted to earn a lot of money. She also wanted to help children and build schools for them.

Dolores walked into a children’s clothing store. Elaine pulled Jasmine, “She, has a child?”

Jasmine smiled and asked in a low voice, “She looks so young like us, right?”

Elaine nodded vigorously, “She looks really young.”

“She is the mother of three children. Her first two children are a pigeon pair. Now, her son and daughter are in primary school and they’re good-looking. The youngest child is a son. He’s also super cute.”

Jasmine said in a manner as if they were her children. She had a sense of pride.

Elaine secretly peeked at Dolores who was looking at clothes and asked in a whisper, “Is she very rich? There is even a bodyguard following her when she comes out to shop.”

Jasmine nodded, “Her husband is the boss of the WY Group.”

Elaine’s eyes widened and her jaw dropped. After a while, she seemed to have thought of something, “Is she the one who was welcomed by a grand wedding not long ago?”

Jasmine nodded.

Elaine let out a moan and was very envious, "How come she is so lucky?"

The man she married was not only super handsome but also very rich.

Jasmine patted her head, "You certainly won't have such good luck. Focus on studies."

Elaine laughed and forgot all the displeasure just now. She said with a smile, "Look at her, her body shape is still so good despite having given birth to three children. Many women's bodies go out of shape after giving birth. How come she is not fat at all? Hers still looks the same as ours."

Jasmine said, "I don't know. Maybe she has a good body quality."

Elaine skimmed, "Won't such body quality make others envy and jealous?"

Jasmine laughed, "You have to add one more."

"What?" Elaine looked at Jasmine.

"She not only has a good body shape but also pretty and has fair skin," said Jasmine.

Elaine blinked and said with some depression, "Yes, although I'm also a woman, I..."

She looked down at herself. Although her name consisted of the word 'snow', her skin was not fair although her body shape was still fine, not the chubby kind.

Seeing that she had given birth but her skin was still so exquisite, as the saying went, comparisons are odious.

“What are you two doing, come over and help me see if this looks good?” Dolores held a red children’s sweater in her hand, wanting to ask their opinion. When she turned her head, she found the two of them standing at the entrance and whispering. ____ Chapter 808 Did I Do Something Wrong?

“Yeah, we’re here.” Elaine pulled Jasmine over quickly.

Dolores glanced at the two and asked with a smile, “Why whispering?”

Jasmine smiled, “Elaine saw you buying children’s clothes and asked me if you were having a baby. I replied that you were a mother of three, and she said that you don’t look your age.”

“And you look gorgeous too.” Elaine added.

Dolores smiled faintly. She was mortal. She was still happy inside without showing it on the surface when being praised for her beauty.

“Is it a boy?” Elaine looked at the red sweatshirt in Dolores’s hand that seemed like a male version.

Dolores nodded.

The shop attendant said, “This sweatshirt looks good with black casual trousers and jeans.”

Dolores had a passion for colour matching and needed no introduction from the attendant. She had a unique perspective as a fashion designer, and her children were always well-dressed too.

She asked them over to look at it because they were young and would have different perspectives. She needed to be exposed to new things to improve herself.

Elaine looked at the model wearing this, and it looked fantastic with the black casual trousers.

“I think it looks good.”

Jasmine also said, “It does look pretty cool with white skate shoes.”

Elaine pointed at a pair of chunky white sneakers and said, “It looks good with these.”

“It should go with white skate shoes.”

The two were arguing with each other. Dolores looked at them and smiled. How funny it was.

It was good to be young.

She looked young, but she was much more mentally mature than they.

Dolores bought two sets in this shop and then went to other shops. She ended up buying two or three outfits for both kids.

Dolores asked the driver to send Elaine back to school before she and Jasmine returned to the villa.

Dolores' baby, Joshua, was awake at the moment, with big round eyes. Jasmine was about to carry him after washing her hands, while Dolores took the clothes into the room and took out her phone to text Boyce, "Come over to the villa for dinner."

Boyce was watching TV alone at home at the moment. He was indeed quite bored without Jasmine at home.

He picked up his phone when hearing the notification sound, thinking it was Jasmine. But it turned out to be Dolores, and he was a little disappointed. He didn't want to go out and replied, "I'm not going over."

Soon Dolores's message came through again, "Jasmine is here. Come or not, it's up to you."

After sending this message, Dolores put down her phone and walked out. Jasmine was sitting on the sofa playing with Joshua. When she saw Dolores come out, she said, "I find that he looks just like you."

Dolores said, "Really?"

"Yeah. It's lucky for a boy to look like his mother and for a girl to look like her father. It seems he's a lucky one."

Jasmine heard this from the elders. There was no scientific basis for it, but it was still quite auspicious. After all, the kid either looked like the mother or the father.

Dolores sat down, reaching out to touch her son's cheek and asked Jasmine, "Are you tired after walking so long today?"

Jasmine shook her head and said she was not tired.

She didn't feel tired as there was always someone to pour water for her and a sofa to sit on whenever she arrived at a shop. So, she didn't really walk much.

Dolores asked Coral to prepare more food.

About half an hour later, Matthew came back, followed by Boyce.

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

They Were Larger Than Life In The 70s, Here's How They Look Today

After receiving Dolores's second message, Boyce immediately asked how Jasmine could be at the villa.

Didn't she go to school? She said she had no time to go back because she had too many classes. And even if she came back, she wouldn't have time to spend with him. So how could she be at the villa?

Dolores didn't look at her mobile phone and naturally didn't reply to him. So he put down his phone and immediately rushed over.

When Boyce came, it was Dolores who opened the door. He was just about to ask what was going on?

But Dolores interrupted him first, "Come in. Jasmine is here too."

She pretended not to know anything.

Jasmine's movement of drinking water gave a pause, 'Boyce's here?'

'How could he come?'

She panicked instantly.

“Jasmine.” Boyce walked in.

Jasmine lumped in her throat as she looked up, feeling aggravated.

She averted her gaze.

She knew everything in her heart, knowing that Boyce was like this. But... they just had such an intimate behaviour, and he was like disappearing after that, no messages or phone calls to her.

He still gave her the cold shoulder when contacting her once after a long time.

She minded in her heart. She had just become a woman and hoped that this man would care for her more.

Dolores didn't stay in the living room and went upstairs, leaving the space to them.

Boyce sat next to Jasmine and whispered, “Didn't you say that you have many classes? How come...”

“I have many classes during the day, but not at night. I have to eat. No point of not eating just because of having so many classes.” Jasmine said faintly.

Boyce looked at her and asked belatedly, “Are you mad?”

Jasmine denied, “No.”

Boyce didn't know what he had done wrong, and it just felt not right.

"Jasmine, tell me if you are unhappy." It took him so long to say this.

Jasmine held the cup with both hands, "I'm not sad. I'm happy every day. Apart from classes and looking for an internship company, I don't have the time to be sad."

Boyce now obviously felt that something was wrong, 'Jasmine wasn't like this before. Why was she harsh when she spoke?'

He thought for a moment, "Did I do something wrong?"

Jasmine said, "No."

Boyce wanted to say something else, but Dolores and Matthew came down from upstairs at that moment, so he stopped talking. No matter what he had with Jasmine, he couldn't just argue with her right now. It would be a joke.

Matthew took a shower and changed into his casual wear. He looked outstanding, too, in his casual outfits besides wearing his suit.

He asked about Boyce's work.

The two men just talked about their work. Jasmine got up and walked away to help in the kitchen.

Boyce looked up at her and slowly lowered his eyes.

Chapter 809 Boyce, Do You Think It Looks Good?

The door of the room opened at this moment, and Jayden came back with the two kids. Amanda was holding a balloon butterfly, and when she ran over, the butterfly also swayed in her hands as if flapping its wings.

She asked as soon as she came in, "Where's Jos?"

She wanted to give the balloon to her brother.

Andrew crossed his arms and thought that Joshua was a boy and wouldn't like such things at all.

Jessica came out of the room and said, "Jos is sleeping. Don't disturb him."

Amanda pouted and headed towards Matthew, calling out intimately, "Daddy."

Matthew carried her on his lap, tucked her hair, which was a bit messy, behind her ear, and asked softly, "What did you do today?"

Then Amanda told him about the places she had visited.

Jayden greeted Boyce and went inside. He was old and a bit tired after spending all day with the children.

Andrew sat straight by the side, watching Amanda sitting in Matthew's arms.

Boyce patted Andrew, "I find you are getting quieter and quieter."

Andrew said icily, "Should I be like my sister and let my dad hold me? I've grown up. Isn't that ashamed?"

Boyce laughed.

Amanda then stared at him with wide eyes and said, "You are just jealous of me being hugged by daddy, right?"

"Huh! Childish!" He slid off the sofa and went inside after saying that.

Boyce smiled at Matthew, "Andrew is becoming more and more like you now."

"I look like daddy too." Amanda wrapped her arms around Matthew's neck and asked him, "Daddy, do I look like you?"

Matthew pinched her cheeks and said yes.

Both Amanda and Andrew looked like him, and now that they had grown up, they were 90 per cent similar to him.

However, the younger one resembled Dolores a little more.

"I'll go and see Jos." Amanda got down from Matthew's arms.

"Be gentle, and don't wake him up." Matthew said.

"Okay." After saying that, she took the balloon butterfly and went into the house.

After about an hour, it was time for dinner.

Jasmine was helping Coral serve the food. Dolores was also helping in the kitchen. Now that Joshua was asleep, and Jessica was here now, Dolores washed her hands and walked out of the kitchen to Jayden's room. She was just about to knock on the door and found that the door was open. There was a big gap, and she could vaguely see Jayden standing on the balcony coughing.

The window of the balcony was closed as if he was afraid that people might hear him.

Dolores knocked on the door, and Jayden found her pulling open the balcony door and walking over.

"Dad, are you sick?" Dolores asked with concern when seeing him not looking well.

Jayden froze for a moment and waved his hand, "It's nothing. I just have a cold."

Dolores nodded, "There's medicine at home. I'll bring it over to you later."

"I've bought it." Jayden said.

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Dolores was still uneasy, "Do you want to go to the hospital for a check-up?" He was getting older, and she had recently noticed that Jayden didn't carry Joshua anymore, which he used to love to do.

"It's just a cold. Don't worry."

Dolores pursed her lips and said, "Then come out for dinner."

Jayden nodded.

In the dining room, dinner was already served. Jayden washed his hands and walked over to sit at the main seat.

Together with Jasmine and Boyce, there was a table full of people.

Today's dinner was very sumptuous. The seafood was quite plentiful at this time of the year, and there was a lot of it.

Dolores peeled shrimps for the two kids. Andrew said, "Mommy, you eat first. I'll peel them myself."

Amanda said, "I want to peel them myself too."

So Dolores put the peeled prawns in her hand on Matthew's plate, and the two kids peeled them themselves.

Amanda peeled one and ate it first. She felt it tasted good and continued to peel it. She then got out of

her chair and ran over to give it to Jayden.

Jayden smiled kindly, "I didn't love Amy for no reason."

Amanda chuckled and said, "Grandma, don't be jealous. I'll peel it for you right away."

Jessica also laughed, "I was going to say did you forget about me? My granddaughter is dutiful and hasn't forgotten me."

Andrew put the peeled shrimps on Dolores's plate and the second on Jessica's without saying a word.

Dolores reached out to touch her son's head, putting the shrimp back into his bowl, "You're growing and need to eat more."

"Andrew will grow taller." Jasmine said, "I see that many kids his age aren't as tall as him."

Dolores also thought that her son did grow quite tall like Matthew.

She looked over at Boyce and then at Jasmine. Although they were both sitting calmly next to each other, they looked awkward too.

Dolores knew much about Boyce's nature, so she deliberately asked Jasmine, "Jasmine, are there many boys at your school?"

Boyce subconsciously turned to Jasmine.

Jasmine nodded, "Quite a lot."

“Are there any good-looking ones?” Dolores asked again.

This time Matthew looked at Dolores.

‘She’s like not enough for just having me as a husband, and even asked Jasmine if there were any handsome boys at school. What do you want?’

“Are there any handsome and well-qualified boys pursuing you?” Dolores winked towards Jasmine.

At first, Jasmine didn’t understand what Dolores meant, but now she understood and said, “Yes.”

After saying that, she also reached out to touch the necklace around her neck and said, “This is what a very handsome and well-endowed guy gave me.”

She even deliberately showed it to Boyce while saying, “Boyce, do you think it looks good?”

Boyce was speechless. ____

Chapter 810 Love the Man She Had Chosen

Dolores snickered, seeing Boyce’s hilarious look.

Boyce looked at Jasmine for a moment and then looked at the necklace around her neck. He didn’t see Jasmine wearing this necklace before. She had never worn any jewellery such as a necklace. He felt panic instantly. All the male students in her school were of equal age, plus he was busy these two months and not much at home.

He couldn't just say anything to Jasmine in front of so many people. So he just bit the bullet, "You can't just accept other people's things."

Jasmine took a bite of her food and chewed slowly, "It's a wedding gift, so I can't refuse it."

Boyce's face looked ugly, "He still gave it to you even knowing that you're married?"

Jasmine nodded.

Boyce pursed his lips, "Give it back. I'll buy you whatever you like."

Jasmine couldn't hold back her laughter, "Do you really want me to return it to Dolores?"

Boyce was speechless.

He turned to Dolores.

Dolores looked at him, "I gave it to her. I did that on purpose just now, just to give you a sense of crisis. Jasmine is young and beautiful, and there must be boys pursuing her in school. You need to be more attentive. You have to take it to heart even if you're married."

"I got." Boyce felt aggrieved. He had always been charming to Jasmine.

Seeing that Boyce was at a loss for words, Jasmine grabbed his hands from under the table. Earlier, she was still angry with him for not contacting her and giving her the cold shoulder. But she was soft-hearted

seeing his overwhelmed look.

Boyce clutched his hand, with his palm sweating.

Jasmine and Boyce went back after dinner.

Jasmine sat in the passenger seat while Boyce drove. They were quiet and didn't say anything.

Jasmine grabbed the seat belt on her chest and spoke first, "Don't you have anything to say to me?"

In fact, Boyce had many things to ask Jasmine, just that he didn't know how.

Jasmine sighed, "After you left that day, I woke up, and you were already gone, and never called me. You just sent me a message, and... forget about it."

She found that there was no point in mentioning it now.

Boyce pulled the car over to the roadside. He thought for a moment before saying, "I was swamped back then."

Jasmine lowered her eyes and said, "But you rarely contacted me after that. Was it so hard to send me a message to say hello and that you missed me?"

"Sometimes it's very late, and I thought you would be resting..."

“I’ve been waiting for you to contact me every day.” Jasmine looked up at him, interrupting his words, with tears filling her eyes.

Boyce instantly panicked, seeing her on the verge of tears, “Jasmine, I’m sorry.”

Jasmine wiped the corners of her eyes, “Forget it.”

She knew he was like this when she was with him. There was nothing to complain about.

“Go home.”

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She turned her head to look ahead.

Boyce blamed himself for seeing her cry and reached out to wipe her tears, “It was an oversight on my part. I’ll call you when I have time...”

Jasmine looked at him, wrapped her arms around his neck, buried her face in the nook of his neck and choked, “I didn’t mean to be angry with you. It’s just that when you don’t contact me, I can’t help myself thinking that you don’t love me, don’t care about me, don’t want me... We’ve just been so close, and I just want you to care more about me...”

Boyce hugged her, caressing her back, “I miss you a lot. I love you.”

“Why didn’t you call me then?” Jasmine questioned.

Boyce had nothing to say, “It won’t happen again.”

Jasmine sniffled, “Will you call me?”

Boyce nodded, “Definitely will. Don’t cry.”

Jasmine wiped her tears and said, “Let’s go.”

Boyce let go of her but didn’t drive away immediately. He was silent for a while before saying to Jasmine, “I’ve learned my lesson.”

She was still young, and he just left like that after making her a woman. He understood that she felt terrible for not accompanying and contacting her.

“Just tell me if you’re unhappy. Sometimes I may not notice it, but you have to believe that I like you.” He, who was so at ease at work, became at a loss and nervous when facing Jasmine.

Jasmine hummed, “I know.”

It was too hard to get him to find out for himself. He was just too straight.

“Let’s go home.” Jasmine said again, and Boyce started the car this time.

After a while, the car pulled up in the car park of the neighbourhood they lived in. The two got out of the vehicle, and Boyce asked, “You said that you have many classes and need to stay in school. Is it because you’re angry with me?”

Jasmine laughed helplessly, "You just found out, huh?"

Boyce was speechless.

"Geez." Jasmine held his arm, "Fine. It'll be alright after getting used to it."

He was such a straight man. She just had to love the man she had chosen.

He was dull, so then just let her take the initiative.

It served her right for loving him.

Boyce pressed the button for their floor after entering the lift. No one was in the lift. Jasmine stood on tiptoe and kissed his lips, asking him, "Do you miss me?"

Boyce gulped, illustrating his state of mind at this moment. How could he not miss her?

As the saying goes, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder.' Not to mention that he had been single for so long. How much he missed her?

He wrapped his arm around Jasmine's waist and clasped her in his arms, stroking her head.

The lift stopped with a ding, and they stepped out of it. Chapter 811 You Obviously Suspected Me

When Boyce reached the door of the house, he opened the door. Jasmine was standing behind him. The

phone in her pocket vibrated. She took out her phone and Elaine was calling her. She answered the phone.

“Jasmine, when are you coming back?” Jasmine took some daily necessities to the hostel and she had said that she would stay in the hostel for a few days. It was almost ten o’clock and Jasmine hadn’t returned. Therefore, Elaine called her.

Jasmine walked into the house. She raised her eyes and looked at Boyce. Boyce was also looking at her. She pressed her lips and said with a low voice, “I will not go back tonight.”

“Why?” Elaine didn’t know that Boyce had returned. Jasmine had said that Boyce was on a business trip and he wasn’t at home during this period of time.

Jasmine said with a low voice, “My husband is back.”

“Oh.” Elaine pursed her lips, “Then, I am not disturbing you.”

After saying that, she hung up her phone. She sat on her bed in the hostel and she was envious of Jasmine in her heart. Jasmine hadn’t graduated and she had found a good man to marry. Furthermore, the man had good social status and he knew a lot of rich people. He could simply gift Jasmine a present that was worth more than two thousand dollars.

She sighed. ‘There is something I couldn’t envy. I have to work hard myself.’

Jasmine hung up the phone and put the phone back into her pocket. Boyce asked her, “Who called you?”

Jasmine walked to the table and poured a glass of water and said, "My classmate."

After saying that, she drank the water. She turned her head and saw Boyce standing in place while looking at her. She reached out her hands and touched her face, "Is there anything on my face? Why are you looking at me like this?"

Boyce didn't say anything.

Jasmine saw that Boyce's dirty clothes were in the basket. She walked towards it and put his clothes into the washing machine. Other people's husbands would bring back some gifts to his wife after going on a business trip. He only brought back dirty clothes.

She sighed.

When she walked out, she saw that Boyce was still standing in place while looking at her. She blinked her eyes, "Don't you want to take a shower? Or do you want me to take a shower first?"

Boyce remained silent for a few seconds. He asked, "The one who called you just now, is he a boy or a girl?"

Jasmine was speechless.

'Is he actually entangled with this matter?'

Jasmine said the words intentionally, "Not all my classmates are girls. There are also boys."

Boyce walked towards her, "Can you not get too close to your male classmates?"

Obviously, Boyce was jealous. Jasmine lowered her head to let him unable to see her expression and said, "There are not only girls in the class. I still have to get in touch with male classmates. Just like you, you cannot only have male colleagues. There are always a few female colleagues and subordinates, right?"

Indeed, he had female subordinates just as Jasmine had said. Sometimes, he had to get in touch with them at work, "We only have work relationship."

Jasmine nodded, "I know. I only have classmate relationships with the male classmates."

Boyce was speechless.

"If you don't take a shower, I will go first. I am tired and I want to sleep." After saying that, Jasmine walked into the bedroom and opened the cupboard to get her clothes.

Boyce walked into the room and took the clothes in her hands, "Take a shower later."

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He pulled Jasmine to the bed and sat on the bed. He let Jasmine sit on his lap. Jasmine obediently sat on his lap and asked him, "What's wrong?"

Boyce explained, "I have female colleagues. They are only my female colleagues."

Jasmine nodded, "I believe in you."

Boyce was speechless.

He put Jasmine's hands in his palm and said with a low voice, "You and I are not the same. You are still young. You haven't encountered enough people and matters. Perhaps you will meet someone as young as you in the future..."

Jasmine got out of his hugs and stood up, "Are you worried about me or do you not believe me?"

"No." Boyce immediately explained, "I am trying to tell you that I have encountered the matters that I should have experienced at my age. I will not waiver."

Jasmine pressed her lips and her eyes looked red, "I am not as experienced as you. But it doesn't mean I would love other people when I meet them..."

Boyce covered her mouth, "Don't talk nonsense."

"But you wanted to express something like this. You think that you have experienced more and you could hold yourself when someone seduces you. And I have experienced less and I would betray you when someone seduces me."

Boyce didn't deny it. Jasmine hadn't graduated from the university yet. She would definitely meet men who had similar age and educational background like her. He was a little worried in his heart.

He hadn't thought about it before. This matter had made him think about it more.

As Dolores Flores said, Jasmine was young and she was good-looking. What if she met a man who suited her more than him?

“If you don’t believe in me, why do you marry me?!” Jasmine was angry as she was harshly panting. She felt wronged as she said, “I am going to find the man who suits me.”

After she said that, she took big steps to walk outside. Boyce hugged her and Jasmine harshly struggled. She was angry as she hit his chest, “If you don’t believe in me, why do you marry me? Why!?”

She cried and shouted hysterically.

“I was wrong.” Boyce wiped off her tears, “I believe in you. I believe in you. You are a good girl.”

Jasmine was eyes-teary, “You obviously suspected me.”

“I wasn’t suspecting you. I am not confident of myself.” Boyce said with a low voice.

Jasmine stopped struggling as she looked at him, “You are so good, why are you not confident of yourself?”

Boyce laughed helplessly, “Don’t we have an age difference?”

“But you are not old.” Jasmine touched his face. She looked at his face closely and she only felt that he was handsome. She raised her head and kissed his jaw, “You seldom come back and you are making me angry.”

Boyce lowered his eyes and looked at her. Jasmine also looked up at him, “Let’s not get angry in the future. Let’s trust each other, okay?”

Boyce nodded. He reached out his hands and moved her head into his hug, "It is all my fault this time. I will do my best next time."

Jasmine smiled. There was still some tear in her eyes. Her cheek rubbed against his chest, "You have left for almost a month"Chapter 812 Don't Be Nervous

Boyce Shawn nodded and said, "Yeah, almost. I will come back to report on my work in another month."

Two of them hugged for a while. Jasmine Burke said, "Let go of me. I am going to take a shower."

Boyce didn't let her go. He lowered his head and wanted to kiss her. Jasmine moved away and said, "As a punishment for what you have said, you will sleep on the sofa tonight."

After saying that, Jasmine took her clothes and went to the bathroom.

Boyce was speechless.

"Jasmine..."

"If you talk about it again, I will punish you to sleep on the sofa for two days."

Boyce immediately shut up. He walked to the door of the bathroom to discuss with her, "Could I be punished next month? I just came back. Don't let me sleep on the sofa, okay?"

"No. Otherwise, you will not remember." Jasmine decisively rejected him.

Boyce was speechless.

He could finally come back and she let him sleep on the sofa. She was so cruel, "Jasmine..."

"Three days..."

Boyce was speechless.

"I will not talk about it anymore." If he talked about it anymore, he wouldn't be able to sleep on his bed for four days. It was not worth doing that.

Boyce sat on the edge of the bed and looked at the opaque bathroom door. He imagined the scene that Jasmine took off her clothes to bathe in the bathroom in his mind. He also harshly panted. He immediately shook his head to shake off those nonsense thoughts.

If he kept imagining it, he wouldn't be able to sleep tonight.

He got up and walked out of the bedroom. He went to the living room and took a bottle of ice water from the fridge.

The urge and agitation in his heart were slightly relieved. However, he still had some thoughts.

He slightly sighed.

After Jasmine took a shower, she went to sleep on her bed. When Boyce finished bathing and came out,

he saw that Jasmine had fallen asleep. He stood beside the bed and looked at her for a while. Then, he really went out to sleep on the sofa.

Jasmine was speechless.

Jasmine touched her forehead and smiled. 'This man is really too honest.'

However, she felt assured about this kind of man.

Even if he didn't sleep on her bed, Jasmine could still have a good sleep as she knew he was at home.

Jasmine had a good sleep. However, Boyce was suffering. He was rolling on the sofa as he couldn't fall asleep. He kept thinking about Jasmine in his mind. He got up a few times to go to the bedroom to see her. However, Jasmine had a deep sleep and she didn't know about it at all.

For two days, Boyce didn't ask to sleep in the room. Jasmine also didn't call him.

Sometimes, Jasmine knew that he didn't feel good as he was bearing with it and she always wanted to laugh. She felt like he was a silly boy.

But he was cute.

He was silly and cute and she didn't bear to scold him.

After the last day off, Boyce left again. There was no choice as he had to work. Jasmine understood it.

After getting out of the car, Boyce sent a message to Jasmine. 'I have reached the destination.'

At the same time, Jasmine also finished her class. She replied, 'Okay. Go back earlier and have a good rest.'

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Boyce stood on the roadside while waiting for his colleague to fetch him at the station. He lowered his head to look at his phone. His long eyelashes were drooping, 'I miss you.'

Jasmine was shocked after seeing the message. Then, she smiled, 'You just left.'

Yeah, he just left and he realized that he missed her.

Boyce pressed his lips, 'Don't let me sleep on the sofa when I come back next time.'

Jasmine smiled while looking at her phone. She replied, 'Depends on your performance.'

Boyce was speechless.

He remembered Jasmine's words in his heart. He had to perform well to not sleep on the sofa.

At the same time, his colleague came to fetch him. He sent Jasmine a message, 'My colleague is here to fetch me.'

'You are staying there alone. Take good care of yourself.' Jasmine replied.

'Okay.'

Jasmine kept her phone. She had no class in the afternoon and she would attend an interview for an internship at a company. She had to prepare the document needed. She forgot about the time when she got busy.

She didn't cook at night. She bought fish rice-noodle on the roadside and went home. She put it on the table and went to take a bottle of water from the fridge. She sat in front of the table and unpacked the disposable chopsticks. The phone in her pocket rang. She took out her phone and it was a message from Boyce.

'Have you eaten dinner yet?'

After seeing the message, she smiled subconsciously. She replied, 'I am eating.'

Then, she took a photo and sent it to him.

Boyce frowned, 'Why are you eating this only?'

Then, he sent her another message, 'Do you have no money?'

Jasmine took up her phone and had a look. She thought in her mind, 'Does this man learn what should he do now? Does he know to care about me now?'

She smiled as she asked, 'If I don't have money, are you going to give me your payroll card?'

'I will give you when I go back' Boyce answered her without any hesitation.

Jasmine felt that he was a cute and honest man in her heart. She didn't want to get angry towards him and let him sleep on the sofa anymore. He was a pity one.

He wasn't a bad person. He was an unsentimental man and he didn't know how to be romantic and to spice things up. However, he was very dependable as he gave her a lot of security.

'I didn't spend the money that you gave me. This fish rice-noodle is quite good. Let's eat this together when you come back.'

'I don't know what you like. Just buy anything you like.'

'Okay. I know.'

'I have something to do. Sleep earlier later.'

Jasmine looked at her phone and she sighed. She knew that he was busy. It was at night and he still had something to do. She still complained about him last time. Suddenly, she felt guilty in her heart, 'Okay. Call me when you are coming back next time. I will come to fetch you.'

'Okay.'

Theresa Gordon's second In-vitro fertilization result came out. She and Armand Bernie went to the hospital together.

'Don't be nervous.' Armand held her hand. He could feel her cold palm and shivering body.

Chapter 813 I Didn't Want to Cry

Theresa's nervousness was evident, but she said, "I'm not nervous."

Armand sighed. Her mentality was not in a good state now. If it failed, she would be disheartened.

The pair arrived at the doctor's office. Armand knocked on the door and only pushed it open once they were granted permission to enter. When the doctor saw that it was them, he invited them to sit.

Armand helped Theresa over to a chair.

Theresa was pressing her lips together tightly. She tried to calm down by telling herself not to be nervous again and again in her heart, but it was difficult to control her emotions.

There was a thin line between bliss and suffering.

"Doctor, how is it this time?" Armand asked.

The doctor did not answer immediately. Instead, he looked towards Theresa and said, "I'd like to speak to your husband in private for a while."

Theresa did not move, "If there's any problem, I want to be around to know too."

The doctor looked over at Armand in hesitation.

Armand held Theresa's hand, "He might want to talk about my problem. What about you wait outside first?"

“Regardless of whose problem it is, I can know about it too, can’t I?” Theresa asked in return.

Armand didn’t know how to respond, and he only spoke after a moment, “Sir, let’s talk about it now. If there are indeed any problems, the both of us will take care of it together.”

The doctor finally nodded, “Okay then.”

He took out the results of the in vitro fertilization (IVF) this time around and handed it over to them.

Armand asked, “Did it fail again this time?”

If it had succeeded, the doctor would’ve told them already instead of showing them documents they couldn’t understand.

“Yes, it failed.”

Theresa was dejected. Her eyes lost all their colours instantly.

Armand hugged her by the shoulders, comforting her, “It’s alright. Even if we don’t have a child, you still have me.”

She looked up at the doctor, “It’s my problem, right?”

Otherwise, he wouldn’t have asked her to leave earlier.

The doctor nodded, "These two failures were because of the quality of your ovum." He paused for a moment, then continued, "If you want to do it for the third time, there's a 90% chance of it failing again. Your ovum isn't suitable for IVF. The success rate is too low so I'd suggest that you guys give up. Nothing good will come out of this, and it's also mentally pressuring."

Sure enough, this answer was a massive blow to the pair. Theresa felt that everything in front of her turned blurry. It felt as if her soul had left her. Her vision turned dark, and she passed out.

"Theresa!" Armand hugged her. The doctor said to him, "Put her on the bed, and I'll give her a check-up."

Armand carried her in his arms and laid her flat down on the bed. The doctor came over to check on her. A moment later, he assured Armand, "She's okay. She just couldn't handle the sudden news and fainted. As her husband, you need to be there for her during this period."

Armand looked down at Theresa, "I will."

The doctor spoke again, "Actually, adoption is a good choice too."

Armand said nothing. In fact, he didn't want to say anything now. He understood everything the doctor said, but he was afraid Theresa couldn't accept it.

This was undoubtedly a dead end for her. There was no room for change at all.

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Even if she had accepted IVF, she still couldn't have her own child.

When Theresa woke up, she was already at home. Armand was just next to her. Upon seeing her wake up, he asked, "Do you feel discomfort anywhere?"

She shook her head and looked at the ceiling blankly, "Armand."

"Yeah?"

"Maybe we should just break up..."

"What kind of nonsense is that?" Armand was emotional. He couldn't accept what she just said.

Theresa closed her eyes and said with a hoarse voice, "You're going to be miserable when you get caught in between grandma and me."

"I'll be fine." Armand lowered his head and looked at her, "I can accept anything other than you leaving me. We've been through so much together, so let's not say stuff like that anymore, okay?"

Theresa's weak voice came back, "Could you let me be alone for a while?"

She needed some time to herself.

Armand agreed to her request, "I'll be in the living room if you need me."

She said okay with an almost inaudible voice.

Armand knew that Theresa needed to calm down now, so he stood up and left the room.

Once the door closed, her tears fell.

This piece of news was too cruel for her.

There were so many people in this world who could have their own children but chose not to and be DINKs.

As for her, who so desperately wanted a child, she miserably could not fulfil her dreams. God was unfair to her.

She was sobbing softly.

Armand squatted at the door. Although Theresa's voice was soft, he still heard it. The surroundings were so quiet that he could even hear his own breathing. How could he not hear her depressed cries?

Slowly, he slid to the ground, his head hung low, and his body trembled.

After a long time, the sounds from the room could only be heard intermittently and finally could not be heard anymore. Armand put his hand on the ground, supporting him to stand.

He pushed the door and entered the room, feigning to be relaxed as he asked her, "Shall I get you something to eat?"

Theresa had long lost her energy from crying too much. She turned her back towards him.

Armand walked over and squatted down in front of her, “We agreed to not care about it. Why did you cry?”

He stretched his hand out and wiped the tears from the corner of her eyes gently.

Theresa raised her gaze slowly. There were still tears hanging on her eyelashes. Her voice was hoarse as she muttered, “I didn’t want to cry.”

But she couldn’t control her tears.

Everything was just too painful for her. _____

Chapter 814 I’ll Go and Make a Call

Armand told her, “I know. I understand you.”

How could he not understand what she was going through?

Even Armand was feeling miserable. It could only be worse for Theresa.

“I don’t feel like eating anything.” Theresa felt suffocated.

“What about I send you to Dolores’ place? There are many people there, and you can talk to them.”
Now, Armand and Theresa were both exuding a depressing aura. She would only overthink when she was alone. Armand didn’t know what to do either, so he hoped that Dolores could make Theresa feel better.

Theresa said nothing. She didn't want to go there. In fact, she didn't feel like going anywhere now. She just wanted some time alone to breathe in the pain.

"Listen to me this time, alright?" Armand had no idea how to comfort her this time around, so he could only rely on others to do so.

"Do I look decent enough to go there now?" Theresa wasn't afraid of letting Dolores see her in her current state. It was the others who she feared.

After all, there were many people at Dolores' place. They would definitely ask questions upon seeing her state now.

"Theresa, what happened?"

"Theresa, you don't look well."

"Theresa, did you cry?"

She didn't want to answer those questions.

"I get it. What if I get Dolores to come here? Is that alright?" Armand asked.

Theresa finally nodded.

Armand caressed her cheek, "I'll go and make a call."

Then, he stood up again and went to the living room to make the phone call.

Dolores woke up fairly early today. She was the one who sent the children to school today too. Usually, Jayden did this, but Dolores knew that he was feeling unwell, so she told him to stay at home and have a good rest.

Jayden said that she was overreacting and that he just caught a cold, but she made it seem like he was seriously ill.

Dolores insisted on sending the kids to school. It was no harm for Jayden to rest at home. After all, he was old already.

She wanted to find a time to bring Jayden to the hospital for a medical check-up too. Since he was old, it would be great to get treatment earlier if he had any underlying sickness.

Jayden whined, "You don't even let me send the kids to school. What fun is there left in my life?"

Dolores chuckled, "Well, you're sick now. After you've recovered, this errand is still yours. No one will snatch this job away from you."

He had nothing else to say and just told her that he wanted to go back to his room to take a nap.

Dolores reminded Coral to pay more attention to Jayden's condition, to which Coral promised. Just as Dolores was about to return to her room to look at her son, her phone which she placed in the living room rang. She walked over and answered the call.

"Dolores." Armand didn't sound well. His voice was low and slightly hoarse.

Dolores suddenly became tense. She was afraid that anything terrible had happened to Armand and Theresa and hurriedly asked, "What's wrong?"

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"Do you have time to come here and accompany Theresa?" He paused, then continued after a moment, "I hope that you can comfort her."

Dolores understood what was happening in an instant. She asked, "It failed again?"

"...Yeah. The doctor said that her ovum isn't suitable for it and the success rate is low. There's basically no hope for her."

"Okay, send me the address. I'll be there soon." Dolores said.

"Thanks, Dolores. I know you have your own kids to take care of now, but I really don't know what else I can do. I have no idea how to talk to her about this or comfort her. When I see her in pain, I couldn't say anything at all." Armand's voice was suppressing some sort of emotion.

"I understand. I'm her relative, and it's only right for me to visit her now. You don't need to feel burdened." Dolores comforted him, "You need to manage your own emotions too."

"Yeah, I will."

Dolores hung up with a heavy heart. She put her phone into her pocket and went into the room to look at her baby boy who was sleeping soundly in the cradle. His cheeks were so chubby, which only added to his adorableness.

She stood by the cradle and caressed his face, which was smooth just like any other toddler gently. Then, she checked on his diaper. It was still dry. After changing it earlier, he hadn't peed or pooped. Jessica came into the room with another diaper in her hand. She spoke to Dolores softly when she saw her in the room, "He just slept after I fed him. He probably wouldn't wake up so soon."

Dolores turned around and told Jessica, "I need to go out for a while."

"Just go and do your thing. There are so many of us at home. We can take care of a child, so don't worry."

Dolores nodded.

She wouldn't worry much when Jessica was at home too.

Then, she went upstairs to put on a coat before leaving. She read the address sent by Armand to the driver, and the driver soon drove in the direction of the place.

Soon, they arrived at Armand's neighbourhood. Dolores knew that Armand and Theresa had moved out. Theresa had told her before this, but it was her first time visiting their new place.

She pushed open the door and got out of the car.

"Madam, should I wait for you downstairs?" The driver asked.

“You can go back too. I’ll grab a cab home later.”

“I’ll find a place to park then. Give me a call when you’re ready to leave.”

Dolores nodded. She stood at the door and sent a text to Armand, telling him that she had arrived.

Armand replied quickly. He told her that he would come downstairs and get her.

She stood by the door and waited patiently.

At this time, a cab stopped at the door. A young lady came out from the cab first, followed by Armand’s grandmother, Elizabeth.

With the help of the cab driver, Elizabeth managed to get down from the cab and onto the wheelchair.

“Has Armand been staying here after leaving home?” Elizabeth was displeased.

Dora nodded, “Yes, this is the right place.” ____

Chapter 815 Search for Donor

Since Armand had not come home for a while, Elizabeth sent someone tailing him to discover his residency. She came to visit knowing that Theresa’s IVF attempt failed for the second time.

Dolores stood frozen at the entrance, looking stern as she knew Elizabeth’s intention.

Armand came from the residency area and greeted Dolores seeing her standing at the entrance.

Dolores turned, so did Elizabeth and Dora.

"Armand!" Elizabeth called, slightly displeased.

Armand's face stiffened realizing they were there. He looked to Dolores, thinking she brought them here.

"I saw them at the main entrance," Dolores explained.

"Building number three, sixth floor, room 603. Please go in first, I'll go up in a while," Armand said.

"Talk nicely." Dolores nodded.

Dolores replied with a nod and walked away. "Grandma..."

"Why won't you let me in?" Elizabeth interrupted sternly, "I'll lodge a police report saying you refuse to take care of me if you won't let me in today."

Armand clenched his fists hearing that. "What do you want?!" Armand almost shouted.

"You throw me aside, won't even let me go into your house, what do you think you are doing?" Elizabeth cried out suddenly knowing there was a security guard nearby and people walking by. "I've given my entire life raising you, now that I'm too old, you left me alone at home without any concern."

People are naturally drawn to gossip. The security looked in their direction while people started gathering around, watching them.

Dolores who was not far away turned to Armand, "Let her in."

Armand didn't move an inch.

Dolores looked at him, "You need to solve this sooner or later, until when do you plan on avoiding this? Do you want Theresa to keep hiding in the future? Stay hidden forever?"

Armand understood that this was not a long-term solution, however, there was no other way now. He didn't want to cause harm to either side.

He looked at Elizabeth, "I'll let you in but you must not throw tantrums on others. Leaving home was my idea, don't blame it on others."

Elizabeth stared at Armand for a while and said, "... Okay."

Armand turned over with his back facing Elizabeth and said, "Let's go."

"Are you here to visit Theresa?" Elizabeth asked Dolores.

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Dolores nodded, "She's not in a very well condition, so I come to visit."

"Very well. You should advise and let her understand that Armand is the only male of the Bernie family, he needs to produce an heir for the family," Elizabeth told Dolores.

Dolores remained silent until they boarded the elevator while Armand led them in the front. They arrived at the door.

Theresa got down from the bed and waited for Dolores on the sofa. She turned to the door hearing it was opened to greet Dolores but was stunned when she saw the figures that followed behind her.

She rose from the sofa, looking pale.

Dolores walked up to her and held her arm, "You are weak now, sit down." Theresa grabbed onto Dolores' arm nervously.

Dolores patted her back, smiling. "Armand and I are both here, there's nothing to be worried about. Let's take this chance to settle everything."

Theresa looked her in the eyes and nodded.

The room remained quiet for some time before Elizabeth broke the ice. "How are you doing, Dolores? I heard that you've given birth to another son, what a blessing it is."

There was a hidden meaning behind her words as if it was intended to tell Theresa that Dolores was blessed with three kids while she had none.

Dolores smiled politely, "Blessing? People kept scolding me behind my back, saying I had two kids out of wedlock when I was raising the kids alone. I've even been called a slut."

"Those are history," Elizabeth said.

"True, it's all histories but memories remained," Dolores replied.

"Theresa." Elizabeth turned and looked at Theresa. Her gaze made her stiffened and called out "Grandma."

"Why didn't you tell me that you visited the hospital again?" She asked in a half complaint and half concern tone. "You look thinner."

Theresa lowered her glance slowly.

Armand took out a jacket and put it on Theresa. He then looked at Elizabeth, "Theresa suffered a lot because of me. Her body is too weak and I won't consider having a kid anymore."

"You won't think about it or because Theresa's egg is useless?" Elizabeth visited knowing Theresa's condition. She couldn't accept it and hearing Armand's intention to give up made her lost her temper. "Won't consider? Do you think this is your matter?" She added, "This is not something that you can decide on your own!"

"What do you plan to do?" Dolores asked as she reached for Theresa's hand and put it in hers. She wanted to give her a leaning hand and to make her feel secure.

Elizabeth spoke after a moment, "If her egg is not fertile, search for a donor or look for a surrogate. There are plenty of women willing to do these for the sake of money." ____

"I understand about looking for donors but I'm quite confused about surrogacy." Everyone knew what surrogacy was, but they needed a clearer explanation from Elizabeth.

Since they talked about it, it was better to be clear.

Used this opportunity to put everything on the table.

Elizabeth knew she was a little over the line, hence, it took her a while before explaining. "Since Theresa is infertile, this means she won't be able to have a child with Armand. There are tons of women willing to sell their fertile eggs and if this doesn't work, he will have to create a child with someone else naturally. The doctor mentioned that conceiving naturally is the best and naturally conceived child is born smarter."

Dolores took a deep breath.

"Madame..."

"Armand," Dolores called, suppressing her disappointment as she looked at Armand, "What do you think?"

"I won't ever do anything that hurt Theresa," Armand said firmly.

"Nonsense, will have a child hurt her?" Elizabeth shouted in anger.

Theresa closed her eyes. She knew this day will come after the doctor explained everything. But she didn't expect to face this so soon.

She opened her eyes and looked up slowly at Armand, "Let's divorce..."

"I won't divorce you!" Armand quickly interrupted and knelt in front of her, "I won't listen or do what she said, I will never betray you."

Theresa smiled coldly, an ice-cold and pathetic smile.

"What's the point of saying all this now? Can it solve the problem?" Theresa had finally realized, "It was my fault from the beginning."

Her lashes trembled, holding up tears in her eyes. "Armand, you are my jinx and I fell into your trap, twice."

"Theresa..." Armand held her hand, "Trust me..."

Theresa shook her head, "There is no solution to this."

Dolores couldn't imagine what kind of life Theresa had been through. It must be a hard life under this kind of circumstances. No wonder why Armand moved out with Theresa.

She swept a glance at Armand and fixed her gaze at Elizabeth. "Regardless of how this will end today, there's something I wish to say."

Armand looked at Dolores.

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Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

"Do you agree on their divorce too?" Elizabeth asked.

"Yes," Dolores said.

"Dolores..."

"Listen!" Dolores interrupted Armand and took a deep breath, "Theresa came back with me and I'm her only family here. It pains me to see her being bullied and suffering. I am sad and full of regrets."

She looked at Armand. "You knew damn well how you started your relationship with her, don't you?"

Armand gritted his teeth in silence.

"If I knew the ending today, I would never have agreed to your marriage!" Dolores suppressed her emotion and continued. "You be with Theresa in White City due to Madame Bernie urging you to get married, your relationship wasn't strong and we came back to City B before the two of you even have to chance to get to know each other further. And then your ex-girlfriend came back, and you know what happened next. Three of you were fully involved and knew what happened after that. Who was the one that gets hurt the most in that incident?"

Dolores turned slowly and looked at Elizabeth. "Guess Madame Bernie knew best that Theresa isn't born infertile, right? You know very well how she ended up being infertile today, don't you?"

Elizabeth dared not look straight into Dolores' eyes as she knew Theresa was the ultimate victim of this. But there must be an heir for the Bernie family, she couldn't accept the fact that Armand might be childless.

"She was pregnant with Armand's child once and that bastard didn't appreciate it! How did she lose the baby?!"

Dolores stared at Armand, "Armand, do you know how did she lose the baby?"

Armand lowered his head and his body shook when he heard that.

"How did she end up like this? She is suffering more than anyone here as a woman who can't have her child. Have you tried understanding her?" This question was directed to Armand but intended to Elizabeth.

"Who should be held responsible for her lost baby and her face destroyed in an explosion? Who is the one who should be blamed for the outcome today?" Dolores asked mercilessly, "Not many can survive what she had and still living a sane life. She is strong and courageous enough to accept Armand into her life again. No, it's my fault too, I shouldn't have encouraged her to take him back, I thought you should be together since you still love each other. But I was so wrong to once again put her in agony. Armand, I was confident that you will love her wholeheartedly after what happened, providing her with a loving home and made up for the wrong you've done before, but what have you done?"

Dolores' words were direct and sharp, though she mentioned Armand, her speech was intended for Elizabeth.

She never thought that Elizabeth would behave so stubborn and conservatively because of an heir, she was too mean. She even caused hurt to Theresa.

She held Theresa up, "I'll bring Theresa with me today, take the time to have a thorough consideration before coming to us."

"Hey." Elizabeth was hoping Dolores to advise Armand for her but her speech was full of sarcasm towards her, she was enraged, "You must not bring Theresa with you."

Chapter 817 Cheap and Unworthy

Elizabeth paused, "This is our family matter, an outsider like you has no right and is rude to intervene."

Dolores said calmly, "I've always been a family member of Theresa."

She then tidied up Theresa's jacket and said, "Leave everything behind, I will buy you new stuff."

Dolores glanced at Armand, "I'm extremely disappointed at you, Armand. Theresa has been tolerating while you took advantage of her kindness."

Theresa was calm too, she didn't act out of rash but after thorough consideration, "Think about it and come meet me with the divorce paper."

She held Dolores' hand, "Let's go."

She didn't want to stay here any longer, Dolores nodded and walked out holding her.

Dolores called the driver and instructed him to wait at the entrance as they walked out of the elevator. The car was already waiting when they arrived at the entrance, Dolores opened the door at the back and helped Theresa get into the car before she got on.

"Go home," Dolores instructed the driver.

The driver nodded and they headed home.

In the apartment, what happened was out of Elizabeth's prediction.

Armand who remained knelt on the ground since Theresa left fell seated.

"I don't care who you want to be with as long as you produce an heir," Elizabeth said stubbornly. She disregarded Armand's feelings even after Theresa asked for a divorce.

Armand stared blankly at one spot with his reddened eyes, "A child?"

"Dora is still a virgin, she agreed to have your baby with only a hundred fifty thousand dollars," Elizabeth explained while Dora looked at the floor.

Armand didn't seem surprised by Elizabeth's weird suggestion. He smiled lightly and turned to Dora, "Do you agree?"

Dora kept looking at the floor quietly.

"She's still young, don't scare her." Elizabeth didn't know exactly what Armand was thinking right now, he was smiling but not sincere.

"This is the reason why you insisted on hiring a young caretaker?" Armand said as he stood up slowly by pushing on the ground with his hands. "What if I refuse?" Armand asked, swaying.

"What's wrong with you? It's not a big deal, all you need to do is impregnate Dora and continue your life with Theresa. You don't have to be separated from Theresa at the same time you'll have a child, isn't it good?" Elizabeth thought this was the best solution, good for everyone.

Armand's lips trembled. "A child? Excellent! What a great plan this is."

A loud bang followed as he flipped the coffee table, the glass broke into pieces on the floor and created a mess.

Elizabeth turned pale while Dora who stood behind her fell a step behind.

They were both startled by his action and stayed frozen for a while.

"Armand!" Elizabeth called out nervously, "Calm down."

"I'm not upset. You've everything planned out for me. Sending me a woman, concerning about my future generation, there's nothing for me to be upset about, I should be grateful to you." He walked towards Elizabeth, put his hands on the wheelchair's handles, staring at her.

Elizabeth tried to stay calm.

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"I come from a poor family and am willing to be a surrogate mom. I ask only for money, I won't be a trouble." Dora said as she went back to her original position.

Armand looked up while Dora didn't avoid and looked straight back at him.

"You want only money, won't create a problem?" Armand smiled.

"Yes, it's true." Dora looked sincere.

Armand smiled coldly, "Oh, so, you proposed to grandma?"

"No, I didn't..."

"It was my idea." Elizabeth defended Dora immediately and it was indeed her idea. Dora was young and average-looking, so she asked not knowing her mind; surprisingly, she agreed.

Armand straightened up angrily and thrown himself onto the sofa, resting one foot on the flipped table. He looked at Dora and judging her, "Where did you graduate?"

Dora lowered her gaze, "I've never attended university."

"What are your strengths?"

"I'm a caretaker." Dora thought Armand questioned because he agreed to it. 'If I could earn a hundred fifty thousand dollars by being a surrogate mom, I will quit being a caretaker and open up a fashion store or something.'

She had never thought of staying at the Bernie, she knew it was not a wise decision since she entered the residence as a caretaker, her impression as a caretaker meant her status would always be lower than the others.

She thought Armand was good-looking and rich, she didn't lose anything in this deal, a hundred fifty thousand dollars in just ten months was worth it.

"Are you good in pleasing a man?" Armand looked calm but his words were sharp as a knife.

"Armand..."

"I'm asking her, grandma, can you not interrupt?" Armand said without even looking at Elizabeth. He took a handkerchief to wipe his hands but couldn't wipe off the dirt, so he threw it away.

"I can learn," Dora replied with her head lowered.

"Learn? You know nothing and want to earn a hundred fifty thousand dollars using your uterus alone?"

Armand looked at her in despised. "First, you are not educated, second, you know nothing about pleasing a man. You are not good-looking, skin is not fair without a good body shape. You look cheap and unworthy of a hundred fifty thousand dollars. If you are willing to sell, I can consider about it. A pound of premium pork meat cost about five dollars fifty, I can offer you six dollars, deal?"

Dora bit her lips, "Stop humiliating me, it was Madame's idea, I accepted it as goodwill to produce a child for you."

"Oh, I should be forever grateful then?" Armand lost his temper and kicked a few times on the table. "Get lost now! And you will receive a complaint letter!"

"What have I done wrong?" Dora didn't believe that Armand would kick her out.

"Calm down, Armand." Elizabeth didn't know Armand would take such an extreme measure too, she said softly, "Just listen and fulfill my dream, produce a child, will you?"

Armand picked up the jacket on the floor, put it on his arm, and stared fiercely at Dora, "Get lost now, or do want to go to jail? I can easily send you in if you want to."

This was the first time Dora had seen a vicious side of Armand. She was frightened but tried to stay strong, "I didn't do anything wrong, you can't send me to jail as you pleased, there are laws."

Chapter 818Your Choice

"I have over a thousand ways to send you to jail, try if you dare," Armand said casually with full confidence. This frightened Dora, while she was about to defend herself, she recalled that Armand was a lawyer, he was a law practitioner and could easily frame her with any offend that was enough to send her into jail.

"I'll leave, but first you have to pay my wages this month." Dora was annoyed, she wanted to earn a huge amount of money but got herself fired instead.

Armand reached for his wallet, took out a stack of one hundred bills, and threw it onto the ground.

"You are too rude!" Dora shouted angrily.

Armand on the other hand kept his wallet back into his pocket, "Do you have dignity?"

"Armand, Dora is a nice lady, what are you doing? Who's going take care of me if you kick her out?" Elizabeth grabbed Armand's hand, "Stop all this nonsense..."

Armand took his arms back and said while pushing the wheelchair, "I'll look for a new caretaker, this one is fired."

"Armand..."

"Do you want me at home or her? Your choice." Armand demanded Elizabeth to choose.

"There's no choice to this..." Elizabeth cried.

"But you must choose." Armand insisted, "I will never step into the house again if she stays."

Dora picked up the money on the floor and immediately walked out knowing she was no longer able to stay in this house.

"Dora." Elizabeth felt sad to let her go. A young lady who served as her companion and took care of her, it was a waste letting her go.

Dora turned and glanced at Elizabeth before she walked into the elevator and left.

"What exactly do you want?" Elizabeth didn't know what Armand's intention was.

"Go home," Armand said. And he kept silent on the journey home.

Armand threw everything at home and on the wall set by the master Elizabeth invited last time into the trash bin.

"Armand!" Elizabeth called out nervously.

"I failed to protect my baby, I am destined to be a childless man," Armand said as he tossed the statue in his room into the bin.

Elizabeth was horrified, "You can't toss that away, it will bring bad luck..."

Armand disregarded her and continued cleaning up everything.

Once he finished, he pushed Elizabeth to the sofa and sat in front of her. "I'm a person unworthy of having parents, child, and lover, so my parents died young, I lost my unborn child and my lover is leaving me now. As you wish, I will let go of her, but stop having hope that I will ever get married again and have a child. That's impossible, I, Armand am destined to be a childless man!"

"Armand..." Elizabeth was truly horrified by his speech.

While Armand was calm. "I'm not joking, Theresa suffers a lot being with me and I won't give you chance to force or pressure her again. I will set her free not because I don't love her anymore but I don't want her to go through all this with me. I'm weak for not being able to protect her, it is also my fault that I'm not able to satisfy you. Forget about having a child, if you ought to threaten me with death, please go ahead, I won't stop you but will follow you instead. I will suicide after you die, it's a relief for everyone."

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Armand stood up once he finished, "That's all I want to say, I'm going to look for a new caretaker now." He walked out after that.

"Armand, wait, Armand." Elizabeth cried out but Armand didn't stop, he walked out without turning back.

Elizabeth was stunned, she didn't know whether she should go back to her room or stay where she was.

At the villa, Dolores came back with Theresa. Knowing Theresa was moody, Dolores sent her straight into her room.

Dolores wanted to leave her alone to rest but Theresa grabbed her hand. "I've made up my mind."

"What?" Dolores turned to her and quickly grasped what she meant. "You've decided to divorce Armand?"

Theresa nodded, "Yes."

Dolores sat at the side of the bed, "I'll support whatever decision you make."

Theresa smiled at her, "I always make the wrong decision."

"It's not your fault. We underestimated Elizabeth's stubbornness." Dolores comforted her. "Stay here at ease."

Theresa nodded.

Theresa was weak, so Dolores left her alone to rest. She closed the door and reminded Coral and Jessica not to interrupt Theresa and not to ask any questions.

Both Coral and Jessica understood the situation right away.

Everyone gave Theresa a warm welcome at the dinner, no one asked anything.

Theresa went back to her room to rest after dinner while Dolores received a text message from Armand. He wanted to meet her, he was at the door.

Dolores went out and saw Armand standing by the roadside, he didn't come in.

"How is Theresa?" Armand asked.

"What do you think?" Dolores knew she shouldn't speak to Armand in this tone but she couldn't control herself seeing how Theresa had suffered. "What's your plan?"

Armand looked at the floor, "As long as grandma is alive, she will always be in our way ...There's nothing much I could do, I'll let her go and set her free if that's what she wants."

"You've made up your mind?" Dolores asked.

"I'll listen to her and do as she says," Armand replied.

"This is why you asked for a meeting? Telling me this?"

"No. There's something I would like you to pass to Theresa," Armand said. ____Chapter 819 Whatever You Wish

Dolores' heart clenched as she wondered if he really did bring the divorce papers with him. She asked in a low voice, "What's this?"

Armand pulled out a luggage bag from the back of the car, walked towards her and said, "These are all

Theresa's things."

Dolores, looking at the bag in his hand, did not immediately take it as she asked, "What's this all about" ...

"Wherever she chooses to live, be it here or back to City C, anywhere would be better than living with me. If she had really thought it through, if she really wants to...Divorce, I'll not have qualms with her. " Armand said while looking down, concealing his emotions and added, "Thank you."

Dolores replied, "I see. That's not exactly a bad thing. You two should think about it long and hard after you've calmed down. Though Mrs. Bernie is indeed a problem and both of you won't be happy anyway if it is handled poorly."

"I understand. She's the one who raised me, I can't just ignore her. Theresa...I'm very indebted to her "... He could not even begin to pay off his debt.

Dolores knew that Armand was feeling down. She did not reply as she carried the luggage back into the house.

She opened the door to Theresa's door and saw that she was sitting alone on the balcony. Theresa acted as if she was the only person left in the world.

Dolores approached her slowly, as Theresa was in very deep thoughts about something and did not realize that someone entered her room.

"Theresa," Dolores called to her softly.

She turned around slowly as Dolores smiled and said, "What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing much." She caught sight of the luggage bag in Dolores' hands and asked, "Is this"...

"Umm" ...

Dolores sat her down on the bed and told her everything about Armand's visit. "He said that he will follow whatever you wish."

Theresa lowered her head, her eyelashes twitching as she continued looking at the bag, "So, all my stuff is inside that bag, along with the divorce papers?"

"Theresa" ...

"I'm alright, it's not exactly a bad thing." She stood up and took over the bag, opened it and saw that it was indeed containing her belongings. On the top of the pile was a sealed document bag.

Theresa thought that the bag contained the divorce papers, as she hesitated when picking up the bag. Between all that, her eyes started tearing up.

In one's imagination, many things seemed a lot more manageable than they actually were. When faced in reality, however, is where one's courage magically disappears into thin air.

Thankfully, Theresa quickly composed herself and reached for the document bag. She opened the bag and reached for its contents.

She imagined that the papers within would have the words 'Divorce Agreement' plastered on top. She was proven wrong when she realized that the bag's contents were all of Armand's savings. She was further proven wrong when she found out that it was not only his savings, it also had all of his assets, his savings, and his properties deeds.

Theresa's eyebrows raised in confusion.

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In the meantime, Dolores sneaked out of the room, closing the door on the way.

Now alone, Theresa poured everything out from the document bag, which contained deeds, a banking card, and purchased funds.

Ding dong-

Her phone on the nightstand next to her bed sounded. She stood up and looked at the phone, which was showing 'Armand' and opened his message.

'Theresa, I've stored all my money on this card, the password to it is our engagement date. Some of it can't be withdrawn quite yet, but eventually, you can withdraw and use them. Also, here are all of my assets, I'll hand them over to you. I'm too indebted to you, this is the least I can do, giving you enough cash to live carefreely...I'll give you some time, you can go wherever you want to live. Once you've really thought everything through...I'll give you freedom, for you to find love that truly belongs to you. No matter how much I will miss you, I am still unable to provide you with love. So, I'll let you go, I can't let you just wither away by my side. I'll be waiting for you.'

Theresa's fingers that were holding the phone weakened as she fell onto the bed. Looking through a curtain of tears at the things that Armand left her, she sobbed and said to herself, "Are there two people on this world that love each other, think of each other, miss each other, but are not by each other's sides?"

Her tears unapologetically flowed down her cheeks.

She wiped off her tears and replied, 'I've received the things you sent me, I'll accept them gladly. You're a lawyer, you should deal with the divorce agreement. I'll visit you once I'm feeling better.'

She understood the meaning behind his actions. If he felt that doing so would make him feel better, she should not stop him.

At that moment, Armand was standing in the place where the two of them lived together for a month. While that time was short, it was the happiest moment in their lives.

He looked towards the kitchen, a very familiar place as if reminiscing the days where they were together. Armand would be cooking, with Theresa by his side munching on apples, occasionally even shoving one into his mouth. Sometimes, she would hug him from behind and asked him what he was cooking.

Theresa's smiles were more relaxed and they were comfortable with each other.

Armand moved around. The balcony from the bedroom was still the same as it was when they moved in, the woman sitting on the hammock playing with fishes in the aquarium was long gone, however.

The slim figure was also gone from the bed.

The place remained unchanged, it was its residents that were changed.

The whole place felt empty, just like his heart.

Armand turned back to the living room and sat on the sofa. He recalled the times where Theresa was there watching the television.

All of the memory trickled back into his mind like a never-ending cinema.

The phone in his pocket vibrated. As he took it out, he saw that it was Theresa's message and opened it.

After finishing reading her message, he felt even more depressed than before.

He took a long time before replying, 'Ok.' _

Chapter 820 Someone Stole from Her

After looking at Armand's reply, Theresa put down her phone and sat on the bed's sides. She did not let the sadness drag her down for long, as she recomposed herself.

She tidied up the stuff that Armand gave her and got out of the room.

In the living room, Jessica was feeding some powdered milk to Joshua.

Theresa walked towards them, seeing the little sweat droplets on Joshua's forehead since he could be tired from eating all the powdered milk. Seeing him sucking on a pacifier, Theresa could not help but smile, played with his cheeks and said, "You're looking more and more like your mother."

Jessica added, "She does look like Lola."

"Well, he is her child, after all."

Joshua finished eating the powdered milk right then. Jessica took away the milk bottle as Theresa extended her arms and said, "Let me carry him."

Jessica obliged and instructed, "He just finished eating, so you'll have to carry him upright and lightly pat him in the back."

Theresa followed her instructions as she patted Joshua's smooth back lightly.

His whole body smelled like powdered milk, which was rather pleasant for Theresa. She kissed his cheeks, smiled and said, "I'm your godmother, kiddo."

Jessica cleaned the bottle and placed it in the sterilization machine. She then stood next to it and looked at Theresa. Dolores walked next to her and did the same.

"What a shame," Jessica said regretfully.

Theresa could have had her own child, but now...

Dolores tapped her on the shoulder, and then she walked towards Theresa and touched her son's cheeks.

"I'm going back to City C," said Theresa.

Dolores was taken aback by her sudden response.

"We haven't divorced yet, so I don't really want to face him right now. After some time, when we've both calmed down and are willing to meet each other, I'll be back." A while later, she added, "Plus, I'll be back to visit you, and Joshua."

Theresa looked at Joshua warmly and said, "He's way too cute, I couldn't wait for the day when he will start calling his parents."

Dolores replied, "You'll have to wait for quite a while before that."

It would not be until he was a year and a half years old that he could start speaking.

"Well, since you've already made up your mind, I'm not gonna try to change your mind. I'll send you off whenever you wish," offered Dolores.

Theresa booked the last flight to City C. After Dolores sent her to the airport, it was already around ten in the night when she returned. Even then, Matthew was still at work, as ever since Abbott left for vacation, he had been extremely busy and spent a much longer time at work than before.

Though, Dolores had already gotten used to him coming back late.

On the same day, Jasmine had also travelled from City B to the city where Boyce was located via high-speed train.

She did not inform him beforehand as she wanted to surprise him.

Ever since the last time when Jasmine was pissed off, Boyce had been sending her a message whenever he was free. Most of the messages were trivial and boring questions, such as 'Have you eaten?', 'What did you eat?', 'What are you doing?', and 'Are you busy teaching?'.

Jasmine did not mind, however, no matter how lame the messages were, they were enough to keep her company. She knew full well that he was not particularly proficient at being lovey-dovey, so it was a given that he would not spew lovey-dovey words anywhere he went.

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With these little greetings, while they were lame, Jasmine could feel his warmth from the other side of the screen.

She passed her interview and was due to go for her internship next week. As such, she was scared that she would be busy after that, so she wanted to meet him before the internship began.

Jasmine looked at the time, it was around an hour or so before she would reach her destination. She started to get excited, as she wondered would Boyce be surprised upon seeing her, or would he be happy.

She smiled as she imagined his reaction.

Delighted, she looked outside the window and hoped that time passed faster so that she would reach the place and meet Boyce earlier.

She wanted to see his reaction when a random Jasmine decided to show up at his door.

A message popped up on her phone's screen, it was sent by Boyce which read, 'What's up?'

Jasmine saw that it was the same message that was sent yesterday as she could not help but smile. She replied, 'Sleeping.'

'Sleeping this early?'

'Well, not exactly. I'm thinking about you. I miss you.' Jasmine replied in a flash.

Upon seeing her message, Boyce started smiling while standing in a corridor. He only had time to message her after concluding a meeting, and her reply re-energized him in an instant.

Then, he replied, 'I miss you, too.'

Jasmine blinked and typed, 'Want me to come and meet you, then?'

'There are no more trains scheduled around this time. Moreover, it's dangerous for you to travel alone.'

Jasmine smiled, 'Well I guess I'm better off sleeping then.'

'Yup.'

Jasmine was afraid that she remembered his address wrongly and wanted to reconfirm with him, "Hey, what's your address again? Can you resend it? I'll come over when I have time."

Without a second thought, Boyce resent his address to her like the straightforward man that he was.

Upon seeing that the address was identical to the one that she remembered, she was relieved and replied, 'Well then, off I go to sleep. Good night.'

After that, she kept her phone in her bag and took a nap.

An hour or so later, the train stopped at its destination. Carrying her bag, she left the train and saw that there was a sizable crowd at the station, mostly people picking up their loved ones and taxi drivers.

After exiting the station, she saw that it was raining quite heavily. She flagged down a nearby taxi, entered it, closed the door and told the driver Boyce's address.

As soon as she told him, the car started its journey.

Jasmine looked out the window again, thinking that she was about to meet Boyce soon. She was both excited and anxious, as she wondered if he would be surprised if he saw her.

It did not take long for the taxi to reach its destination. When Jasmine went for her purse, she realized that it was nowhere to be found. Panicked, she started turning the bag inside out but to no avail. To add to her misery, her phone had also vanished from her bag. It was then that she realized that a neat little hole was cut into the side of her bag.

It would appear that someone stole from her.

Chapter 821 Are You Happy to See Me?

The wallet and the phone were gone, 'What could I do?' Jasmine thought.

She looked to the driver sat in front of her, "Sir, I..."

"Miss, you're not going to pay, right?" the driver wore a sullen look and thought, 'It's not easy to do business at night.'

"No, I lost my wallet and my phone..."

Jasmine wanted to explain to him, but the car driver refused to listen to her, "Whatever you say is none of my business. Pay me off the fare. I'm a cab driver, and I'm not doing it for charity. The fare is not much and is only 10dollars, and you're going to bilk?"

"I'm not trying to bilk. I lost my wallet," Jasmine said eagerly, and she did not intend to bilk.

She was more anxious than anyone else.

She had no money, and her phone was gone.

"Okay, you lose your belongings, but you still have friends, right? Anyway, you have to pay me off and don't try to," the cab driver was upset because he did not know whether he could get the fare, and it also delayed him to carry the next guest, "I'm unlucky to meet you."

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," Jasmine was anxious.

"Give your friend a call," the driver handed over his phone to Jasmine. Jasmine's face lightened up, but soon her face darkened because she did not remember Boyce's phone number.

"I..."

Jasmine thought, 'Call classmates in City B can't help me. While the grass grows, the horse starves. What should I do?'

She felt chagrined, 'How come I don't remember Boyce's phone number?'

She was the first to save Boyce's new phone number when he changed his phone number. She even remarked his name in the contact book. After that, the phone displayed Boyce's name every time they sent messages and calls. So she did not notice the phone number.

Jasmine wanted to call him but did not remember his phone number.

The cab driver was impatient, "Why don't you call?"

"I have only one friend here, but I forget his phone number..."

"Get out of my car! Get out of here!" the driver pulled a long face to chase her away, "It's tough luck to meet people like you!"

Jasmine repeated her apology to the driver, "I'm sorry, I'm really sorry."

"Hurry up and get out of my car. Don't delay me to carry the next guest. It's tough luck to meet you, don't waste my time. What's the use of apologizing? I'll send you to the police station if you're a man."

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry..."

Jasmine opened the car door and got out of the car. It was raining cats and dogs, and it drenched her to the skin instantly. She closed the car door. The car covered her with water when it drove away quickly.

Boyce was living in a building instead of in a residential area. The entrance was closed, and she could not enter the building. There was no place around to hide from the rain.

The rain was cold after autumn. She saw that her clothes were soaked, and she was shivering with cold.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

Jared Kushner & Ivanka Trump Dropped Off The Planet

She was in the rain for a long time, and then she found a narrow eave to take shelter from the rain. The rain would not stop for a little while yet.

After about 20minutes, a car drove over and stopped at the parking lot in front of the entrance.

Boyce got out of the car with an umbrella. Jasmine could barely see the figure because the light was dim. When Boyce was almost at the entrance, Jasmine could see the figure clearly that it was Boyce. She ran over to him, "Boyce."

Boyce looked in the direction of the sound. He saw a petite figure who was running over to himself through the rain and against the wind. She looked messy.

"Jasmine?" Boyce was stunned for a second, then he immediately walked over to her and held up the umbrella for her to block the rain, "What happened to you?"

Jasmine wrapped her arms around and shivered like a wretch, "I came to find you and wanted to give

you a surprise. But my handbag was snagged by a thief, my wallet and phone are lost.”

Boyce pressed the umbrella into her hand, took off his coat to wrap her in it. He said nothing and walked into the building with her in his arms.

“What is this place?” Jasmine asked with her lips quivering.

“I'm temporarily living here,” Boyce held her tightly. He wanted to warm her with his body temperature. She was so cold that he could feel it through the clothes.

He did not know how long she had been in the rain and thought, ‘Will she get sick?’

“Ahchoo!” Jasmine sneezed.

At this time, they arrived at the door room. Boyce opened the door and walked into the bathroom to take out a dry towel. He walked over to Jasmine to wipe her face, “Hurry up, take off your wet clothes.”

The room was not big, and there were only a bedroom and a bathroom. The room was simple, with only a cabinet and a table there.

Jasmine unfastened the buttons of her clothes. Her hands were a little bit stiff. Boyce saw she was slow in action, and then he helped her to take off her clothes. Soon, there were only some simple clothes left on Jasmine's body. Boyce did not think so much and was afraid she would be sick, so he took her wet clothes off.

After cleaning her with a towel, he carried her to the bed and covered her with a quilt.

Jasmine huddled under a quilt, and she felt much more comfortable and warm.

Boyce went to pour a glass of warm water for Jasmine. He raised her gently and handed the glass of water over to her lips, "Drink some warm water."

Jasmine took two sips of water with the glass that was in his hand, "Okay."

Boyce put down the glass and touched her forehead. He was afraid that she would have a fever.

Jasmine huddled and whispered, "I'm fine, don't worry. I won't get sick. I'm physically well. I didn't even get sick when I was a kid."

Boyce cuddled her and took out his phone. He wanted to get her some hot soup to fend off a chill. However, there was no restaurant open at this time.

There was nothing in his house. He could not even cook a bowl of ginger water.

Boyce held her petite body in his arms, and it made his heartache to see her like this, "Tell me earlier, I can go and pick you up."

Jasmine fluttered her eyelashes, "I wanted to give you a surprise," she raised her head, and her hair was still wet after wiping, "I came to see you, are you happy? Are you happy to see me?" _____

Chapter 822 It Will Be Bitterer

Boyce said, "I'm happy to see you."

Jasmine had taken off all of her clothes, and she had no clothes on her body. She naughtily snuggled up in Boyce's arms, and blinked her eyes, and asked, "To what extent of happiness? Show me."

Boyce looked at her, and his pupils became darker. He was overwhelmed some emotions, but he controlled his feelings, "You just got wet in the rain. Stop doing this."

When he went back to City B last time, Jasmine asked him to sleep on the couch, and both of them did not sleep together. She flirted with him at this time, and he would not be able to stand it.

Jasmine suddenly thought of something and widened her eyes, "What to do? I lost my phone and wallet with the bank card you gave me. The card password is so simple. Will it be..."

"It's okay. I'll go to the bank to report the loss of the bank card tomorrow, and I'll go to buy you a new phone too," Boyce's tone was serious, "I'm happy to see you, but don't be like this next time. You must notify me in advance. Otherwise, it's too dangerous for you to come here alone."

"Are you worrying about me?" Jasmine raised her head.

Boyce lowered his eyes and rubbed her cheek with his fingertips. He felt her body was still slightly cold, "Of course, you're my wife."

Jasmine looked at him with her dove-eyed and gently raised the corners of her lips. She put her arms around his neck and put her lips to his.

They kissed. Boyce hesitated and glanced at her cheek with his dove-eyed. His heart was a little trembling. With the dim light, Jasmine looked feminine that he usually did not get to see it. Boyce looked at Jasmine within his reach. He could not help but respond to her kiss.

Both of them embraced each other passionately.

The quilt, which was covering Jasmine, slowly slipped off, and it showed her white and smooth skin with a little bit of coldness.

She pressed her body close to Boyce so that she could be warmer.

Boyce's breathing was getting quicker, and he called her name hoarsely.

Jasmine responded to him gently, "I miss you..." she sneezed untimely after her words, and she spat in Boyce's face.

She blushed instantly and hurriedly cleaned his face, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to..."

Her sneeze had ruined such a good atmosphere.

She felt chagrined.

Boyce grabbed her by the wrist that was frantically wiping his face and said with a smile, "It's okay."

He put the quilt back over Jasmine and helped her to lie down, "Take a nap, and I'll go out for a while."

"I'm fine, Ahchoo!" Jasmine sneezed again before finishing her words.

Boyce touched her forehead, but he was not sure whether she had a fever. So he put his forehead against hers to test her body temperature, and then he frowned slightly, "You may have a fever."

Jasmine also reached out to feel her temperature, "I don't think so."

She did not feel hot.

Boyce got up, "You can't feel it yourself."

He put the quilt back over Jasmine, "I'll go out and buy some medicine for you. You take a rest on the bed."

Jasmine said, "No need to ...Ahchoo..."

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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

It seemed like her body did not feel well.

Boyce leaned towards her and gently kissed her forehead, "Be good. I'll be back soon."

Jasmine nodded and said, "Come back home early."

Jasmine felt unsafe in the strange place when Boyce was not around.

"Well, I'll be back soon," after saying that, Boyce took the car keys and went out of the house. Jasmine looked at him, "Don't forget to take the umbrella."

Boyce replied to her with h'm, took the umbrella, and went out of the house.

Jasmine began to feel uncomfortable after Boyce left for a while. She still felt cold under the quilt, so she

huddled in the quilt.

She swept around the house and thought, "This is the place where Boyce lives."

The cupboard had a few pieces of clothing hung there, and there were a thermos flask and a teacup on the table. The house was simple.

Jasmine felt increasingly weak, so she lazily laid down and waited for Boyce to return home.

It took more than an hour for Boyce to return home. It was the middle of the night, and almost all the stores were closed.

He could only buy the medicine after going to a lot of places.

When he returned home, Jasmine had already drifted off.

Boyce poured a glass of warm water and put the medicine on the table before waking up Jasmine.

Jasmine blearily opened her eyes. Boyce propped her up and found her body was hot. He pressed his lips against her forehead, and it felt obvious that she was getting hotter when he touched her forehead. He whispered, "I've bought the medicine. Come and take medicine before you sleep."

"I want to sleep," Jasmine huddled while Boyce coaxed her, "Be obedient to take medicine."

He handed the medicine over to Jasmine's lips, and she opened her mouth and took it. She immediately frowned, "It's bitter."

"Drink some water to remove the bitterness, and it'll be fine," Boyce handed the glass of water over to

her lips. Jasmine swigged back the water to wash down the pill. The bitterness in her mouth was much lighter.

Boyce handed two more tablets over to her, "Two more tablets."

Jasmine pouted in his arms, "Can I refuse to take it?"

Boyce said, "No, you're sick now."

"I want you to feed me," Jasmine was afraid he would not understand her and said, "I want you to feed me with your mouth."

The pill would melt instantly in the mouth. Boyce said, "That will be more bitter."

"I want to share the bitterness with you. Don't you want to?" Jasmine said coquettishly.

Boyce was speechless.

Jasmine took the pill from his hand and placed it between his lips, then put her lips to his, "It won't melt in this way." _Chapter 823Why?

Boyce lowered his eyes and paused for a moment.

Jasmine sighed, "Forget it if you're unwilling."

When she reached out her hands to take the pill, Boyce suddenly lowered his head and they looked at each other. She swallowed, "I just teased you um "...

As she just opened her mouth, his lips made contact with hers which the pill was on it, and he used the tip of his tongue to stuff it into her mouth.

This wasn't a good way for her to swallow the pill. It melted in her mouth instantly and that bitterness made her face wrinkled. She pushed Boyce hard, "Give me water quickly, it's bitter."

He handed her the water, and she took two large sips to swallow the pill that had melted in her mouth.

He found her cute when looking at her frowning face, then he reached out to touch her nose, "Will you still be naughty in the future?"

Jasmine pursed her lips and glared at him, "Nasty!"

After saying that, she put on the blanket and slept. He pulled the blanket and said, "It's stuffy."

"Don't care about me." She still didn't uncover the blanket and said sullenly.

Boyce didn't force her and got up to take a shower. When he came out, she seemed to fall asleep, and the soft sound of breathing could vaguely be heard. He slowed down his pace, walked towards the bed and bent down his body to pull the blanket which covered her head.

"Hmm "...

She turned over unpleasantly as she seemed to hear something and she faced Boyce. Since she had taken the fever reducer and was covered in the blanket, her body was sweating.

He brushed the hair away on her cheeks and touched her forehead. He could feel that the temperature receded.

Then he went to get a towel soaked in warm water and wrung it out to wipe her face. As he noticed her neck was also oozing with sweat, he wiped it too. Her skin looked pinkish probably because of sweating.

He could vaguely glimpse the part of her body underneath her collarbone even though it was covered by a blanket.

He swallowed and soon averted his eyes. He put the towel down and washed his face with cold water to make himself clear-headed before walking out. Then he took a thin blanket, lying down next to her but he didn't lift her quilt.

Wasn't it unpleasant for him to share the blanket with her since she didn't wear any clothes?

He couldn't do anything with her without thinking of her as she was still sick and asleep.

He knew clearly in his mind, but he was still eager and couldn't fall asleep. Looking at her face, he thought of the scene in which she appeared in front of him in the rain. The corners of his lips curled up unconsciously and he got closer to kiss her forehead, saying softly, "I'm surprised and delighted that you're here."

At least it proved that this woman loved him as she came alone just to look for him and even lost her purse and got sick due to rain.

Boyce was tender because of Jasmine.

He held her in his arms and thought that he must protect her well.

At dawn, she woke up with a thirst, "Water "...

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

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15 Celebrities With Terrible Personal Hygiene

He had already woken up and was ready to go outside to buy breakfast. As he heard her murmuring, he walked over and asked, "What did you say?"

She was dazed and only felt the unbearable dryness of her mouth, "Water "...

He poured a glass of water and helped her up, then she took and finished it herself so that she felt more comfortable.

She opened her eyes and a soft light penetrated through the curtains, "Is it dawn?"

"It's only six o'clock now, you just sleep a little longer and I'll buy you something to eat," He said as he put the water glass on the table.

Jasmine touched her own forehead and he said, "The fever went down last night and didn't come back anymore."

By the time he woke up, he had touched her forehead. The fever didn't rise during the night.

She became more energetic now and said, "I didn't bring any clothes to change, and yesterday's clothes are all wet. What should I wear today?"

He said, "I'll buy some clothes for you later."

She smiled, "Alright, buy the ones inside too."

He instantly grasped her meaning and his expression turned somewhat unnatural. He felt embarrassed to buy a woman's bra and underwear as he was a man.

"You don't want to buy it for me?" she asked.

He shook his head hurriedly, "No."

She smiled. "Thank you so much. I'm hungry, buy some food for me."

He pulled the blanket upwards on her, "Um, you can sleep awhile."

She nodded while he took the car key and went out. The weather had turned sunny, there was no more standing water on the road, but it was still wet.

She couldn't fall asleep, so she got up and found Boyce's blouse to wear temporarily. Then she went to wash the wet clothes she had taken off last night and also Boyce's clothes.

When he came back, he saw Jasmine had just finished washing the clothes and was about to dry them on the small balcony in the bedroom.

He put down the things in his hands and came over, "Let me dry them."

She said, "I'm fine "...

He took the clothes from her hands without saying anything, pulled her into the room and pulled the thin blanket he had covered last night and wrapped it around her. She was confused, "I'm fine. It's hot if you wrapped this tightly."

She struggled and tried to pull the blanket away, but Boyce didn't allow it.

She tilted her head to look at him, "Why?"Chapter 824As You Wish

His eyes skimmed over her and said, "You stay in the house and don't go out. I've put the breakfast on the table, go over and eat. I'll dry the clothes."

Jasmine pulled the hem of his shirt and asked, "Why aren't you looking at me? Are you angry?"

But why? Why was he so weird?

He said, "Go and eat quickly. I'm not angry."

She pursed her lips and said, "Then why are you wrapping a blanket around me?"

"You're not wearing anything ...it's not good to stand on the balcony." He coughed lightly to cover up his embarrassment for being too straightforward.

“Who said I’m not wearing anything? Aren’t I wearing your clothes? The windowsill is so high, even if someone looks towards here, they can only see my upper body ”...

“It’s not okay too. ”He said in a deep voice, “Go and eat otherwise the food is going to turn cold.”

After finished speaking, he walked towards the balcony to dry the clothes.

Jasmine looked at him, “Are you afraid that others will see my body?”

He didn’t say anything and picked up the clothes rack to dry the clothes.

She wrapped the blanket around her body and stood up, then walked to the windowsill, leaned against the wall and looked at him with a smile, “I’m asking you, why don’t you answer me? Are you afraid that my body will be seen by others?”

He turned his head over, “You’re my wife.”

By definition, only he himself could see it.

How could she cover-up in just a blouse? Moreover, it was all naked inside.

She said, “I know.”

She came over, put her arms around his neck and smiled radiantly, "I like your touchy look."

Boyce was speechless.

He wasn't being touchy, he was just ...

It seemed to be true.

"Why don't you talk? Obviously, you're touchy, right?" she smiled more brilliantly and her eyes curved with light which shined like stars.

She leapt up and wrapped her legs around his waist using the strength of her arms. Boyce was afraid that she would fall, so he held her waist. She curled her lips, "But I like, I like the way you care about me with the touchy pattern."

He was speechless.

Well, he was touchy.

"Are you busy today? I came to see you, do you have time to accompany me?" she tightly wrapped around his neck. Two of them were in an ambiguous position.

He lifted his chin and kissed her lips, "Very busy."

The subtext was that he didn't have time, otherwise, he wouldn't have been off work so late last night. He came here to assist the police department with a big case. It was now at a critical moment and no accidents were allowed. He still had a lot of things to deal with today.

She understood and felt a bit upset, but she could understand.

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Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

“I know, I won’t bother you. I’ll wait for you at home,” She said thoughtfully.

Boyce felt guilty as she had come to look for him. However, he didn’t have time to accompany her and scroll around this strange city with her, “Jasmine, I’m sorry.”

“This is your job, I understand.” She leaned over him, “Do you know? I admire your profession.”

He carried her into the room and asked, “You just admire my profession. Don’t you admire me?”

She shook her head, “No, I don’t admire you.”

He put her on the bed and said, “Be honest, I’m going to dry the clothes.”

She grabbed his collar and got closer to him, “I don’t admire you, I only love you.”

After saying that, she let go, walked towards the table and opened the breakfast that Boyce had bought just now. He was so happy as he looked at her with warmth in his eyes and said, “I can take a few days off after things had been done and accompany you at that time.”

Jasmine ate porridge at the table, saying, "Let's talk about it later." It was normal to be busy with his job like this. She had no idea if she would have any time since she would also be doing her internship after his work here was over.

It was still early to talk about it.

Before he could eat after he had done to dry the clothes, he received a call and left in a hurry. Although she felt somewhat upset, she didn't make any trouble to make him stressed, but just stayed at home alone.

At noon, he came back to buy some clothes and food for her but left again without saying a few words.

She understood that she could go out if she had clothes. However, she realized that she had no money and couldn't buy anything.

After going around outside, she returned home, cleaned up the place where Boyce lived and stayed at home to watch television alone.

In City B, Armand Bernie didn't take the initiative to contact Theresa Gordon after she left. He always held back at the end every time he wanted to contact her.

He found a fifty-year-old nanny at home who was quiet and didn't like to talk, but she worked very hard. This point made Armand satisfied.

Since Theresa had left, Armand spent all his time at work and returned home until it was late at night every day.

When he came back to get the document which he forgot and left at home, Armand's grandma pulled him, "Armand, you talk to me."

He answered, "I have to work."

"You've been leaving early and returning home late these days. It's bad for your health." She was concerned about him.

He didn't say anything.

"You've come back on your own for a few days. Where is Theresa?" she asked cautiously.

Armand's expression looked indifferent, "As you wish, we're getting a divorce. Are you happy now?"

"I just want you to have a child, I didn't intend to let both of you get a divorce. I know you like Theresa, I ..."

"Things had happened to such an extent, don't say anything. I'm very busy, I'll leave first. If you have anything, just call out to Bertha."

He walked out with the document in his hand after saying that.

"Armand "...she turned her wheelchair and looked at the closed door. She felt lonely as there was no one she could talk to in such a big house. Besides, she couldn't go out with her poor legs either.

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

Next chapter