

Chapter 849 Looking Great

However at this moment, Wendy's hand, which had risen in the air, was grabbed by someone. She thought that it was her boyfriend, so she lowered her voice and scolded him, "Why are you..." grabbing my hand.

When she had not finished saying the remaining words, she saw that the person who was grabbing her hand was not her boyfriend. It was Boyce, her face turned pale in a moment, "Why, why are you here?"

Boyce pulled away her hand which was grabbing Jasmine, and then he yanked her hand away. Wendy staggered and almost fell.

"For Officer Miller's sake, I've never exposed those disgraceful things that you've done, but you're still being impenitent. Fine, I will ask Officer Miller to come here today and discuss it properly." Boyce looked serious on his face; there was anger in his eyes which could be hardly detected. Obviously, he was offended by Wendy.

Wendy put her hand on the wall for support; she said stubbornly, "Don't use my dad to bluff me."

"You can see whether or not I'm bluffing you. Since you're being shameless, do I still need to cover for you?" Boyce took out his phone and found the phone number of Officer Miller. Wendy immediately grabbed his phone away, seeing that Boyce was really going to make a call, "You are not allowed to make a call."

Wendy had always known that Boyce was a loyal person who cherished friendship, he also respected her dad. He didn't tell her dad about her matters because of the respect to his dad. She thought that Boyce was bluffing her just now, she didn't expect that he really wanted to make a call.

She had forgotten that there must be some limits which couldn't be exceeded as long as they were humans.

"Don't forget that it's my dad who has promoted you. If he didn't promote you, you won't be what you're now, are you going to kick him down the ladder?" Wendy stared at Boyce, "You're just the same as others, you're pretending to be a gentleman, but indeed you're also a womanizer. You've found someone who is so young, isn't it just because you like her body..."

"Thud!"

When she had not finished talking, she was given a slap on her face. Her eyes became red, and she couldn't believe it, "You, you slapped me?"

Boyce looked daggers at her, "I'm just teaching you a lesson on behalf of your dad. If Officer Miller is here today, perhaps he will feel regret having this daughter!"

Wendy's chest was moving up and down due to the anger, "You're ungrateful!"

She rushed in front and wanted to beat Boyce while she talked. She had lost her head at this moment, let alone saving her face, she totally looked like a shrew.

Boyce could get whatever he wanted now, Wendy envied that everything which should initially belong to her, was taken by Jasmine already. She was even given a slap by Boyce and he had taught her a lesson in front of other people, she felt angry and she couldn't reconcile with them.

Boyce didn't move, he just watched her rushing toward him with the hideous look. Perhaps Wendy was too agitated, she tripped over something and fell.

She was in an awkward predicament.

Her boyfriend thought that she was a well-educated lady since she was Officer Miller's daughter, she looked nice, and they were about the same age as well. Although they had both divorced before, they didn't have children, so they were quite matched.

Her boyfriend thought that she was being aggressive just now because her ex-boyfriend had been snatched by others. Hence, she was holding a grudge and it was normal for her to talk in an unfriendly way.

'But looking at her now, does she look like a well-educated lady? She can't even be understanding to others, which is the basic.'

"Wendy, we shall end the date today, I think that we're just not compatible." He turned and left after saying this.

He thought that Wendy was making a fool of herself.

When Wendy realized what he had said, she stood up and chased him, "We've said that we're going to marry each other, why are we not compatible?"

Her boyfriend wanted to avoid her so much, he got into the car and started the car, then he left quickly.

Wendy knocked on his door, "Stop the car!"

He didn't hesitate and leave directly.

Jasmine held Boyce's hand, "Let's move to other place."

Boyce nodded and said, "Let's go, I will call them after getting into the car."

Boyce guarded Jasmine into the car, he worried that Wendy would come and disturb her again.

After getting into the car, he started the car and left. Then, he had called Matthew and Armand telling them not to come here anymore.

It was too late already to book another quiet place at this moment. Hence, Dolores had asked them to go to the bungalow because the bungalow was quiet and well-equipped, they could just let the restaurant send the foods there.

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The place was spacious and quiet.

Boyce agreed.

So, he drove to the bungalow.

"Why would you meet her?" Boyce asked.

Jasmine answered, "I went there once I received your message, I was waiting for you outside because I knew that you were not there yet. Maybe she was there to dine, so we had accidentally met each other, and she had come down on me when she saw me."

She felt so helpless too.

Boyce looked toward her and asked concernedly, "Are you okay?"

Jasmine shook her head, "You had come in time."

At this moment, Boyce saw that there were red marks on her wrists. Wendy had treated her badly, she had purposely scratched her wrists using her fingernails when grabbing her wrists. There was a row of nails marks on the inner side of her wrists, some sides were bleeding.

Boyce brought her hand over, but Jasmine drew her hand back and said smilingly, "It's okay."

It was not a serious injury, she didn't want Boyce to worry about this trivial matter. He was busy with his work already, she didn't want to trouble him anymore.

Boyce pursed his lips, he looked serious on his face, "Call me if you face this kind of thing again in the future."

Jasmine smiled and said, "Okay."

Although she was young, she was really sensible. The more she was sensible, the more Boyce felt sorry to her.

After all, the reason Wendy would pick a quarrel with Jasmine was because of him.

"I'm sorry, Jasmine."

Jasmine leaned on his shoulder, "We already have a baby, but you're still always apologizing to me, will the baby laugh at you when the baby is born later?"

Boyce glanced at her abdomen, his eyes twinkled and there was a joy in him which was difficult to be detected.

He was going to be a dad.

Soon, the car had stopped in front of the entrance of the bungalow. Armand and Theresa were standing at the entrance, they had just arrived too. They were in City B as well, they had come back to fetch Armand's grandma.

Armand had also wanted to ask them out for a gathering initially, he wanted to tell everyone since he had decided to leave, then he had received a call from Boyce.

"You guys are here." Theresa greeted them seeing that Jasmine and Boyce were getting out of the car.

Jasmine and Boyce walked side by side toward them, "Hmm, did you guys just arrive too?"

Theresa nodded, "Yes, let's go inside together."

"Okay." Jasmine went in front and walked together with Theresa.

Armand and Boyce walked behind them.

"Isn't it that you had told us to go to the restaurant? Why are we coming to the bungalow again?" Armand asked.

Boyce said, "There's an accident, this place is more comfortable than the restaurant."

"Has any good thing happened on you?" Armand put his arm on Boyce's shoulder, "You're looking great."

Chapter 850 Replacing Wine with Water

Boyce curved up the corners of his mouth, he was smiling.

“Oh.” Armand knew that there was really a good thing happening on him based on his face expression, “No wonder you want to treat us a meal, is it that you have a good thing to show us off?”

Boyce glanced at him, “I don’t like to show off as much as you do.”

“What can I show off about?” Armand laughed. Although he had faced so many difficulties, it was nothing more precious than staying with Theresa safely at this moment.

In front of them, Jasmine and Theresa had entered the house. Dolores and Matthew were the first to arrive. Although they had moved away from the bungalow, they would still ask someone to clean up the place, so the bungalow was very clean and not dusty even though there was no one staying here.

Seeing that they had come, Dolores poured a few cups of water and placed them on the table.

“Boyce, I heard that you’re promoted.” Dolores put the jug down, she looked up and asked him.

Boyce sat on the sofa, “You really have your fingers on the pulse, you’ve known it even if I haven’t told you.”

Dolores chuckled, she had heard it from Matthew too. She didn't know how Matthew knew it, but it was normal that he had his fingers on the pulse since he had a lot of connections.

"Let me take the opportunity to say a few words too." Armand put his arm around Theresa and said, "Theresa and I have planned about it, we have come back this time to pick up grandma."

"Where do you want to bring her to?" Boyce had just come back from his work not long before, he didn't know about the matter that Armand was going to stay in City C.

Hence, he had asked about this.

Armand then explained again about the matter that he was going to City C, "Grandma's illness is serious, but this is a good thing for me since I can finally stay with Theresa."

He had come a long way to get here.

Armand's grandma had already suffered from Alzheimer's disease, her memories became worse when she fell and injured her brain again. Most of her memories stopped in the past, and it seemed like she had forgotten the recent ones. Forgetting about those unhappy memories was a good thing for Armand.

"You're going to live there, how about here..."

"I've settled all the things here." Armand knew what Boyce was going to ask.

Boyce patted him. The doorbell rang at this time, it was the delivery.

Dolores stood up and she went to open the door. There were three people coming with a few food boxes in their hands, Dolores stood sideways to let them come in, "Put them on the table."

Soon, the deliverymen had put the food boxes on the table.

After they left, Dolores closed the door, then she walked beside the table and opened the food boxes. Theresa and Jasmine had also come to help her.

Dolores said, "I can do this in just a moment by myself, why do guys come here too?"

"The men are talking, we can't get a word in edgeways." Jasmine smiled, then she asked, "Do we need to put them in the plates?"

Theresa said, "The foods are all well-packed already, putting them in the plates just makes them look nice, and we will need to clean them up later."

"You're right." Jasmine asked Dolores, "Dolores, why do you guys move to the Nelson Mansion and don't want to stay here anymore?"

Dolores lowered her eyes to hide her emotion, she told her that Jayden was in a bad health condition and they missed the old place, so they had moved back.

When they had done placing the dishes, Theresa shouted toward the men in the living room, "You guys can eat while talking."

"Boyce is promoted today, we shall celebrate it, I will go and take a bottle of wine here," Dolores said.

"We have driven here, how do we go home if we drink?" Armand pulled Theresa and sat down.

Dolores stopped moving, she thought that what Armand said was right.

“Isn’t it that we can get a driver to drive for us? It’s rare that we can gather, for sure Boyce will be very busy in the future after being promoted, while Armand and I are also going to live in City C. It’s uncertain of when we will get to gather again, so we shall just drink some, what do you guys think?” Theresa said smilingly.

After that, everyone felt that what Theresa said was right, if they were to have a meal without drinking, then it would be boring, so they had taken two bottles over there.

Dolores wanted to pour them the wine initially, but Boyce had taken the bottle and said, “Let me do it.”

Dolores passed the bottle to him and sat down.

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He poured them the wine one by one starting from Matthew, he just didn’t pour it for Jasmine, so Theresa had teased him, “I didn’t know that Boyce knows how to take care of someone so well in the past.” She looked at Jasmine smilingly, “You’ve married the right person. See, he has poured Lola and me the wine, but he just didn’t pour it for you, he cares about you so much.”

Jasmine felt a bit embarrassed, her face turned red listening to the words from Theresa.

She lowered her head shyly.

Boyce still didn’t pour Jasmine the wine when Theresa had finished talking.

He sat down and put the bottle aside, "She doesn't know how to drink."

"Then do we know how to drink?" Dolores laughed.

They were just making fun of them, they were not against Jasmine and they were just teasing Boyce, "Then you shall drink for Jasmine."

"Sure." Boyce answered immediately without hesitation.

Armand just looked at Boyce, "Faster go away, stop being lovey-dovey. We are celebrating your promotion, how can it be if your wife doesn't drink?"

Armand took the wine which was put in front of Boyce, then he poured the wine for Jasmine and said, "We are celebrating for your husband today, you can't disappoint us."

"Armand." Theresa glared at him.

She just wanted to tease Boyce, she didn't really want to let Jasmine drink since she was the youngest here and she was still a university student, it was really inappropriate for her to drink.

Jasmine stood up and poured a cup of water, "I will replace the wine with water."

Armand still wanted to say something, but Dolores had interrupted him, "Okay, just drink the water."

She seemed to have realized something, it wasn't because of Jasmine couldn't drink, she had drunk last time too. Since everyone was here today, for sure she didn't do this intentionally.

"She has married Boyce for quite a while already, perhaps she is pregnant?"

Dolores was not sure about this, she was just guessing.

Or else, she couldn't think of other reason that Jasmine rejected to drink.

"You guys have started this first, now it is you guys again who have stopped me, why are women so capricious?" Armand sat down.

Theresa pinched his ear, "If I'm capricious, will I still stay with you whole-heartedly?"

"Ouch." Armand wussed out soon, "There are so many people here, please save face for me."

"Do you still have face?" Boyce said ironically, "Isn't that you are always punished by Theresa to kneel on the washboard at home?"

Armand's eyes widened and he stared at Boyce fiercely, then his eyes fell on Jasmine who was sitting beside him, "Did you hear it, Jasmine? He likes to kneel on the washboard, you shall let him kneel on it when you go back home today, he likes it."

"You are the one who like it." Boyce poured half of the wine from his glass into Armand's glass, "You need to drink more, so that you can shut up."

"Scram, you have drunk it, I don't want it." Armand took his glass, and he was going to pour the wine back.

Boyce said, "I didn't drink."

“You still can’t, or I will let Jasmine drink for you?” Armand turned to Jasmine when he was talking, “You shall finish drinking this for your husband, anyway he had drunk this already.”

Boyce stopped him and took the glass, “Armand, why are you so annoying?”

“Am I annoying just because I’ve let your wife drink?” Armand looked at him, “Why do I feel like there is something wrong with you guys, is it that you guys are sick?”

Thinking of this, Armand looked serious on his face.

“You’re the one who is sick.” Boyce wished to open Armand’s brain and see what’s inside.

“Then why...”

“Perhaps Boyce is going to become a dad?” Dolores interrupted Armand and she looked toward Jasmine. Chapter 851 Double Happiness

Jasmine lowered her head shyly. Although she was shy and didn’t tell them, but everyone knew that she was giving the tacit admission.

Dolores was the first one to talk, “Congrats.”

Theresa couldn’t respond in a short while, she congratulated them only after a long time. Dolores was already the mother of three children, and Jasmine had also become pregnant now.

Leaving only Armand and her who didn’t have child, she turned her head and looked at Armand, she wanted to know how he felt when knowing that Boyce had become a dad.

However, Armand just showed a calm face. Indeed, he was startled for a while when he just heard of it, to be exact, it was the 'envy'.

'Envy' them, because he was the only one who couldn't have child.

But soon he had realized that this was his life, there was nothing to be envied of. He would live together with Theresa forever if they didn't have a child, some more there were so many people who didn't want to have child nowadays, it was not a big deal if he didn't have a child.

The most important thing was, he couldn't let Theresa find out his emotion. He knew her sensitiveness so well, so he was more concerned about Theresa's feelings.

He smiled so happily at this moment, he even joked, "Boyce is having double happiness today, he is promoted and he has a happy family, then there are now three people in his family already. He is winning in life, just for this, I want to congratulate him."

When Armand was talking, he stood up and took a glass again, then he put it in front of Boyce and poured him the wine. Boyce had already had a glass, adding on Jasmine's glass, now Armand had given him another glass again, so there were three glasses in total. Armand held his glass up, "One glass for me, three glasses for you."

Boyce looked up, "Why is it one glass for you, but three glasses for me?"

Armand looked at him coldly, "Why, you are having double happiness, isn't it that you shall drink three glasses? I'm wishing you sincerely, don't you appreciate it?"

Boyce was speechless.

'What a nonsense?'

Fine, he couldn't surpass Armand in speaking, so he could only drink them.

Armand and Boyce touched their glasses, but Armand only took a sip while Boyce drank the whole glass. After the second touching of their glasses, Armand took a sip again while Boyce drank another glass of wine. After the third touching of their glasses, Armand finished drinking the remaining wine while Boyce finished drinking another glass of wine again.

After putting the glass down, Armand felt so happy, he immediately refilled the three glasses for Boyce, then he talked to Matthew and Dolores, "Today is the red-letter day of Boyce, you guys shall wish him too."

Boyce glanced at the glasses in front of him, then he glared at Armand, "Don't let me catch you."

Armand laughed, "I think that you won't have the chance, perhaps you can only prank me in the next life."

"Be careful, extreme joy begets sorrow."

"If there are many difficulties in life, then I must have experienced all of them already, the remaining in my life will be the happy days. As the saying goes, no pain, no gain. I had suffered so much already, and now the good things have finally come, I'll live a happy life in the future." Armand poured a glass of wine for himself, then he held the glass up and touched it with Theresa's glass, "Let's have a drink."

Theresa glanced at him, the corners of her mouth curved up, then she gulped down the glass of wine.

Armand put the glass down and looked toward Dolores, “Dolores, quickly wish him, there is rarely an opportunity to force him to drink and he still can’t reject it. Or else, it will be difficult to get another chance again.”

Dolores smiled and said, “You’re right. Boyce is usually the most mature and steadiest one, his love has arrived late, but it has arrived at the right time. He has now harvested his love and career, he really worth the celebration.”

She held the glass up and looked at Boyce, “Congratulations.”

Boyce held his glass up helplessly, “Dolores, why do you...”

“Cut the crap, just drink, quickly drink.” Boyce pushed the bottom of his glass and forced the wine into his mouth.

This had made everyone burst into laughter.

The gathering had finished in a satisfactory way, but Boyce had drunk too much. Dolores had drunk with him, followed by Matthew, then Armand said again, “I feel that I want to show you that I’m wishing you sincerely, so I congratulate you again.”

Boyce was forced to drink another three glasses again, so he was drunk.

After calling someone to drive for them, Armand and Theresa had stayed here and said that they wanted to help Dolores to clean up the place, but Dolores had asked them to go back.

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“It’s late already, when will you finish cleaning up the place if you were to do it by yourself?” Theresa was going to help her, but Dolores pulled her hand away, “Don’t do it, just go back home with Armand. I will clean these up and throw into the dustbin, then I will just throw it outside. There’s nothing much to be washed, isn’t it that you guys are going back to City C? Quickly go back and rest.”

“Okay then.” It was inappropriate for Theresa to say anything again since Dolores had talked in this way.

Matthew and Armand were talking in the living room.

Matthew told him that Oscar was old already, and he had let Armand attend more to him.

Armand understood.

When the driver arrived, Armand and Theresa went out from the bungalow, but Dolores had stopped them, “Theresa, Armand...”

“Is there anything else, Dolores?” Armand turned his head.

Dolores wanted to ask them to help her taking care of Joshua initially, but she wanted to let her child stay beside Jayden due to his sickness, so she needed to delay this matter.

“Nothing, be careful on the way back.”

She would just wait and tell them when the time came.

“Okay, we’re leaving now.”

Dolores waved to them, “Goodbye.”

When all of them had left, the whole bungalow became quiet in a moment. Dolores was cleaning up the table, Matthew walked toward her, “I’ll help you.”

Dolores rejected him, “Your hands will be greasy later.”

She looked up, “Do you know how to do these?”

“I can learn.” Matthew looked calm and cold, he didn’t smile again ever since Jayden fell sick.

Dolores knew that he was unhappy, she sighed silently and said, “Help me to throw it into the dustbin outside.”

She had cleaned up all the things on the table and put them into a rubbish bag, then she gave it to Matthew.

The sky tonight was very dark and gentle.

When Matthew had come back from throwing rubbish, the table in the dining room was already wiped clean. Dolores was standing in front of the sink and washing the glasses.

His body pressed against hers from the back, he put his arms around her waist. Without the erotic feeling, he just wanted to hug her.

Dolores didn't move, she turned down the faucet, leaving only a small volume of water flowing. She took the glass and washed in the water, then she talked with the sound of running water surrounding them, "There are not only good things in our life, sometimes the bad things will also happen suddenly, I will be by your side no matter how difficult the situation is."

She looked up, her eyelashes brushed against the corners of his eyes because they were standing too close.

Matthew took the glass away from her hand, then he turned off the faucet, "Accompany me to sit for a while."

He took Dolores to the living room and sat on the sofa. The bright light shone the interior, as if it was during the day. However, the atmosphere around them was heavy and depressing, their emotions didn't improve due to the bright light.

Meanwhile at the other place, Jasmine and Boyce had arrived at their accommodation.

Boyce had drunk too much, and Jasmine couldn't support him. The driver was kind-hearted, so he had helped her to bring Boyce into the house.

After putting Boyce onto the bed, Jasmine had poured a cup of water for the driver, "Take a sip before you go."

"It's okay." The driver waved at her and left, Jasmine then closed the door. After coming back into the house, she put some water in a basin and placed it beside the bed, then she took off Boyce's clothes.

Boyce was in a daze, he felt like there was someone pulling his clothes._

Chapter 852 A Neat Stack of Bills

“Don’t touch me.” Jasmine removed his clothes and then her hands paused and then looked at him and said tenderly, “Boyce.”

Boyce turned around but did not react.

Jasmine was speechless.

She frowned and stood next to the bed. She removed a sleeve with much difficulty and now Boyce’s other arm was under his body. She had no strength to push him over.

What should she do?

Jasmine was flustered and did not know what to do. She could not let him sleep like that. He would be uncomfortable. She knelt beside the bed and mustered all her strength to roll him over. Boyce was frustrated and brushed her hand away. He said with disdain, “Don’t touch me.”

Jasmine froze and looked at him. It was the first time she saw him in a drunk state. She felt that it was both amusing and frustrating.

“Sleep in this manner if you don’t want me to touch you. Don’t blame me if you ache all over tomorrow.” Jasmine sniped back and then took a blanket from the cupboard to cover him.

Boyce stirred and then stretched out his hand and demanded, “Where’s my phone?”

“You’re drunk, what do you need your phone for?” Jasmine grabbed his hand and continued, “Rest now.”

Boyce flung away her hand and persisted, “No, I need to make a call.”

Jasmine placed her hand on his forehead and asked, “Who do you need to call when you’re so drunk?”

“I miss her.” Boyce turned his back towards Jasmine.

People speak the truth when they were drunk. Jasmine felt happy that he missed her when he was drunk. She took a damp hand towel and wiped his face and hands. She removed his shoes and socks and covered his legs with the blanket. She then tidied the apartment and then took a shower and laid down beside him. He was reeking of alcohol and Jasmine felt disgusted by that perhaps it was due to her pregnancy that her sense of smell was more acute. She turned to face away from him and soon he reached for her and hugged her with his leg over her. His leg was very heavy and Jasmine pushed it away. Soon it was back over her and she could hardly sleep. She was very tired and took a blanket with her to sleep in the sitting room.

Boyce woke up in the morning and saw that he was alone in bed. He went out of the room and saw Jasmine sleeping on the sofa and asked, “Why are you sleeping here?”

Jasmine sat up, folded the blanket, and said, “Go and take a shower.”

Boyce stood in place and felt uneasy. What made Jasmine sleep on the sofa? Did he do anything to upset her when he was drunk?

“Why did you sleep on the sofa?” Boyce asked again.

Jasmine was puzzled and said, “Do you intend to go to work in this state? It’s almost seven o’clock. Quickly take a shower and change your clothes.”

Boyce looked at the time and he did not have much time to get ready for work. He quickly asked, “Did I do anything last night to upset you?”

Jasmine now understood why he had been behaving strangely. He was worried that she was angry with him.

She looked at the blanket in her hands and then walked over to him, smiled, and said, “No.”

She gently gave him a peck on his chin and said, “Go and have a shower.”

Boyce relaxed and heaved a sigh of relief. He then went to wash up and got ready for work.

Jasmine overslept and had not prepared breakfast. Jasmine dressed up neatly and then said, “Let’s get a bite on our way out today.”

Boyce agreed and saw that Jasmine was going out and asked, “Where are you going?”

“To work,” Jasmine replied.

Boyce raised his eyebrow and asked, “Work? But you’re pregnant...”

“I can’t be doing anything. It’s just an internship.” Jasmine grabbed her bag and continued, “I was already on leave for a couple of days. I need to go back to work today.”

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She stepped out of the house and Boyce quickly said, "Wait for me. I'll send you."

Jasmine replied, "It's nearby, no need..."

Boyce looked at her and said, "I'll send you."

Jasmine was speechless.

Boyce sent her to her workplace before going to work. He was busier now and Jasmine finished her work earlier than him. As she entered the lift, a middle-aged man walked over with a box of apples. When he saw that the doors were closing, he quickly yelled, "Wait..."

Jasmine quickly pressed the button for the doors to open. The man with the box of apples entered and thanked Jasmine. Jasmine simply smiled in return.

Thereafter, he did not press any button for the level. It appeared that he was going to the same level as Jasmine. Once they got off the lift, the man asked, "Are you living here?"

Jasmine nodded.

The man said, "Do you know Mr. Shawn?"

Jasmine looked at him for a couple of seconds and asked, "Why are you looking for him?"

The man appeared to be in his fifties and said, "Mr. Shawn had helped and I would like to express my gratitude. I don't have much money and so I brought some homegrown apples and would like to give him a box."

Jasmine said, "He would not accept any gifts from anyone."

In Boyce's current status, it was inappropriate for him to accept any gifts. Even if a box of apples appeared to be harmless, nevertheless, it was inappropriate.

"I need to express my gratitude for his help." The middle-aged man said and asked, "Do you know him?"

Jasmine nodded.

"You're his wife?" It was obvious that the middle-aged man knew at this point. He shoved the box of apples to her and said, "A box of apples isn't valuable, please accept these."

Jasmine pushed back but the middle-aged man insisted and left.

Before the lift doors closed, he said to Jasmine, "Mr. Shawn is a good man."

Jasmine smiled proudly.

Once the lift closed, Jasmine looked at the box of apples and decided not to throw them away. She took the box of apples into the apartment and then placed the box on the dining table. She then called Boyce and asked when he would be back. Boyce told her not to wait for him as he would be home late.

There was an old case that was handed over to him. This case had no progress for a year and that was why it was given to him.

Although Officer Miller liked him, Boyce rose to this position due to his abilities because he had no connections. Now this case was a double-edged sword. If he solved it, it may reaffirm his abilities. However, if he did not, then some people might use his failure to remove him from the position.

That was why he had to put extra effort into cracking this case.

Jasmine cooked only enough for herself that night. She washed up after dinner and fell asleep. She was groggy when Boyce came back. She knew that she had something to tell him but she could not remember what it was.

Boyce laid on the bed and hugged her to sleep.

The next morning, Boyce received a call that appeared to be urgent. He told Jasmine to go to work on her own and quickly left.

Just as Jasmine was taking the milk out of the refrigerator, she saw the apples on the dining table and remembered what she wanted to tell Boyce. She had not eaten any apples for a while and walked over to open the box for an apple.

As soon as she opened the box, there were no apples inside. Instead, the box was neatly stacked with dollar bills.

Chapter 853 Why Are You Here?

Jasmine was stunned by the amount of money. She was dazed for a moment.

There must be something fishy for someone to give so much money. She forced herself to calm down

and she knew that she had to inform Boyce. She looked for her cellphone and her hands trembled and dropped the cellphone onto the ground.

She squatted to pick up the phone but the screen had shattered. She was still able to make the call but Boyce's cellphone had been turned off.

She frowned at the unexpected turn of events. What should she do now? What if this money brought trouble to Boyce? She began to become flustered and her mind was in a daze. It was her carelessness that caused this situation. What if this caused trouble for Boyce? She shuddered to think of the consequences...

She sat on the floor in desperation and wondered who she should look for. She did not dare to do anything rash now and needed someone with who she could discuss this. After a moment, she thought of Dolores. Matthew was so intelligent and should know what to do in such a situation. Hence, she gave Dolores a call.

The weather was lovely today and Dolores took her baby to the park for a stroll.

Kevin was supporting Jayden as they strolled and remarked, "Look at how time flies. More than half of the year had passed and it's almost the mid-autumn festival."

Jayden looked up to the trees and indeed some of the leaves had started to turn yellow. Once winter arrived, the Chinese New Year would come next. The leaves would grow again at every spring but once a man had passed on, he would leave the earth forever.

He was not afraid of death but when he pondered about it, he still felt rather apprehensive.

Kevin said, "Autumn is here, every season brings its beauty and also its loneliness."

Dolores said soon after, "The weather is also becoming colder. Uncle, you need to wear warmer clothes."

Kevin smiled.

Her phone began to ring and Jessica handed her cellphone to her and said, "You have a call."

Dolores placed the child into the pram and covered the baby with a blanket. Thereafter she took over the phone and it was Jasmine who called her. Why did Jasmine call her?

As soon as she answered the call, Jasmine said anxiously, "Dolores, I made a mistake."

Dolores was puzzled and asked, "What happened? Calm down and explain it to me."

Jasmine composed herself and said, "Yesterday after work I met someone who was looking for Boyce. He gave me a box of apples for Boyce. Today when I opened it, there were no apples but instead, it was filled with money. Dolores, what should I do? I'm so frightened now and I don't know what I should do."

Dolores could understand her anxiety. Who would give Boyce so much money? Boyce just had a promotion. Someone could be setting him up by sending him this money. It would definitely affect Boyce if this was not handled properly.

“Have you informed Boyce? What did he say?” Dolores asked.

“His cellphone is turned off. I can’t reach him. Dolores, can you suggest what I should do?”

“Don’t panic.” Dolores pondered and then asked, “Where are you now?”

“I’m at home.” Jasmine quickly replied.

“Okay, I’ll head over to you. Wait at home for me.” Dolores said.

Jasmine acknowledged and ended the call.

She looked towards Jessica and asked, “Mom, can you take care of the baby?”

Jessica nodded and asked, “Do you have something on?”

Dolores nodded and then walked off. Jayden looked at her and said, “Drive carefully.”

Dolores thanked him for his concern. She went home to take the car keys and headed to Jasmine’s house.

As Jasmine sat on the sofa, she occasionally would look towards the box of money and her stomach would churn. Soon, someone knocked on the door and she went to open the door.

Dolores entered the apartment and Jasmine pointed to the box and said, “I thought that it was a box of apples and accepted it as it wasn’t anything significant. I didn’t expect it to be...”

Dolores patted her on her shoulders and said, "This person hid the fact that it was money clearly he knew that you would not accept it if he had said what it was."

"Would this implicate Boyce? I wanted to inform him but his cellphone had been turned off. I ran out of ideas and that was when I thought about you..."

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

These Strange Ways Will Keep Your Relationship Strong Day To Day

Dolores asked, "Do you have any duct tape at home?"

Jasmine nodded, went to look for it, and gave it to Dolores. Dolores sealed and said, "Let's go."

"Where are we going?"

"Go to the police station. Are there security cameras in this apartment complex?" Dolores asked as she picked up the box.

Jasmine nodded and replied, "Yes, it's everywhere."

"Okay." She then calmly said, "Go to the management office and request to view the security videos. Make copies of the videos of the man who brought this box to prove that you were unaware of this situation. Then we'll go to the police station to explain the situation."

Jasmine agreed, "I'll do that immediately."

Dolores then said, "I'll wait for you at the entrance to the complex. Come over once you've made copies."

Jasmine nodded and both of them went downstairs. Dolores placed the box of 'apples' in the back seat and gave Boyce a call. Boyce's cellphone was still turned off.

When Boyce arrived at the station this morning, he was immediately led away to be questioned. His cellphone had been turned off to prevent him from being contacted by others.

"We all know your character but this complaint isn't without merits. It accused you of being corrupt and was very clear that it was your wife who was the one who accepted the money."

"Mr. Shawn isn't that kind of person. This is clearly a setup!" A colleague spoke up in defence of Boyce.

"Then how do you prove that it's a setup?" The interrogator asked.

The colleague was stumped and then said, "Regardless, I definitely won't believe that Mr. Shawn is corrupt."

"How about this, Mr. Shawn is not to be involved in any cases until this investigation is over..."

"Impossible." Boyce spoke up after keeping his silence, "I have a case right now."

"You can hand over this case to Michael."

Michael was Boyce's peer and now Boyce was a commissioner while Michael was still an inspector. There was a huge difference in their status. Michael had kept his silence throughout this questioning. However, he would not speak up for Boyce at this moment.

"I'll ensure that this case is solved if it is assigned to me." Michael said.

"I'm sure you're too happy for this to happen. Perhaps you're the one who devised this plot!" Someone standing behind Boyce accused Michael.

"Do you have any proof? Otherwise, it's slander." Michael was composed and sniped back, "Don't think that by supporting Boyce, you can twist the facts as you wish!"

"You..."

Boyce stopped him and then said to the inspectorate, "I accept any investigations."

He was not worried about something that he did not do.

"Okay, then this case will be assigned to Michael..." The inspectorate.

Clunk! The door to the interrogation room was opened and interrupted them.

Everyone looked towards the door and Jasmine was standing at the door hugging a box.

Boyce was surprised by her appearance and stood up from his seat. He walked over to her and asked, "Why are you here?"

"I'm here to see you." Jasmine looked at Boyce. On their way over, Dolores had assured her that everything would be fine so long as she spoke the truth. There was no need to panic.

Jasmine was very calm and steady._

Chapter 854 Sacrifice

Michael looked at Jasmine and said, "This must be Mrs. Shawn. We are having a meeting. You can't simply join in even if you're the wife of Mr. Shawn. Please leave!"

Jasmine walked past Boyce and placed the box of 'apples' onto the table and said, "I am aware that as a family member I am in no position to speak here. But there is definitely a reason why I am here."

She then pointed to the box and said, "Yesterday, I received this box of apples when I went home after work. As the family of a civil servant, I know that I should not even accept gifts, even if it is a box of apples. That is why I am here to surrender the box of apples."

Michael looked at the box and asked, "Are there really apples in the box?"

Jasmine asked in return, "Could there be bananas in a box marked with apples?"

"It's just a box of apples, it's fine..." The inspectorate said.

"Although it's just a box of apples, I cannot accept it because it was given by someone I did not know. Although I'm young, I remember Chairman Mao's teachings that government officials must not take even a needle and a thread from the citizens. This box of apples is worth at least twenty dollars and that's worth many needles and thread."

Michael rolled his eyes and said, "I haven't eaten apples for a while. Why don't we open it for a bite?"

Jasmine said, "As you wish. This isn't mine and I can't decide what to do with it."

Michael went ahead to remove the duct tape and opened the box.

He removed the contents for all to see and asked, "Are these apples?"

Jasmine appeared surprised and all eyes were on Jasmine.

Michael spoke again, "Could it be that you knew that something was happening and you used this manner to return this ill-gotten money?"

Jasmine looked towards Michael and recalled that Dolores had warned her of the possibility of someone using this against her. True enough, it happened as Dolores had expected. Dolores had coached Jasmine to persist that she did not know about the money.

Jasmine persisted, "I didn't know that there was money in the box. This box was insisted upon me. If I had known that it contained money, I would have brought this last night. The reason why I am here only now is I thought that it was just apples. Had I known that it was money, I would not waste a moment to surrender it."

"Ha, insisted upon you? I don't believe it."

Jasmine replied, "You can investigate, additionally..."

She took out her cellphone to show them the security footage, "If you don't believe it, you can watch this video."

A person beside Boyce took the cell phone and transferred the video onto the computer for all to see. However, Michael did not end his attacks and looked towards Boyce, "Don't tell me that you knew nothing about this. Why didn't you surrender this money on your own?"

"He knew nothing about it. There are location and time stamps on the video. You can see it for yourself..." Jasmine interjected.

"What have these got to do with whether Mr. Shawn knew about it?" Michael interrupted Jasmine and questioned.

Jasmine was confident in her reply, "Just look at the time. This happened after six o'clock yesterday. I was already asleep when Boyce returned home. That was why I did not inform him. Surely someone here can validate what time Boyce left the station yesterday?"

As soon as she said this, someone spoke, "Mr. Shawn was with us yesterday. There were new leads in the previous case and Mr. Shawn was with us until midnight. It was only expected that Mrs. Shawn would be asleep by the time he went back."

The evidence lined up tightly to prove that Boyce did not know of this incident. His wife had received a box of apples and surrendered it the next day.

The pieces of evidence were there for all to see.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

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

"We did receive a complaint and although this had been explained, we still had to follow the procedures. As the inspectorate of the department, there must be zero tolerance for corruption. Facts must not be

twisted.” The inspectorate said.

The current finding was in Boyce’s favour but the investigations must be completed. So, there was no need for him to be suspended before the investigation was over. Everyone involved must cooperate with the investigations.

Boyce had other tasks to work on and instructed Bruno to send Jasmine home.

After leaving the room, Bruno asked, “How did you manage to barge into the meeting room?”

Indeed some people tried to prevent her from getting to the meeting room. Moreover, she was carrying the box but managed to muscle her way past them.

“Rest assured that everything would be fine.” Bruno assured her as they reached the entrance to the station.

Jasmine said, “I’ll go home on my own.”

Bruno smiled and replied, “Mr. Shawn had instructed me to send you home.”

Jasmine pointed to the black sedan waiting for her and then walked towards Dolores and said, “Dolores, it’s resolved.”

Dolores smiled happily.

Although Dolores did not have time to prepare herself, she was equally beautiful and elegant. Her smile made her even more enchanting.

Bruno was stunned and then quickly said, "I'll go back to my work now since someone is waiting for you."

Jasmine waved to thank him, "Please go ahead."

Dolores opened the car door and said, "Let's go."

Jasmine got into the front passenger side and thanked Dolores repeatedly. If it was not for Dolores' help, things might not have gone so smoothly. At this moment, her cellphone rang.

When she answered the call, she was informed by her current company that she had been terminated. She just started working and not only took leave but also was late for work.

She lowered her head in disappointment and replied, "I understand."

Dolores noticed her sudden change in spirits and asked, "What happened?"

Jasmine explained, "I had been fired."

"They wouldn't keep you on even if you had completed your internship. You're only in your second year of College. You have plenty of opportunities. Focus on your delivering your baby and then worry about work." Dolores advised.

The company would definitely not retain her when they find out about her pregnancy. Additionally, Boyce would be very busy and if she also worked, then they would have very little time for each other. After all, they were married recently. Someone would need to stay at home.

Dolores respected Jasmine's choice and said, "If you still would like to work, I can help you get a job." It was easy for Matthew to get her a job that was in her field of studies.

Jasmine replied, "You're right. I won't be able to work for long even if I wasn't fired. Furthermore, now that Boyce was just promoted, I should not let him worry about the situation at home."

Then she turned towards Dolores, "Is it true that women had to sacrifice their goals after marriage?"

Chapter 855 I'm Not Afraid of Being Dumped

"What made you say this?" Dolores asked.

Jasmine paused and then said, "You were a successful career woman and do not have to rely on anyone but now, you gave up your career to stay at home to be a housewife."

Jasmine felt that it was unfair that women had to hide behind their men. A family's state should depend on the cooperation of both parties.

Dolores smiled and said, "Confused?"

Jasmine was puzzled and asked, "Confused about what?"

"You said that a family should depend on both husband and the wife. But then the woman had to give up on her career. Isn't that a confusing conflict?"

Dolores said after a pause, "Indeed both parties need to contribute. The husband contributes by going

out to earn a salary while the woman contributes by staying at home to take care of the kids. Both are contributing in their own ways to the family.”

Jasmine thought for a while and agreed, “But I don’t wish to depend on him.”

Because of her experiences, she felt insecure to depend on a person for her livelihood.

Jasmine was worried that should Boyce have a change of heart, then she would lose everything, even her means of supporting herself. It was not about love or trust. Her parent’s unfortunate marriage had caused her to be looking out for herself.

Dolores understood her concerns. It was important for a woman to be independent and self-confident. Only then can she truly live radiantly?

“Will you continue to pursue your career in the future?” Jasmine asked Dolores.

Dolores said no. She had already transferred her shop in C city to Theresa and so she would not interfere with it anymore.

She smiled and said, “I’m not afraid of him forsaking me. In any case, I am controlling his finances. If he ditches me, I’ll be able to live a comfortable life without any worries.”

Jasmine smiled, “Indeed, it is important to have money.”

Dolores chuckled as well.

“Come over to my place and we can continue to chat,” Dolores said.

Jasmine agreed since she had nothing to do anyway. She also enjoyed chatting with Dolores.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

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

The sky turned red during sunset.

Boyce stepped out of the station was about to get into his car when his cell phone vibrated. Jasmine just messaged him. He took out his cellphone and saw the message, ‘I’m at Dolores’ place. Come over if you can make it for dinner.’

He then heard someone speaking nearby and he instinctively looked in that direction and saw a figure. He gently walked over and concealed himself among some bushes and saw Wendy and Michael. They both looked troubled.

“Didn’t you say that you can bring him down? Why are you silent now?” Michael was sitting next to a pond and said sarcastically, “I must be mad to believe you. Now it is obvious that I had gone against him and I wouldn’t have an easy time from now on. He will definitely make things difficult for me.”

Wendy frowned, “I had made the necessary arrangements, how could you screw things up? Or are you just a screw-up? No wonder you can’t get promoted.” She was infuriated. She had met her previous prospective husband at the restaurant and lost face. She wanted to get even.

Michael scoffed on hearing her ridicule, “No wonder Boyce doesn’t want anything to do with you.”

"You..." Wendy was furious and raised her hand to strike Michael. Now she was no longer sheltered by Officer Miller. He grabbed Wendy's hand and viciously flung it away. Wendy was caught off guard, lost her balance, and fell to the ground. She struck her elbow during the fall and started to bleed.

"Are you insane?" She glared at him angrily.

Michael looked at her coldly down upon her, "Yes, I am indeed insane. Otherwise, I would not have joined your scheme to frame someone. Now I will be honest and report against you. You will face the consequences of your actions and not your father."

"Don't forget that you are involved." Wendy stood up and grabbed his shirt, "Will Boyce go easy on you when he finds out?"

"All I did was to speak up when the inspectorate came to investigate him. You were the one who made the complaint and sent the money. What had these got to do with me?"

Wendy glared with her eyes wide open and then asked him, "Do you intend to burn bridges with me?"

Michael scoffed, "I did not. Boyce is still the commissioner. No one is threatening his position. Now the investigation is only going through the procedure. Now not only did I not gain anything, but I am being tarnished instead. Don't ever look for me again." He left thereafter.

Wendy stood in place and was stunned for a long time. She could not understand how this plot was thwarted by Boyce.

Boyce stopped the recording and kept his cellphone. He walked away nonchalantly but he already had in mind what he was going to do next.

Wendy was a nasty woman who repeatedly tried to harm Jasmine. Now the plot was against him and who knew what form it would take the next time? He had to do something about this and not just let the matter rest. Otherwise, he would have no peace. _____

Chapter 856 Bringing Harm to Himself

Boyce drove all the way to the old mansion, and by the time he arrived the sky had already darkened.

Jasmine was holding Joshua and playing with him in the living room, and upon entering, Boyce immediately asked about what had happened today.

“Didn’t you know about it? It’s exactly like I said.” Jasmine replied.

Boyce reached out, wanting to hold Joshua too, but Jasmine smacked his hand away, “Did you wash your hands?”

Boyce had nothing to say about that.

Jasmine repeated, “You need to wash your hands.”

“Then I don’t want to hold him anymore.”

Boyce sat down on the sofa and Jasmine came near him, “I am utterly bewildered when I saw the full box of cash. Fearing that I would burden you, I really don’t know what kind of trouble would ensue if it were not for Dolores’ idea.”

She looked at Boyce seriously, “Did you offend somebody?”

Or else, why would something like that happen?

Boyce said without any tinge of emotion, "I will deal with it."

Jasmine continued, "Well, anything goes as long as you are aware of your role. Right, when we have dinner later, remember to say some thanks to Dolores. I couldn't get through to you on the phone, and at that time I was completely clueless, and it was Dolores who saved me from that predicament. Or else, when push comes to shove, things might deteriorate in an unimaginable way."

Boyce nodded.

With a creaky voice, the door of the room was opened, and with Andrew and Amanda flanking on both sides, they helped Jayden in from outside. His body was getting worse by the day, and walking itself was a hard ordeal for him now. There must be someone who could help him walk nowadays.

Boyce saw the two children having a hard time steadying the old man, so he got up, walked towards them to assist, "Let me help you settle down on the sofa."

Jayden simply nodded.

He didn't last long on the sofa too as tiredness caught up to him. Boyce then proceeded to help him back to his room.

When it was time for dinner, Dolores prepared all the dishes and carried them into the house.

It seemed that he lacked appetite, and he seemed uncomfortable lying in bed. Dolores placed the dishes

on the table by the bed and said in a soft voice, "Let me call the doctor over."

Jayden sounded weak, "No need. Just go... mind your business."

This was not the first time Dolores saw him getting tortured by disease, and she knew that nobody could shoulder this pain for him too. It made her feel hapless and sorry.

His dinner was watched over by Jessica and Coral, so she exited the room to make a call to the doctor so that he could come to check on Jayden.

Seeing that Jayden's condition was getting worse, her fear grew by the day, although the dominant emotion gripping her was sadness. There was a starry sky tonight, and she raised her head to gaze at the sky.

"Why are you sitting here?"

Matthew came in from outside and Dolores turned her head and saw him. She then got up and approached him while saying softly, "I saw dad being in a lot of pain, so I have called Dr. Jason over."

Matthew patted her, "I got it. Come in the house, it's chilly out here."

Dolores nodded and came in. Matthew had gone to where Jayden was staying.

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A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

Every time Jayden was in pain, he would stop anyone from coming to the house. He didn't fancy the idea of showing his weakness in front of anyone.

Only Matthew was the exception.

Dolores found herself lacking in appetite, but she still settled into a chair by the dining table nonchalantly and shoved some food into the children's plates. She wanted to urge them to eat more.

Boyce began, "I heard from Jasmine that you were a great help. Thanks a lot."

Dolores took a sip of water and replied, "I didn't do much. And what's more, do you have to stand on ceremony with me?"

Boyce's face remained solemn, "If it was not because of Jasmine's timely intervention, that matter wouldn't have resolved itself so easily."

If he was asked to resign and to get investigated, things would drag on in a way such that no immediate solution would be available to him. There was no way he could be so carefree like he was now when he had just gone through some formalities.

"You need to watch out for yourself. This matter is not something that happened randomly is it?"

Jasmine could sense that something was off about that whole ordeal, not to mention Dolores who was much elder. She naturally could sense that someone must have purposely set him up.

Boyce replied, "I know. I will try to deal with it as soon as possible."

After that, the doctor arrived and administered some painkillers for Jayden. Matthew was always by his side, and before Boyce left, he came in and took a look and told Jayden that he was going to leave. After a slight verbal exchange with Matthew, he left the room.

One night before Mid-Autumn festival, something happened at the police station.

Coming from what was apparently Michael's email; all colleagues received a video which recorded the contents of Michael and Wendy's conversation which was recorded by Boyce.

The station was already buzzing with Boyce allegedly receiving bribes, and every piece of evidence now pointed to Michael.

Michael was completely befuddled with what had happened.

He had never sent any email, so how could that video leaked out of his own account?

He cursed in a low voice, "Am I a fucking moron? Why would I bring harm to myself?"

Who used his email to send out this video? Was it Wendy? Or Boyce?

Those two were the only ones garnering his suspicion because they were directly involve in this matter. With the leaking of this video, Wendy wouldn't have gained anything from it, and to make things worse her father would lose face because of it besides having nothing to gain for herself too. She might not be the one who had done that.

Boyce was the only one left worthy of suspicion.

With the release of this video, it solidified the fact that he was the one getting framed here.

However, how did Boyce get ahold of this video? Did someone record him and Wendy engaging in a meet-up and wanted to suck up to him by gifting this video? Or did Boyce discover the existence of this video himself?

Michael felt his brain melding into a huge colossal mess. He couldn't make sense of the current situation.

In the end, if this matter boiled to the point of public knowledge, he wouldn't have anything to gain and he would have everything to lose.

"Michael." Officer Sharp came over and said, "Mr. Shawn asked you to go pay him a visit in his office

Chapter 857 | Regret Beating You up So Late

Michael pretended to be calm and composed as he fixed his collar, "What does Mr. Shawn want with me?"

Officer Sharp replied, "I am in the dark about that. You will know when you go now."

Michael stopped asking and surmised that it must be about what had gone down today. Now that a piece of evidence was against him, Mr. Shawn must be taking this chance to interrogate him. What else could he want other than that?

He took in a deep breath and walked out of his own office and came knocking on the door of the station head.

There was a muffled reply from inside the office immediately.

Michael pushed the door open to enter the office.

Boyce was in a phone call at that moment, and upon seeing the visitor, he gestured to him to take a seat.

Michael pulled the chair in front of the desk and take a seat. His heart was racing with anxiety, but he made sure his face didn't show any of that.

Hierarchy would always trump over anything, and what's more, his superior was levels higher than him in position. In the first place, he was at a disadvantage when faced with this particular superior, and now that his apparent weak point was caught, he could only be the lamb waiting for the slaughter.

"I understand." Boyce ended his call very hastily and he put the phone back to its curb.

"I don't have anything to say to defend myself." Immediately after Boyce putting the phone down, Michael began, "You can subject me to any punishment you see fit."

At this moment, there was still an air of arrogance on him. He didn't completely submit himself and lower his stance.

Boyce leaned backwards onto his chair and watched him without any expression, "Punishment is the bare minimum here." And then he suddenly took a sharp turn in the conversation, "Didn't you want to handle that 218 case? You will be on it from now on. I want to see results in ten days."

Michael's eyes widened in disbelief as he stammered, "I—Is this my punishment?"

Boyce replied curtly, "Yes."

"...Stop trying to buy over me. I won't side with you no matter what. Come what may, I will receive any kind of punishment you throw at me." Michael seemed reluctant to accept the token of goodwill from Boyce.

"This is precisely my way of punishing you. If you think it is too light, then what about closing the case in five days?"

Boyce picked up the white porcelain cup from his desk and took a sip of tea from the contents. The cup seemed warm as he took another sip before replacing it on the desk.

Michael was a little full of himself, but he was not someone incapable when it was about work. When Boyce was still the deputy officer of station, Michael always felt indignant and unwilling to accept him for that role since he always viewed Boyce's appointment as the result of extra care from Officer Miller. He would never acknowledge other's ability since long ago.

The reason he purposely used Michael's email to send out that video was to cut off all routes of escape for Michael.

Wendy must be thinking right now that Michael was the one betraying her, which would lead to her putting up a firm stance opposite him. The chances of them working together again were slim to none.

"You better not try to buy me over" Michael was still insistent in his stance.

Boyce laughed lightly, "Why would I try to buy you over? I will only use people who are capable, so if you can't close this case properly, more punishment will be waiting for you. That's all; you can continue your work."

Michael couldn't grasp Boyce's intention at all, so he continued to probe, "Aren't you angry?"

“Of course.” Boyce admitted, “I was almost fired from my job due to that investigation. You think I won’t be angry? However, for something that was not my doing, I believe my superiors will give me a fair judgment. I believe in the organization and party, but as for you, I don’t think you are a vile person. You are targeting me because of your self-fueled belief that you are somewhat capable, but in the end your efforts didn’t gain any trust from others.”

All of a sudden, a sharp glint descended upon Boyce’s eyes “Then, did you ever try to find fault from yourself?”

Michael said nothing.

“First of all, your attitude needs some tweaking.” Boyce simply touched on the topic, “Enough, I still have things to do. You can dismiss now.”

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Michael glanced at him before getting up to leave.

His mind was replaying Boyce’s words. Was there something wrong with him?

The moment the door shut, Boyce heaved a sigh of relief. He picked up his hat and wore it before leaving his office.

The phone call a while ago was from Officer Miller. He had asked for a meet-up.

It must be because he somehow got news of what happened today.

Boyce left the police station and hopped onto his car and drove towards Officer Miller's house.

It had been a while since he visited, and after today, it might as well be his last time visiting.

When he reached Officer Miller's house, he raised his hand to knock on the door.

In no time, the door was opened from inside and only Officer Miller and Wendy was at home. Mrs. Miller was diverted to another place by Officer Miller as he knew very well his wife's temperament. If she were here, she would begin to defend Wendy all over again.

"Come right in." Officer Miller opened the door.

Boyce entered the house with his lips pressed into a line.

After shutting the door, Officer Miller poured two glasses of water and came over. He placed one of the glasses in front of Boyce.

He sat down and began, "I have learnt everything."

Boyce didn't respond because he knew Officer Miller wasn't finished yet. He must have more to say.

Sure enough, he added, "I have some responsibility also in this matter. It's my fault for not educating my daughter well."

He barked in a hushed voice, "Wendy!"

Wendy came towards him in respond.

“Apologize to Boyce now.”

Wendy tried to resist indignantly, “I don’t...

Slap!

The moment she said something, Officer Miller landed a slap on her face as he roared, “I am embarrassed so much because of you. You have done something so despicable and dirty, yet you still want to argue. This is way too much.”

Boyce pretended not to see this scene as he took the glass of water and took a sip.

Wendy cupped her cheeks and her eyes began to sting with tears. She was staring at Officer Miller incredulously, “Dad, how can you hit me?”

Ever since she was young, she was never hit by him. However, that was changed now.

“I am your daughter, you know.” Wendy’s eyes were reddish.

“It’s precisely because you are my daughter that I have hit you. I regret for not hitting you earlier, or else you won’t create such mishap!”

Chapter 858 Children is a Debt of their Parents

Officer Miller’s face began to grow redder and redder.

Wendy could not take it anymore.

“Dad, I am your one and only daughter, so why are you giving so much care to an outsider? Am I your offspring, or is he?” Wendy still couldn’t figure out Officer Miller’s bizarre action. She pointed at Boyce and asked vehemently.

Officer Miller clutched his chest and felt his rage consuming him. Why was this daughter of his so disobedient and unwilling to take an advice?

“Are you trying to make me so mad that I can die?” Officer Miller was breathing heavily as he said that.

Wendy cried until her whole face was covered in goo and ears, “You are always protective of him and you didn’t so much as give me half of that attention while I am your daughter. Ever since I was a child, have you ever cared for me? Don’t you think it’s too late to educate me now?”

Officer Miller was staggering backwards until his butt hit the sofa. He looked like he had just heard the most unbelievable thing in the world. He was always busy, so his daughter was raised mostly by his wife. Of course, Wendy would take after his wife in the way that both of them were pretty unreasonable.

“It’s my fault, it’s all my own fault.” Officer Miller was in so much grief.

He didn’t watch over her a lot when she was a child, now that she was an adult, it seemed that he had lost his authority to have a word with her.

He was deeply regretful.

He regretted that he didn't accompany her in her growing days and educate her.

"Dad." Wendy was shocked by her father's complexion as she hurried forward to calm him down. Officer Miller had such a distorted expression that she was afraid that he would faint.

Officer Miller was beginning to enter his twilight years, and he had served as the head officer of the station for an extended period of time. He was always serious in work which made him a respected man, and even after his retirement, his former subordinates and colleagues would greet and welcome him with open arm, yet at this moment...

His own daughter was so ridiculous that he felt that he had lost all face!

With his breathing still short and ragged, he said while giving a stern stare at her daughter, "You are right. I have brought you into this world, yet I didn't raise you up well. Now that you have made a mistake, I am actually the one to be blamed. I am the one at fault here."

"I am your father after all, and I have some responsibility in your actions and mistakes. If you don't want to apologize, I will do that in your place!" Officer Miller turned to look at Boyce, "I didn't raise my daughter well..."

"Dad, don't apologize to him. He thought that by taking over the head officer's position he could be so disrespectful now. He is able to achieve whatever up till this point because of your help, but now just because of something so minor, he wants to find fault with you. He doesn't know what is gratitude, and someone like that is not someone to be respected!"

"You..." Officer Miller's face was ugly with a greenish color as if the next thing to expect from him was him passing out on the spot.

Boyce sighed secretly as he wasn't actually that petty when it comes to his former superior. He was

loathing his own daughter to the core, and that warranted Boyce's attention now.

"Officer Miller, I am not angry."

Officer Miller held Boyce's hand and he struggled mightily to make himself able to speak. Only after a short while did he open his mouth, "I am sorry to you."

Her daughter had committed more than just a single mistake.

He knew that very well.

"Wendy, oh Wendy. We must talk reason all the time. Tell me, what did Boyce do that offend you? Can you force things without any real feelings between two people? You didn't just stop at the first mistake, and I didn't think I had it in me to scold you. Like you said, I care for you too less so I am not worthy to reprimand you. I just feel sorry for you, and that is why I chose to turn a blind eye towards what you have done."

His breathing continued to struggle and he was hammering his chest now. Otherwise, his breathing wouldn't get smooth.

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"To spoil a child is like killing a child! I am wrong all the while. I should not let you do as you please all the time." The ever-dominant and prideful Officer Miller had a streak of tear down his cheeks. This showed that he was really upset.

Wendy was very startled at what she was seeing. Her father was always a towering, strict figure in her heart, but now he was actually crying in front of an underling. He was a ghost of his former glorious self. He always cared about dignity, yet now... All of a sudden, she felt empathetic towards her father and she hugged him, "Dad, I know I am wrong now..." Wendy began to wail in Officer Miller's embrace.

Officer Miller caressed his daughter's hair and said, "If you carry yourself well, people will see it; If you don't do that, someday, someone will discover your ugly self too. What you need to do is to be able to live up to your own name and be free of guilt. Think carefully, since your divorce, how many things have you done wrong? If you are always faithful towards Boyce, and based on his temperament, he would have treated you like a gem. You are the one who kept making mistakes and losing your chances, so you have no right to blame others."

Wendy didn't say anything to retort her father, which was an indication that some of those advice must have registered with her.

Officer Miller sighed and said to Boyce, "If I still have any weight in your heart, I should capitalize on my seniority and hope that you can forgive her this time. I give you my word that she won't do anything to you from now on."

Since Officer Miller had steered the conversation into such a direction, Boyce couldn't just press his former boss further, "I won't pursue this matter. I was at fault too last time, since I was the one going back on my own words. I was wrong too. Wendy, I am sorry."

Wendy did make a lot of mistakes, which was an irrefutable fact. He had to admit that he wasn't a saint without errors too, and he also hoped that Wendy could become more reasonable in the future contrary to just blaming others and biting others hard without taking a good look at the mirror herself.

He hoped that Wendy could see very clearly where her flaws were and value the good things others brought to the table.

Wendy continued to sob and cry in her father's embrace, "I don't want to listen to you apologizing to me. Go away now, and don't ever appear in front of me again!"

Alas!

Officer Miller let out a sigh again, "They say that children will always be a debt to their parents, and they are certainly not wrong."

Boyce stood up, "Officer Miller, please take good care of your health. There won't be anyone spreading nonsensical rumours about this matter, and that is because it's you who's in the centre of the matter. If it were anybody else, I wouldn't have just let this go so easily. After all, this matter was a huge pain in my ass, since I was just promoted and immediately a complaint against me was filed. So many people want to see me turn into a joke."

This was also a sign of respect towards Officer Miller and he wanted to prove using action that he wouldn't pursue the matter with Wendy too. However, he needed to remind everyone that there were limits to him too.

Officer Miller was someone very fast on the uptake, so he naturally could read between the lines, "You don't have to worry..."

"From now on, we won't have anything to do with each other anymore. You will walk on your own single-plank bridge, and I will walk my own path too. We won't interfere and indebted to each other in any way, and we won't have anything to do with each other even until death!"

Wendy interrupted her father and roared at Boyce, "It's not like you are the only man in this world. It's hard to find a toad with two legs, but that is not the case with men. You are nothing so great!"

Boyce's expression was hard and solemn, and he only looked at her calmly, "I really do hope for your best. We have known each other for a long time, and I still reserve some respect for you."

Wendy froze for a moment as she realized that her vehement outpouring of emotion was met with his strangely calm gaze, which only made her look grotesque and ugly. For some time, she didn't know what to say anymore.

"I'm taking my leave. Take care, Officer Miller." He announced his departure and turned to leave.

After getting off the elevator, a whiff of fresh air welcomed him in the corridor. He stood firmly on the ground and let out a long, hard breath before finally marching forward.

On the day of the Mid-Autumn festival, Boyce brought Jasmine to the supermarket to procure some goods. Of course, that included the moon cake.

He didn't buy it just for their own enjoyment. Those moon cakes could be used as gifts as family would gather during the Mid-Autumn festival. It was boring just for him and Jasmine to linger at home, so they brought those moon cakes as gifts and visited the old mansion.

When he and Jasmine arrived, they stumbled upon Dr. Jason at the door. He didn't look very good. ____Chapter 859 It Might Happen Tonight

Boyce promptly asked him about Jayden's condition, fearing that his condition was getting worse.

Dr. Jason nodded with a grave expression, "Tonight might be the night. His condition is worsening at an alarming rate."

Upon hearing the doctor's premonition, Jasmine nervously wrapped her arm around Boyce's. She could imagine the heavy atmosphere in the house now.

Boyce wasn't fazed as much as he held Jasmine's hand, "After entering the house, pretend that you are clueless about anything. Just act naturally like usual."

At this kind of critical juncture, the more careful one acted, the more sensitive others would be.

Jasmine nodded.

Boyce produced those moon cakes they had brought from the boat together with some gifts. It was a celebration today, so it would be unbecoming of him to come empty-handed.

After making sure he had brought the gifts, he asked Dr. Jason, "Dr. Jason, aren't you going in?"

Dr. Jason replied, "I need some fresh air out here. I will be in soon."

Boyce nodded and entered the house with Jasmine.

Jessica was holding the little one in the living room, and Andrew and Amanda were in Jayden's makeshift ward. She had folded a lot of paper cranes, and she was hanging them all over the house. Kevin was holding the stool while she was standing atop the stool.

Jayden had said that today, he wanted to eat some dumplings with spicy beef fillings.

This was Victoria's favorite food when she was still alive. Jayden didn't have any special longing for those, but he always gobbled up a lot every time. For some reason, he craved for the dumplings heavily today.

Dolores was making the dough and Matthew was slicing some green peppers. When the dough was

done, Matthew was still not done yet. Dolores took over the knife and instructed, "Let me slice them. You can cut the beef."

No technique was needed to cut meat, so Dolores placed those beef on a clean cutting board and handed a meat cleaver to him. He accepted it silently and began cutting the meat.

His movement was augmented.

Dolores glanced at him but said nothing. He continued to slice those peppers into small pieces.

After half an hour, the meat was cleanly cut, and Dolores asked him to wash his hands, "I will make the sauce."

"Let me do it. Just tell me what to put in there." Matthew took out a huge bowl from a cupboard and put in the freshly-cut meat into the transparent bowl. Dolores gave him some pepper broth which she had prepared earlier, "You need to empty this broth in three turns into the meat fillings. Every time you do that, you need to stir the whole thing in one singular direction until the meat absorbs all of the essence."

Matthew did just as he was told.

While he was making sauce, Dolores began to knead the dumpling skins.

As she kneaded, she watched Matthew and instructing him what to put into the bowl, "Finely-chopped onion, finely-chopped garlic, salt... and then put the chili to mix it together thoroughly."

Matthew obeyed those instructions firmly.

Dolores had done kneading a dozen dumpling skin and she then proceeded to teach Matthew how to use them to wrap around the fillings. Although they didn't look spectacular, he was able to finish filling the skins in no time.

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“That’s all.” Dolores let him continue on his own as she busied herself with kneading more skins.

There weren’t anyone coming into the kitchen, and this might very well be Jayden’s last dinner. It was ample that they paid their respects and filial piety.

When the sky turned dark and after two hours had passed, they finally completed the dumplings.

Dolores poured in some water and Matthew tossed those dumplings into the wok to cook them.

After ten minutes, every dumpling was finally cooked, and Dolores scooped them up onto a plate. She took a tray from the cupboard and placed the plate of dumplings on it. She even poured a small serving of vinegar and chopped garlic and placed them together on the tray.

“Go send it in.”

Matthew looked up at her and said, “I’ll go.”

He took the tray and turned to leave the kitchen.

Dolores proceeded to clean the kitchen and after she was done, she came out and saw Boyce and Jasmine. She asked chirpily, “When did you guys arrive?”

Jasmine came to her and answered, "Some time ago."

She reached out to hug Dolores and said, "I will be staying here with Boyce tonight."

Dolores nodded and said in a cracked voice, "If something happened, help me too watch the children."

Jasmine replied, "Don't worry, I will look after them."

Dolores sat on the sofa and took Amanda into her arms. She was very obedient today and she was now clinging to her mother like a sweet child.

The other kid was asleep, and Jessica carried him into his room.

The door to Jayden's room opened and Matthew emerged with an empty tray. He looked at Dolores and whispered, "One more helping."

Dolores froze for a moment before returning her daughter to the sofa. She then got up and headed to the kitchen.

Matthew followed her from behind.

She switched on the stove to boil some water, "Did he finish everything?"

During this period of time, Jayden didn't eat much every meal. This current one was not less in the slightest, and it would take half an hour normally. However, judging from his eating speed today and his abnormal craving, she began to grow worried.

"Eating too much..."

“He commented that the taste is identical to mum’s cooking. If he wants to eat more, just let him beChapter 860 I Resemble You Too

Dolores turned up the heat and refilled the bowl. Matthew then left with the tray.

Since the afternoon, Carol and Jessica had been busy preparing for the reunion meal at night. The whole table was full of delicacies but no one was eating them now. Everyone seemed to lose their appetite.

This time, when Matthew sent in a new serving of dumplings, Jayden only managed to eat two. He said, “Ask... Kevin to come in.”

Matthew went out to summon Kevin.

Kevin’s eyes were reddened and there were moisture in them too. He sat on the edge of the bed and said, “Whatever you want to tell me, I am all ears.”

Jayden began, “I have something to tell you... If I were gone, you must look after them more.”

Kevin knew who he was referring to. He assured Jayden, “Don’t worry. Your child is Victoria’s child, no? His wife and children are naturally my relatives too. As long as I’m around, I will help you to look after them.”

Jayden slowly nodded as if he was satisfied with what he heard.

“I think... I am almost on my way to see her.”

His voice was especially hollow and weak.

Kevin held his hand and for some reason he couldn't stop shaking. He still had something to say, but all he could manage was to let his tears flow.

Jayden curled his lips slightly and teased, “Why are you crying now?”

Kevin wiped his face and knew that his control over his emotion was deteriorating with his advancing age too. He said, “I don't want to cry, but I can't stop myself.”

Jayden was at death's door, and his mind had transcended everything, “Aren't humans bound to face this at some point or other?”

It was the natural law of life and death. It was something nobody could alter.

He heaved a few heavy breaths, and his eyes were muddy. However, his mind was strangely crystal clear. He murmured, “Matthew...”

Kevin got his intention immediately and he went to summon Matthew.

Matthew approached Jayden's bed and Jayden seemed to be in some limbo for a moment. He then asked, "Am I looking very tired?"

He said this out of the blue.

Matthew said nothing as he silently gazed at Jayden's bloodshot eyes.

From the time Kevin was in the family, Matthew never had a good relationship with Jayden. Eventually he left home and was rarely back here. This father and son duo had missed a lot of time together.

In his growing days, there was a lot of resentment.

This was what hurt him deeply.

He had missed too many things, too much...

"I know, you have been lonely..." Suddenly, Jayden raised his hand as if to grasp something in the air. Matthew bent down to grab the half-extended hand made sure his palm was against Jayden's

Matthew's voice was trembling, "You didn't have much happy memories when you were growing up, and it's all my fault... I shouldn't have concealed the truth from you and allowed you to miss so many things, especially the warmth of a complete family."

If he were to reveal that secretly honestly long ago, the three of them would have been a great family with great relationship.

It was him who planted those regrets in Victoria's and Matthew's heart.

His regret was deeply-rooted.

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He slowly let out a faint sigh, but that sigh alone contained all the sorrow in the world.

Matthew felt his airway getting constricted.

Jayden blinked and his hand wavered, "Ask Lola to see me. I need to talk to her."

Matthew went to summon Dolores.

Upon seeing Dolores, a smile sprang to his face. He was really fond of his daughter-in-law, and he wouldn't worry much about her, "Lola, oh Lola, you need to watch over Matthew for me now."

Dolores stood beside Matthew and nodded, "I will."

"You are the obedient one, so I won't worry... I feel sorry for him. He never knew what a family's warmth was before marrying you..."

A bead of tear immediately flowed from her eyes upon hearing that. She hastily raised her hand to wipe it away as she eyed Matthew, "He's my husband, and the father to my children. We are a family, and I will always take care of him, and give him the family he needs."

"Good, good..." Jayden sounded breathless as his breathing became intense. Dolores was gripped by fear

when she saw his condition, “Dad...”

She thought that she was composed enough, but every time she spoke, her voice would never fail to crack.

Matthew wasn't as emotional as Dolores, but his body was visibly trembling from time to time.

After two minutes, Jayden finally eased himself by letting out a breath, “I am fine...”

“Where is Amanda and Andrew? Why didn't they come to see me?” If one were to ask about his regrets, it would be his precious grandchildren.

They were lively, innocent and always surrounding him. Matthew as a child never did that to him, so he was able to get some consolation from these grandchildren and see some shadow of his son from the past.

He saw that Andrew looked practically identical to Matthew as a kid, and he would always had the illusion that the young Matthew had finally come to his side now. It was to fill in the void of that lost relationship.

Dolores called the children over and she lowered herself beside them. She reminded them, “Grandpa wants to see you two, and whatever grandpa says later, you must listen and agree to it. Got it?”

Andrew naturally understood, and Amanda on the other hand was suddenly more mature, which was out of character despite the heavy atmosphere looming over the house. She nodded like a good child.

Dolores stood up and led the two of them into the room. They walked to the bed and she made them stand by the head of the bed.

Upon seeing the two kids, Jayden grinned ear to ear.

“Amanda.”

He reached out to touch Amanda’s face and said, “You look like your father.”

Andrew was leaning on the bed as he chipped in, “I resemble you too.”

Jayden smiled heartily.

Amanda also leaned on the bed and held her grandpa’s hand and pulled it to her face, “Grandpa, I look like you too.”

Jayden said, “You are my granddaughter... of course you look like me.”

She responded by touching her grandpa’s face too. His face was lacking in flesh, and he had withered into a fragile figure in the days he was sick.

“Focus on your studies, and listen to your dad and mum...”

“We will.” The two children answered simultaneously. _____ Chapter 861 The Last Family Reunions

Jayden’s eyes were flooded with some tears.

He had never shown his reluctance towards his son, but he was now reluctant to leave them.

How lovely they were but he couldn’t even watch them grow up.

“Grandpa today is the Mid-Autumn Festival. Grandmother and Coral had made a table of dishes. My teacher told me that we should eat moon cakes during the Mid-Autumn Festival since it is a festival for family reunions. Grandpa, do you want to eat some moon cakes?” Amanda talked beside Jayden’s ear.

Jayden asked, “What kind of fillings for the moon cakes?”

“According to the details on the box, there are salted egg yolk fillings, five kernels’ fillings and ham fillings...”

Amanda rattled off a bunch of words and finally said, “Which one do you want to eat, grandpa?”

Jayden was in trance, and he just realized that it was the Mid-Autumn Festival that day.

It was a nice day.

How could one not eat moon cakes for the Mid-Autumn Festival?

He then replied to Amanda that he wanted five kernels filling cakes.

Dolores said she would go and get it, but Amanda pulled her back and stopped her. She wanted to do it by herself, and she ran out with her little legs. After a while, she brought in a piece of moon cakes and she leaned over the bed and said, “The piece is too big for you to bite so I have broken it up.”

Amanda broke the moon cakes in half, revealing the filling inside which consist of walnuts, almonds, sesame seeds and melon seeds...

She broke a small piece and passed it to her grandfather's mouth, she said, "Grandpa, try it..."

Jayden opened his mouth to bite the moon cakes fed by his granddaughter.

"Is it delicious?" Amanda asked with a smile, her eyebrows arched when she smiled. Jayden nodded and said, "Yummy."

Andrew fed him some water as he was afraid that he would be thirsty after eating the moon cakes.

Jayden couldn't drink anymore after two sips.

His face became more and more pale and waxy, and his eyes were dull and muddy.

Joshua, who was sleeping in the room, woke up and cried incessantly. Jessica couldn't coax him to stop crying so she brought him to Dolores. Once Dolores hugged him, Joshua stopped crying immediately but there were still tears in his eyes.

Jayden waved towards Joshua and tried to look at him, but he realized that he had no energy to speak anymore.

Dolores realized Jayden's intention and she immediately turned Joshua towards him. Joshua stared at

Jayden with his big round eyes even though he might not see him clearly.

Everyone outside the room came in and gathered around the bed to get a last look at him.

Jayden looked into Joshua's eyes with a smile and he slowly closed his eyes.

"Grandpa!" Amanda grabbed Jayden, "Please don't sleep and talk to me more..."

Andrew's tears dropped immediately, he understood better than his sister that his grandfather might have left them permanently. He would not be able to talk with them anymore; to send him back after school; to teach them homework...

"Grandpa..."

After hearing the sounds which came from the room, Dr. Jason came in to examine Jayden. After examining, he looked up at the time and shook his head at Matthew.

His action had symbolized that Jayden had passed away.

With his hands behind his back, Matthew nodded to Dr. Jason, indicating that he knew.

"Let's see what time it is, it's quarter past twelve now." He passed away after spending his festival of family reunions.

Dr. Jason sighed, "My condolences."

The hands behind Matthew's back were clenched together, he was trying to restrain his emotions strongly, "Boyce, can you help me to send Dr. Jason back?"

Boyce walked over and Dr. Jason said, “No need to send me back, I’ll leave by myself. You might need someone here to help you.”

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There would be a lot of work for the funeral.

“Then I’ll bring you to the entrance,” Boyce said.

Dr. Jason nodded.

Amanda, who was lying on the edge of the bed, couldn’t wake Jayden up and she tilted her head to ask Dolores, “Mummy, why isn’t Grandpa talking to me anymore? When will he wake up from his sleep?”

“Grandpa won’t wake up anymore,” Andrew choked out.

“You’re lying!” Amanda couldn’t believe what Andrew said. Her eyes were red and there were tears in her eyes, “Andrew, you’re such a bastard! Why are you saying that grandpa won’t wake up?”

Her tears dropped right after she said the sentence.

Dolores passed Joshua to Jessica. Jessica wiped her face before she carried him.

She also wiped her daughter's tears.

Amanda hugged Dolores's waist and buried her face in her arms, "Mummy, does grandpa really leave us?"

Dolores was so upset that she couldn't speak for a long time.

It took a moment to calm down before she said to her daughter, "Grandpa has gone to another world..."

The room was filled with sadness.

There were sobbing sounds around the room as the moment of separation was always sad.

That was unstoppable.

Dolores wiped away her tears and beckoned toward Jasmine, "Help me to bring these two children to their rooms."

Everyone was still grieving for Jayden's death, someone had to be there to control the situation.

Jasmine pursed her lips and walked over, picking Amanda up but Amanda was reluctant to leave, and she grabbed the corners of the blanket, "I don't want to leave grandpa..."

She was crying sadly.

Andrew pulled the blanket and whimpered, "I'm not going to leave, I want to stay with grandpa. I won't be able to see him afterwards. I'll never see him again..."

Dolores's tears, which she had originally forced back, fell out all of a sudden.

The two children crying made everyone feel more heartbreaking.

Kevin collapsed on the side of the bed, Dolores immediately held him up, "Mr. Forbis."

Boyce returned to the room after sending Dr. Jason. When he saw Dolores struggling to hold Kevin up, he came over and held him up.

"Take him back to his room for some rest," Dolores said in a low voice.

Boyce nodded. As he didn't see Matthew in the room, he asked in a whisper, "Where is Matthew?"

Dolores didn't pay attention just now. She just realized that he wasn't in the room.

"You need to look for him. He must be having a hard time at this moment." Boyce told Dolores.

She understood it. She nodded and helped Boyce to send Kevin back to his room, "You look after him for me."

She was not at ease as Kevin was so old and still needed to face this heartbreaking situation.

Boyce talked to her to rest assured as he would look after him and let her go to look for Matthew first.

Dolores walked out of the house and saw the light on in the study room, so she walked over there.

When she reached the door, she gently pushed it open. _____ Chapter 862 If Something Was Not

Normal, There Must be an Issue

Pushing open the door to the study room, she caught a glimpse of a dark figure at the desk.

The room was lit with a white lamp. The room was deadly quiet, and a wide desk was placed in the middle of the wide room.

There were brushes, papers, ink and inkstone on the top of the table where Jayden used to practice his calligraphy on the table

However, the man who used to hold the brush and bow down to practice calligraphy in front of the table was no longer there.

The black ink inside the inkstone which was placed on the table had already dried up. The fragrance of ink had filled the room.

She then walked over and looked at the man who was standing in front of the table. She hesitated several times as she didn't know how to speak to him at that moment. So, she went over to him and embraced him.

After a long time, she said hoarsely, "Someone will come in the evening, you have to adjust your emotion as soon as possible."

Matthew looked around the room which made him feel two contradictory feelings. The room was

familiar to him but also unfamiliar to him at the same time. He then said in a low and hoarse voice, "Lola, I've lost another family member."

He had lost his mother and now he had lost his father.

A lump came into her throat, so she hugged him tightly with her arms. She was choking with sobs, "You still have me and our children. We'll always be with you..."

Matthew wrapped her in his arms as he was pushing too hard, Dolores's body almost crashed in. He buried his face in her chest and his body was trembling lightly.

Dolores could not find any words to comfort him and what she could do was merely keep him company quietly.

After a long time, Matthew released her until the sky outside was turning brighter.

Dolores looked at his calm face and knew that he was hiding all his sorrow and sadness at that moment as it was not the time for him to grieve.

Since Jayden had passed away, he must take care of the funeral well so Jayden's soul would be allowed to go in peace.

Knock, knock...

There was a sudden knock on the door.

Matthew said, "You may come in."

Coral pushed the door open and said, "Someone is coming and crying in the room."

Coral had previously met this person who seemed to be the one and only clan member of the Nelson family.

"I know." Matthew stood up. The two children didn't really rest well at night, so he asked Dolores to look after the children while he went to the room.

Before he could enter the room, he heard a cry which was loud but without any sad emotion.

He was just doing some superficial actions.

When Matthew walked into the room, he saw a man who was dressed in a Mao suit, lying on the bed, and crying.

Although Matthew had never seen him before, he still could recognize he was Jayden's cousin.

He was Matthew's uncle.

He didn't get along with people much due to his handicap.

The man was thin and slender, he had combed black hair mixed with white hair. His skin was white and there were some age spots on his face. Overall, he looked quite spiritual.

He was surprised to see him here so soon.

“Matthew, why didn't you tell me about my brother's bad health? I missed seeing him before he left. How can you do something like this as a son?” He was questioning Matthew.

This person must have come to their house with some other intentions once Jayden had passed away as he normally wouldn't contact them.

What did he want to do?

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Matthew slightly narrowed his eyes and said calmly, “Why are you free to come?”

“I...” Benjamin Nelson was speechless for a moment.

In the past, he also didn't like to come here, even though he brought his relatives with him.

“My family surname is also Nelson and I'm not an outsider. Your father has passed away, shouldn't I come?” his voice was stern.

Matthew looked at him in silence, whether he came today sincerely or with other intentions, he could not argue in front of Jayden. As the deceased was the greatest, he had to let him go with peace of mind.

"I know a good funeral service..."

"I've already arranged it." Matthew interrupted him.

Benjamin looked slightly embarrassed as he felt that Matthew didn't show respect to him and be polite towards him.

In fact, Matthew didn't want to confront him. After all, Benjamin was still his relative. If he was a person who connected with them regularly, he could get by with a good attitude. But when a person who normally wouldn't greet him suddenly became "warm and passionate" toward him, it would only make him think more.

If he had come over during the day, Matthew would not have thought anything of it.

He couldn't stop thinking about the reason behind why Benjamin knew Jayden's death so quickly and pretended to be sad.

As the saying went, when things were not normal, there was always an issue!

Benjamin grunted and left the room in disdain.

Matthew didn't say anything, but he took a glance at the bed. There were some emotions in his eyes, but he quickly regained his composure. He had hidden all his emotions to the deepest level within his heart.

He took out his phone and dialled a number out. After a few words, he hung up and put the phone back, slowly walking over to the bed.

Dolores went to the room upstairs to look after the children where Jessica was taking care of them. Joshua was awake but he wasn't crying or making a fuss.

Jessica told Dolores that both Andrew and Amanda had been crying for a long time and had only gone to sleep when they were tired of crying. However, they didn't sleep very well as they would wake up sometimes and look for their grandfather once they're awake.

She watched the children for a while and saw that none of them had woken up. Therefore, she was initially planning to go downstairs and see who was coming, but when she pushed the door open, she saw Matthew sitting on the chair at the end of the bed.

She gently closed the door behind her again.

This might be the last moment that Matthew could spend his time with Jayden, and he could never see his father again.

As the dawn broke, the other would be coming shortly, the last moment he had with Jayden was running out, so she didn't go in to disturb him.

At nine o'clock, the funeral service came to take Jayden's body away. Matthew went together with Boyce while Dolores was staying at home.

Once the news was out, people would visit their home. Dolores had to accommodate the guests at home. According to their custom here, the family had to hang white clothes.

However, Matthew had already decided on that. The funeral service would come over to make arrangements and to be in charge of all the matters. What she needed to do was to accommodate the guests.

There would not be too many people coming as that day was not Jayden's Memorial Day.

"Why is the house so deserted?" A woman in a black dress entered the door.

Dolores didn't know this woman, but she thought that this woman must have had a good relationship with them. If not, she wouldn't have come over today. No matter what, she was feeling uncomfortable about what she had said.

What did she mean by “deserted”?

Did she think that people should celebrate cheerfully for the loss of a family member?

She was nonchalant, “Who are you?” _____ Chapter 863 Funeral in Central Funeral Home

The woman raised her eyebrows as if she was not too happy with Dolores' attitude towards her.

“According to the family hierarchy, you should call me Aunt.”

Dolores really couldn't recall that she had ever met that woman, and as far as she knew, the Nelson family didn't have many relatives, let alone one who could make her call her “Aunt”.

The woman walked in without permission and said, “Pour me a glass of water.”

“Mrs. Nelson.” Coral pulled Dolores to the side and whispered by Dolores' ears, “That’s probably the wife of the old master's younger cousin, who is sterile, eccentric, and doesn't like to communicate with others.”

Dolores slightly frowned, why she had never heard of that?

Coral didn't know it very clearly either, but she had heard of it, "Seems like because of his health, he seldom communicate with us. He doesn't even show up when you got married, but he appeared quickly during this family matter."

Even Coral thought it was so fast that it was strange. In Jayden's generation, he only had a younger cousin, the only other person who had WY Group's stocks.

Dolores indicated that she got it, it was inappropriate to have disturbance in such a crucial moment, since that woman was a relative of the Nelson family, then Dolores should treat her politely.

She went to pour a glass of water, came back, and put it on the table.

Even if the woman showed respect by wearing a black dress, her neck and ears were full of expensive pieces of jewellery. The jewels sparkled more on the liner of her plain coloured dress, she also put on heavy make-up, seemed like she dressed up meticulously, and she was also sitting with her legs crossed at that time without any elegance that she seemed even more disrespectful.

Furthermore, she didn't seem old either, she was probably not 30 years old yet.

"You said that I should call you "Aunt" according to the family hierarchy, and then of course I should call you..."

"Say it, then."

Before Dolores finished speaking, that woman sat there with an arrogant expression as she interrupted.

“Aunt, do you not understand politeness? Don't you know that interrupting someone when they're talking is impolite?” Dolores lashed back at her, she really couldn't stand her bluffing there, that was the day Jayden had passed away, Dolores was not in a good mood but that woman was so disrespectful.

“You said that you're my Aunt, then you're a very close relative of mine, my father just passed away, our family is all in deep pain while you put on hot red lipstick, didn't you know that it's disrespectful for the deceased?” Dolores suppressed her voice; she didn't want any conflict with anyone at that time.

But that woman's behaviour was really intolerable.

“If you're not sincere, then please just leave, or you can just learn things that you should know when attending a funeral.”

“You...” that woman became angry in an instant but she couldn't refute Dolores' words right away, she held it in for a long time before saying, “Is this how you talk to your senior?”

“Of course I should respect my seniors, if you don't even understand what's so-called ‘respect’, why do you demand others to respect you?”

That woman was so angry that her face was fully red, looking very bad, “You just wait.”

After saying that, she stood up and walked away angrily.

“Mrs. Nelson...” Coral was worried about Dolores so she stepped forward and supported her, Dolores shook her head and said that she was fine.

That woman walked quickly and bumped against the person walking in, she then said, “Don't you have eyes? Watch where you're walking!”

Theresa panicked; she received Boyce's call last night, so she and Armand returned in a hurry.

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She walked quickly and didn't think that someone would suddenly walk out of the room, that was why they bumped into each other.

"Sorry..." Theresa apologized.

"You have no manner." that woman snorted and walked out.

Theresa was dumbfounded as she had never expected that there were still impolite people like that woman who would make uproar at a funeral.

Who was the one with no manner?

"You're here?" Dolores' voice is a bit hoarse.

Theresa walked over quickly and hugged her, "Are you all right? Armand and I immediately returned after receiving Boyce's call..."

Theresa was choked when she was about to say the latter part, she had stayed in the villa and interacted with Jayden, but then he was gone... She felt sad because she couldn't see him anymore.

Dolores' feelings that she had controlled was stirred up again.

The edge of her eyes became wet, she told Theresa and Armand to sit and have a rest for a moment.

Armand didn't sit and said that he was going outside for a bit, he immediately called Boyce once he was back, knowing that Boyce was together with Matthew, he originally said that he was also going there but Boyce told him to come to the home first, Dolores was the only one at home, afraid that she couldn't handle it on her own.

Since there was nothing else, he didn't stay any longer.

At night, Matthew and the others were back, Coral and Jessica took care of the children, they cooked some food and put those on the table.

The lights in the study room were on.

They were all inside.

"The day after tomorrow is a good day, it's suitable for burial." They have the convention to bury the dead soon so that they could fulfil their responsibility and showed their respect to the dead ones. So it wouldn't take too long.

Dolores softly said, "Then what if we arrange the burial on the day after tomorrow? Do we have enough time?"

Boyce said, "The funeral company will arrange it, the funeral will be held in Central Funeral Home."

Dolores nodded, Boyce was the one who kept talking, Matthew didn't say anything from the start, he just sat on the chair by the window.

“Everyone was busy all day, go out and eat something.” Dolores looked at Theresa and Jasmine, “Eat something, you two.”

They were there all day without eating anything, it was very late.

“Then, let's go out.” Boyce stood up first.

Armand pulled Theresa, walked out, and quickly closed the study room's door.

Dolores walked over and sat on the chair beside Matthew's chair. _Chapter 864 Needs Someone by His Side

“A woman came here today, she even told me to call her Aunt, what is her relation to us?” Dolores deliberately spoke about the matter that day.

She knew Matthew's feelings at that time, she deliberately tried to distract his attention with other things.

Matthew looked up, “What woman?”

“She said that I should call her Aunt,” said Dolores.

Matthew quickly understood, she must be Benjamin's woman.

He talked about the matter to Dolores, “We don't have many family members, father had a brother in

his generation but he was long gone, while there's only me in my generation. Benjamin should be traced from the previous generation as grandpa also had a younger brother in his generation. But grandpa's younger brother was not good in business. He had opened two subsidiary companies and both of them went bankrupt, then he also realized that he had no talent in doing business so he stopped. He has WY Group's stocks and a son, Benjamin, who is in the same generation as my father's. But they didn't really communicate."

"Since he is eccentric and doesn't really communicate, then how did he know that father had passed away so quickly?" Dolores was confused.

A dark light flashed through Matthew's eyes, when Jayden was alive, he was very well-behaved, then when Jayden had just passed away, he immediately became active, there must be something.

Dolores took the initiative to grab his hand, "No matter what he wants to do, let's leave it for later."

The most important thing was taking care of Jayden's funeral arrangements, she whispered and asked, "Will he be buried together with mom?"

After Victoria left, Jayden was so sad, he regretted how he didn't show his feelings to Victoria during her lifetime, they were husband and wife for a lifetime, Dolores thought that even if both of them didn't state their feelings to each other, they definitely had such a feeling for each other, staying under the same roof from morning to night, normally, they would naturally have feelings after time.

Sleeping in the same bed and getting buried in the same grave after death was also a good end.

Matthew nodded.

Dolores thought it was good.

Amanda suddenly opened the door, walked in, and threw herself to Dolores' embrace, she carried Amanda to her hips, slightly patting her back, "Are you hungry?"

Amanda shook her head; she leaned on Dolores' embrace and said, "Mommy, I miss grandpa."

Dolores hugged her tightly, looked down and kissed her forehead.

"Give her to me." Matthew stretched his hands out.

Dolores gave her to him, Amanda had grown up that she almost couldn't carry her.

"Dad," Amanda's eyes were quite swollen because she cried and didn't rest well.

Dolores stood up and left the room, there were people in the house, it wouldn't be good if both Matthew and she stayed in the room, there must be someone to greet people outside.

Coral was cleaning the dining table, Dolores walked over, whispered to ask whether everyone had eaten, Coral said that they ate a bit.

Just some soup.

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Dolores nodded, walked to the living room, and looked at Jasmine, "Jasmine, have you eaten anything for dinner?"

Jasmine said that she already ate.

"You're pregnant, you shouldn't get tired, just go home with Boyce, there's nothing here now anyway." Dolores was afraid that Jasmine would get tired and couldn't get a good rest there.

Boyce said, "Then I'll send Jasmine home."

Afterwards, he would come back.

At such a time, Matthew needed someone by his side.

Even if the funeral company would arrange it, there were still so many things that they should arrange by themselves, there were no relatives that could help them do things, how could she stay out of it at that time?

Dolores nodded, he arranged a room for Armand and Theresa to rest, Armand didn't sleep, Boyce sent Jasmine home and returned.

The three of them went out, Dolores didn't ask anything, she could feel more at ease with the two of them by Matthew's side.

She took care of the children at night, letting Coral and Jessica rest, Coral said, "You can't take care of them by yourself, let me take care of the young one, the other two are sensible and better."

Jessica took care of Kevin downstairs; Jayden's death had a strong impact on him.

Theresa was also in the room, she couldn't sleep so she went to accompany Dolores and to help them take care of the children as well.

After midnight, everyone was sleepy that they fell asleep one after another.

Dolores narrowed her eyes for a while but she kept dreaming, she then woke up and couldn't sleep anymore, she didn't eat anything for a day and a night that her mouth was really dry... She stood up, covered the two children and Theresa with blankets, she then walked to the table to pour some water, she was going to go back and lay down after drinking it but she realized that there was a dim light outside, she walked to the window, looked down, and found a car parked downstairs, the light inside the car was on, seemed like someone was in it but didn't go down.

Boyce was sitting on the front passenger seat, Armand sat on the driver's seat, and Matthew sat on the back seat by the window... Basically, pretty much all matters had been settled, using all the best cinerary casket, coffin, and many other things.

Those were all consoling for the living ones; people couldn't go back even if they used better things.

Boyce touched the cigarette he was holding with his mouth to give himself a lift, he was the only one who would smoke between the three of them, since Jasmine was pregnant, he thought about stopping.

Matthew stretched his hand out to him, asking for a cigarette, Boyce glanced at him in hesitation but he still took one cigarette out and gave it to him.

Boyce even bent his body back to light the cigarette up for Matthew.

Matthew had never smoked, but he wanted to use something to calm himself down at that time.

He was not really adapted to such a smell so he choked and slightly frowned. Chapter 865 Joshua Has Gone Missing

Time passed in a blink of an eye. On the day of the funeral, the weather was cloudy and gloomy.

All men who attended the funeral were in jet black suits. The women who accompanied their husbands were also in black dresses, some of them in black suits as well. The women had very light make-up on.

A lot of people attended the funeral. There were at least 1.5 times more attendees than Victoria's funeral.

Funeral wreaths were lined up from the hall until the road. Dolores and Matthew stood at the entrance of the hall. They were also wearing black and were wearing a name tag, indicating that they were families of the deceased. They greeted and thanked the people who came to mourn for their loss.

"I'm so sorry for your lost, I'm sure that he has gone to a better place." Marina and Jeffrey came together. They were about to walk into the hall when Marina noticed that Dolores didn't look so well. She grabbed her hand and said, "You have to take care of yourself, okay?"

Dolores replied, "I will."

Dolores didn't have any makeup on. Her hair was tied up into a simple ponytail and a white flower was tucked behind her left ear. Matthew and she thanked Marina and Jeffrey for coming. Marina sighed slightly and walked into the hall with Jeffrey. The hall was huge, solemn and sombre.

They walked into the hall and stopped in the middle of the hall. They said their prayers to the deceased.

After saying his prayers, Jeffrey looked at the black and white picture in front of the casket, its frame was decorated with black and white flowers. He was overwhelmed. His eyes turned red and he remembered the day when Jayden got married to his sister. He was wearing a black suit, he looked tall, handsome yet restrained standing in the wedding hall. He was standing next to his sister, they looked like they were made for each other. But alas, fate made fools of the people.

In a blink of an eye, they had all aged.

He regretted. He regretted making his sister marry him. He ruined both of their lives. No, three lives. He almost ruined their child's life as well.

He stared at the picture and whispered in his heart, "Jayden, I'm sorry. You were one step ahead of me. But don't worry. I will probably meet you soon. When we meet again, I will apologize to you; apologize for everything that I've done."

Ever since he found out the truth, his health degraded. Marina took care of him the whole time.

"Okay, let's go," Marina whispered to Jeffrey. There were still a lot of people waiting in line to mourn for Jayden.

Jeffrey nodded. He said his prayers again and whispered, "Rest in peace."

“My condolence. He has passed on; please take care of yourselves as well.” Kenneth and Camden came together.

Camden who usually dressed unrulily was in a nice black suit today.

Kenneth and Camden tried to comfort Dolores and Matthew as they mourned for the dead.

Benjamin only came over around noon. The woman who made Dolores called her madam last time was here with Benjamin. There were a lot of people and hence she was acting normal and didn't do anything outrageous today.

The memorial service went on until 2 pm. Dolores and Matthew stood there from morning till afternoon. Theresa brought them some water and made them drink some. They were standing there the whole time and didn't have the chance to eat nor drink.

Around 3 pm, it was time for burial.

Black cars, one after another drove through the city. They were heading towards the outskirts.

They stopped by the roadside as they arrived at Q cemetery.

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The people got off the car, they were here to see Jayden off for the last time.

Matthew walked in front. He was holding Jayden's photo. His children were standing next to him. Dolores stood next to her daughter and the others walked behind them. They slowly marched into the cemetery.

A light wind blew, and the conifer trees swayed. The scent of chrysanthemum filled the air, the atmosphere was bleak and dreary.

They stepped on the quartz floor and walked towards the grave. They changed the tomb, there were now two pictures and two names on it. On the left was Jayden's name, and on the right, his wife's name, Victoria.

The gloomy sky started raining mildly.

It was also raining when they buried Victoria, but it was raining harder this time.

Matthew looked grim. He bent over and placed the picture in front of the grave. He put his hands together and said his prayer. The others did the same as well.

"Andrew, Amanda, say your prayers to your grandfather and grandmother," said Dolores softly to her children.

The children walked up and were sobbing. They rubbed their faces and knelt in front of the grave.

"Grandpa, say hi to grandma when you see her. Tell her that we miss her. We miss you so very much too," said Andrew with his hands clasped together.

"Dad, we don't have a grandpa or a grandma anymore," Amanda cried while holding on to Matthew's leg.

Matthew squatted down and dried her tears. He hugged both his daughter and his son and said in a low

voice, "Don't cry, your grandfather and grandmother wouldn't want to see you so sad."

The children still had tears in their eyes, but they quickly dried their tears upon hearing what Matthew said. They didn't want their grandparents to see them so anguished, they wanted them to rest in peace.

The day turned dark around 5 pm because it was cloudy, to begin with.

The burial ceremony had ended, and the funeral had ended.

People left one after another. Only Matthew, Dolores and their children were left.

They knelt in front of the grave in the rain, saying their last goodbyes.

Suddenly, Boyce who was waiting outside of the cemetery ran over. He glanced at Dolores and then he whispered to Matthew, "Joshua has gone missing."

Matthew raised his head abruptly, his gaze turned sharp, "What happened?"

The superstition their family believed in was that pregnant women and babies shouldn't attend funerals. Babies had pure eyes and they might see something a normal adult couldn't see. If the baby spotted Jayden, Jayden wouldn't want to leave.

As it was against the custom for a pregnant woman to attend the funeral, Jasmine stayed home to take care of Joshua.

She went down for a cup of water and the Joshua went missing. __Chapter 866 I'll Give It to You

Boyce didn't know what happened either. He rushed over to tell Matthew after getting a call from Jasmine.

He was quite anxious right now.

"We cannot waste any time, let's go back right now," said Boyce.

"What happened?" Dolores only knew that something was going on, she didn't hear what Boyce whispered to Matthew.

"We'll head back first," said Matthew.

Dolores nodded. Her face was pale and she looked tired. In the last few days after Jayden passed away, she didn't eat well nor rest well. She looked awful.

It was raining and the floor was slippery. As she was going down the stairs, she missed her step and was about to fall. Luckily, Matthew noticed and quickly grabbed her. He managed to save her from falling.

Dolores frightened herself. She was blacking out, "I'm okay."

She said as she rubbed her temple.

Matthew held her by the waist. They walked out of the cemetery. He opened the car door and helped her to get into the car; he put the children into the car as well.

“Armand, Theresa.”

Matthew looked at them and said, “Can you bring them back to the mansion?”

“Where are you going?” asked Dolores as she rolled down the window.

“I have something to do with Boyce,” said Matthew calmly, “I’m worried that memories will resurface if you guys head home right now. Let’s stay at the mansion for at least two days for now.”

Dolores said, “But Joshua is still at home. I’m worried.”

She wanted to go back.

Matthew clenched his fist and his emotions were running wild. Though, it wasn’t showing on his face at all, “Let’s stay at the mansion today.”

Dolores didn’t have the chance to say no as Matthew quickly continued saying, “Bring the children home and rest well. Theresa, please take care of them.”

“Don’t worry,” said Theresa as she was getting into the car.

Armand said, “What do you guys need to do? I can come with you...”

“You should head to the mansion as well.” Matthew was worried to leave the women and children alone at the mansion. Hence, he made Armand go with them.

Armand said, “Okay then.”

After they left, Matthew and Boyce quickly rushed home.

Jasmine was so worried she was crying.

She was prancing back and forth in the living room.

She quickly rushed to them when she saw them. She kept on apologizing, “I’m sorry, I’m so sorry...”

“Stop with the apology for now. Tell us, how did Joshua go missing?” Boyce reached out his hand and dried the tears on her face.

“I was watching Joshua upstairs the whole time, I was the only one there. About an hour ago, I went down to get a glass of water. When I got back to the room, Joshua was gone,” said Jasmine worriedly.

“Think about it carefully, are you sure that nobody came in during that time?” asked Boyce.

He thought that Jasmine might be too anxious and forgot about any suspicious person that she sighted.

Jasmine was extremely distressed. She was told to take care of Joshua, and now Joshua was gone. It was her responsibility to take care of the baby. What if they couldn’t find the baby? How could she face Matthew and Dolores?

“No, no...” Jasmine confirmed that she didn’t see anyone suspicious.

Matthew looked at Jasmine and knew that her head was probably a mess right now. He knew that he couldn’t get any answers from her right now and hence he headed to the study room. There was a surveillance camera at the entrance of the house, he should be able to see if someone entered.

He turned on the computer and the display was all black. The surveillance camera was destroyed.

Boyce was standing next to him, he noticed something immediately, “It’s probably someone we know.” There was only one camera but it was in a rather hidden spot. One shouldn’t be able to notice it unless they went in and out the house very often, “Matthew, I’m sorry.”

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Jasmine was his wife. The baby was gone and it was their responsibility.

Matthew narrowed his eyes and stared at the black display. He ignored Boyce and was trying to think. Benjamin was at the funeral today. Because of the funeral, Matthew wasn’t home. And now, the baby was gone. He suspected that Benjamin had something to do with this.

He took out his phone and was about to call someone. Then, Jasmine suddenly entered the room.

“Around the afternoon, the driver came over and he took a look at Joshua.” Before this, she didn’t think too much about the driver as he worked for Matthew for a long time now. She thought that he would be trustworthy if Matthew trusted him. But she thought about it and realized that it was odd that he went upstairs.

Matthew was holding his phone, his hand trembled. He asked, "When?"

"Today," Jasmine tried to recall, "About 2 pm. He said that you were the one who asked him to come to take a look."

Matthew didn't order anyone to come to take a look at Joshua.

"I'll go search for him." The driver was always by Matthew's side, he was Matthew's driver and bodyguard. He was extremely suspicious right now.

Boyce's face turned stern, "I'll kill him if it is really him!"

It was Jasmine's first time seeing Boyce enraged. She gulped in fear.

Matthew didn't stop him. They indeed had to find this person, to have more clues on this matter.

Boyce walked towards the door and suddenly, he saw the driver walking towards him. Boyce was surprised, if it was really him, how could he still have the guts to come here?

"I want to meet Mr. Nelson," said the driver as he stood in front of Boyce.

Boyce didn't answer, he brought the driver to the study room.

The study room's door wasn't fully closed, it was slightly opened. Boyce opened the door without knocking. Matthew was on the phone, he looked up as he heard noises.

He looked ferocious when he saw the driver.

“We are both from the Nelson family. My grandfather and your grandfather shared the same mother. Why should you guys hold 80% of WY Group’s share and I only hold 20%? If you want your son, it’s easy. Just give me your shares and I’ll return your son to you.”

Benjamin never dared to pull any tricks back then because he was afraid of Jayden. People tried to make him but he never even dared to imagine. But now, things had changed. Jayden had died!

“I’ll give it to you,” Matthew didn’t even hesitate.

To him, his child was more important than anything.

“Okay, I’ll give you one day to prepare. I’ll see you tomorrow night.”

Matthew put down the phone.

When Boyce went out, his phone rang. It was exactly like what Matthew suspected.

It was Benjamin.

“Mr. Nelson.” The driver knelt in front of the table. He was crying uncontrollably, “I had no choice, they kidnapped my wife and threatened me. If I don’t do, as they say, I will lose my wife and my child.”

He thought he could use the baby to exchange for his wife’s and child’s life. He decided to run away, hide, or go as far away as he could after that. But he didn’t. He came back to confess to Matthew.

Matthew was the one who gave him a chance when he was in abjection. Because of Matthew, he didn’t have to worry about a roof above his head or his next meal. Because of Matthew, he and his wife could make a family in this big city. He was grateful, but he had no choice because they threatened him with his family’s life.

Matthew would only place people he trusted to work for him at home. He never treated him badly, and always gave him a lot of work benefits.

Now that he betrayed Matthew, he expected nothing but fury and resentment from Matthew.

“Why didn’t you tell me that they threatened you?” Matthew said sternly, “Do you think that I will let it be?”

“I... didn’t dare to say it. If I tell you about it, they will kill my wife and my child.” The driver kowtowed to Matthew.

Matthew asked in a low voice, “Did you call them on the day that my father died?”

“Yes.” The driver didn’t even dare to lift his head. “He told me to watch over you guys and tell him immediately if something happens.”

Chapter 867 He Was Bewitched by That Woman

When the driver decided to come back, he was prepared to accept any punishment.

He raised his head, "I found out that he did this all because he was bewitched by the woman he's with."

"How do you know?" Boyce asked.

The driver recalled that when his wife and son were arrested and when he first met Benjamin, the woman talked all the time.

"I won't lie." The driver swore.

Boyce walked over, "Is it credible?"

He did not know Benjamin well. If he was bewitched by the woman, that would be easy to settle him. However, if he had been lurking, then he was evil.

Matthew looked down at the ground. He hid his thoughts, 'Benjamin has always been very down-to-earth. If he's waiting for the opportunity to fight for the family fortune, his lurking period is too long. He's old. What's the purpose for him to grab the family fortune? He doesn't have any children, so why does he need so much money? Furthermore, he's rich.'

'He lives a carefree life these few years and it doesn't seem that it's fake.'

'The change is more like an external cause. It doesn't seem it had been planned for a long time. It would be stupid if he had planned such a scheme after decades.'

"Do we still have time now?" Boyce asked.

Matthew looked at the driver and asked, "Have you been to their residence?"

He had heard that Benjamin had many residences. Since he did not like to contact them, he did not pay much attention to them, and it was a waste of time to investigate them now.

The driver nodded hurriedly, trying to redeem his sins by good deeds, "I know. I can bring you there."

Boyce questioned, "Do you think Benjamin will stay in the place that you know?"

"In their eyes, I am the one who betrayed Mr. Nelson, how would they expect me to come back? They would have thought I had escaped. They would not think that I will bring you there," The driver said.

Boyce thought that it was feasible and said to Matthew, "When it's late at night, I'll ask someone to go and get Joshua back."

"Boyce, you should arrange two people who are strong to go to the villa first." He was worried about

Dolores and the children there, but if he let Dolores come back, she would know that Joshua was missing and she would definitely be devastated. He deliberately asked her to go to the villa, trying to hide it from her.

“Where is Joshua?” Jessica suddenly broke in.

She had been by Kevin’s side and came back later. Coral was with her. When they heard that Dolores and the two children went to the villa, they cooperated among themselves. One of them went to the villa to take care of them. One of them took care of them in the Flores family. She was not at home for one day. The first thing she did after she came back was to see Joshua, but he was not there.

Jasmine bit her lip. There were tears in her eyes, “Jos...Joshua is...”

“I had asked someone to bring Joshua to the villa.” Matthew stood up and said, “I will also go there later.”

‘I don’t wish to hide the truth intentionally, but if I tell the truth now, I worry that they can’t accept it.’

‘What Benjamin wants now is the family fortune. Before he gets it, I think he won’t harm Joshua, so he’s safe for the time being.’

“Oh.” Jessica did not think much about it. She turned around and left.

Boyce said that he would make the arrangements and he brought Jasmine back too.

After arranging for everything and when it was late at night, the driver brought them to one of Benjamin’s private residences. It was in a secluded place but the location was ideal.

Modern architecture was technologically advanced. So, the anti-theft system was also excellent. When they had just stepped into the yard, the alarm rang.

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Boyce had no choice but to bring his men out first.

It was quite impossible for them to sneak in as they had alerted him.

“There’s an anti-theft system here, but there aren’t many people so we can break into the house,” The driver said. He was still somewhat confident in his ability.

Boyce said calmly, “We don’t know if Joshua is here, so if we break in like this, will we put him in danger in case he’s not here? If he moves Joshua to another place, it will be more difficult for us to find him.”

Matthew weighed the pros and cons in his mind and said, “Since we’ve already alerted him, we’ll make the best of it.”

‘If Joshua is really here, we will definitely have attracted their attention. If Joshua is here, then they will worry that we will find him and they will definitely move him to another place. In this way, we just need to ask someone to guard here and we will be able to find Joshua. If Joshua is not here, they will be more alert.’

“I’ll keep watch here,” Boyce said.

Right now, he could only feel relieved if Boyce was the one who guarded the place.

"I'll stay too." The driver was eager to redeem his sins by good deeds.

Matthew did not say anything. He was sort of acquiescing. He turned around and walked towards the car.

He got into the car and started the car engine. When he was about to drive away, the phone in his pocket rang. It was Armand who called. He said that Dolores had a fever.

She had been lying since she went back home. Theresa noticed that something was wrong and then realised that she had a fever.

Matthew said, "I got it."

He put down his phone and turned the car around to drive towards the villa.

There were no street lights on the road and he relied only on the headlights to illuminate the road. It took him a long time to reach the villa.

There was someone standing at the doorway. They were the men Boyce had arranged for. Matthew entered the house. Armand was in the living room. When he saw Matthew, he stood up from the sofa, "She is upstairs. Theresa had given her the medicine."

Matthew nodded and asked, "Where are the two children?"

"Theresa had asked them to go to sleep," Armand replied.

"It's late now, you shall rest too." After saying that, he walked upstairs.

He pushed open the door of the bedroom. It was dark. The lights were not switched on. There was no moon tonight. He could not see anything. So, he switched on the light.

Dolores was not woken up by the sound of switching on the light.

He walked to the bedside and reached out his hand to touch her forehead. It was still a bit hot, probably because she had just taken her medicine not long ago.

He sat on the edge of the bed and looked at her.

She was haggard in just a few days. If she knew that Joshua was missing, it would be even worse for her.

He took out his phone and sent a message to Boyce, asking him to arrange for someone to keep an eye on Benjamin and the woman by his side.

It did not matter whether he could find him by tomorrow night or not, he would do his best. Chapter 868
Die Without Descendants

Dolores, who was lying on the bed, talked in her sleep suddenly. Her voice was too small and Matthew could not hear it clearly. He put his ear near her lips and he could hear it this time. She was calling his name.

Matthew held her hand and whispered, "I'm here."

Dolores could not hear it and she called out again, "Matthew---"

Matthew lay on the edge of the bed and hugged her. The hug was very familiar. They shared a bed every night and they had become very familiar with each other.

It was his scent and she knew it. She moved closer to Matthew in a daze, "Matthew, don't be sad. I'll stay with you."

She did not open her eyes, as if she was talking in her sleep.

Matthew opened his eyes. His thick eyelashes fluttered a few times, and then he closed them finally. He only slept for a while and then woke up.

He was very tired these past few days. He was not able to sleep even for a short while as Joshua was missing.

The sky outside was still dark. He helped Dolores to tuck in the quilt and then touched her forehead. The fever seemed to have gone down. It was not hot anymore. However, he could not stay with her now as he had to go and find Joshua.

He looked at her affectionately, got up, walked out gently and closed the door.

He went to Armand's room after he went downstairs. He asked him to not let Dolores go back today.

Armand felt that something was wrong, "What's wrong?"

He sat up from the bed.

The lights were not switched on in the room. Matthew stood at the doorway, "Joshua is missing."

"What?!" Armand shouted subconsciously.

"Lower your volume." Matthew did not explain much, "Help me to keep an eye on this place."

Armand nodded, "Don't worry about it."

Matthew said yes and left.

At about nine o'clock, he received a message from Boyce. He saw Benjamin and the woman coming out of the house and getting into a car.

He asked Matthew if he wanted to arrest them.

Matthew asked him to continue following them and not to be discovered.

Right now, the most important thing for him was to find Joshua first.

Boyce had been busy. He had not been idle. He was investigating the origins of the woman by Benjamin's side.

Everything happened for a reason. There were always clues. Furthermore, she was a woman who liked to keep a high profile.

It just took him little time to find out everything about the woman. She was a bar girl. She was a mistress of many rich men before she stayed together with Benjamin. Benjamin was her latest sugar daddy. She was very good at dealing with men and had gotten a lot of money from previous sugar daddies.

She was well-known in her circles for her skill in dealing with men and the amount of money she had gotten from them.

This time, her friends envied her when she got Benjamin as her sugar daddy. Although he was old, he was rich. She might be able to get a lot of heritage if he died one day. It was known that Benjamin was sterile, just that no one discussed it openly.

Her friends were thinking that after he died, she would be rich and she could find a young man.

“Is that idiot crazy?” Abbott disdained, thinking in his mind, ‘He has found an experienced lady but he was incited to do something stupid by the lady, does he want to die?’

‘He can enjoy the rest of his life in peace, but now he puts himself in danger. It’s true that women are devils, for example, Emma disappeared after putting him into trouble.’

“Shall we arrest her?” Abbott asked.

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‘Isn’t Boyce stalking them?’

‘It would be better to arrest Benjamin rather than arresting her.’

'However, what if he doesn't say anything after we arrest him?'

'By that time, we still have to let go of him. After all, Joshua is still with them.' This is his weakness and he did not dare to take the risk.

"This woman likes money, how about we try to buy her off with money?" Abbott came up with another idea, "We don't have much time."

At this time, there was news from Boyce. They went to a club to have fun.

'It seems we can't find Joshua by stalking them.'

Abbott also saw Boyce's message and said, "They need to make use of Joshua, they must be afraid that we find him out, so they must hide him in somewhere which is difficult to be found. We can only catch a random person and ask him or her. If the soft approach does not work, we can use the hard approach. We can use coercion and bribery. How can they still not tell the truth?"

Matthew weighed for a moment. He could not come out with a better solution to get Boyce to arrest them.

At the same time, he needed to have a second plan. He asked someone to make a fake share certificate. The real one was with Dolores. If he went to ask her for it, she would find out.

After receiving the order, Boyce changed his attire and disguised himself as if he was there to spend money but he was ready to find an opportunity to arrest them.

The woman had been following Benjamin. After playing golf for a while, she sat down on the sofa to rest. She sat on Benjamin's lap and fed him fruit, "What do you think, we can succeed ..."

Before she could finish her words, Benjamin covered her mouth, "Beware of eavesdroppers."

The woman giggled. She pointed her slender fingers on his forehead, "Look how careful you are."

Benjamin said, "That's because you don't know the temperament of the person with the surname Nelson."

"Aren't you also surnamed Nelson?" The woman wrapped her arms around his neck and acted coquettishly. She wore a red dress that made her skin fair and there was a bit red. The neckline of the dress was so low that one could peek inside with a slight lean. She used her pair of thin, fair legs to rub against his body.

Benjamin put his hands on her leg, "You're naughty even in broad daylight."

"Don't you enjoy me doing this?" The woman bent her body, deliberately used her breast to act coquettishly in front of him. Benjamin was old and did not have much energy but he enjoyed watching her act coquettishly in front of him.

She was able to make Benjamin love her, mainly because she understood him well. Such an old man was simply impotent. However, she always pretended that she enjoyed it very much when she had sex with him and that made him feel accomplished.

Benjamin slapped her on the buttocks and said that she was a wanker.

Instead of getting angry, the woman laughed more happily.

Boyce was in another place but he could hear it clearly. There was a chill running down his spine, 'Doesn't he know that he's old? Why doesn't he feel embarrassed when he talks about this in broad daylight?'

“You said, when you get the company, you will make me become the president. You can’t break your promise.” The woman smiled.

The more the one who came from poor background became high class, the more they want. They felt that it was not enough to have money. They would like to be envied and to be adored.

Benjamin was worried. He had lived a carefree life all these years. However, he could not sleep well last night, especially when the alarm rang. He thought that Matthew had brought someone to arrest him.

“Don’t worry, there will be no mistakes.” The woman was very good at observing, “You just said that your surname is also Nelson. Why should they get all the limelight? Besides, it’s not fair, you are the descendants of the Nelson family, but they hold the power and have the most shares, on the other hand, you only have a small number of shares, why? Don’t you think you’re treated unfairly?”

Benjamin understood that his lineage did not know how to run a business, but he was touched by some of those words.

‘Even if I don’t know how to run a business, they shall have given me equal share, right? But then no.’

“I’ve heard of cases abroad that someone like you could get cured. After you’re cured, we can have a child and he can inherit the family business and pass it on from generation to generation, wouldn’t that be great?” The woman rested on his shoulder, “I hope that I can give birth to your child. If you’re sterile for the rest of your life, you will die without descendants and maybe someone will tease you and think that you don’t deserve to have that twenty per cent of the shares.”Chapter 869 Spend the Night with Me

The woman’s words were laced with a hint of provocation.

It happened to be poking at Benjamin's weak spot at the same time. In the case of being infertile, women would feel like a failure, while men would feel ashamed as if being infertile meant they were weak in bed too.

Benjamin's expression darkened.

"I'm going to the toilet." The woman stood up with a smile and sashayed away in her high heels, which were clacking against the marble floor.

Boyce and one of his subordinates followed her from behind and laid in ambush outside the washroom. When the woman came out, they covered her mouth and dragged her away.

They managed to avoid the crowd and get her into the car soon after.

"Who are you...oh, it's you." The woman chided lowly. She saw Boyce's face before she finished speaking, and she knew who he was. She knew he was on Matthew's side.

The woman soon understood the situation and chuckled, "It's useless to hold me captive. I don't know where Benjamin hid the kid either."

She pushed the blame to Benjamin. All of it.

"I'm just a woman who knows nothing. You guys better release me." After she knew their intention of capturing her, she actually managed to calm down. After all, Joshua was in their hands. These people would not dare to harm her.

Boyce ignored her and asked his man to drive faster.

A moment later, they arrived at an abandoned building. When the car came to a halt, they dragged the woman out of it. As the road was uneven and filled with trash from the construction, it caused the woman to stagger her steps a little. She looked up and glared at the man who dragged her, "Are you looking for death?"

She was a feisty one.

Boyce blocked the woman's line of sight and threatened her in a deep voice, "I'll let you leave this place safely if you tell us Joshua's whereabouts now, otherwise..."

"I told you I know nothing." She emphasized each word.

"Well, you're of no value then if you know nothing." Boyce gave his subordinate a look, "Bring her in."

His subordinate held the woman's arms tightly and pushed her into the building.

"Let me go! It's illegal to arrest me without a warrant!" She screamed.

Boyce clasped her chin so hard that she could not make a sound, "Scream later. You have all the time in the world to do that."

The woman was quickly brought to the highest floor. She was then thrown to the ground.

Matthew and Abbott were already there, standing at the edge of the floor. When they heard voices coming, they turned their heads back slowly to look at its source.

Boyce walked towards Matthew and told him everything he heard while he was spying on the woman, "It's mostly this woman's doings of adding fuel to the fire."

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"That makes sense. He would just be looking for death if he decided to come at us now and cause chaos after living in peace for decades, wouldn't he? Sure enough, someone else was there to provoke him." Abbott snorted coldly.

Matthew glanced at the woman and asked in a low voice, "Where's my son?"

The woman snorted in return, "I don't know that, but I do know Benjamin will avenge me if any of you hurt me today."

She wasn't afraid of them at all from the fact that she had someone important hostage.

Boyce squatted before her, "Benjamin only craves for your looks. What if I destroy this look he loves so much?"

That made the woman's eyes widen in an instant. She needed her looks and curves to grasp a man's heart. Without that, she would be nothing. Finally, there was a hint of fear in her eyes, "You! Don't you dare do that to me! Touch me once and I'll do the same to that kid!"

Boyce narrowed his eyes at her, not daring to act rashly for the moment. As long as Joshua was in hostage, it would always be their weakness. They can't do anything as they pleased.

“What do you want? Money? Give us a figure.” Abbott came over and looked down at the woman, “Benjamin is old, and there’s a limit to what he can give you. Isn’t money what you’re after? Just tell us how much you want.”

The woman went into deep thoughts. She knew they had their concerns.

“You’re right. I want money. But I want something more too, can you give me that?” The woman smirked, fixing her gaze on Matthew, who was standing not far away, “I can tell you where your son is as long as you offer me something attractive enough.”

“What do you want?” Matthew’s expression was gloomy, laced with a trace of cruelty that was unnoticeable.

The woman moved a little, “Untie the rope first. We can’t make a fair deal like this.”

Boyce and Abbott looked at Matthew. It was a look to ask for his opinion.

“There’s so many of you here. I couldn’t possibly escape, could I?” The woman sneered.

“Untie the rope,” Matthew ordered.

Boyce did what Matthew asked for and untied the woman. She stood up from the ground, patted the dust on her dress before fixing her gaze on Matthew again. She was looking at him dreamily now. Matthew was a tall man with a sturdy build and sharp features. He exuded a cold, yet dominating aura, which others could strongly feel even if he was just standing around casually.

He was a man who could make women go crazy over him.

In her heels, she sashayed towards Matthew and finally stood in front of him, “Benjamin promised to appoint me as the CEO of WY Group after he gets the company. He offered me wealth and power. What can you offer me to make me turn my back on him?”

The woman was looking at Matthew up and down openly.

It was the kind of gaze Matthew hated most.

“Actually, I don’t really need those things.” As she said, she put her hand on Matthew’s shoulder and whispered into his ear, “What about you spend the night with me? I’ll tell you where your son is afterwards.” _____Chapter 870 You're Not Sexy

Boyce and Abbott lowered their heads almost at the same time, pretending not to have heard her words.

The woman became even more presumptuous. She circled her arms around Matthew’s waist and leaned into him, “You won’t lose anything from this deal.”

She was confident that any man who had sex with her would not be able to leave her after knowing how amazing she was in bed.

They couldn't do that.

“A one-night stand in exchange for your son. You get to fuck me, and you can find your son after that. Isn’t it good for you? You know what, your wife seemed to be boring to me, and she’s not even sexy. Why don’t you...ah!”

Before she finished her sentence, she suddenly flew out and slammed into a pile of bricks. She curled her body and clutched onto her abdomen. Her expression was twisted from the pain. She screamed viciously, "How dare you!"

"Boyce, get her to speak with any means." Matthew's expression was dark.

The woman paled instantly, "How dare you! Don't you want to know your son's whereabouts anymore?"

"You're too greedy! We're going to teach you a lesson!" Even Abbott found her disgusting. 'Fuck it, how can this woman think about having sex all day? Is she an animal?'

Boyce got his men to tie the woman up again, to which she struggled, "I swear you will never get to see your son again if you hurt me!"

At this time, Boyce took out a knife. It was smaller than a fruit knife, but it appeared to be sharp, and its blade was reflecting the light.

He put the blade to the woman's face. With the cold metal against her skin, she finally felt fear rushing into her head. She was trembling at this point, "You wouldn't dare do this to me!"

"You think so?" Boyce applied pressure onto the blade, and it pressed onto her skin a little bit more.

The woman was so scared that her eyeballs were about to fall out, "No..."

But it was too late. Boyce stroked the knife against her face, and a bloody scratch immediately surfaced. 'This kind of woman must be taught a lesson! Otherwise, she would think she could fool with us!'

"Ahhh!" The woman shrieked.

Abbott picked up a used glove by the construction workers on the ground and stuffed her mouth with it.

"We're going to destroy everything you have, everything you used to seduce those men. I wonder if Benjamin would still be interested in you after this!" Abbott took the knife from Boyce and stroked it on her neck.

She seduced men with her looks and body. When they destroyed her, she would not be able to do this anymore!

"Mm..."

All colours were drained from the woman's face. She never expected these people to be so cruel.

Her face was tingling with pain.

If her beauty was ruined, she would have nothing left.

She wanted to say something but could only make incoherent sounds with the glove in her mouth.

She shook her head desperately, hoping they'd give her a chance to speak.

Boyce and Abbott ignored her. They knew how to deal with a person like this. She needed to be taught a lesson before she was willing to speak up.

“Say, what if I cut off a piece of your flesh, and leave a hole here? Would Benjamin still like you by then?” Abbott deliberately stuck the knife into her skin.

The woman was completely frightened as her body trembled with fear.

“Are you going to tell us now?” Abbott asked.

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She nodded.

He met gazes with Boyce and then took the glove out from her mouth, “Speak.”

The woman looked at Abbott and spat on his face, “Over my dead body!”

With her bloodshot eyes, she glared at Matthew, “You’re not going to find your son for the rest of your life!”

That was unexpected.

This woman can keep a secret!

She knew that her death would come when she told them the truth. When they found the kid, they would not have any concerns anymore. They were only keeping her alive now because they wanted to get information from her.

“Benjamin probably knows that I’ve been kidnapped after disappearing for so long. He’s going to hide the kid in an even more secretive place. You will never find him! Hahaha!” She looked like a madwoman right now, laughing with a face covered in blood.

Buzz. At this time, Matthew’s phone, which was in his pocket, vibrated. He took it out and saw that Dolores was calling him. He walked to the side and answered the call.

As soon as he picked it up, Dolores questioned him, “Joshua is missing, isn’t he?”

When Jessica came to her house today, Dolores asked her why she came and who was taking care of Joshua.

“Isn’t Joshua here?” Jessica asked her in return.

With that, they had discovered what Matthew was concealing.

“Why are you not talking?” It was supposed to be a serious question, but it brought no impact because Dolores was weak.

She knew that she shouldn’t be acting like this. No one would’ve wanted this incident to happen, but she was too worried. Joshua was still so young. She asked hoarsely, “Where are you?”

“Outside.” Matthew lowered his gaze.

“Have you found out how Joshua went missing?” She asked again.

“Yeah.”

“Where are you?” She continued to ask.

“Stay at home and rest. I’ll find Joshua...”

“How could I rest?” Dolores couldn’t control her temper at all now.

“Calm down.”

“My son is missing! How can I calm down? Tell me!” It was her first time speaking so loudly to Matthew. She was going hysterical, “Where are you? I’ll meet you there!”

“We don’t have much time left.” Boyce came over. That woman would rather die than telling them Joshua’s whereabouts.

All of them had underestimated her.

“I’ll call you back.” Then, Matthew hung up. Dolores was emotionally unstable now, so it was difficult to communicate with her.

“What should we do now?” Boyce had no idea how to continue the interrogation, “Benjamin probably have realised our plan by now since we captured her for such a long time. Will this be dangerous for Joshua?”_Chapter 871 Human Shield

Matthew looked at the woman and his eyes lit up. He had a plan and said, "Find a place to lock her up."

Boyce did not know what Matthew was thinking and objected, "We don't have the time..."

"Do as I say." He stomped off after saying.

Boyce stood in place and pondered if he wasted his efforts to capture this woman. He was not satisfied.

Buzz, buzz...

Abbott's cellphone vibrated and he took it out of his pocket. It was a message from Matthew and he opened it immediately. He started to grin after he read the message. He now knew what Matthew planned to do.

He kept the phone, looked at the woman, and frowned, "This woman is really stubborn."

But he could understand as it took courage for her to instigate Benjamin to kidnap Joshua and demand company shares from Matthew as a ransom.

Had it not been for the crisis due to Jayden's death, she would not have had the opportunity to carry it out.

"What a pity." Abbott said in front of her intentionally, "We had wasted our efforts capturing her since we can't get any information from her."

“Where shall we lock her up? Prison?” Abbott asked Boyce.

Boyce replied, “Not now. Jos is still in Benjamin’s hands. If we lock her up, that would signal to Benjamin that they had been exposed. What if...”

They were very concerned about Joshua’s safety.

“Why do I have the feeling that something’s not right?” Abbott appeared to be vexed.

“I really don’t believe that she doesn’t care about her life!” Abbott was about to strike and Boyce intervened, “Spare her.” He could not stand aside and let Abbott commit a murder.

Abbott scoffed in disgust, “You must be ruthless with such a woman. Otherwise, she’ll think that we’re soft and do not dare to act.”

“Leave, all of you, and leave this to me.” Abbott said as he squatted next to the woman and continued, “You won’t be implicated by what’s going to happen.”

The woman broke and said, “How dare you!”

“I’ll show you whether I dare or not!” Abbott picked up a brick and then grabbed her finger.

“I heard that the fingers are linked to the heart. I’ll see how is your pain threshold.”

“No... don’t...” The woman struggled but Abbott pinned her down and forced her to expose one finger. He slammed the brick down onto the finger.

“Argh!!” The woman screamed in pain.

Boyce and his men left the tower. He could act ruthlessly but he was more concerned for Joshua’s safety and do not want to risk it by being too harsh.

Abbott continued to gag the woman’s mouth and smashed one finger after another until five fingers were a bloody mess.

“Today I want to see if you or the brick will win.” Abbott threw the broken brick aside and picked up another one. He grabbed the other hand and spread the fingers, “I have all the time in the world. Let’s have some fun.”

“Mmph, mmph...” The woman struggled and wanted to say something.

Abbott noticed but he ignored her. She was the type that thought too highly of herself and felt that they would not do anything to her since Joshua was captured by her. Not only was he carrying out Matthew’s instructions, but he also wanted to teach this woman a lesson.

Suddenly Boyce ran over and appeared very troubled, “Abbott!”

“What happened?” Abbott turned to ask.

“Let’s go, we’ve been discovered.” He pulled Abbott as Abbott kicked her and said, “Isn’t she leaving with us?”

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“There’s no time. With my status, I’d be ruined if someone discovered that I’m here. Quickly.” Boyce used his strength to pull Abbott. Abbott pretended to be upset and yelled, “We’re too kind to this bitch!” He ‘fled’ with Boyce soon after.

Their footsteps diminished in a distance while another set of footsteps approached. The woman was dizzy from the pain and barely saw someone familiar approach her. Her eyes became wide open when she realized who this was and started to mumble, “Mmph, mmph...”

Benjamin took out the gag in her mouth. Benjamin said that he went to the restroom and did not come back because he could not find who he was looking for. Thereafter Benjamin received a message that she was here and he came immediately.

“It’s Matthew...” The woman’s eyes were bloodshot, hugged Benjamin and cried, “You must revenge for me.”

Benjamin assured, “Okay, okay...”

He answered so quickly because he had been humiliated. This woman was his subordinate and was captured and tortured by Matthew. Matthew did not hold back on his account!

“Quick, take her away,” Benjamin ordered, and very soon someone came to carry the woman away to the cars below. They entered the car and sped away.

A short distance away, several cars were waiting and then followed Benjamin. Soon Benjamin brought the woman home and called the doctor to tend to her wounds. Although she was badly injured, the

injuries were not life-threatening.

"I'm afraid that these injuries on your face will leave scars." The doctor said.

"I want you to treat it perfectly!" The woman yelled.

Benjamin liked her and said to the doctor, "Please do your utmost best." The doctor nodded.

Soon, the wounds were all cleaned and treated. The woman looked into the mirror. Her face was bandaged up and said furiously, "Those animals ruined my face!"

Benjamin comforted her, "They'll heal."

"Just look at my hand!" The woman raised her bandaged hand. She thought of the disrespect that she had gone through and yelled, "I want revenge!"

It looked like the woman's eyes were shooting daggers. They were filled with anger. She kicked off the blanket and got down from the bed.

Benjamin was surprised and asked, "You're injured, where are you going?"

"How can I let this rest? You saw for yourself what they did to me. I'm your woman. They did this to show you. Now I want them to know that I am no pushover!" She said furiously.

"Didn't you agree to meet them tonight? I'll go with you but I need to go somewhere else before that."

"Where?" Benjamin sensed her motives, "You want to go to that baby?"

“Someone must pay for what I just suffered!” The woman said ruthlessly.

“Furthermore, we must not let this baby go even after we get what we want.”

Benjamin narrowed her eyes and asked, “What do you mean by that?”

“Think about it. When we give the baby back to Matthew, we no longer hold anything against him. He will come to us with everything he’s got. So long as the baby is in our hands, he won’t try anything funny. This baby is our human shield!”

“True.” Benjamin nodded.

“Benjamin, when I was captured and tortured, I did not reveal a single thing because I know that our situation is dicey. If I said where the baby was, then he would come after you. That’s why I was ready to die without saying anything to them. I was only worried that they threatened you. Benjamin, I love you. You must seek revenge for me.” The woman cried as she said.

Benjamin hugged the woman. It was true that had she revealed the baby’s whereabouts, he would lose any bargaining chips with Matthew. Furthermore, Matthew would not let the matter rest just like that and come after him with everything in his disposal.

She did not reveal the baby’s location even after suffering so much torture. It was clear that she had been thinking for him. Benjamin’s heart ached and replied, “I’ll seek revenge for what you suffered today.”

“Now I want to see that baby.” The woman insisted. She just wanted someone to pay for the injuries that she had sustained.

She wanted Matthew to regret hurting her! _____ Chapter 872 Joshua’s Whereabouts

On seeing her condition, Benjamin said, "Okay, but we must be cautious just in case Matthew finds out..."

"He won't, we'll be extra careful." The woman simply wanted to vent her anger at this point.

"Okay, let's go." Benjamin knew that she was fuming now and just wanted an outlet for the ordeal that she had gone through today. They just had to be careful.

They left from the back door and checked the surroundings before getting into the car. Abbott's men were observing from behind some trees.

Benjamin and the woman thought that they had been very careful to prevent being discovered. Little did they realize that they had been shadowed since they left that place.

They followed Benjamin's car and drove to an increasingly remote area. They finally stopped outside an old age hospice.

Benjamin exited the car and the woman followed suit. She seemed eager and joyful when she said, "They would never figure out that we are hiding the baby at a hospice."

Benjamin looked around and then said cautiously, "We'd better be more careful. Let's go."

The woman nodded and entered the hospice from the back door. The men which came with them followed them into the hospice but the woman instructed them to secure the entrance while she and

Benjamin entered the room.

It was a square room with a bed to the side. A middle-aged woman sat by the bed carrying the baby.

“Put down the child and leave.” Benjamin said.

The middle-aged woman gently placed the baby down and said, “The baby was crying the entire night and just fell asleep.”

The woman was frustrated and said, “Just put the baby down and leave!”

The baby was very cute and the middle-aged woman started to become attached to it. Although she had been paid to do this, she was curious as to why they kept the baby here.

However, she dared not ask and placed a blanket over Joshua before leaving.

The woman walked towards the bed and noticed that Joshua very much resembled Dolores. She began to rage within her. She was a woman just like Dolores. Why did she have to serve this old man while Dolores could marry such a good man and give birth to this adorable baby? She began to become overwhelmed in hate.

She yanked off the blanket covering Joshua which startled him and started to cry.

“Go ahead and cry until your parents hear you. I’m sure they’ll be heartbroken when they hear your cries.” The woman took out her cellphone and recorded a video of Joshua crying. She would show it to Matthew at the appropriate time. She wanted Matthew to know that the baby suffered because he tortured her.

She kept the phone and stoked Joshua's face as she said, "How fortunate are you to be born into a wealthy family?"

She scoffed while her eyes betrayed her vileness, "What a pity to end up in my hands."

Then, she pinched Joshua's nose and yelled, "Don't cry!"

Joshua's face began to turn red from the lack of air.

"Haha ha..." The woman shrieked, "You will pay for all that I had suffered today. You can hate your parents for that!"

Bang! The door was kicked in!

The men that Benjamin left to guard the door were all on the ground and a team of men rushed into the room.

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"You..." Benjamin demanded but then realized immediately who came in and turned pale.

Before the woman could react, she simply heard a 'how dare you' and felt her entire body being tossed and pushed down onto the ground. She winced in pain, started to see a tall figure walk over, and started to realize what had happened while her heart began to sink into the abyss.

After his nose was released, Joshua wailed loudly, "Waah..."

Matthew quickly picked Joshua into his arms. Joshua still wailed uncontrollably and his eyes were slightly swollen perhaps due to the cries. His tiny body started to shudder along with the cries.

"Is Joshua alright?" Boyce asked as he walked over.

Matthew pursed his lips tightly and one could see from his eyes that he was heartbroken. He gently wiped away the tears from the baby's face and said softly, "You know what to do."

Boyce replied, "Leave it to me, I'll settle this."

Matthew carried Joshua and left. He turned around to look at Benjamin before stepping outside.

"What do you intend to do?" Benjamin pretended to be composed.

"You were the one who kidnapped and extorted. Now you're asking me what I intend to do? Shouldn't I be asking you that?" Matthew said coldly.

"We share the same bloodline," Benjamin yelled, trying to sound brave but he knew that he was in a lot of trouble.

Matthew scoffed, "Did you remember this when you kidnapped my child?"

Benjamin clenched his fists but frowned deeply and remained still.

"How did this happen?" The woman was puzzled. She could not figure how Matthew found their

location.

Abbott went over to her and patted her bandaged face. The woman winced in pain.

“What a fool. Since we had caught you, do you think that we would let you go so easily? Aren’t you curious how was it that you were so easily rescued?”

The woman glared and yelled, “You tricked me? You intentionally let me be rescued?”

Abbott scoffed and did not bother to reply. Of course, that was what they did. He did not harm her too badly so that she could still move about. He did all these to rile up her hatred so that she would act hastily. When she acted in haste, she would let her guard down and become careless.

They capitalized on this.

Matthew had planned this the moment he left the top floor. He first sent the message to Abbott to let him torture that woman. However, he must not go overboard and must keep her alive.

Then, he intentionally leaked out the whereabouts of the woman so that Benjamin would find out and he would come to rescue her. Finally, Boyce was instructed to get Abbott away, and thereafter Boyce was told of the plan.

When Boyce went to drag Abbott away, he also said that he was worried about being implicated so that the woman would hear it which made the situation more convincing.

All these were done to stir up her desire for revenge. Once she sought revenge, she would naturally want to vent it onto Joshua. Then, as long as they followed the woman, they would find Joshua.

At this moment, Benjamin came to his senses and seemed to realize what had just happened. He glared at the woman.

Chapter 873 All Kinds of Reasons

The woman was stunned when she realized that she had been played. But it was too late.

She endured the pain in her abdomen, crawled over to Benjamin and grabbed his leg, and said, "They tricked us."

She was terrified when she was captured. Then, she was rescued and did not think of the possibility of being tricked.

"You are his uncle, he wouldn't do anything against you." The women tried to make Benjamin use his family ties with Matthew to seek leniency.

Abbott scoffed, "Now you know that you're relatives? Why didn't you consider the consequences when you kidnapped Jos?"

Benjamin looked at Abbott and laughed, "So what? I'm not someone who you can touch."

Abbott laughed in return, "Perhaps I can't touch you but this is a kidnap and you are a criminal. I can't do anything to you but the law can!"

"You don't have proof." The woman said as she held tightly to Benjamin's leg. Now her only hope rests with Benjamin. Now that they were discovered, Benjamin must not shirk away from his responsibility and part in it.

Abbott looked coldly at the woman and said, "It looks like you don't understand my boss's temper." He used the tip of his shoe to raise the woman's chin and continued, "We have lots of means to kill you if he wants you dead!"

As she heard this, she grabbed even tighter onto Benjamin.

Benjamin held onto his trousers and yelled, "What are you panicking for? I don't believe that he will kill you!"

"Benjamin, I can only depend on you." She held onto Benjamin tightly as he was her only hope.

Boyce walked over and said solemnly, "Both of you are suspected of kidnap and ransom demands. You need to be arrested and investigated." He ordered his men to arrest and take them back to the police station.

"How dare you touch me?" Benjamin struggled as his arms were held behind him. He now used his relationship with Matthew to demand preferential treatment, "I'm one of the Nelsons!"

Boyce replied, "In the ancient days, even the Emperor had to face the same punishment as the subjects when the Emperor committed a crime. Now that we are now a lawful society, do you think that you can go scot-free when you've committed a crime? Men, take them away!"

"How dare..." Before Benjamin could finish speaking, he was swiftly removed. The policemen were very efficient and did not care about a criminal's societal status. All criminals must be investigated and face justice.

Although Benjamin had some minor physical defects, he had lived a privileged life. Now he was arrested

at this age and he was never treated this roughly in his life, not to mention the disrespect towards him.

"I demand to see Matthew!" Benjamin struggled and yelled.

"Struggle again and I will add another charge of resisting arrest!" Boyce said sternly.

Boyce's men did not go easy on Benjamin and forced him into the car. The woman did as she was told on seeing Boyce's firm attitude. She entered the car and was squeezed beside Benjamin.

"I'll leave the rest to you." Abbott dusted his jacket.

Boyce nodded and made a call before entering the car.

Jasmine did not sleep for almost two days. She was worried sick as she sat on the sofa. Boyce quickly called her to inform her that Joshua was found.

Jasmine swiftly answered Boyce's call. She was apprehensive that the call would bring bad news about Jos. Her hand was trembling as she answered the call, "Hello?"

Boyce knew that Jasmine was worrying and quickly assured her, "Don't worry, Joshua's found. Everything's fine now."

Jasmine was overwhelmed with emotions and asked with a shaky voice, "Really?"

Boyce replied, "Of course. How could I lie to you about something like this?"

Jasmine smiled as tears of joy flowed down her cheeks, "That's great." Then she quickly asked, "Had the kidnappers been captured?"

“Yes,” Boyce replied.

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As Soon As You Hear About Love You Start Screaming At Out Loud?

“You must bring them to justice!” Jasmine said angrily, “How could they steal a baby? They’re inhumane! These people must not go scot-free!”

‘I know. Have a good rest.” Boyce said tenderly.

Jasmine acknowledged but she did not feel tired at all. Now that Joshua was found, she wondered if he was traumatized. She went to the bathroom to wash up, changed, and left the house.

She took a taxi to the villa and saw Matthew’s car parked outside. She paid the taxi driver and went to the entrance. She paused momentarily before walking forward to knock on the door.

The door was quickly opened and immediately Theresa stepped aside for Jasmine to enter.

“Is Joshua’s back?” Jasmine did not know what else to say.

Theresa nodded, “He’s back. He’s upstairs. However, wait a while before going up.”

Jasmine understood and expected Matthew to be upstairs.

“Come and take a seat.” Theresa led her to the sofa.

Upstairs.

It took Dolores a while before she could coax Joshua to sleep. He remained restless and twitched as he slept. Her heart was broken when Joshua was kidnapped. Each day was torture for her as she did not know what to do.

A child was the life of the parents. Only when the child was happy could the parents be happy.

“Who did this?” Dolores turned towards Matthew. Her eyes were bloodshot and furious.

Joshua’s disappearance was so sudden and the funeral had just ended. Thereafter she was all alone at the villa and received no updates of what happened.

Matthew stood beside the bed, looked at Jos, and said, “I’ll handle this.”

“I asked you who did this?” She controlled her voice because Joshua just fell asleep. She just wanted to know who did it and why so that she could prevent it from happening again.

She was terrified by this incident.

She looked at Matthew and said, “This is my son and inside me for ten months. He is my flesh and blood. Now that something so serious had happened to him, don’t I have the right to know who did it?”

Matthew did not mean to keep it from her but just did not want her to worry. He did not expect her to be so agitated.

He walked over and wanted to wipe away her tears but she turned her head away. Matthew stood and looked at her with his enchanting eyes.

She was seated while he stood in front of her for a while before Dolores calmed down and said, "I'm sorry..."

She knew that he also felt terrible when Joshua was kidnapped. She was terrified and could not compose herself.

Matthew pulled her head into his embrace. Dolores' head was pressed onto his abdomen while she hugged his waist.

He ran his fingers through her hair and said, "It's not that I don't want to tell you. I just don't want you to worry. The person had been caught by Boyce."

Dolores calm down significantly and then revealed who she thought had done this, "Was Benjamin involved?"

This person appeared after Jayden's passing and then Joshua disappeared. She could only link these events to him.

Matthew calmly affirmed.

"Why?" Dolores tilted her head, "Why did he kidnap Jos? Do the two of you have any conflicts? Or did he have any grudge against dad?" _____

Chapter 874 At Each Other's Throats

"None." Matthew gently closed his eyes.

Dolores was puzzled, "Then why?"

Then she realized something and asked, "Was it due to money?" However, she was unsure as so many years had passed without any incidents concerning money. Then why would something occur now because of money?

"In the past, there wasn't anyone to threaten me with." Matthew felt her forehead and asked, "Do you still have a fever?"

Dolores shook her head and then nodded, "A little, I'm feeling much better."

"I have some affairs that I need to go and settle. Have a good rest."

Matthew lifted the blanket beside Joshua and got her to lay down and said, "Take a nap. I'll be home soon."

Dolores noticed that he looked very tired and haggard. Her heart ached for him. Actually, he must be feeling terrible since his father had just passed away and Joshua was kidnapped. Now at least Joshua's safely home.

She said tenderly, "I'll wait for you."

"Okay," Matthew replied and covered her with the blanket.

He stood up when she closed her eyes. He took another look at Joshua before stepping out.

Jasmine stood up when she saw Matthew coming down the stairs. She grasped her hands nervously and said, "How's Jos?"

Matthew acknowledged and Jasmine was extremely relieved.

"Can I take a look at Jos?" Jasmine softly asked.

"He's asleep. Perhaps later." Matthew said and left the house. Jasmine quickly nodded.

Boyce called just as Matthew left.

Boyce was amid the interrogation. The nanny who was taking of Joshua and the driver were both witnesses. There was a need to do the investigations properly.

However, Benjamin and that woman would not cooperate and refused to admit that they had kidnapped Jos.

"Are you really coming over?" Boyce asked.

He could handle these but Benjamin was a Nelson who was instigated to commit such a serious crime. Would Matthew's presence make things worse?

Matthew said that he would go and ended the call. He then drove himself to the police station.

Boyce was in the interrogation room and Bruno went out to receive Matthew. He led Matthew into the station and said, "Mr. Shawn is leading the investigation. We started as soon as we came back."

Matthew nodded as they walked through the lobby and towards the interrogation room which was located at the back of the police station.

They were soon at the interrogation room which was partitioned in two. One half was used for the interrogation while the other half was an observation room.

There were two officers in the interrogation room. One carried out the interrogation while the other transcribed.

Matthew entered the observation room and observed the interrogation.

"I did not kidnap anyone. I just picked up my nephew's son back to my place for a day. Is that a crime?" Benjamin refused to admit it, just as the other woman.

Boyce showed the driver and the caretaker's photograph and said, "According to their statements, you did kidnap and demanded a ransom."

"What evidence do you have?" Benjamin gambled that the police did not have any credible evidence which was why he was so defiant.

"I demand to see my lawyer," Benjamin demanded.

Boyce leaned forward and asked, "Don't you know?"

Benjamin looked at him cautiously and asked, "What do you mean?"

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As Soon As You Hear About Love You Start Screaming At Out Loud?

Boyce laughed and baited him, "That woman who instigated you had already confessed. She said that you were the one who planned this. She said that you had harboured a discontent against Matthew which resulted in the kidnapping to extort Matthew."

"She said that?" Benjamin glared his eyes. He raised his eyebrows and did not believe Boyce.

"Of course! She even said that you forced her to do these and she had no choice to do it. She said that you coerced her to do all ..."

"Impossible! She was the one who instigated these. She said that I was treated unfairly by Matthew. Even kidnapping Joshua was her idea. I would have acted long ago if I had such thoughts. Do I need to wait until now?" Benjamin was unable to think clearly under pressure.

He lived a life of luxury all this while and did not know how to handle such situations.

"So you admitted that it was a kidnap?" Boyce laughed.

"I did not." Benjamin denied it again.

Boyce pointed to the video cameras on either side of the table and said, "This is an interrogation room. Your every movement, every word is being recorded. Your denial is too late.

Benjamin became agitated and yelled, "I was duped by her."

"She said that she was coerced by you and now you said that you were duped. Who among you is lying?" Boyce continued his interrogation.

Although he had the authority, he could not misuse it. He also could not let his personal feelings get into the way of official matters. However, he could not let this matter rest so easily. Joshua was hurt by them and he had to use some interrogation tactics against them. For example to turn the two suspects against each other.

"Of course it is her!" Benjamin was so angry that he wanted to stand up. However, he was handcuffed onto the chair which was bolted to the ground, and could not stand up.

"Don't be agitated. I can let you ask her." Boyce ordered for the woman to be brought in. Boyce then walked over to Benjamin and released him from the seat. Then he said to Benjamin, "Between you and her, I tend to trust you more. After all, you are Matthew's uncle. If you harboured any ill intentions, you would have acted much earlier and not waited till now to do at this age, am I right?"

Benjamin rubbed his wrists and looked at Boyce. It seemed that Boyce was siding with him but then again, what Boyce said did not sit well with him.

What did Boyce mean by 'at this age'? He was not young but neither was he that old.

Soon the woman was brought in and Boyce said to the transcriber, "Let's leave."

The transcriber closed the book and left with Boyce.

"Benjamin." The woman still regarded Benjamin as her saviour. When Boyce interrogated her, she did not say anything and refused to admit that it was a kidnap.

She grabbed onto Benjamin's elbow and said, "Quickly call the lawyer to bail us out of here."

Benjamin pushed her away and said coldly, "Even if the lawyer comes, he will only bail me out!"

The woman was stunned and looked at him with her eyes wide open, "But I'm your woman..."

"My woman?" Benjamin scoffed, "Did you think of that when you betrayed me?"

She was stunned and asked, "When did I betray you?"

"Act?" Benjamin pinched her chin and asked, "Are you still acting? Didn't you tell them that I kidnapped Jos? Didn't you say that you were coerced by me? You really know how to deflect the responsibilities. Are you trying to push all these onto me?"

The woman was stumped. When did she say all these?

"You, are you mistaken?" The woman tried to explain, "I did not..."

"Still won't admit it? On one hand, you act so loyally to me while on the other hand, you try to push all the blame onto me." Benjamin said.

"I did not." The woman shook her head and begged, "You must believe me."

"How can you make me believe you?" Benjamin pushed the woman away in anger. The woman lost her balance and struck her head against the door as she fell to the ground. She winced in pain and sat miserably on the ground.

Inside the observation room, Matthew and Boyce were watching on the screen what was happening in

the interrogation room.

Boyce looked at the woman wincing in pain and scoffed, "Isn't it interesting to see them going after each other's throats?" chapter 875 As Pretty as a Flower

Inside the interrogation room...

The woman slowly raised her head to look at Benjamin. She had firmly captured this man's heart and he would listen to everything she said. All this while, he desired her love and attention. He had never treated her this way. Could it be that he wanted to ditch her and blame everything on her?

"Benjamin, don't think that you can blame this on me." The woman stood up slowly and pointed at him, "You cannot escape being responsible for this kidnapping. Even upon death, I'll make sure that I drag you down with me!"

She was extremely furious. She did not say anything so that both of them can be released. Little did she expect him to save his own skin and blame it all on her.

Benjamin was stunned to see her vicious side for the first time. She had always been demure and gentle in front of him.

"You've given up acting?" Benjamin said sarcastically, "You have been acting all along, haven't you?"

"Hmph, what do you think?" Now that things are at this stage, the woman no longer needed to act. She

sniped back, "I'm young and beautiful and every day I sleep with an old fart like you. I am nauseous just thinking of it. You can't satisfy me and yet I need to act as if you do. It is torture to be at your side with those saggy skin and old body. Do you really think that you're so attractive? Why don't you look at yourself in the mirror?"

"You..." Benjamin's finger trembled as he pointed at her, "You slut!"

"If I'm a slut then what are you?" The woman leaned against the door and looked at him coldly, "If I'm a slut and you are so willing to listen to me, then does it not make you worst than a slut?"

Benjamin stumbled a couple of steps backward and then said, "You, you... I'll kill you!"

He rushed over and grasped the woman's neck, "Slut, you lied to me, die!"

The woman struggled to breathe and her face started to turn red. She looked at Benjamin with her eyes wide open and laughed, "ho ho..."

"You'll be a murderer if you kill me!"

"I have money. Today I will pay for your life. I'll end you right now!" Benjamin yelled ruthlessly and his expression was fierce and devious.

The woman could not make a sound and was barely alive.

In the observation room, someone noticed that the woman was almost killed by Benjamin and asked softly, "Will he really kill her?"

Boyce looked at Matthew but he did not say anything. Boyce then went out and opened the door to the interrogation room. He pulled Benjamin away and then warned, "Where do you think you are now? Do you think that you can behave as you wish?"

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Benjamin did not come to his senses and yelled, "I want to kill her!"

Boyce looked at the woman as she held onto her chest and took big gulps of air.

"As long as you speak the truth that you're being duped, I will naturally speak up for you. I will also speak well of you in front of Matthew and ensure that you're unscathed by this. No matter what, you are also a Nelson and he would be merciful to you." Boyce said intentionally and loud enough for the woman to hear.

Although they were already at each other's throats, Boyce still wanted to add fuel to the fire. It was best if one was killed by the other and then the remaining one receive a life sentence. Then they would not harm anyone else.

It was absolutely unforgivable to kidnap a baby.

The woman caught her breath and heard what Boyce said. She felt awful and wondered what Boyce meant. Was she doomed?

She had no connections and neither did she have any societal status. Benjamin was different, he was a Nelson. Although he had committed a crime, he could weasel his way out and push all the blame to her. At that moment, she realized that it was the end of the road for her.

Benjamin patted Boyce's shoulder and said naively, "I will remember what you did for me. Let me know whenever you need my help."

Boyce scoffed within him and was certain that Benjamin would spend the rest of his days in prison. However, he kept his thoughts and his expression did not reveal his intentions.

Now with Boyce's assurance that he would be fine, Benjamin relaxed and then said to Boyce, "I was blind to listen to this bitch and almost did myself in."

Boyce raised his eyebrows slightly. Although this woman had instigated Benjamin, he was sure that Benjamin harbored some unhappiness against Matthew. Otherwise, the woman could not have managed to instigate him to do anything.

"After all we are a family, what's the big deal?" Benjamin was getting complacent.

Boyce looked quietly at Benjamin getting pleased with himself. A family? You kidnapped your own family member's baby! Even a regular family member would not be able to accept this, not to mention Matthew.

"Die!" The woman managed to take something sharp and lunged towards Benjamin.

Boyce noticed it and could have stopped her but he did not. Benjamin was a senior and both he and Matthew could not harm him. How nice if this woman could do it for them?

Benjamin heard the commotion and turned around only to see a frantic face lunging towards him with something in her hand. _____ Chapter 876 Where Did the Wind Come From?

Benjamin had always led a life of luxury and privilege and this was his first time experiencing the things that happened today. Someone was trying to assassinate him, he was panicked in a moment and he didn't even know how to respond, so he froze and just stood still.

The woman pounced on him and held him in her arms, and then she put her head on his shoulder and bit his neck with strength.

“Ah!”

Benjamin screamed. When the woman attacked him, she didn't hold anything in her hand. It was the silver fingernails that she had painted previously which had made him mistake them as something sharp.

She didn't have a weapon, but she couldn't reconcile to be abandoned. Even if she was going to die, she wanted to make Benjamin die together with her!

“Help!”

Benjamin was shaking her off from his body due to the pain, but her hands were like the octopus's tentacles which held him tightly and didn't let go of him. The blood was coming out from her mouth and it was shocking.

Boyce pulled the woman away after he looked on for a while.

Benjamin covered his neck, “Go to hell, bitch!”

He kicked the woman crazily when he was talking.

No one pitied her. They were all standing beside and watching them. When Boyce felt that it was

enough, he asked someone to pull Benjamin away.

“Hold them captive first. There is enough evidence now and we shall wait for the Department of Justice to judge them.” He left after saying this.

Boyce walked to the observation room and Matthew had just come out from the room, so Boyce trotted towards him, “I will arrange the remaining things. He won’t be released in a short while and he will need to spend some years inside.”

Matthew hummed gently.

When Benjamin was caught, he saw Matthew and Boyce and shouted, “You said you will let go of me, didn’t you? Why do you go back on your words? Bastard! And Matthew, I’m your uncle, are you going to be treacherous?”

Boyce said coldly, “Quickly bring him away.”

Soon, Benjamin’s shouts disappeared in the corridor.

Matthew didn’t show any emotion on his face and he looked cold. He gave a sideways glance coldly and took his eyes off the direction, “Settle the thing thoroughly and don’t leave any evidence.”

It was to avoid causing any unnecessary problems.

Boyce said, “Sure.”

Matthew walked and left.

They drove to the villa. There was a car stopping at the entrance. He had seen this car before as it was specially refitted.

Matthew stopped his car and got out of the car, while Charles got out of his car with Tom's help. When Charles saw Matthew, he nodded gently and said seriously, "I've just come from the White City and I've heard about it, I should've come to the funeral."

Matthew stood there and he didn't talk.

Charles had no choice, "Are you unhappy to see me?"

Matthew still didn't talk.

"This is for your son, help me to give him." Charles gave him a box which was nicely wrapped, "During the period when I stayed in White City, it seemed like a long time had passed, a lot of things seemed to have happened here."

Matthew didn't take the gift from him, he said coldly, "Has Mr. White finished talking?"

Charles smiled, "Is your hostility to me still so strong?"

Matthew didn't answer him, he turned and walked toward the villa.

The gift in Charles's hand was still stopping in the midair, but he didn't take it back awkwardly, he looked

at Matthew's back and said, "I've already had a wife, why are you so petty?"

Matthew stopped walking in a moment, he turned and looked at Charles, "I would like to ask you a question."

"Go ahead." Charles was surprised that this petty man would have something to ask him.

"What will you do if someone covets your lover?"

Charles said without hesitation, "I will torture the person who covets my lover, then I will kick him."

Matthew sneered, "I'm having this thought right now."

Charles was speechless.

"You're unkind." Charles facepalmed, he realized that he was tricked, "I've come to your home, but you don't let me go inside and don't serve me a drink as well, you're really stingy."

Matthew ignored him.

Charles laughed at himself, he was just making himself awkward, Matthew was always a petty man and he had never changed.

However, if he were Charles, he wouldn't be generous too.

Everything in the world could be shared with others, except the love.

He raised his head and looked toward the second floor, his eyes were dark, then he said gently, "Tom, let's go."

Tom thought that he shouldn't have come here.

"Actually Mrs. White is nice."

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Although Tiana was not very mature, she really liked Charles, her family was also very satisfied with Charles and they were never stingy to offer help to him.

Tom really couldn't understand Charles, he was so obsessed with a lady who had married.

'You know that you can't get her, but you still don't want to give up, isn't it that you're just torturing yourself?'

Charles glanced at Tom, but he didn't say anything at the end, for sure he knew that Tiana was nice.

Coming back to the Meyer family's home, Mrs. Meyer had not seen her daughter for quite a while already, so she was extremely happy when her daughter and son-in-law came back today.

She had prepared a lot of dishes for the dinner, then she kept on chatting with Tiana after the dinner.

When the older generation talked, they would always talk about the children, some more Tiana was her

only daughter, so for sure she wanted to have a grandchild.

Tiana was shy and she said that she still didn't want to be a mother.

It wasn't because she didn't want it, but it was because they had just married, and she had not done anything with Charles.

Mrs. Meyer pulled Tiana's hand and said, "You're not young anymore, you shall hurry up and get pregnant so that your dad and I don't have to worry about it."

Tiana lowered her head and didn't say anything.

Mrs. Meyer saw her facial expression, then she asked, "Is it that you've quarrelled with Charles?"

Tiana shook her head immediately, "We're fine, he treats me well too. I'm tired and I want to go to sleep now."

She didn't want to listen to her mother's nagging.

Pushing open the door of the bedroom, she saw that Charles was sitting beside the window and he was reading a book in his hand, she walked toward him and asked, "What are you reading?"

Charles closed the book, then she saw the name on the cover page, it was 'Where Did the Wind Come From'. Tiana squatted down in front of him and asked, "Is it interesting?"

"It can make me calm."

Tiana laid her head on his thigh and said, "Then I want to read it too when I'm free."

She was always quiet and obedient when staying with him.

Charles stretched out his arm and ran his hand through her hair, he held her hand and put his arm gently around her waist, then he carried her up to sit on his thighs. He said gently, "I will treat you well."

He was speaking from the bottom of his heart, the only thing that he couldn't give her was the love.

Tiana stayed in his arms quietly and said, "I know."

She knew that he was treating her well, but she also knew that this didn't involve love.

"Have you met with Dolores?" Tiana asked suddenly.

"No." Charles lowered his eyes to look at her, "How do you know that I had gone out because I wanted to meet her?"

Tiana smiled sweetly, "I've stayed with you for a long time, so I know what you're thinking about."

Charles raised his eyebrows, "Is it that I can't be frank anymore when staying with you?"

'Is she becoming cleverer?'

'Who has said that she is stupid?'

"I know, but I won't be angry, I'll be by your side quietly," Tiana whispered.

Charles turned his head and looked at the moon outside.

Meanwhile, at the other place, Jasmine looked at Dolores who was cradling Joshua and swinging him gently in the room. She felt sorry for her, Joshua was frightened now and he always had fitful nights of sleep, sometimes he would cry suddenly.

He had suddenly waked up from a start just now. When Dolores cradled him, he seemed to have smelled the familiar scent, so he had become calm again.

Dolores looked at Jasmine who was standing beside the door, then she said in a low voice, "Come and have a sit here, don't stand there."

Jasmine lowered her head and apologized, "It's because of me..."

"It has nothing to do with you." Dolores knew that she couldn't blame Jasmine for this matter, it was someone else who had the evil intention.

"Don't think too much, you're also pregnant, it's not good for your health if you think too much." Dolores comforted her.

"Jos always cries, shall we bring him to the hospital to see the doctor?" Jasmine asked.

"Let's wait for one more day first, we'll see." She could feel that Joshua could stay calm in her arms, he would only cry when sleeping alone in the bed.

Perhaps when Joshua was brought away from her, he had gone to a strange place and no one had taken good care of him, so he was frightened. Dolores thought that he would slowly recover with her care.

Jasmine walked toward her to see Joshua, he was sleepy now and his eyes were half-closed, "Jos will definitely look very handsome when he grows up."

Dolores looked at Joshua, her eyes became gentler.

All the mothers would think that their children were the best-looking ones.

“If only I can give birth to a daughter,” Jasmine said while looking at Joshua. _____ Chapter
877 I’ve Never Loved You

“Then Joshua can protect her.” Jasmine continued her words.

Dolores raised her head and looked at Jasmine, “If you give birth to a daughter and she marries Joshua, then he can protect her forever.”

Jasmine smiled.

She was looking forward to it suddenly.

‘If the day really comes, is the matter caused by the predetermined binding force?’

When Matthew came, Jasmine left the room.

Matthew stretched out his arms, “Give him to me.”

Dolores raised her head, she saw that Matthew looked a bit tired, then she said gently, “You shall sleep

for a while first, I will let Jos sleep with you.”

“I’m not sleepy.” He took Joshua from Dolores’s arms, and then Joshua moved for a while and continued sleeping in his arms.

Dolores lowered her eyes, and then she walked out from the room and left Matthew in the room.

At downstairs, Jessica and Kevin were going to pick up the two children from their school.

“Put on an extra layer of clothing, the weather is becoming colder.” Jessica took a jacket and gave it to Kevin.

Kevin said, “It’s not cold to sit in the car.”

“You better put it on, you are old already and you must be careful.” Jessica put the jacket on him, Kevin didn’t reject it again and he stood still to let Jessica put the jacket on him. After putting on the jacket, Jessica adjusted his collar, then she said after making sure that there was nothing else to be corrected, “Let’s go.”

Kevin looked at her and nodded, he pulled the door open and let Jessica go first, then he walked behind and closed the door.

Dolores was absent-minded in a moment when she stood at the staircase looking at them. Ever since Jessica divorced Randolph, she had never seen her treating any man in such a gentle way.

Not long after they went out, the doorbell rang. She went downstairs and opened the door, a deliveryman was standing at the door, "May I know if Ms. Flores here?"

Dolores said, "Yes, I am."

"This is your parcel, please sign it." The deliveryman gave her a box.

She signed on it and took the box, then she closed the door and came inside. She opened the box, there was a jade tablet inside, which was carved from the jade of good quality. She raised her eyebrows, she wondered who had sent her this?

When she was going to put the jade tablet back, she saw a card in the box, then she took it out and opened it.

It was a message from Charles: I wanted to give it to your son by myself initially, but your husband is too petty, so I don't want to trouble you and I can only send it using the courier service. I've heard about the thing that had happened to Jayden, I'm sorry to hear that. My condolences. I think he will also wish that the people who are still alive will live a happy life, but not live in agony. Those who had passed away, are definitely staying in another place and praying for us who are still alive!

Dolores closed the card and put it back into the box, then she took out the jade tablet and put the box into the drawer.

This was a token from the person who had sent the gift, so she accepted it in good part.

She went upstairs and pushed the bedroom's door open, she saw that Matthew was lying on one side in

the bed while Joshua was sleeping soundly in his arms. Matthew was closing his eyes, it seemed like he had fallen asleep too.

She took a blanket from the cabinet and covered them with the blanket gently. Then, she took out the jade tablet from her pocket and put it on Joshua's neck. Joshua moved his pink lips, he was still sleeping soundly.

She sat beside the bed and touched Jos's cheeks, and then she smiled. When her eyes fell on Matthew's face, her heart ached for him.

He almost didn't sleep during these few days, he had become thinner.

She took his hand and held it with their fingers interlaced, then she bent and kissed him on the forehead gently, "There are many regrets in your life, my heart aches for you, I'll be by your side for the rest of your life."

The eyebrows of the man who was closing his eyes moved suddenly, followed by his thick eyelashes, but everything became normal again very soon, even Dolores also didn't notice it.

The time had passed very fast, the things stayed the same, but the people were not. It was the New Year again in a blink of an eye.

They lived a peaceful and quiet life throughout this period, Joshua could now babble and laugh with sound. Jasmine's belly had also become larger, and she had taken a gap year to stay at home nurturing the foetus.

Theresa and Armand were staying in City C happily. Although they didn't have a child, they were both working and living their life to the fullest.

And there was one more important thing, Jessica and Kevin had decided to stay together.

However, this was first suggested by Dolores. During these few months, she could see that Jessica and Kevin were taking care of each other and comforting each other. There was already no more love at these ages, they just felt that staying together would make them feel secured and they could accompany each other.

Dolores thought that they should appreciate this because the time for them to stay together would reduce day by day. Therefore, they didn't have to care about other people's thoughts and words, as long as they were happy.

They didn't apply for a marriage license, and they didn't hold a wedding ceremony as well. They had just asked everyone to have dinner together on new year's night.

When they were having dinner, Jasmine said, "Dolores, I'm having a girl."

"What?" Theresa laughed and looked at her, "You haven't given birth to the baby, but you're already finding a husband for your daughter?"

After all, Dolores had two sons.

Andrew was much older, but Joshua was just one year older than her daughter.

Jasmine took a fried bean curd and put it into her mouth, then she said smilingly, "So what? The parents look handsome and pretty, so the child won't be ugly as well. I'll grab the chance first so that other people can't take the advantage in the future."

"Hey." Armand felt so jealous, "You haven't given birth to the baby, but you're already planning for her." He glanced at Boyce, "Your wife is more mindful than you."

Boyce poured him a glass of wine, "How do you know that it's not a decision that we've made after

discussing together?”

Armand was speechless.

‘Fine!’

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Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

They were showing their love for each other in front of him so suddenly, he had regretted talking about it.

“Let’s eat.” Armand helped Theresa to get the food, “We’ll go skiing in Switzerland a few days later.”

They were the happiest ones, they could just stay with each other forever.

“You’re petty.” Boyce knew Armand very well.

“Don’t envy me.” Armand laughed, “Do you and Jasmine know how it feels like to be in love? You guys haven’t even enjoyed the romantic couple’s world, then you guys are already bounded by the child, it’s so boring. Looking at me, we can just go wherever we want, we can travel around the world and enjoy our life.”

Boyce pulled the chair and stood up, then he took a box out from his pocket, there was a diamond necklace inside.

“Theresa, this is the new year gift.” He put the necklace on Theresa’s neck. Theresa was wearing a black sweater, so it made the diamond look brighter, “I wish that we will love, respect each other and stay together happily forever.”

He kissed Theresa’s cheek gently after he talked.

“Don’t steal their thunder.” Jasmine waved to them, “They are the main characters today.”

Jessica and Kevin still felt slightly embarrassed, they felt a bit restricted sitting together with these young people since they were old already, but now...

“Let’s have a drink together.” Dolores held the wine glass up, while another hand was holding Matthew’s hand under the table. She curved up the corners of her mouth gently and looked at Jessica and Kevin, “I wish that mum and uncle will stay healthy and live a long life.”

“Cheers!”

The sharp clinking sound could be heard, everyone was chatting and laughing, reducing the sadness.

It was snowing outside.

It hadn’t snowed since the winter began this year.

This was the first snow.

“I want to go outside to see the snow.” Amanda pulled Jessica excitedly, Kevin had also come to hold her hand, “We will bring you there.”

Everyone went outside together in a moment, they were excited about the heavy snow which had come late.

The snow was swirling, the trees and roofs were soon covered by the snow.

“Let’s go outside too.” Dolores’s eyes curved, she was looking at Matthew with the gentle shining eyes.

Matthew took a coat from the clothes rack and put it on her, then he buttoned the coat one by one and wrapped her soft hand in his hand. Dolores lowered her eyes, his hand was still strong and warm like usual. She felt warmer when he held her hand, and he had made her feel more secured.

It seemed like the night sky was not as dark as usual because of the snow.

They were walking hand in hand along the road, the two rows of footprints had formed under them before they realized it. The white snowflakes fell on their hair, Dolores said naughtily, “Your hair has become grey in colour.”

Matthew stopped walking, he looked at her in the snow.

Dolores raised her head and looked at him with affection, “Even if your hair really turns grey, I won’t dislike you, I’ll still love you.”

She stood on tiptoe and kissed on his chin after saying this. When she just wanted to leave after kissing him, he put his arms around her waist, their bodies were pressing tightly against each other.

His eyes were dark and gentle, he lifted her flushed face using the fingertip, then his lips fell on her forehead, eyes, nose, and finally her lips. The kiss became deeper, and it lasted for a long time.

Dolores put her arms around his neck and responded to the kiss passionately, it seemed like they would only stop until they melted into each other’s bodies!

-----Time Dividing Line-----

The story of Matthew and Dolores is finished and below is the side story of Amanda.

-----Time Dividing Line-----

“I’ve never loved you.”

During the third wedding anniversary, when Amanda wanted to tell Stanford James that she had finally become pregnant, he gave her a special ‘gift’.

“Why?” She opened her eyes widely. Her eyes were filled with tears, but the tears didn’t roll down.

It was because she didn’t want to believe it.

‘He said he loved me in the past, was he lying all the time?’

‘If the love was fake, then why would he do so?’

Stanford walked closer and closer to her, so she could only move back, then Stanford pinched her chin when she had no more place to move, “I married you just because you’re from the Nelson family. I married you, but it’s never because I love you, instead, I hate you!”

He had planned for twenty years, waiting for this day to come!

“Hate?” Her lips were shivering. Women would always cry in a way that made others pity them, while some women would cry gently during the farewell. However, at this moment, Amanda didn’t cry, she

was just frowning and hiding the desperation.

She was bearing the pain given by him quietly.

“Yes, hate, is it that the life can be bought using the money in your and your dad’s opinions?” His eyes were dark, cold, and sharp.

Amanda didn’t understand, “What are you talking about?”

‘What does he mean? Does it have anything to do with dad?’ Amanda thought to herself.

Stanford let go of her, then he threw the divorce settlement agreement in front of her, “Sign it.” _____ Chapter 878 You Said You Will Love Me Forever

“What if I don’t want to sign it?” She was hoping that he still loved her since she couldn’t let her child lose his father.

“Have you forgotten that you said you will love me forever...”

“Shut up!” Stanford suddenly moved backwards, he got into a panic suddenly.

‘No!’

‘I don’t love her, I’ve married her just because I want to take revenge on her.’

“You have lost everything already! You must agree to the divorce!” He left the room quickly after saying this.

He was worried that his heart would melt if he continued facing her.

'No, no, my heart can't melt for the person who had caused my mum's death. Those affection and love are just the schemes to let her fall in love with me.'

'How is it possible for me to fall in love with the person who had caused my mum's death?'

'No!'

'I won't!'

'Definitely won't!'

Amanda looked at his back, he was leaving. The tears which were held back just now had finally dropped.

Looking at the divorce settlement agreement which was left on the table, her heart hurt so much. She sat down slowly on the floor with exhaustion.

Suddenly, there were a few men in black suits rushing into the house and pulling her up from the floor. The man who was standing at the front said, "Mr. James asked us to let you sign the agreement, so you better sign it before we beat you up."

Amanda raised her head slowly, she didn't know these people and she had never met them before. But

listening to this speaking tone, she knew that they were sent by Stanford, she sneered at them.

'Is he really so heartless?!'

She always saw that her parents loved each other so much since she was young, so she thought that she would also meet true love and live a happy life forever with him, but she didn't expect this...

"I'll sign it." Her fingers were shaking, she took the pen slowly and signed her name on the agreement. Every stroke of the pen was like the sharp knife stabbing at her heart, she put the pen down after signing it.

"Give it to him."

"For sure we will give it to Mr. James, but he has given us another instruction." The man showed an evil smile.

Amanda moved back subconsciously, "You..."

When she had not finished talking, she was knocked out by someone.

They had tied Amanda up and brought her out from the villa. A red Porsche was stopping in front of the villa with a woman sitting in the driver seat, she said when seeing that Amanda was brought out, "Quickly put her into the car."

Amanda was put into the car soon, then she was brought away from the villa.

'It's painful', Amanda was awakened by the pain, she felt like she was being put and roasted in the fire. She opened her eyes, then what she saw was the big fire.

Her pupils constricted, she immediately shouted, "Help!"

"You better die peacefully, Mr. James said that he doesn't want to see you anymore, so he had specially asked us to put you to death." She heard the man speaking again.

Before she signed the agreement, they also said, 'Mr. James has given another instruction!'

'Awesome.'

'Haha!'

"Stanford! I've loved you with all my heart and believed in all your words, I've given you everything, but what I get at the end is your unwillingness to see me and the wish to kill me?!!"

Amanda's eyes turned red, her heart was broken, then she shouted sadly, "Stanford! I hate you!"

She was tied up and left in the big fire, she couldn't even try to save herself. Looking at the fire which was going to engulf her, she sneered piteously, "If I still have the chance to survive, Stanford! I will definitely..."

She was suffocated from the smoke and fainted when she had not finished her words.

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

At the James Group...

In Stanford's office...

A tall person was standing in front of the French window, in which the whole city view could be seen through it.

"Stanford." The door of the office was pushed open, Lindsay Leroy who was dressed in the business suit walked into his office, "Congratulations, Stanford."

Stanford didn't answer her, he didn't move, and he didn't even turn his head.

"Your long-cherished wish has finally come true, you have now taken over the WY Group, aren't you feeling happy?" Lindsay asked hesitantly.

Although she was Amanda's classmate, as well as her best friend, she knew more about Stanford's suffering.

She could do whatever for this man.

Because she loved him.

She had waited for so long, and finally the day had come.

"Of course I'm happy." Stanford turned slowly, the handsome face looked cold and there was no emotion on his face, he didn't feel better after revenging. His brain was full of the scene in which

Amanda was holding back the tears and looking at him with desperation.

He clenched his fists suddenly.

He tried so hard to let himself stop thinking about it, then he said coldly, "Notify all the departments to have a meeting."

"Yes." Lindsay glanced at him, then she turned and left.

Soon, the managers of all departments had gathered in the meeting room.

Stanford was the last one to enter the meeting room, he wanted to announce that the James Group would no longer exist.

The James Group was his dad's company, but now it belonged to him, and the WY Group also belonged to him now.

He had merged the James Group and WY Group, then officially changed the name to J&Y Group.

The merging of the two companies would definitely expand their businesses, some more the WY Group was always the lead firm, and it had appeared in front of everyone with a new look.

"We'll definitely be busy during this period. Lindsay, please help Atwood Barret to settle the related matters."

"Okay." Lindsay agreed happily.

She envied Amanda since a long time ago. Amanda looked pretty, she had a strong background and the

parents who loved her, she possessed the best of everything in this world. Even Stanford, who was the man she liked, had married her.

'Now, finally, she has lost everything, including the WY Group which was left by her parents.'

'She has also lost Stanford!'

'Finally, she knows how it feels like to lose everything.'

Atwood had always stayed by Stanford, so he knew everything about him, but he didn't think in the same way as Lindsay, he was more worried about Stanford.

'Although the reason that Stanford married Amanda was just for the revenge, he had stayed together with Amanda for many years, would he have no feelings for her at all?'

Even if when the pet which was kept for a long time went missing, people would still feel upset, let alone a human.

He was worried that Stanford might be blinded by the hate, and he would regret his current decision.

"Mr. James, do you want to consider about it again, since the WY..."

"Why do we need to consider it again? She can only blame herself for whatever that had happened!"
Lindsay interrupted Atwood.

"When they fell into the river together, only two people were staying alive out of three. Stanford's mum was the only one who had died, but what they had done in the end? Did they want to erase everything by just giving some money? Is it that the life of a servant doesn't matter? An eye for an eye, we're just doing the same thing!"

“Mr. James!” The door of the office was pushed open suddenly, the secretary was standing at the door, “The polices are looking for you.”Chapter 879 What Does It Mean by Giving Him the Name Casimir

There were two polices in their uniform coming, then they said, “A fire has happened in an abandoned factory at western suburbs, these were found outside the scene.”

The police gave him a bag with a phone and a suicide note inside.

Stanford’s emotion changed in a moment, then he said coldly, “What do you mean?”

“Based on our preliminary judgement, the fire was set by your wife and the reason was to commit suicide,” the police said.

Stanford couldn’t believe it, he almost couldn’t breathe. ‘Suicide? She had committed suicide? It’s impossible!’

He stretched out his arm and took the things from the police, it was exactly her phone. Then, there was a letter, it was exactly her writing as well when he opened it.

A message was written in the letter: Stanford, my life feels meaningless without you. Goodbye, nope, we shall never meet again!

His body became stiff, there was a tremor in his voice that he didn't realize, "Where is my wife now?"

"The scene was seriously damaged, we didn't find your wife," the police said, "Now we need to know that is there a conflict in marriage occurring between you and your wife? Which has probably caused your wife to commit suicide?"

Stanford didn't answer the police, he took the phone and went outside immediately.

"Eh..."

"Please ask me if you have any questions." Atwood walked toward the polices.

Lindsay glanced at Atwood, then she chased after Stanford and went outside.

Stanford drove his car back to the villa, then he pushed the door open, inside the house was empty. He trotted inside, everything remained the same as when he left. Nothing was moved, the only thing that was moved by someone, was the divorce settlement agreement on the table!

He walked there, her name was written on the signature part of the agreement.

'She...'

'She had signed it?'

'Wasn't it that she was unwilling to sign it?'

Stanford flopped down on the sofa, his brain was buzzing and going blank.

“Stanford.” Lindsay walked inside and stood in front of him, “You have divorced Amanda, whether she is dead or still alive, it has nothing to do with you anymore.”

Stanford raised his head slowly and looked at Lindsay, “Nothing to do with me?”

“Yes, you’ve married her just because you want to take revenge on her.” Lindsay squatted down in front of him, “Have you forgotten how your mum had died? No matter how is she now, it has nothing to do with you, or do you really have feelings for her? Don’t forget that she is your enemy!”

“I don’t forget!” Stanford clenched his fists tightly. Even until now, he could still remember the scene when his mum died. She was working as a babysitter at the Nelson family’s home during that time, then she had died shortly afterwards.

During that time, two more people were sitting in the same car with his mum, but both of them were fine, only his mum had died.

He had knelt in front of his dad beside the corpse and asked him to bring his mum to justice. However, his dad had accepted the huge amount of compensation given by the Nelson family, so he didn’t hold the person who had caused his mum’s death to account!

“Stanford, have you forgotten of your mum’s suffering when she raised you alone in the rural area since you were young? When life finally improved, your dad had abandoned her again. Have you forgotten of the suffering that she had gone through? Initially, she thought that she can take care of her once you grow up, but she was then killed by someone. Do you really want to pity the person that had caused her death?”

Stanford looked away from Lindsay, “No, I don’t.”

He was saying this without confidence, he also didn't know why he was unhappy at all even though he had taken revenge on her.

"You have divorced her, it has nothing to do with you, no matter how she is. Stanford, don't let your mum feel restless in the grave." Lindsay was always talking about his mum because she knew about his love for his mum.

Or else he wouldn't have planned for so long, just to avenge her death!

Stanford took the agreement from the table, then he pulled the drawer open and put it inside. 'She's right, we're not related to each other anymore. How is she now, has nothing to do with me.'

'Nothing!'

He composed himself, "Let's go back to the company."

Lindsay said, "Okay."

When they were back at the company, the two polices had not left yet.

"Based on her personality, she definitely won't commit suicide, please investigate it carefully." Atwood knew Amanda well, she wouldn't commit suicide even if Stanford divorced her.

"Of course, we will find out the truth," the police said.

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A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

At this moment, Stanford walked toward them. He was 1.85 meters tall, his shoulders were broad, his waist was slim and his legs were long. He was dressed in a classic black suit which fitted him well and made his body outline look more obvious.

“I have divorced her already, everything about her has nothing to do with me now. Whether she is dead or still alive, has nothing to do with me too. Please don’t ask me anything about her anymore.” Stanford looked coldly at Atwood after saying this, “Send them away.”

He walked toward his office after he finished his words.

The two polices looked at each other, then they looked toward Atwood, “Did he really divorce his wife already?”

After all, the grand wedding ceremony with the handsome groom and the pretty bride during that time had made many people admire them.

But now their marriage had ended in divorce, and the wife had committed suicide?

Atwood nodded, “Yes, they have gotten divorced.”

The polices had roughly gotten the idea, so they went back to the police station and reported to the superiors.

Stanford had purposely ignored this matter, he was now busy with the integration of the companies, so he had devoted all his time to his work.

When the big fire was put out at the scene, two corpses were found in the ruin.

After the investigation, they were one male and one female.

The identity of the female corpse was verified as Amanda, while the identity of the male corpse was not yet verified.

When this news was out, everyone was guessing, 'Was it because Amanda had cuckolded Stanford, then she had committed suicide for love with the adulterer.'

Thus, the sensational wedding ceremony in the past had become a huge joke now.

In the Mercy Vale Hospital.

There were bandages on Amanda's face, her whole body couldn't move too. She was staring at the television's screen and her eyes were full of hate.

"Why did you ask me to change the DNA of the female corpse to yours? Why do you want to let everyone think that you're dead?" Casimir Bailey was talking inarticulately. He had lived abroad for many years and he had just come back not long before, so he couldn't speak fluently.

Amanda's eyes fell on Casimir, "Do you think that I will commit suicide?"

Casimir shook his head, "Life is so precious, only idiots will give up life."

"I've let you purposely fake the scene that I'm dead because I want to let those people who hurt me lower their guard." So that she would have the chance to take back everything that she had lost.

She was the only daughter of the Nelson family and she had grown up with her dad's protection. When she was eighteen years old, her parents had given her all the shares of WY Group.

Andrew didn't like to go into business, so he had entered the armed forces since long time ago and joined a secret organization, even she also couldn't get to contact him.

When Joshua was twelve years old, Mr. Adams had passed away. After that, he had gone to City C to live with Armand and Theresa, then he inherited the JK Group when he grew up, so he would seldom come back.

Hence, everything which belonged to the Nelson family was given to her, but she had lost them.

She couldn't let her dad's hard work fall into other people's hands, or else she felt so sorry for the love from her parents.

There was respect in Casimir's eyes when looking at Amanda, she was in such a bad situation now, but she was still thinking so much about it.

"Don't worry, I'll help you." Casimir comforted her, "Take care of yourself first, you're seriously injured."

Amanda nodded, and then she asked, "Have you found your dad's whereabouts?"

"Not yet." He was searching for him blindly; he had no clue at all. The only thing that he knew was that his dad was staying domestically, and he was in City B.

He really couldn't get to find his dad with only this clue.

He knew Amanda from his work, saving her was also just a coincidence.

“By the way, why are there two corpses found at the scene?” Amanda didn’t know whether it was related to her.

“I’ll help you to investigate about it, I also have no idea of who they are,” Casimir said.

“To what extent does your mum despise you, so she had given you the name Casimir?” Amanda couldn’t imagine that a mother would give her child a name that meant destroyer of peace.

“What does it mean?” Casimir didn’t understand the meaning of the word.

“You can Google it,” Amanda said gently.

Chapter 880 The Stubbornness in Her Bones

Casimir took out his phone, then he followed what Amanda said, and googled the meaning of his name, soon there were many answers shown on the screen.

He input some words “Casimir name meaning”.

Then the results quickly popped out.

“French and Dutch: from the personal name Casimir, a name of Slavic origin meaning 'destroyer of peace'.”

He let Amanda see his phone, "Is this the meaning of my name?"

Amanda took a glance at the phone, the meaning was really bad.

His mum had simply given him this name.

"Is the relationship between your parents good?" Amanda asked.

"Good?" Casimir pursed his lips, "I don't even meet my dad before, more my mum doesn't allow me to talk about my dad, do you think it's good?"

Amanda also thought that she had asked too much about it. Just by looking at his name, she would know that he was born in the absence of love between his parents.

"Then are you having the same surname as your mum?" Amanda asked.

Casimir nodded, "I don't know what the surname of my dad is."

"You don't have any important clues, how do you want to find him? Some more there are so many people out there; he may not be staying in City B."

"I will just forget it if I really can't find him, since I'm searching for him secretly without letting my mum know about it. She will definitely be unhappy if she knows it." Casimir was not stubborn; he just wanted

to know how his dad looked like.

If the predetermined binding force didn't exist between them, then he would just forget it.

When Amanda's injury got better, she left City B and received treatment overseas.

At J&Y Group...

Lindsay knocked on the door and came in, then she gave Stanford a document, "This is the person in charge from RM Group who will come and discuss the cooperation with us."

RM Group was a foreign company, the project in which they were cooperating with J&Y Group this time, might help them to enter the domestic market.

While J&Y Group would also gain half of the resources from this cooperation, so it was cooperation that would result in a win-win situation.

Both parties were taking this matter seriously.

Stanford opened the document, and to his surprise, the person in charge was having the same nationality as theirs. When his eyes fell on the person's eyes in the photo, he was startled for a while, the eyes had made him recall another person.

A person that had died.

He then looked at the profile beside the photo, but every detail in the profile was not related to the person that he knew.

Only the eyes were similar to that person.

Her name was Simona Flores.

“Shall I let Atwood pick her up from the airport?” Lindsay asked.

“What’s the arrival time of her flight?” Stanford closed the file.

“Three o’clock in the afternoon,” Lindsay answered him.

“I’ll go to pick her up.” Stanford picked up the landline telephone and made a call to the secretarial office, “Book a hotel with a nice environment.”

“Yes, Mr. James.”

He hung up the phone, then he took a file on the table and opened it.

“Mr. James, you don’t have to go in person at all...”

“Why.” Stanford raised his head, his voice sounded slightly cold, “Do I need your approval?”

Lindsay explained immediately, “No, I’m just worried that RM Group will look down on us if you were to be humble. Since she is just the person in charge of this project, it will be suitable for either me or Atwood to go, but you’re not suitable.”

Ever since he had divorced Amanda, he had devoted all his time to the work throughout this year. After the two companies were merged, the company was developing very well.

Of course, this was strongly related to his efforts.

“We can show more of our sincerity if I’m going, I’ve decided it. Go ahead with your work.”

“But...”

“Go.” Stanford’s voice became colder, it was obvious that he didn’t want to talk about this anymore.

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The 10 Most Successful Celebrity Brands

Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

Lindsay didn’t dare to continue talking about this, he had become colder than before. He could still listen to her words in the past, but now he was treating her more coldly and keeping a farther distance from her.

This was not the outcome that she wanted, she had planned deliberately just because she wanted to marry him.

She pursed her lips and left the office. When the door of the office was closed, Stanford put down the file in his hand and pinched his nose, even he himself also didn’t know why he had made this decision.

She was a representative that he had never met before, just because she had similar eyes to Amanda.

He turned his head and looked outside the window, his face fell.

At 2.50 p.m., a black luxury car stopped outside the international airport. Soon, Atwood got out of the car and opened the rear door, Atwood bent over and got out of the car.

At the exit gate, a thin woman had stood out from the rest of the people, making other people can't help stopping and looking at her. She had soft and black wavy hair, and she was wearing a pair of big sunglasses which had hidden half of her face, the red lips looked pretty and sexy. She was dressed in a camel coat and there was a belt around her waist, which had quietly shown her slim and tall body shape. The ten-inch heel shoes that she was wearing, had made her look more confident.

Her phone rang suddenly, she stopped walking and took out her phone, then she answered it.

Joshua was talking on the other end of the phone, "Amanda, do you need my help?"

Such a serious thing had happened to her, for sure he knew it.

But Amanda didn't allow him to intervene.

"I'll settle my own business." Indeed, she didn't want to let anyone know this, but she really couldn't get to hide it from them.

"Fine, call me anytime when you need my help." Joshua didn't force her, because he knew her style.

She was deeply hurt and betrayed by that person, she definitely wanted to take revenge by herself. If he were she, he wouldn't allow other people to intervene as well.

This was the stubbornness in her bones!

“Be careful.”

“I will.”

“Is it that lady?” Atwood pointed at the lady who was talking on the phone in the crowd.

Stanford looked toward the lady.

Amanda felt that someone was staring at her, so she looked in the direction. When she saw the man who was standing in the lobby, she clenched the hand which was holding the phone. She thought that they would only get to meet each other during the meeting, she didn't expect to see him so soon.

“Goodbye.” Amanda put down her phone.

She pulled her luggage and walked toward them.

Atwood walked toward her, “Are you Ms. Flores?”

Amanda nodded, then Atwood took her luggage, “Let me take it.”

She let go of the luggage, then she directly walked toward Stanford and stood in front of him. She took off her sunglasses and stretched out her hand to Stanford, “I'm Simona Flores from RM Group, and I'm the person in charge of the cooperation project this time.”

Stanford looked at her eyes, they were dark and shiny, with fortitude in them.

The eyes were still different from that person in his mind. Although they were similar, the person in his

mind had the lively and pure eyes, not only with the fortitude in them. However, the eyes of this lady in front of him looked mysterious.

“Mr. James.”

Stanford didn't respond for a long time, so Amanda smiled and called him.

“Nice to meet you, Ms. Flores.” Stanford regained his composure, then he stretched out his hand and shook hands with Amanda. They took their hands back after a short while, he could feel that her palm was cold.

“I didn't expect that Mr. James will come in person.” She said formally.

“I'm taking this matter seriously.” Stanford found an excuse for himself.

Amanda smiled, “The RM Group is also cooperating with J&Y Group with utmost sincerity.”

“This is not a good place to talk, maybe we shall bring Ms. Flores to the hotel first?” Atwood interrupted.

“Sure, we'll discuss the work later during the meeting.” Amanda looked toward Atwood, “I'm sorry for troubling you to bring me there, I'm not familiar with this place.”

“Haven't you been here before?” Stanford asked.

“No,” Amanda answered shortly.

Stanford lowered his eyes gently, there was disappointment in his eyes.

Chapter 881 You're Silly

“Ms. Flores, please take a rest first and we will discuss our work later.” Atwood handed her luggage to her.

“Thank you.” Amanda took over her luggage.

Atwood turned around and left after glancing at her. Amanda was still standing at the doorway and did not close the door immediately. Instead, she watched Atwood close the lift and leave while Casimir walked out from the corner of the corridor.

“He has gone far away, right?”

“Come in quickly.” Amanda pulled Casimir in.

She took off her high heels and replaced them with slippers. Then, she put her luggage aside and asked while sitting down on the sofa, “How is the matter that I asked you to investigate?”

Throughout this year, he and Amanda had become close friends that could share anything between them. He had also helped her investigate something during this period.

“After your death, Stanford merged James Group and WY Group, which is now the J&Y Group. As for that posthumous letter, I really haven’t found out who put it there.”

Amanda narrowed her eyes. The letter must be purposely put by somebody who harmed her when she was judged to have committed suicide. The person who harmed her must be Stanford but she had no

evidence yet.

She had to find the evidence.

“You have just come back. Relax and let’s go to have dinner. I will treat you as welcoming you back.” Casimir said while smiling.

“I’m tired. I don’t want to go out anymore. Cook something in the room and just simply eat it.” Amanda moved her neck.

“No, no, let’s go out to eat.” Casimir pulled Amanda, “Hurry up. Put on your shoes.”

Amanda had no choice but to agree. She promised as she did not want to disappoint him for being so hospitable.

She put on her shoes and went out with Casimir.

“Where are we going?” Amanda asked as she got into the car.

Casimir said, “Just sit down and relax. I will arrange everything for you today.”

He drove the car after saying that.

Soon, he parked the car in front of a high-class restaurant in the city. Amanda used to come here before, so she was not surprised. She smiled while looking at Casimir, “You really don’t have to spend so much.”

“It’s rare for you to come back, so I must spend it for you. Otherwise, how can I show my sincerity?”
Casimir got out of the car and passed the car key to the waiter.

Both of them walked in and picked the seat at the corner where it was quieter.

Soon, the waiter came over. Amanda was probably exhausted, so she let Casimir order for her.

Casimir smiled, “So, can I order whatever I like?”

Amanda smiled, “Of course you can. You pay for it anyway.”

She glanced around the restaurant as she spoke. Suddenly, she saw two people coming in from the doorway. They were Stanford and Lindsay following beside him.

She frowned as she met with her enemy again for the second time on the first day she had just returned here.

Soon, they sat down at the seat near the window.

Lindsay ordered the food.

Stanford asked after the waiter had left, “What do you want to tell me actually?”

Lindsay smiled, "Let's have dinner first."

Stanford was slightly impatient, "If you don't want to talk about it, then let's talk about it next time."

He got up.

Lindsay grabbed his hand hurriedly and pleaded in a soft voice, "Stanford, can't you even have dinner with me?"

"I still have something to do..." Stanford still refused.

"Stanford, I like you. I have liked you for a long time. You have divorced her for a year long. How about let's try being together?" Lindsay said humbly.

Stanford frowned in surprise, "Lindsay, what are you saying?"

"I say I liked you for a long time..."

"Lindsay!" Stanford interrupted her, "You're silly."

He wrenched himself from Lindsay's grasp after saying that. Then, he turned around and left the restaurant.

"Stanford." Lindsay chased after him.

"Oh my God. We can even meet him in the same restaurant. I wonder if we didn't check the calendar right." Casimir suspected.

Amanda glanced at him, “You’re getting more outspoken now. I’m going out for a while.”

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The 10 Most Successful Celebrity Brands

Lindsay actually liked Stanford. Why didn’t she realize it before?

Lindsay had liked him a long time ago. When exactly Lindsay started to like him?

Her fingers curled up. Lindsay was her classmate as well as her good friend.

“I go together with you.” Casimir stood up.

“There are too many people around and it’s easy to be spotted. I will just go check it out myself.”
Amanda patted his shoulder.

Then, she followed them out alone.

Lindsay kept following him outside the restaurant, “Stanford, you have put all your effort and time into your work during this year. You don’t allow anybody to mention her. Why is it so? Have you fallen in love with her?”

Stanford suddenly stopped walking. He turned around and looked back at her sharply.

“She is your enemy. She has died because of taking things too seriously. You have just divorced her and it’s not your fault. What’s more, she deserves to die...”

“Shut up!” Stanford raised his voice while his expression was grim, “Don’t mention her!”

“Why can’t I mention her?” Lindsay’s eyes turned red, “You have forgotten how your mother died...”

Stanford strangled her neck as he did not want to hear these words again, “Lindsay, remember your status clearly.”

Lindsay did not dare to believe he would do this to her, “What is my status? You have been in pursuit of Amanda. I as her classmate and good friend, I’m willing to find out her interests and then tell you. So, you can get her attention. I help you wholeheartedly. What status do you think I’m?”

Stanford blinked his eyes as he slightly loosened his grip on her neck, “You’re her friend and you shouldn’t even think like that.”

“If it wasn’t to help you, I wouldn’t have become friends with her. I did everything for you. Stanford, are you going to be single for the rest of your life? Why can’t you see my good? Let bygones be bygones. But now, she has already disappeared. Can’t you spend more time on me?” Lindsay sobbed, “Is it just because she is a rich woman who is loved by everybody?”

“You know that I never see a person from his status. I’m not born from a good background too.” Stanford let go of her, “Don’t say such words in the future.”

“Stanford...”

Stanford got into his car and left.

Lindsay stood still in place watching the car that sped away. She was overwhelmed with reluctance.

Amanda stood by the wall for a long time before regaining her sense. The good friend whom she always thought of was just approaching her with a purpose?

Or was it for Stanford?

Oh...

Nobody around her treated her sincerely. Stanford, Lindsay, her loved one and her friend were approaching her with ulterior motives?

The people whom she treated with sincerity were all intending to deceive and harm her so that they could take over her assets?

How could people's hearts be so evil?

"Are you alright?" Casimir walked over.

Amanda wiped the tears in her eyes, "I'm fine."

"Go in and eat something," Casimir said.

Amanda replied "okay".

Casimir asked after sitting at the table, "What have you heard? It seems that you're unhappy."

He regretted saying that as she was already upset. How could she continue the dinner if he discussed such a sad topic with her?

“Hey, let’s eat. Let’s eat first.” Casimir kept giving her food.

“You should eat some more too.” Amanda calmed down herself.

Casimir sent her back to the hotel and told her to have a good rest after eating.

However, she tossed and turned in bed as she could not fall asleep for a long while. The man who loved her before and his desperate look kept coming across her mind.

He was forcing her to divorce and wanted to kill her!

Stanford James!

She clutched her pillow tightly.

It was the next day.

Amanda arrived at J&Y Group in formal attire. _____

Chapter 882 You’re Inside Here

As she stood under the huge building, she raised her head and looked up at the magnificent building. She could not help but sneer.

How stupid had she been in the beginning to believe in every word he had said? She believed and loved him wholeheartedly but what did she get in return eventually?

“Ms. Flores.” Atwood walked over, “You have reached here so early.”

“We on behalf of RM Group take this collaboration seriously. So, I don’t want to be late.” Amanda was wearing a suit today. She kept her hair back neatly so that she looked clean and competent.

“Please come inside.” Atwood made a welcome gesture to Amanda.

Amanda walked into the building.

There were still many familiar faces here since nothing had changed much during this year. She was still familiar with the surrounding people but she did not have the same state of mind as in the past.

“Is Mr. James married yet?” She asked casually.

Atwood was startled and said politely, “He is single now.”

“Oh.”

After getting off the lift, Atwood led her to the meeting room and pushed the door open, “Ms. Flores, please have a seat first. Mr. James will arrive shortly.”

Amanda nodded gently as she walked into the meeting room. She pulled out a chair and sat down. Then, she took out all the documents and placed them on the table.

The secretary poured a glass of water and brought it over.

“Thank you.” She lifted the glass of water and took a sip. Then, she looked around the meeting room while putting the glass back on the table.

“Mr. James.” The secretary met Stanford who was coming in at the doorway.

Amanda straightened her body when she heard the voice.

Stanford stepped into the meeting room. The familiar footsteps and even the approaching scent stirred up her emotions. However, she was able to calm down quickly.

Atwood who was following him walked past the meeting table and sat down opposite Amanda.

“This is the contract. Mr. James, please take a look at it.” Amanda placed the document in front of them.

Stanford took it over and flipped through the content.

Amanda slightly leaned back on the chair, “We all know that Aegis Security Services is operating quite well at the moment. The parent company has made a net profit of 152 million dollars in August alone this year. They definitely won’t allow all shares acquisition by other people. Besides, there are two large trust companies behind them. If we want to purchase their shares, not only do we need a strong capital base, but also a thorough plan. This document separates both our companies in terms of commitments. If you think there is something inappropriate, we can discuss it again.”

Stanford raised his head.

“Is there any problem?” Amanda asked with a smile.

“No problem. It’s just that Ms. Flores’s tone reminds me of somebody whom I shouldn’t be thinking of.” He closed the file, “Equal pay for an equal reward. There is nothing wrong to share the profit by half. But if you want to use the name of J&Y Group, you have to commit 2 more per cent.”

“It’s just a name...”

“Then we will use the name of RM Group instead.” Stanford interrupted aggressively.

This was his usual negotiating tactic as he would never give in. He would always demonstrate a dominant possession when dealing with profit.

Amanda was well-prepared since she had been with him for so long before. She still knew his character.

“You know it’s not easy to acquire Aegis Security Services. Although we use the name of J&Y Group, still the acquisition proposal will be carried out by us. What does Mr. James think?”

Stanford crossed his hands and rested on top of the file. His posture was overbearing while he looked askance at Amanda, “Ms. Flores, you don’t look very old. How did you become the person in charge of this case appointed by RM Group?”

“Mr. James also doesn’t look much older than me and you’re...” She smiled while throwing up her hands, “You’re already the general manager of such a big company.”

She slowly straightened her body and gazed at him aggressively, “Then can I ask how did Mr. James manage to achieve such success today?”

Stanford narrowed his eyes when he had eye contact with her, "Who are you?"

Amanda leaned backwards and chuckled, "Is Mr. James forgetful? How can you forget your business partner so quickly?"

Stanford clenched his fists tightly. It was obvious that the two faces were completely different, but why was he so familiar with her?

"Mr. James, how is my suggestion? If Mr. James thinks it's feasible, we will sign the contract today and we will propose it within a month. What does Mr. James think?"

"Ms. Flores, regarding the proposal, we on behalf of J&Y Group can also..."

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"Just do as Ms. Flores said." Stanford suddenly changed his usual domineering posture. He flipped open the file and signed the contract.

Atwood looked at him with his eyes wide open, "Mr. James..."

"Don't say it anymore. That's all." He closed the file and handed the document to her after signing the contract.

Amanda thought in her mind that she might have to negotiate a bit more with him. However, she did not

expect him to sign it so quickly. She picked up the pen and signed the contract. Stanford stared at her handwriting as she signed.

However, it was not like what he had expected.

Her handwriting had been so neat in the past, but her handwriting now was so messy and ugly.

She raised her head after she finished signing, "Sorry for my poor handwriting."

Stanford was very disappointed deep in his heart.

"Mr. James, I'm looking forward to our cooperation." Amanda closed the file and reached out her hand.

Stanford also reached out to shake hands with her. He did not withdraw his hand immediately this time, but he held her hand, "Have we ever met before?"

Amanda withdrew her hand and asked with a smile, "Why did Mr. James say that?"

"I'm sorry for being abrupt." He regained his sense and said, "I still have other things to do."

He got up and walked out of the meeting room. He stopped when reaching the door, "Ms. Flores is unfamiliar with City B since she has just come here for the first time. Atwood, you bring her back to the hotel."

"Alright." Atwood stood up.

He was too abnormal today.

Atwood looked at Amanda intuitively as he pondered about it. In fact, he did not notice anything weird.

“Ms. Flores, please.” Atwood walked over and made a polite gesture.

Amanda picked up the document and said with a smile, “Sorry to trouble you then.”

“Not troublesome at all.” Atwood walked ahead and led her just as he had brought her in.

Stanford returned to his office and sat down at his desk. He was also aware of his abnormal reaction today.

He pulled the drawer and took out a crystal-framed picture. The picture had been kept in the drawer for a year. Since she was gone, he kept the picture in the drawer and he never dared to look at it again.

His heart hurt vaguely when he stared at the old picture.

He reached out to touch the person in the picture. The smiling face was so innocent and romantic.

He still remembered that she had requested him to put the picture in his office.

She hugged him while acting cute, “Stanford, I want you to look at me every day.”

“Childish.” He said helplessly at that moment.

“It’s supposed to be childish when you love somebody.” She put the picture on his desk regardless of whether he had agreed. She also said smugly, “I look pretty, right?”

She did look pretty.

“I look at you every day. Should I put a picture of me at home so that you can look at me every day too?”
He said while hugging her.

She held his hand and placed it over her heart. Then, she smiled and said to him, “You’re inside here. I will think about you every day.”

At that moment, he wanted to flinch but he was unwilling to let go of it.

While looking at her serious yet innocent smile, he smiled with her at that moment as he could only see her in his eyes.

There was a snap!

He suddenly dropped the picture on the table. He bent down as he put his hand on his heart.

He could not suppress the pain in his heart regardless of whatever method.

“You know what? I hate you so much when I watch you smile. How can you be so heartless? She has just died recently and you’re already so happy. You don’t even feel upset about her death when going to school. Why are you so cruel by just leaving me alone?” _____ Chapter 883 Fundraising Dinner

Knock, knock...

There was a sudden knock on the office door.

He clenched his fist and calmed down after a while. He put the picture back into the drawer and flipped through a file. He then only said, "Come in."

Lindsay walked in with a document in her hand. She handed it over to him, "This is needed for today, so I need your signature."

Stanford took it over and flipped through it indifferently.

"You don't seem to look well. Are you uncomfortable?" Lindsay asked with concern. She did not mention what had happened yesterday.

Stanford did not answer as he pursed his lips.

Lindsay bit her lip, "Stanford..."

"Done." He tossed the signed document over as he did not want to hear Lindsay's words obviously.

Lindsay clenched her fist and finally held back the words she wanted to say. She picked up the document, " 'I Have A Dream' Foundation is going to organize a fundraising dinner and you're invited."

As she said, she handed a golden bronzing card to him.

This kind of event was usually attended by dignitaries, mainly to provide them with a publicity platform in a bid to demonstrate their status as well as a good reputation.

This was a mutually beneficial event as the rich would donate to earn a good reputation while the foundation would then help those needy people with the raised fund.

Stanford glanced at it and said, "I know it."

"I will go with you." Lindsay said but she was afraid that he would decline her, "You need a female companion beside you for this kind of event."

Stanford replied faintly, "Fine, continue with your work then."

It was in the hotel.

Casimir knocked on Amanda's door while holding a box in his hand.

She was wearing casual home clothes and a pair of anti-blue light glasses, working in front of her computer. She walked over and opened the door when she heard the sound.

When she saw that it was Casimir, she asked, "Why are you here?"

"There is something of course." He went into the room without getting her permission.

She closed the door and took off her glasses while asking, "Do you want to get something to drink?"

"I don't need. Try on this gown." Casimir handed it over.

Amanda looked at him blankly, "What's the point of trying on this gown?"

"There is something of course." Casimir pulled her, "A fundraising dinner. I don't have a female companion, so you're going with me."

Amanda frowned, "I don't have time."

"I don't care. You must come unless you don't want to be friends with me anymore." Casimir sat down on the sofa cheekily.

Amanda grabbed the gown helplessly, "You have helped me a lot but you rarely want me to help. So, I will do you a favour today."

Casimir smiled, "Being my companion isn't a shameful thing. I'm not ugly, right?"

Amanda could not help but laugh, "Enough boasting about yourself."

"So, you're saying that I'm ugly, right?" Casimir stared at her with his eyes wide open.

"Fine, you aren't ugly." Amanda took the gown and went to change the clothes after she saying that.

After a while, she came out in a white dress and asked, "Is it okay?"

Casimir's eyes flashed, "This really suits you. I still have an eye for it. After styling your hair, it will be perfect."

"I don't need to make up, do I?" Amanda asked.

"You're already good-looking without make-up." Casimir smiled and said.

Amanda still wanted to put on light make-up, "You're a manager attending such an event for the first time, so I can't let you down."

After a year of hard work, Casimir had become the branch manager for his company. Although he didn't look serious all the time, he was still quite capable.

"That's good." Casimir grinned as he was even happier.

Amanda looked at him and smiled.

It was seven o'clock in the evening.

At the entrance to the dinner, there was a long queue and full of luxury cars.

It seemed that the dinner tonight was very grand.

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Lindsay had dressed up elegantly for the dinner tonight as she was wearing a black gown. She looked

stunning and charming while holding Stanford's arm in the dinner. She turned out to be so gracious that some people even said that she did match Stanford well.

She turned her head and looked at Stanford eagerly. However, Stanford just showed her an indifferent look.

She could not help but feel slightly disappointed.

As the car stopped, the driver got out and opened the car door. Casimir bent down and got out of the car. He looked formal and steady as he was dressed in a grey suit. Then, he turned around and reached out to hold Amanda.

He behaved like a gentleman as well as a prince too.

Amanda reached out and put her hand in his palm. She smiled gently and got out of the car.

"Hold me." Casimir stood up straight seriously. He became more mature instead of being playful all the while.

Amanda held his arm.

"Let's go," Casimir said.

Both of them walked in together.

Everybody knew Casimir who was the head of a foreign company's branch settling in here. However, it was the woman beside him that caught people's attention.

“There are so many beauties today.” Somebody exclaimed.

Casimir nodded gently as he seemed to enjoy people looking at him enviously.

Lindsay turned around and was surprised to see Amanda. Didn't she just arrive here? How could she recognize Casimir and appear on this occasion?

It seemed that the person behind him was too attractive. So, Stanford turned around and saw her in a white dress from a distance away. She looked so delicate in the white dress while her black hair was simply charming. She was extremely elegant and pretty while holding Casimir's arm with her slender hand.

Stanford was attracted to her since the kind of aura was the same as the woman who had held him before.

“Stanford.” Lindsay grabbed his arm tightly.

Stanford regained his sense as Casimir walked towards him.

“Mr. James.” Casimir greeted him.

Although they did not have any business dealings, he still recognized Stanford.

Everybody knew Stanford as he was the most popular guy in City B.

In fact, he was competent enough in achieving such a social status today.

Amanda had already expected that he would definitely be present on such an occasion when she came

here. However, he was here with Lindsay.

She could not help but sneer in her heart. Her expression was calm, "Mr. James and this young lady match perfectly."

"Thanks..."

"We're just friends."

Stanford interrupted Lindsay.

At this moment, a voice came from the host, "Fate has brought us together at this gathering. Without love, we won't have met today."

After some opening remarks, the host's voice became even louder and clearer, "Tonight, we're organizing this fundraising dinner to contribute to the poor. First of all, I will like to thank all of your support and send my sincere greeting on behalf of the organizer. There will be an auction to raise funds tonight. Of course, these auction items are also donated by people from all walks of life. All the money raised tonight will be used to help the needy through 'I Have A Dream' Foundation."

"To march ahead for love and make our dreams come true. Our fundraising dinner tonight will officially begin. Let's start with the first auction item presented by our model."

Soon, a female model slowly walked onto the stage in a beautiful dress with delicate make-up as well.

She did not hold anything in her hand. Everybody was discussing while some even teased, "Is this an auction for a person?"

The host laughed, "This gentleman is funny. Our first auction today is a limited-edition diamond ring donated by a caring person who has done good deeds anonymously."

The model raised her hand as the host was speaking.

An impressive diamond ring was presented in front of the crowd.

Amanda was stunned when she saw the ring.

Stanford's expression was not that calm too.

This was a custom-made ring that he had bought when he proposed to Amanda. She had never taken it off after she put it on. He thought that it was with her...

Amanda clenched her fist. What was going on here?

After she was rescued by Casimir, the ring on her hand was lost. She thought that she had lost it but how did it appear at the auction?

At this moment, the host said loudly.

"This ring is rather expensive, so the starting bid is 2 million!" _____ Chapter 884 Sixty Six Million

The price of the first auction item was so high that nobody dared to bid.

Casimir sensed that Amanda was slightly emotional, so he asked in a low voice, "What's wrong with you?"

"I'm fine." She was just a bit sentimental when she saw something that she had been familiar with before.

Suddenly, a male voice came from the second floor, "Six million."

The voice instantly broke the deadlock at that moment.

It was even surprising when somebody added four million directly.

Stanford clenched his fist, "Ten million."

Lindsay looked up at him. She was getting unhappy as she looked at the ring on the model's hand.

She could also recognize that the ring belonged to Amanda.

A voice came from the second floor again, "Twenty million."

Whoa...

His bid caused a commotion. Wasn't that crazy?

"Forty million," Stanford said confidently as he was determined to win the bid.

Nobody made a higher bid as the price was out of their expectation. Even if they were rich, it was not easy to earn it actually.

The host was also excited as the first auction item was already so hot. The host raised his voice, "Forty million, is there anybody higher?"

Nobody raised their voice.

The host said again, "Four million first, four million second, four million..."

"Six million." A voice came from the second floor again at this crucial moment.

Everybody wanted to see who was the person on the second floor? Why was the person so rich? Was it so easy to earn? The price had far exceeded the value of this ring.

"Stanford, it's not worth it at all. This person upstairs doesn't even show his face. Perhaps, he is an insider in this auction. He just bids up the price purposely..."

"Sixty-six million."

Lindsay was interrupted by Stanford's bidding voice before she could finish her words.

"Mr. James is really rich and generous." Somebody said with a smile.

A ring that cost such an expensive price would definitely be on the news tomorrow.

Amanda gazed at the man who was bidding for the ring. What was he thinking?

Apparently, everybody knew that the bid was far beyond the value of the item itself.

Did he still have a heart?

No, he was heartless.

If he did, he would not have let her die!

At this moment, he just wanted to reassure himself.

However, she was curious about the person bidding on the second floor. Who was actually that person? She looked up but the upper floor was not open to the public, so she did not see that person.

“There must be something behind the scene.” Casimir also felt that this was arranged by the organizer deliberately.

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“What is behind the scene?” Amanda asked.

“Bidding up purposely, raising the auction price.”

“I don’t think so.” Wasn’t he smart and calculating? Would he compete with the guy upstairs?

He would not obviously. It seemed that the guy upstairs was bidding up because he was sure that Stanford would want to win the bid.

“Sixty-six million first, Sixty-six million second...” The host slowed down as he said, “Sixty-six million...deal! Congratulations to Mr. James! Also, thank you Mr. James for your contribution tonight. Now, let’s have the model to present this ring to Mr. James.”

The model took the ring off her finger and put it into a velvet box. She held it on a tray carefully and walked towards Stanford.

Lindsay clenched her fist tightly. She was already dead and why did she still have to come and influence him?

“Mr. James.” The model held the tray in front of him.

Stanford reached out and picked up the ring. He gripped it in his hand and put it into his pocket.

His expression was extremely calm. However, he was gripping the ring tightly in his pocket as if the ring was embedded in his hand.

“Please let our model bring out the next auction item.”

Soon, a model came up with a painting in her hand.

The host was introducing the background of the painting and the artist as well.

The well-known painting must be expensive. Casimir was not interested as he was representing the company, not on behalf of himself. So, he would not bid simply and would only bid for the right price when he came across something.

Amanda was just accompanying him, so she was not interested either. She pulled him to a quiet place.

“Have you seen that ring?”

Casimir shook his head honestly.

Amanda thought in her mind whether somebody had picked it up and donated it to the organizer?

Otherwise, she could not think of any other explanation.

“You still haven’t found out the person who died at that time, right?” At that time, she had to go abroad for treatment, so she left before Casimir could check it out.

It was not mentioned afterwards.

Casimir nodded, “Can’t find out anything.”

Amanda frowned as the person had nothing to do with her but died in the fire that was aiming at her?

She always felt that there was something wrong. Commonly, the police would state the identity of the victim but they did not do so.

“The reserve price for this auction item is sixty thousand.”

Casimir looked over as he heard the sound. He wanted to bid for it as the price was quite low since he could not come without doing anything.

"I'm going to the washroom." Amanda saw that he was interested, so she ended the conversation. She walked to the washroom in her high heels.

At this moment, Lindsay was looking at herself in the mirror in the washroom. As she stared at her delicate face and slim body, she thought that she was better than Amanda. Why Stanford was not attracted to her?

"Amanda, you're already dead. Why do you still want to steal him from me?!"

She was really reluctant. After all, she did not get anything in the end even if she had done so much.

"I should have killed you earlier so that you won't have the chance to live in his heart!" _Chapter 885 Is He Yours

The woman in the mirror looked grim as she was overwhelmed with resentment.

She calmed down herself and stepped out of the washroom after a long while.

Soon, she stopped walking.

It was because she saw somebody in front of her.

Lindsay narrowed her eyes, “Ms. Flores, when did you come over?”

Amanda loosened her grip slightly as she was initially clenching her fists. She smiled and said, “I have been here for a while.”

Lindsay’s expression suddenly changed immediately.

Amanda chuckled, “Just kidding. Nobody will come to the washroom if it isn’t urgent. Why do you look so pale?”

Lindsay glanced at her and did not say anything. Then, she walked away.

Amanda stood still in place while she grinned coldly.

The person who wanted to kill her was actually Lindsay.

This was something that she had never expected.

She turned around and looked back at Lindsay who had just left the washroom. Her gaze was getting even stern.

Some pain could only be understood by herself.

She walked into the washroom and looked at the sink. The marble sink was so shiny and clean that it could reflect a person’s image. She raised her eyes slowly and looked at herself in the mirror. It was

completely a different face. Even her face was injured, it could still get recovered but she chose to change her appearance instead.

She was blind in the past.

Now, she was reborn. She wanted those who had deceived and harmed her to pay for it!

She did not go back to the dinner after walking out of the washroom. However, she walked to the door outside and stood at the staircase. She sent Casimir a message: I will wait for you at the door.

The weather was good today. She could see the stars in the sky as he raised her head. Her eyes were filled with tears while watching the stars for a long time, "I heard that when people die, they turn into stars in the sky. Which one are you? At this moment, are you looking at me too?"

She was feeling miserable in the pain of losing her child. Out of the blue, there was a sudden warmth with a familiar scent on her shoulder. She was shocked when she turned her head and saw Stanford standing beside her.

"The weather is cold. Ms. Flores should take care of yourself."

She was so familiar with his breathing and the body heat left in his clothes. She calmed down quickly and said gently, "Mr. James, are you caring about me?"

"We have a collaboration right now. The progress will be delayed if Ms. Flores is sick." Stanford was wearing a black shirt with a tie in front of his chest neatly. He put one of his hands into the pocket and looked ahead arrogantly.

"I thought Mr. James was concerned about me. Excuse me for my abrupt question, why is Mr. James so

determined to get that ring? The value of the ring isn't worth that price at all."

Stanford turned his head and looked at Amanda. He remained silent for a moment, "Ms. Flores knew that it was abrupt, then you shouldn't ask."

He walked down the stairs and headed to the black car parked at the roadside after saying that.

Amanda raised her head and could not help but sneer. Was he pretending to be affectionate at this moment?

"Mr. James," Amanda called and stopped him. She walked down the stairs carefully with her high heels. Then, she removed the suit from her body and handed it to him, "I'm not used to other people's things."

Stanford reached out to take it. Amanda turned around and saw Lindsay walking out. So, she purposely pretended to sprain her foot, "Ouch!"

Stanford held her subconsciously while she held Stanford's neck in a panic.

The distance between them was too close. Moreover, the fabric of her gown was thin while he was only wearing a shirt. Such close contact made him feel warm suddenly. He almost hugged her without a second thought.

"Amanda." He blurted out.

Amanda initially wanted to wrench out of him. However, she did not move at all when she saw him rushing over to her without considering his image. She did not even say anything. She just pretended to be shocked and continued lying in his arms.

She had changed her appearance but could not give another feeling to others since her body would not change.

Stanford enjoyed this familiar moment as he buried his face in her arms. He said hoarsely, "I miss you so much."

"Stanford." Lindsay's face turned pale.

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Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

Amanda sneered as she looked at her anxious look. She pretended to regain her sense and pushed him away hurriedly.

Stanford was surprised and took a step backwards when he was pushed by her. He was stunned for a short while but he regained his sense soon, "Is Ms. Flores alright?"

"Thank you, Mr. James. I'm fine." She smiled.

Lindsay looked at Stanford, "We should go back now."

Stanford kept quiet. He was less indifferent while looking at Amanda. Instead, he felt even complex. Why did he have that kind of feeling towards her?

"Stanford..." Lindsay saw that he did not look well. When she reached out to touch him, he turned around and left without bothering her. He was in a panic at this moment. How could he behave like that towards a woman whom he had just met a few times? The driver opened the car door for him as he was approaching. He bent his body and got into the car.

Lindsay glanced at Amanda and warned her, "Stay away from Mr. James."

Amanda smiled, "Is he yours?"

Lindsay clenched her fist abruptly, "Whether he is mine or not, you don't have the right."

"As far as I know, Stanford doesn't love you, right?" Casimir was holding a box in his hand. He walked down the stairs slowly and continued teasing, "As far as I know, Stanford's wife has been dead for almost a year. If he really loves you, why doesn't he marry you?"

Lindsay bit her lip and glared at Casimir. Then, she turned around and headed to the car.

"Are you alright?" Casimir asked Amanda while looking at her.

She shook her head, "I'm alright."

"Let's go back too." He reached out to help her. He only realized that her arms were so cool after touching her. So, he took off his suit and draped it over her.

"Thank you." Amanda lowered her eyes.

"You're welcome." He thought for a moment and asked, "I saw what you did just now. Do you still love him?"

Amanda laughed, "What do you think?"

"I don't know. I don't understand things like love and relationship."

"I love him unless I'm crazy." She said firmly.

She would never love him anymore for the rest of her life.

"What if he kneels in front of you one day?" Casimir opened the car door.

Amanda came to a halt, "I won't pity him even if he dies!"

"Remember your words." Casimir gave her a thumbs up.

Amanda patted his hand, "Ridiculous."

Casimir smiled and got into the car.

On the other hand, Stanford went back home. Lindsay said, "Let me accompany you."

Stanford said indifferently, "No need."

"Stanford..."

"It's getting late. You should go back too." He asked the driver to send her back home after saying that.

Lindsay followed Stanford as he wanted to go in with him. However, the driver held her, "Ms. Leroy, Mr. James let you go back. So, it's better to go back home."

She stood still in place reluctantly until she could no longer see Stanford.

This was Stanford's home for the past year. He had not returned to the home that he had lived in with Amanda for three years since he got a divorce.

After entering the house, he simply threw his jacket onto the sofa and walked to the wine cabinet. He took a bottle of wine and opened the lid. Then, he poured it into a glass and started drinking. He once again recalled the feeling of holding Simona in his arms.

That strange feeling was etched in his mind and he could not stop thinking of it. Chapter 886 What Happiness Feels Like

He pulled out the ring. The diamond still shone and it was the same as it had been, but the person who once owned it was no longer there.

He tilted his head and finished the wine in his glass, then put it down heavily. With a snap, the bottom of the glass clicked on the table.

That year, he had this ring custom-made to propose to her, and it was not the most expensive ring for her. She came from a wealthy family and had many precious pieces of jewellery.

But after wearing the ring, she never took it off again.

She said, "Stanford, I love it."

She had a happy face.

"I'm going to wear it for the rest of my life." She threw her arms around his neck and said, "Stanford, I love you. I believe in you and would give anything for you."

Stanford looked at her simple, beautiful smile and asked, "Why?"

Amanda snuggled into his arms, "To love each other is to trust each other and give to each other, isn't it?"

Because that was what her parents did.

At the time, he was dismissive and thought she was a flower in a greenhouse, who had no understanding of human suffering, let alone of the human heart. How could there be unreserved love in this world?

His father and mother had also loved each other, but what happened to them in the end?

Betrayal, abandonment, divorce ...

He did not believe in her love and did not believe that there was the kind of love in this world that she spoke of.

He didn't believe it!

"But why was I so sad when you left? My heart aches as I look at your relics?"

He squeezed the glass tightly in his hand while it was almost crushed!

Buzz ...

The phone in his pocket suddenly vibrated, but he didn't bother to look at it and just propped his face up with one hand. Tears seemed to well up in his eyes.

His phone rang and stopped, and then rang again after it had stopped. It seemed that if he didn't answer it, this person would keep calling him.

He pulled out his phone, saw the caller ID on it, and then simply hung up.

Soon his phone vibrated again.

He calmed himself down and picked it up, but his voice was very cold, "What's wrong?"

"Your father is very sick. Why don't you come back and take a look at him?" The woman on the other end of the phone said cautiously, even as if she were praying to him.

He didn't answer, except that his face became more and more gloomy and cold.

"No matter what, he's your father. Just come back and take a look at him. In case ... you'll regret it."

Regret?

His lips curled up into a mocking smile before he hung up the phone. Speaking of regrets, he had something he wanted to ask his father, too.

He dialed the driver's number and told him to get the car ready. He was going out.

The driver answered.

He hung up the phone, stood up, and walked over to the sofa to pick up the jacket on top and put it on, then stepped out the door.

The driver was already waiting at the door. He walked over and the driver pulled open the back door and then he bent down and got in.

The driver closed the door and ran quickly to the front to get into the driver's seat. Soon the car drove out.

He sat in the back seat and pressed his brow to ease his head, which hurt a little from drinking.

After a while, the car stopped and the driver came over to open the door for him. He bent down and got out of the car, "Give me the keys. I'll go back on my own later. You can get off work."

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

Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

The driver handed over the car key while he reached out to take it. He stood downstairs and looked up, then walked in with an expressionless face.

Walking to the door, he lifted his hand and knocked, while soon the door opened from the inside. It was his stepmother, Alyssa.

"Come on in." She hurriedly moved sideways to make room for him.

Stanford walked in with an expressionless face and said coldly, "I have to talk to him, and I don't want to be disturbed."

Alyssa said awkwardly, "Fine. No one will come in and interrupt your conversation."

Stanford walked towards the room.

He pushed the door open and saw his father lying on the bed, then walked in and closed the door, pulling a chair and sitting on the edge of the bed.

"There you are." As a father, upon meeting his son, Enoch did not have the authority of a father or show affectionate concern for him but instead exchanged pleasantries with him as if he were an acquaintance.

He had been bedridden since last year when he had a stroke that had left him paralyzed in the lower half of his body.

Stanford rarely visited him.

"Did you call me for something?" He looked cold and unemotional.

He knew what was happening to him even if he didn't come. He'd have no problem surviving another few years and Alyssa must have asked for something from him when she suddenly called him over.

As for what it was, it was naturally about their son, his half-brother.

His brother was the apple of their eye. Because he was so spoiled, he dropped out of university before he finished and became a punk.

He didn't have a proper job and didn't stay at home all day.

"Stanford ..." Enoch said, without the authority of a father, "you have just one brother. Can you bear to see him without a job?"

Stanford said indifferently, "My mother only gave birth to me."

Enoch didn't look well but smiled for the sake of his youngest son's future, "Stanford, your mother and I divorced because we didn't love each other anymore ..."

"I know. You love your current wife." Before he could finish his sentence, he was interrupted by Stanford.

He looked at Enoch with mixed emotions hidden under his eyes, "If it wasn't because of love, then why did you marry her in the first place?"

Without waiting for Enoch to give him an answer, he added, "At the time, your families were both poor. In today's parlance, you were a good match for each other, so you married her. If you hadn't gone out to work, you might have grown old together. But you got out and made a small fortune, so you and she were not right for each other. Because you are richer than she is, then you look down on her for being from the countryside, for not knowing how to dress, for not being educated. You always felt humiliated when you brought her around, so you stopped loving her."

"But have you ever thought about who helped you take care of your son and your parents when you were out making a career? When you were away, she alone carried all the burdens of the family and carried the responsibilities that a father should have carried. You said you didn't love her anymore and you just abandoned her."

Stanford's expression and voice grew colder, "You do not love her because she has no more fine, smooth skin, no more slender body, and no more of the young looks she had when she married you. Her face is no longer beautiful, her hands are rough and her skin starts to sag, so you don't love her anymore."

"Why are you holding on to something that's long in the past? Does dwelling on it make you happy?" Enoch frowned.

Stanford sneered, "Happy? Dad, tell me what happiness feels like?"

Enoch was silent.

"Why don't you say something?"

Stanford taunted, "You have nothing more to say, do you?"

"Just don't hold on to the past. It's not doing you any good." Enoch tried to enlighten Stanford and get him to let go of the past.

"If she hadn't died, I wouldn't hold a grudge against you. It's because of you that she's dead!" If he hadn't divorced her, she wouldn't have gone to work for someone as a nanny and she wouldn't have died!

Just give him a little time, he would take care of her when he grew up.

But she didn't get to see him grow up!

"After marrying you, she did everything a wife should do. What did she do wrong? If you didn't love her, why did you marry her in the first place and let her live alone for most of her life?"

Chapter 887 Meeting Again

It was his mother who kept the house and guarded him alone during the days he went out to make his way.

What did she get in the end?

Enoch had nothing to say to his son's questioning. He had also grieved the death of his ex-wife. After all, they had shared a bed and she had given him a son.

"Stanford, for what happened before, it's all because I am sorry for your mother and you. For the sake of me being your father, give your brother a job so he doesn't have to drift around out there." Enoch said humbly.

Stanford let out a laugh, "Is that why you called me here when you said you were sick?"

"Stanford, at least half of the company is your brother's. Are you going to keep it all to yourself?" Enoch stopped saying humbly. Obviously, even if he had humbled himself, he was still indifferent!

Stanford stood up, "Father, you'd better get well to live a long life."

With that, he didn't bother to look at Enoch but stepped towards the door.

"Stanford, don't you go too far!"

Enoch's face reddened with anger, "I'm your father!"

"So?" Stanford stopped in his tracks and turned his head to look at him, "So I have to take care of your son?"

Enoch clenched his hands and kept shaking, "You've got the company. All I'm asking is that you let your brother have a proper job. Why do you have to be so cruel to him?"

Stanford walked back over to the bedside and looked at him condescendingly, "Your company was already facing bankruptcy at the time. It was my mother's compensation that filled the gap so the company didn't go bust. I was cruel to him? I remember when Alyssa lost \$150 and you all said I took it. How did you treat me? I want to ask you, did I take the money?"

He had not long been in the house at the time and Alyssa said she had lost the money, "There were no outsiders in the house either, and nothing was ever lost. The living expenses I had in the drawer were missing \$150 for no reason. I don't know what's going on."

She didn't say it explicitly, but what she meant by that was that he was an outsider. She hadn't lost money before, but when he came to the house, she lost it. What she meant was that he had taken the money.

Enoch also decided that he had taken it and told him to admit he was wrong and to give it to her.

He said he hadn't taken it.

But Enoch didn't believe him and demanded that he admit his mistake and hand over the money he had taken.

He was stubborn, and he didn't take the money, so how could he admit it?

Enoch pulled out his belt and beat him up.

Alyssa stood by and watched, and to this day, he still remembered the gloating look in her eyes.

Enoch beat him up and then locked him up for three days without giving him food or water.

He was only released when George admitted that he had taken the money. What did he say to his precious son at that time?

"George, if you need money, just let me know. Why did you take it without saying so?"

Alyssa said from the sidelines, "George is still young and thoughtless. Just wait until he grows up."

As a father, he laughed at his youngest son's mistakes.

And he was unwilling to give him even a smile. After beating him severely and learning that he had been wrongly accused, he did not even comfort him, but said coldly, "I don't know who you are like to be so stubborn!"

He was not being stubborn but was defending his dignity. He would rather be beaten than admit to

something he hadn't done.

There were more things like this when he was growing up than he could count.

"I told you that I won't spare the people who hurt me and my mother." He leaned down and smiled, "You should thank me for not killing you all and keeping you alive. Don't ask anything more of me."

When he finished, he straightened up and took a look at the house, "You should be content to live in a house like this and have good doctors to treat you."

With that, he turned and walked towards the door. The door to the room was pulled open and Alyssa was standing in the doorway eavesdropping. She hadn't expected Stanford to suddenly open the door and forced a calm smile, "I came over to ask if you guys wanted some water."

Stanford ignored her and walked out past her. He knew in his heart what this woman was like!

After leaving the James family, he sped down the road in his car. There were few cars on the road at this time of day, and the colourful neon signs reflected the city's bustle.

No matter how brilliant the lights were, he didn't look at them for a second.

He was alone and helpless at the moment.

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

He had so much, but he did not feel happy.

His heart was empty.

The car travelled through the city at breakneck speed. At this moment, he didn't even have someone to talk to about what was on his mind. Even if he had it all, he was still alone.

Finally, the car stopped in front of a bar.

He got out of the car and walked straight in. At this time of the day, the bar was lively. There were bright lights, loud songs, and great dancers. Men and women were embracing each other on the dance floor and wriggling their bodies to their hearts' content.

He sat down at the bar and ordered a bottle of wine.

Then he drank alone.

The bottle of foreign wine was soon half drunk.

He filled the glass again, tilted his head, and drank it all.

Placing the glass on the bar, he continued to pour. At that moment, a soft hand with red-stained nails covered the back of his hand and slowly took hold of it, "Sir, why don't you let me keep you company if you're drinking alone?"

With that, the woman sat beside him.

After half a bottle of wine, Stanford was not drunk, but his mind was not as clear as usual.

He narrowed his eyes and slowly lifted his head, and fixed his gaze on the woman. The woman was wearing a tight black dress that showed off her good figure. Her two thin white legs were bare and she was wearing red high heels. At the moment, she was pressing her legs up against his.

The woman suppressed the surge inside her. It was so rare to see such a superb man! Thinking she must take her chance, she smiled and said, "It just so happens that I'm alone too."

Stanford squinted at her and said coldly, "Get lost!"

The woman was quite confident in her charm. She was a regular here, and hardly anyone ever refused to be hit on by her. For a moment, she thought she was hallucinating.

Still smiling, she picked up the bottle and poured herself a glass, "Why don't we have a toast?"

Stanford's eyes turned cold and he was already getting angry, "Can't you understand what I said?"

The woman paused for a moment, then said with a smile, "I, I hear you. But I see that you are alone at the moment and should need some company. I think I'm quite suitable."

With that, the woman became more and more indulgent in flirting with him, and even took his hands and put them on her breasts.

No sooner did she enjoy the pleasure of being touched than she felt a pain in her abdomen, and she flew out.

With a crash, the woman knocked over the table and chairs and fell to the floor.

The woman covered her abdomen in disbelief, while her face, which was covered in delicate make-up,

was filled with horror. The men and women who had been wriggling on the lively dance floor also stopped and looked towards them because of this scene.

The woman rose from the ground. She looked extremely embarrassed because she was being watched, "Are you still a man? How dare you hit a woman!"

Stanford didn't even give her a look, but took out his wallet and took a few notes from it, and dropped them on the counter before walking away.

The woman rushed over and tried to stop him, "Do you want to just leave after you hit me?"

His eyes turned cold, "Get out of the way!"

The woman had thought that since he had hit her, she could blackmail him. But looking at how imposing the man was, she didn't dare. Despite her reluctance, she moved aside.

Stanford stepped out.

He went to his car and pulled the door open, and as he was about to drive back, he saw Simona coming out of the cinema.

He glanced up at his wristwatch and found it was the middle of the night.

"Miss Flores," He said as he closed the car door and walked over towards her.

Amanda turned her head to look over, and when she saw him, she frowned slightly. Today she had insomnia, so she came to see a second-night movie, but she didn't expect to meet him. Was this how often the enemy would cross paths?

But she still smiled and greeted him, "Mr. James." _____ Chapter 888 Learning The Truth

Stanford walked over and looked at the posters advertising several movies that were posted on the door of the cinema.

"You came to the movies alone?" He asked.

Amanda smiled, "There's no one here who can watch a movie with me either, is there?"

"Which one did you see?" Suddenly, he was curious to know which movie she would be watching alone.

Three movies had been released this month, some sci-fi and some about romance.

Amanda turned her head to look at him and said, "Flipped."

"Miss Flores, do you have a boyfriend?" He asked again.

"What, Mr. James? You're interested in my personal affairs?" She smiled.

Stanford didn't know how he would ask so many questions.

It was as if none of the words had gone through his head.

"Sorry." He became serious, "It's late, Miss Flores. Just go home early and get some rest."

With that, he walked towards the car.

Amanda stood still. Watching his back, she suddenly said, "Mr. James, do you ever love anyone?"

Stanford suddenly stopped in his tracks and slowly turned around.

"It has nothing to do with work. You can not answer. It's just that today's movie is good. If you have time, you can watch it for entertainment as well." With that, she turned and walked in the opposite direction to him.

At that moment, she just wanted to know if he had ever liked her during the time he had been with her.

So what if he had liked her or not? What would that change?

She laughed at herself and tilted her head, then straightened her back.

Stanford stood still, and his gaze shifted to the movie poster of Flipped.

Probably because it was about a childhood love story, the poster had a boy and girl as the thematic images.

He stared at Simona's back but somehow overlapped her figure with that of another woman.

She was clearly not her, so why did he always associate her with her?

He didn't like the feeling. She was her, and he didn't like the idea of her being replaced by someone else!

He didn't start the car first thing when he got in but turned his head to look at the poster.

She was also young when he first met her.

She gave him a warm feeling when she smiled.

His eyes deepened with affection that even he had not noticed.

He didn't know when her smile had taken root in his heart. No matter how much he tried to deliberately ignore it, he could never forget it.

Every time he thought of it, his heart ached.

It took him a long time to calm down and start the car to leave.

On the next day...

Amanda was still asleep when she was awakened by a sharp ringing of her mobile phone. She grabbed the phone and picked it up while Casimir's voice came on the other end of the line, "Hurry up and watch the news."

"What news?" She sobered up a bit.

"The gossip about your ex-husband." The person on the other end of the phone teased her.

She sat up and rubbed her eyes.

"What gossip?"

Then Casimir hung up the phone and sent the day's news to her phone. She clicked on the link and found the huge headline that read 'J&Y Group's president 'puts on a limited show' with a beautiful woman in a nightclub', and there was a photo of Stanford kicking a woman below.

Casimir sent a message over and teased her: Why does your ex-husband even beat up women? He is so grumpy, so has he ever beaten you?

Amanda ignored him and continued to read the news. Usually, news like this would exaggerate the facts to get the attention of the public.

The general idea was that Stanford had slept with a beautiful woman, but they had a big fight because the price was not agreed upon.

Amanda was expressionless but just felt funny.

Would Stanford be short of money now? Would he beat up someone in public for money?

Seeing that she didn't reply to the message, Casimir sent another one over: You're not upset, are you?.

Amanda replied: Why would I be upset?

Casimir texted: You're not sad that your ex-husband has gone to a nightclub to find a woman?

Amanda immediately replied: Didn't you also say he was my ex-husband?

If he was her ex-husband, then he had nothing to do with her.

Casimir then texted: Okay. Have a good day.

Amanda put her phone down and got up. She had things to do today.

She went out after washing and dressing. It was Lindsay who had victimized her back then. If she wanted to have her punished the way she deserved, she would have to find proof that she had done it to her.

But she had no clues and didn't dare to contact those people. She was afraid that her parents would find out.

She wanted to avenge herself, and now she had to do it the dumbest way possible.

The security system at her and Stanford's place used to be exceptionally well-made, with everyone entering and leaving recorded. Even though so much time had passed, she wanted to see it. What if there was a clue?

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Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

6 Unconventional Tips To Foster A Healthy Relationship

So after breakfast, she went to the place where she used to live with Stanford.

It was only a year old and the place was depressed beyond recognition. The yard was littered with leaves, the lawn was long from lack of mowing, and the leaves were as thin and spiky as the spines of a hedgehog.

She tried to unlock it with the original password. Moreover, it seemed that Stanford had also moved out of the place after their divorce and had not deliberately changed the password. So the door opened at once, and she pushed it open and walked in.

Standing within the courtyard, she had the feeling as if a generation had passed. Once she thought she would be happy here with him until she grew old.

Yet the reality was that harsh.

Calming herself down, she walked to the door of the villa and opened it. The password had not been changed either, and it was still the same.

When she pushed open the heavy door, the house was cold, and all the furniture was covered in a thick layer of dust.

The home she had longed for when she married him was now in this state.

Tears suddenly welled up in her eyes and she couldn't help but cry.

She cried at her stupidity!

She sniffled and walked towards the study. The main control of all the surveillance and security systems in the villa was in the study.

She had lived here for three years and knew all the arrangements well.

Pushing open the door to the study, she walked in, went to the computer on the desk, and turned it on.

Stanford did not live here, but none of the water or electricity was cut off. Everything was as it was before, except for the dust that had settled on it.

Soon, the computer monitor lit up.

She clicked on the surveillance system and filled in the search field for the time she wanted to see.

However, the only surveillance for that day that had been deleted was the time she was taken away.

She thought about it and felt it was right. Since Lindsay had done something bad, how could she not erase all traces of it?

As long as she had done something bad, there was bound to be a clue. Since this clue didn't work, there was still the person Lindsay had paid off to kidnap her at the time.

She could always find a clue.

She shut down the computer, and just as she was about to leave, she accidentally touched a book that was sitting on the desk.

With a snap, the book fell to the floor and stirred up a cloud of dust.

She bent down to pick it up and a photograph fell out of the book. She was very surprised when she saw

the photo. Then she picked it up while it was of a woman holding a boy.

To her surprise, the woman was Lucy, and in her arms was Stanford as a child.

She fell back into the chair.

It was as if she understood where Stanford's hatred for her had come from.

Did he think it was her family that got his mother killed?!

Was that what he thought?

So he had planned to marry her from the beginning?

Was everything a plan for his revenge?

And was she a pawn in that plan?

Was her so-called love just a bait he had created on purpose to get her to fall for it?

Haha ...

"Stanford, Stanford, so you've been lying to me all this time. How stupid was I to trust you so much that I wanted to give you a baby?"

She tilted her head and tried to force back the tears, but she couldn't control them, "You've lived with me for three years, but don't you know anything about me? Do you know that I almost died in that car

accident too and that Boyce also had a narrow escape? How can you think that it was us that got your mother killed?!"

She covered her heart and couldn't calm down after knowing the truth. Her heart ached that he knew nothing about her and that he had imagined her that way.

"Yet I was delusional enough to want to spend my life with a man who had never trusted me, or loved me?"

She sat in the dusty room for a long time until the tears dried on her face. Then she put the picture back in the book, set it back in its place, got up, took one last look at the house, and smiled gently. It was over. It was all over.

From now on, they were enemies!

She straightened herself and stepped out.

As she closed the door, her phone rang. It was Casimir calling.

She picked up the phone, "What's up?"

"I want you to have lunch with me."

"Are you so idle?" Amanda said as she walked.

"Hey, I was afraid you wouldn't fit in when you just came back to the country and wanted to keep you company, but you misunderstood me. Okay, fine, just forget I ever made the call ..."

"It's my fault." Amanda immediately apologized, "Just come and pick me up now."

She gave the address.

This place was a little remote. The villa was built against the mountain and facing the sea, which was clean with good surroundings and good views. And the only bad thing was that it was a bit far from the city.

Casimir said to wait and that he would be there soon, then hung up the phone.

She walked along the road.

There were few people on this road and it was very quiet.

As she passed the fork in the road, she saw Lindsay's car, which was the same red Porsche from a year ago. What was she doing here? _____

She walked over and put her phone on silent in case Casimir called suddenly.

It was too obvious to walk on the road, so she approached the red car from the grass at the bottom of the hill.

It was then that she noticed a black SUV parked in front of the red car.

"What the hell is this place?" The man in the oversized black sunglasses said impatiently.

Lindsay said, "I need people. Lend me a couple of guys. Don't worry. Money's not a problem."

The man grunted, "I wouldn't dare lend you any more men. I lent you two men a year ago, but they've disappeared and can't be found. How dare I lend you any more men?"

"What does it matter to me if your men have disappeared? Besides, it's not like I'm not paying you. What? You don't even want to do it when there's business?" Lindsay wrapped her arms around her chest, "I'll pay more this time."

The man took off his sunglasses and looked at Lindsay, "What are you doing this time?"

"That's my business. You don't have to care. Just lend me some men." She said very confidently, "Are you still not sure about me?"

The man did not immediately agree but was still deliberating.

He was still a little uneasy about what had happened a year ago. And even now, he still didn't know if the two men he had lent her were dead or alive, and he couldn't find a trace of them no matter how hard he tried.

"One million this time." Lindsay raised the stakes.

It was only half a million a year ago.

Amanda hid in the bushes while the mobile phone in her pocket suddenly lit up. Casimir came to the address she said and couldn't find her.

Amanda saw the lit-up screen and covered her heart. It was scary. Luckily, she had put it on silent early, otherwise ...

She took a deep breath, hung up the phone, and continued to watch them.

The man seemed a little hesitant. Lindsay's offer was tempting, but he was afraid something would happen. After thinking about it for a moment, he said, "Yes. But you'll have to return my man alive and intact."

Lindsay agreed, "Okay."

"I'll send two men for your errand tomorrow." With that, he pulled open the car door and got in.

Lindsay glanced back and forth. After making sure no one was there, she also got into the car. Soon Amanda heard the sound of the car starting.

When they left, she stepped out of the grass.

She had heard all their conversation.

So it was through this man that Lindsay sent the men who posed as they had been sent by Stanford a year ago.

This time, who had she found men to try to harm again?

A chill went down her spine at the thought. How had she not found before that Lindsay was so ruthless?

At that moment, her phone screen lit up again. She hurriedly picked it up while Casimir's anxious voice came on the other end of the line, "Where are you?"

"I'll be right there." She hurriedly walked towards the junction.

Casimir stood by the car and walked back and forth anxiously, "Where have you been?"

"I ... got caught up in something."

Amanda said very apologetically.

"You scared the hell out of me." Casimir looked at her, "Are you okay?"

She shook her head, "Yeah."

"I thought you'd had another accident. It's good to see you're okay. Come on, get in." Casimir pulled the door open for her.

Amanda walked up to him and said sincerely, "Casimir, thank you."

"Don't be melodramatic. Get in. This place is really remote." Casimir said grumpily.

Amanda knew he wasn't really angry, so she bent over to get into the car.

Casimir started the car and asked, "What are you doing out here in the middle of nowhere by yourself?"

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"I've come to get some business done." She said gently.

"And did you get it done?" Casimir asked.

Amanda nodded, "Yes, I learned a lot."

She hadn't found what she wanted, but she had found quite a lot by accident.

Casimir looked at her in the rearview mirror, "Are you really okay?"

Amanda was surprised, "I'm fine."

"That's good," Casimir said with a smile.

Amanda was speechless.

"Hey, Casimir, what do you mean?"

"I'm afraid you'll be sad. Your ex-husband has been going to nightclubs to get a prostitute ..."

"What's it to me if he's looking for a prostitute?" Amanda was speechless. Why was he still dwelling on this?

Casimir looked at her in the rearview mirror, "You really don't care?"

Amanda hadn't bothered to pay attention to him.

Casimir smiled, "Well, I shouldn't have asked. By the way, I want to tell you something. There are a lot of journalists outside the J&Y Group today, who want to interview Stanford."

"I don't really want to know about him. Are you going to let me eat or not? You keep talking about something that's going to spoil my appetite." Amanda really couldn't understand why he kept dwelling on it.

"Okay, fine. I won't talk about it." Casimir felt pretty bored too. But he just felt like she must have really liked Stanford when she married him, and he wasn't quite sure how she felt about it now.

Amanda turned her head to look out the window while the scenery quickly crossed by. She suddenly thought of something and pulled out her phone, then sent Casimir the photo she had taken of the man.

"Check this man out for me."

Hearing the sound of a message on his phone, Casimir tapped it and glanced at it, then put it down again and asked, "What are you checking him out for?"

"He's related to the men who killed me back then."

"I see." Casimir concentrated on driving the car.

Soon the car went into the city. They had agreed to have lunch together, but Casimir received a call from his secretary, saying that there was an emergency that he needed to get back to deal with.

"You can just drop me off here." Amanda heard the call he had just taken.

"Hey, I was going to have lunch with you."

"There's plenty of opportunity for that later," Amanda said.

Casimir thought about it and felt so, Then I'll drop you off."

"Well, work is important."

Casimir pulled the car over while Amanda pushed the door open and got out, "Just drive slowly."

He answered and drove off.

Amanda was familiar with this area. There should be a bus stop up ahead and the bus would pass the hotel she was staying at.

She walked along the road.

Suddenly, a black car pulled up beside her and the window came down, "Miss Flores?"

Amanda turned her head and saw that handsome face. And right now, he was looking at her with his dark, deep eyes.

Knowing that it was all a ploy for him to marry her and say he loved her, she only felt her heart aching more when she saw him again.

Was he thinking in his mind that this woman was such a fool when she pouted at him and said she loved him?Chapter 890 It's the Hearts That Change

"Miss Flores, what are you doing here?" Stanford thought he was looking at the wrong person.

Amanda clenched her hands, which were hanging at her sides, into fists. She was trying desperately to suppress the emotions tumbling inside her to remain calm.

"I ..." Her voice was a little hoarse, "I got lost."

"I'll give you a ride. Get in the car." He looked at her and said.

Amanda released her clenched fist and smiled, "Then thank you."

Stanford was quiet and didn't say a word.

She pulled open the back door and sat in.

"I don't know if you've got things handled?" She meant something else, "I don't want anything to go wrong while we're working together."

Stanford remained silent as he started the car and drove away.

What happened last night was an accident, but it was deliberately posted online and became a scandal. He had dealt with it.

The incident had upset him, too.

"Miss Flores, you haven't had lunch yet, have you? My treat today." Stanford suddenly spoke up.

Amanda thought for a moment, "How can I refuse since you have been so gracious in inviting me?"

Stanford glanced at her in the rearview mirror. Every time he saw her, she would do something unexpected.

This time was no different.

There seemed to be a certain magic about her that attracted him and always made him want to be near her.

And he didn't like that feeling in his heart.

He didn't like it when a woman made him do things that were out of his control.

The car pulled up and stopped in front of a restaurant.

Amanda got a good look at the restaurant while her heart was in turmoil once again. This was a restaurant she used to love to come to, and she loved to pester Stanford to come with her. It had all the

dishes she liked to eat.

Why had he brought her to this restaurant?

What did he know?

Amanda was in a bit of a panic.

Stanford got out of the car. Not seeing her get out, he opened the back door for her, "Miss Flores."

Amanda sat still, "I'm not very hungry. Mr. James, why don't you take me back to the hotel?"

"We're already here, Miss Flores, you'd better get down." Stanford didn't mean to take her back but made it very clear that she should get out of the car.

Amanda bit her lower lip and bent over to get out of the car while Stanford walked ahead. He was a regular customer, so as soon as he came in, the manager came to greet him, "Mr. James."

Stanford nodded.

"There's room over here and it's quiet." The manager guided Stanford to a window seat in the VIP section.

Amanda followed him in with downcast eyes.

"This lady, please." The manager pulled the chair for her.

She thanked him, then sat down.

"Same as usual," Stanford said as he sat down.

The manager froze for a moment. He used to come with his wife and order those same dishes every time because his wife loved them. Now, this was a strange woman and he was still ordering the same dishes?

Stanford looked up and glanced at the manager, "Mr. Chase?"

"Oh, I'm just going to have the chef prepare it. You wait a moment." The manager hurriedly said with a smile.

Darren went to arrange for the chef to prepare while Amanda took a sip of the plain water on the table and asked, "Mr. James, do you like the restaurant?"

"Yes." He said without thinking. However, it was only after he had finished that he realized that this was not the restaurant he liked, but the one she liked.

He'd been here so much that he'd gotten used to it. He didn't know if he liked it or if he was used to it, but he liked coming anyway.

Amanda lowered her eyes slightly while her curled lashes fluttered.

"Actually, it's my ex-wife who likes it." Stanford leaned back and looked at her. The sun was slanting in through the window and enveloping her body in a hazy haze. He was in a trance like he was seeing her.

He squeezed his fingers, "You look like her."

Amanda suddenly looked up at him and couldn't help but frown. What had he found?

She thought she had misheard, "I look like your ex-wife?"

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She couldn't help but reach up and touch her face. She was afraid that even her parents wouldn't recognize her, yet he sensed it?

Thinking about it, she couldn't find when she had exposed herself.

Her face was growing pale.

"It's not that you look alike, but you make people feel alike." Stanford looked at her and said, "It's not really the same."

Amanda couldn't decide in her mind what he meant. Was he testing her, or was he simply guessing based on his feelings?

"What do you mean by that?" She asked.

"Miss Flores, you're pretty but not as warm as she is. She loves to smile, and when she smiles at me, her arched eyebrows always make me feel warm." His eyes softened at the mention of her. And that

softness disappeared again when his gaze fell on Simona, "You're more sombre and completely different from her. You do smile, but it's too fake and insincere."

Amanda clutched at the corner of her shirt under the table. Too fake? Insincere?

Once when she'd smiled at him without reservation, all he could think about was how to set her up, right?

"I may have once been like your ex-wife, unreserved and true to the person I liked. But my ex-boyfriend cheated on me and left me bruised and battered, so I wouldn't dare smile like that again. I'm afraid of meeting the next scum. Although one's eyes have 5.76 pixels, they can't see through the human heart." She looked down and let out a bitter laugh.

"Do you hate your ex-boyfriend?"

It suddenly occurred to Stanford that if she were still alive, what would she be like?

Would she have hated him?

Hate?

Amanda just didn't think that word couldn't explain how she felt.

"I wish I could have killed him myself if I could." As she spoke, she stared into his eyes.

Stanford met her eyes and froze for a moment, "You ..."

At that moment, the manager came along with a waiter, and then he stopped talking.

The manager and the waiter placed the dishes on the table, "Mr. James, the dishes are ready."

Stanford replied indifferently.

"Well, enjoy your meal." With that, the manager and the waiter left.

The table was full of delicious food, but he had no appetite for it, but continued what he had just said, "Can you bear to kill someone you once loved?"

"Yes. Why should I be softhearted to a man who has deceived me? Love? My love vanished the moment he hurt me, and all that remains is hatred." Amanda leaned forward and closed the distance between her and him, "If I could, I'd like to rip out his heart and see how he could hurt and deceive me like that."

Stanford's Adam's apple rolled up and down. As Simona said this, he thought of himself.

In keeping with her personality, she would have done the same, wouldn't she?

At this moment, he thought if she was still in this world, even if she hated him, just like Simona did, it would be good.

But now she had left his world for good.

"I heard you talk about your ex-wife. So why did you get divorced?" Amanda asked, raising an eyebrow.

Stanford kept his thoughts to himself and remained calm, "It occurred to me that I had something else to do. Miss Flores, enjoy your meal."

With that, he stood up and walked away.

Amanda sat still but straightened her back.

Was he guilty?

Was he afraid to even answer?

Stanford!

She slowly closed her eyes and opened them a moment later, while all the emotions were hidden deep within her. Then she calmly picked up the chopsticks, picked up the dish that was her favourite and put it in her mouth, and chewed it slowly.

She didn't know if it was her state of mind that had changed, or if it was the chef who had made the dish that had changed, but she felt that the dish no longer had the same taste.

Everything had changed, and she was no longer her.

She continued to take the dish into her mouth, "Stanford, you killed my child, and I will make sure you pay for it."

She put the chopsticks down and looked up at the sky outside, while the sun was shining as brightly as it had been.

She picked up the napkin, wiped her mouth, and then got up to leave.

The place was easy enough to get a taxi, but she didn't want to go back to the hotel now, instead, she

walked along the road. A year had not been long enough and nothing much had changed.

The only thing that had changed was the human heart. _Chapter 891 To Ask for an Explanation

It was bright and sunny. Amanda walked along the street for so long, and she felt her feet a bit hurting before she went back to the hotel by cab.

The cab stopped in front of the entrance of the hotel. Amanda paid the fares and got out of the cab.

She walked into the lobby and met Lindsay, who was walking over to her. Lindsay smiled, "Ms. Flores."

Amanda was surprised that Lindsay would be in the hotel.

"Are you coming to me for something of the work?" she asked.

Lindsay smiled, "No, I just want to invite you to watch a big show, Ms. Flores."

Amanda's heart skipped one beat. Lindsay was not easy to deal with, and she was good at disguising herself. She had been disguised herself as a pure-minded person in front of Amanda back then.

However, Lindsay wanted her life in the end!

Amanda had to keep an eye on Lindsay!

"I'm not familiar with you," Amanda refused.

Who knew if it was her conspiracy?

"Strangers the first time, acquaintances the next. Besides you also have cooperation with our company and we may consider being 'a family'. You're new to City B. There must be a lot of inconveniences you've experienced, and there's no place for you to spend time. So I invite you to relax," Lindsay took two steps closer to Amanda in her high heels, and she was only half a meter apart from Amanda, "You seem to be wary of me, Ms. Flores."

"We're not foes. Why would I be wary of you?" Amanda smiled faintly, "Are you going to do something to me since you invited me passionately?"

"I think you may have misunderstood, Ms. Flores," Lindsay explained, "I'm sincerely inviting you, but you keep rejecting me and seems to be mistrusting me."

Amanda gave a laugh, "I don't even trust myself."

How would Amanda trust others?

How would she trust the person who harmed her back then?

It suddenly occurred to Amanda. Could it be that Lindsay wanted to buy her off this time or to harm her this time?

Amanda thought, 'But Lindsay has no reason to do this either.'

Amanda was negotiating a tie-up with J&Y Group on behalf of RM Group.

"I still have things to deal with," after saying that, Amanda took a step towards the elevator.

"Ms. Flores."

Lindsay turned around and looked at her, "I want to tell you, don't try to think about something you shouldn't think about."

"What do you mean by that?" Amanda could not understand her words.

"You don't assume that I didn't know you purposely got close to Stanford at the charity party that night," Lindsay looked frosty, "Anyone who covets him will come to no good end."

It dawned on Amanda that Lindsay referred to what happened at the entrance of the party that day. Lindsay had seen that Amanda purposely pretended to twist her foot and stumbled into Stanford's arms.

"I didn't think about it before your reminder. I think Mr. James does look good, and he's a man of condition. I kinda like him," she smiled, "Mr. James is not married to you, so I have a reason to fight for my happiness, isn't it?"

Lindsay's face turned white with rage, "You're getting far too cheeky!"

"Mr. James and I are single. How come I can't pursue him? Why would I be too cheeky?" she deliberately took her phone, "How about we call Mr. James and ask him if I can pursue him?"

"You..." Lindsay pointed at Amanda, and she was exasperated instead of being arrogant. Amanda's attitude was going too far from her expectations.

"I wonder if Mr. James knows what you've done," Amanda pretended to make a phone call, and Lindsay rushed over to her and knocked the phone out of her hand. The phone fell to the ground, and the screen of the phone cracked.

Amanda stood still, lowered her head, and looked at the phone on the ground with a cracked screen. She raised her eyebrows slightly, "I just bought the phone not long ago."

"How much is it?" Lindsay took her wallet out from her bag, "I'll compensate you for it."

"I don't need your compensation. Just pick it up and hand it over to me," Amanda pulled a long face.

"Humph," Lindsay refused, "I won't pick it up for you!"

Lindsay turned around and left the hotel after saying that.

Amanda bent down and picked the phone up. She looked at the cracked screen without showing any expressions on her face. She did not go upstairs, walked to the reception desk and asked the hotel receptionist, "Is there any surveillance camera in the hotel lobby?"

The receptionist said, "Yes, there are surveillance cameras in the lobby."

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She took out the cash from her purse and put it on the marble-top reception desk, "I just had a conversation with that woman. Take a screen recording of the surveillance video and send it to my phone."

"This..."

"I'm a guest staying in this hotel, and the woman broke my phone in the hotel. I want to have the video as my proof, can't I?" Amanda suddenly became solemn.

There was a rule in the hotel that the employees could not leak the company matters to anyone. The receptionist picked up the phone, "I'll ask the manager."

Amanda was waiting for her.

Soon the manager went over to them, "What's going on?"

The receptionist had seen the scene that just happened and said, "There was a lady who had a conflict with our guest and broke the phone of our guest, so she wanted to have our surveillance video as proof."

The manager thought for a moment and said, "I'm sorry, miss. Our hotel has rules that we can't leak the hotel matters to anyone, but since the lady involved broke your phone, I think we should provide you with the video as your evidence. Please wait a moment, and I'll have someone take a screen recording of the surveillance video and send it to you."

Amanda politely said, "Thank you."

The manager gave a smile, "We should protect the interests of our guests."

The manager picked up the landline phone on the reception desk and made a call. When he waited for the call to be connected, he looked at Amanda, "Miss, please leave your phone number to us."

The receptionist took a paper and a pen.

Amanda took the paper and the pen from the receptionist and wrote her phone number down.

She handed it over to the manager after she finished writing. The manager took a look at it, and the call got through at the same time. He raised his head to look at Amanda, "When did it happen?"

"It has just happened," Amanda replied.

The manager raised his hand to tell the time and said, "Take a surveillance screen recording of a clip of two ladies clashing in the lobby between twelve and one o'clock and then send it to the phone number of 135*****."

The manager hung up the call after the person on another end of the phone answered him. He asked, "Is there anything else I can do for you?"

Amanda shook her head and said, "Nothing more. Thank you."

She received a message on her phone shortly after, and she clicked the link to watch the video on the browser.

She took her phone and got out of the hotel. She went to the J&Y Group by cab.

Soon she arrived at the J&Y Group building. She paid the fares, got out of the cab, and walked into the building.

J&Y Group and RM Group were in a partnership, and she was the representative of RM Group and was doing business with J&Y Group. The receptionist held a polite smile when she saw Amanda walked towards the reception desk.

"I'm coming for Mr. James," Amanda said faintly.

The receptionist smiled and said alright. She made a room-to-room call connected to the CEO's office, and soon Stanford picked up the call.

"What's the matter?"

"Ms. Flores requests to meet you."

It escaped him for a moment, or Stanford did not expect she would come to him at this time since they had met at noon, so he asked, "Which Ms. Flores are you referring to?"

"The representative of RM Group, Simona Flores."

Stanford gently lowered his eyes, "Let her come to my office."

The receptionist put down the phone, "Ms. Flores, please go in. Mr. James is in his office."

Amanda nodded to her and stepped towards the elevator, soon she got into the elevator and then arrived at the floor where Stanford's office was.

The elevator stopped, and the door opened. Amanda got out of the elevator and walked towards Stanford's office. She raised her hand and knocked on the door when she reached the office door.

She opened the door and walked into the office after hearing “come in” from the office.

Stanford raised his head and closed the document file he was reading after he heard something. He leaned back in his office chair, “Ms. Flores, you came to me, is the planning scheme completed?”

“I said I’ll complete it within a month, and it’s still not the deadline yet,” she drew up a chair in the front of the table and sat down, “Mr. James, I came to you today to ask for an explanation from you.”

“Alright, tell me,” Stanford raised the corners of his lips with interest, but he looked frosty and indifferent and seemed to be unsympathetic.

Chapter 892 Pursue Me and Somewhat Like Me

“I would like to show something to Mr. James,” she played the screen recording of the surveillance video on her phone and showed him.

Stanford lowered his eyes and looked at the screen played on the phone, and he frowned slightly. He delighted within himself when he heard Simona said that she wanted to pursue him.

“Are all the people from J&Y Group so domineering? She came to me and warned me for no reason. I want to ask for an explanation from you, Mr. James. Otherwise, we should hold off the tie-up between RM Group and J&Y Group.”

Stanford placed his arm casually on the desk, "Our tie-up should not be affected because of this matter, isn't it?"

"I don't think so, Mr. James. I represent RM Group, and we are supposed to be business partners, but the people from the J&Y Group had just bullied me. Shouldn't you give me an explanation?" she leaned forward and shortened the distance between the two people, "The lady in the video seems to like you, Mr. James. So is she going to warn every woman who has contact with you? Or you like the feeling of being adored so much, so you pretend not to know this kind of matter, Mr. James? If it's so, then I have nothing to say, and I'll consider myself unlucky to get tricked."

After saying that, she got up from the chair and picked up the phone on the desk, "I've been through the character of employees of the J&Y Group. It seems that I can't contact Mr. James anymore in the future. Otherwise, she will come to warn me again. I'll contact the head office to discuss the tie-up with J&Y Groups today."

She turned around and was about to leave after saying that.

"Wait a moment."

Stanford stopped her, "Ms. Flores, please stay."

He got up and walked over to her, "I didn't say I wouldn't get you an even. Why are you getting angry?"

Amanda turned her head around.

"How is Mr. James going to settle this?" Amanda raised her head and had an aggressive manner.

'This kind of character...'

Stanford held no expression and did not stop his steps. He went closer to Amanda, and she instinctively took a step back. However, Stanford did not stop walking and was getting closer and closer to Amanda. She had no choice but to take two more steps back.

Stanford grabbed her by her wrist and dragged her toward him. Amanda hastily took a step forward and pressed the other hand against his chest. She suppressed the panic within herself and rebuked icily, "What are you doing?"

"Ms. Flores, I'll give you an explanation of your grievance, but before that, I want you to give me an explanation," he said, and he moved his gaze to look at her soft, slender fingers. Amanda could feel his heartbeat, and his chest was still as stiff and strong as back then. She clenched her fingers, withdrew her hand, and avoided his gaze, "What explanation do you want, Mr. James?"

Stanford said in a low, deep voice, "You said in the video that you wanted to pursue me. Are you serious with that, Ms. Flores?"

Amanda was speechless.

She just wanted to anger Lindsay at that time.

She would pursue him? Huh, in his dreams!

She raised her eyes and played dumb, "Did I say that?"

"Are you having a bad memory, Ms. Flores?" Stanford leaned over to her and shortened the distance between Amanda and himself, "Do you need my help to recall it?"

Amanda could feel the familiar scent of warm air on her face when he spoke, and it caused her to be a little nervous. However, she was just a little nervous. Her heart would no longer have uncontrolled beating because of him. Her heart also would no longer race because of his kiss.

She remembered the day of her first kiss, and it was a rainy day. Stanford sent her home and kissed her at the entrance.

She was then excited and did not sleep all night.

She had feelings for Stanford first. He thought that her love was part of his plan but did not know she had given him all her heart.

If she did not love him, how could she love him so much with his pursuit like that? How would she trust him so much? It was all because she truly loved him. She was willing to give him everything and stood behind him willingly because of her courage and love toward him.

"I don't like people's warning, and it was just my words to refute her. It'll be ridiculous if you take it seriously, Mr. James," Amanda looked calm, and her love toward him was gone when he said he never loved her back then. There was only hatred left between the two people.

"Are you telling me that you lied, Ms. Flores?" he took a few steps backwards, and his tone was icy.

Amanda stared at him aggressively, "Are you expecting me to say that I was wrong and promised her that I wouldn't have to contact you in the future when she warned me? Mr. James, we are business partners now, and there will be many opportunities for us to contact in the future. Do you want me to end the partnership with you immediately because of her warning?"

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Stanford frowned and wondered, 'How could this woman have such a clever tongue?'

"Besides that, please let go of me, Mr. James. If your admirer sees this, I don't know if she wants to strangle me."

Stanford slowly let go of his hand, and he did not know why he felt some loss within himself.

"What do you want to do with it, Ms. Flores?" he returned to his seat.

Amanda said, "I want her to apologize to me in public."

"Ms. Flores, I'll buy a new phone for you since yours has broken. As for the apology..."

"She has to apologize to me!" Amanda took a tough stance, "I'm here to work and not for people to threaten me."

Stanford looked at her for a few seconds, "Ms. Flores, you've also deceived me. Are you going to apologize to me as well?"

"What did I deceive you?"

"You said that you'll pursue me and somewhat like me."

Amanda was speechless.

She frowned, "I've already explained to you..."

"No matter what the reason is, you did lie to me," Stanford gave a solemn face as if he was upset.

Was he reluctant to see Lindsay apologize to others?

Was he into Lindsay?

Amanda clenched her hands, "I get it, Mr. James, so you like her so much. Then why don't you marry her? Do you guys like to show affection in this way? I'll consider myself unlucky today to get tricked. As for the new phone, I'll buy it myself, and you don't need to go to this expense, Mr. James."

After saying that, she turned around and left.

"Ms. Flores, you're so stubborn, and I don't like people like this," Stanford said.

Amanda turned her head, "I'm afraid that I have to disappoint you, Mr. James. I've admirers too. There are so-called different strokes for different folks. You don't like me, but others do like me."

Many people liked and pursued her back then, but she blindly loved the person who did not like her.

Stanford inexplicably felt that her words were harsh, and his voice was cold as well, "Didn't you disappoint in love, Ms. Flores?"

"I disappointed in love but not lose my heart. I've got rid of scum, and I'll find a better man in the future," Amanda looked at him, "Mr. James, since you're concealing Ms. Leroy's fault and refuses to ask her to apologize to me, I have nothing to say and consider myself unlucky. Mr. James, if you have something to say, please tell me hurriedly. I have things to busy with and don't have time to spend with

you here.”

Stanford looked at her solemnly for a few seconds. Simona was as stubborn as that woman.

That woman used to be like this too. She would not put herself at a disadvantage.

She would not take the initiative to bully others, but she also refused to be aggrieved.

Stanford used to think that she was wayward and arrogant, who was spoiled by the family. At this time, he thought she was so real. She never disguised herself in front of him, and she always showed him her true colours thoroughly.

Why would he think of that woman when he saw Simona every time?

He pressed his eyebrows with his fingers and said in a low voice, “Wait for a moment.”

He made a room-to-room call connected to the secretary desk, “Inform Ms. Leroy to come to my office.

He put down the phone, “Ms. Flores, you came all the way here, and you're strange to City B. As a business partner, I can't let you feel aggrieved.”

Amanda stood by the door and looked at him, “Aren't you afraid that she'll be angry with you?”

“I have nothing to do with her,” he regretted after saying that because he did not need to explain to her whether he had a relationship with Lindsay.

He felt that he was too impulsive and pressed his eyebrows with his fingers very hard. He hated the feeling of being out of his control.

Amanda walked over to the desk, drew a chair, and sat down.

Tap!

Someone had tapped on the door at this time. Lindsay was in a business suit and was wearing delicate makeup. She was happy when she received the call from the secretary.

She was still smiling when she pushed the door, but after she saw Simona in the office, the smile on her face gradually disappeared.

“Mr. James,” she glanced at Simona before turning her gaze to Stanford, “Why are you looking for me?”

“You went to Ms. Flores just now?” Stanford asked directly.

Lindsay suddenly clenched her hands and smiled awkwardly, “Yes...”

“Apologize to Ms. Flores.”

Stanford gave an order directly before she had time to explain.

Lindsay could not believe it and thought she had misheard, “Stanford, what did you say? You ask me to apologize to her?”

"You went to the hotel to find me today and broke my phone as well. I didn't wrong you, Ms. Leroy. Did I?" Amanda crossed her legs elegantly and looked at her indifferently.

"What are you talking about, Ms. Flores? I don't get it."

Amanda was bending over the desk, looked at Stanford with interest, and said with a smile, "Mr. James, this young lady, who likes you, has a poor moral quality. She just did something wrong but then denies it now. How does she become the department chief with such a character?"

Stanford's face turned pale, "It has nothing to do with work."

She acted as she had a moment of enlightenment, "Oh, so J&Y Group only focuses on the ability of the employee regardless of their character. Even if the person has poor character, the person still can win herself a place in J&Y Group. I'm impressed with your generosity to the management strategies, Mr. James."

Lindsay, who stood by the side, got angry. She rebuked loudly to Simona regardless of the presence of Stanford, "Don't go too far. Stop slinging mud at me. When did I go to you..."

"Lindsay!" Stanford thought that they could settle the matter after she apologized to Simona. He did not expect Lindsay would refuse to admit it. He took a deep breath to suppress the anger that was about to explode, "I ask you to apologize to Ms. Flores."

Lindsay stood still, and her body tensed up, "I won't apologize to her. I didn't do wrong."

Amanda leaned back in the chair and was anticipating the charade, "Ms. Leroy, you keep against the

boss, don't you afraid of getting fired? Or you're not afraid of getting fired because of taking advantage of the fact that the boss values you?"

Stanford looked at Simona, "Ms. Flores, do you want to have a good laugh at me, don't you?"

"It's not that I want to laugh at you. It's because of Ms. Leroy, who wants to show me her acting, so I have to watch the show," Amanda leaned back in the chair lazily and looked relaxed, and it was a look of watching a good show.

"Lindsay, would I ask you to apologize to her for no reason if she has no evidence?" Stanford did not like Lindsay, but he definitely would not expect that she was the kind of person who would lie and would deny what she had done.

He felt more disappointed at her than that of losing face in front of the outsider.

"I..."

Lindsay wanted to explain to him, but Amanda interrupted her, "Ms. Leroy, you better hurry up. I don't have time to spend with you here."

Lindsay could only feel her blood was flowing backwards. She would have grabbed Simona's collar and slapped her in the face violently if she lost her senses.

How could she have never expected that Simona would go to Stanford!

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Lindsay clenched her hands into fists and unclenched them. She repeated the movement several times. She did not look at Simona, "Ms. Flores, I'm sorry."

Amanda got up from the chair, "I'll not ask for compensation for the phone since you've apologized to me."

After saying that, she looked at Stanford, "Mr. James, I don't want to disturb your work, and I'll leave first."

Stanford's face took on a ghastly expression, and he did not respond to her. Amanda raised the corners of her lips and did not care about him.

Amanda thought, 'Now then you know Lindsay is a person who will lie?'

No, she would not only lie but also harm people behind their backs.

Stanford spoke after the office door closed, "Why did you do this? Why did you lie?"

"I, I..." Lindsay wanted to explain, but she found that she was unable to do so, "I think she has an impure intention to get close to you..."

"So you went to her and looked for trouble?" Stanford raised his eyebrows and was not satisfied with the answer, "Lindsay, I've told you that I won't like you, and I'll never be with you. Don't do such unmeasured things in the future."

"Is it because of Amanda? Are you still caring about her? But she's dead..."

"Lindsay!" Stanford got completely angry at this time, "I wanted to get back at her, but I never wanted

her to die. I suffered a lot this year she left. You were her best friend..."

"Haha..." Lindsay suddenly laughed loudly, "Stanford, what do you mean by this? Don't forget she died because of you. You hurt her and deceived her. You bear the brunt! Don't you think it's too late to atone for your mistakes now?"

Lindsay's words echoed in his head. He was the one who hurt Amanda and deceived her.

"You're right. Since Amanda has already died, all the more reason I can't be with you and leave her unsettled in heaven. Lindsay, since you have worked for me for so many years, I'll let it go this time. If you have the next again, I'll not let you stay in the company anymore," Stanford took the phone and made a room-to-room call that connected to the secretary desk, "Have the driver get the car ready."

"Okay."

He hung up the call, grabbed his coat, and stepped out of the office.

"Stanford..."

Lindsay rushed over to Stanford and caught him around the waist, "Why do you do this to me because of a dead person?"

Stanford removed her hand from his waist and pushed her away. He rebuked her sternly, "Don't risk my temper!"

Lindsay staggered backwards and fell to the ground. Her tears rolled down her cheeks, and she looked at him sadly, "Is it my fault to love you?"

Stanford ignored her, opened the door, and walked out of the office.

Lindsay spoke hysterically from behind him, "Stanford, is this your mercy to her? You took her family fortune and caused her to lose her life for you. You deceived her, lied to her, and took advantage of her. What would she do if she knew these in heaven? Would she forgive you? Is that possible? I'm afraid that she would only hate you and refuse to forgive you in all your life!"

Stanford stopped his footsteps and stood at his post with his body tensed up. He did not come to his sense for a long time. Would she hate him and refuse to forgive him in all his life?

He clenched his hands into fists. How desperate was Amanda to give up her life in that way?

"Mr. James," the secretary walked over to him, "Are you alright?"

Stanford returned to his senses and said, "I'm okay."

After saying that, he left the office. The driver was waiting for him at the entrance downstairs. When he saw Stanford walked out of the building, he opened the rear door. Stanford bent himself and got into the car. The driver closed the door, then walked quickly to the front door and got in the driver's seat. He started the car, "Mr. James, where are you going?"

Stanford pressed his eyebrows with his fingers and said, "Home."

The driver was stunned for a moment because Stanford had not said the word of home for a long time. Which place was he referring to the home?

Was it the place he was living? Or was it the former villa or James'? _____

Chapter 894 Another Kind of Love

“Forget it,” Stanford did not dare to go to their home where there were too many memories that he did not dare to recall.

The driver knew that he decided it in a moment of impulsion and would calm down after some time. The driver would ask him again where to go after that. The driver started the car, drove off, and drove down the streets in the city without direction.

Stanford closed his eyes and leaned back in the seat to have a nap. After a long time, he took his phone and made a call.

Soon the call got through, and he said, “Atwood.”

“Yes,” Atwood was standing in front of the door of Stanford's office at this time. He was going to deliver documents to Stanford, but then he saw Lindsay was sitting and crying on the floor in the office.

They had been working under Stanford for so many years. Although sometimes he did not think she acted right, he considered her as his friend.

He went over to Lindsay and helped her up.

In the car, Stanford turned his head to look out of the window. He looked at the street scene rapidly went by and said, “Have an investigation on Simona.”

Stanford did not like the fact that he always treated her like Amanda, and he even disliked that he would do things that made him unlike himself because of her.

He needed to know the truth about her.

Who was she?

Why did he always have to think of her as another person?

Atwood was stunned for a moment. He did not expect Stanford to ask him to investigate Simona for no reason, "Investigate how she joined RM Group?"

"All about her."

Atwood said in a low voice, "I got it."

Stanford hung up the call.

Lindsay looked at Atwood, "Is Stanford asking you to investigate Simona?"

Atwood nodded and asked, "Did you and Stanford quarrel?"

Otherwise, how would Lindsay sit on the floor? She was in the company, and she was also the head of the planning department. It would be an ill scene if people saw she sat on the floor.

Lindsay pursed her lips, "Do you think that Stanford has changed?"

Atwood shook this head, "No, I don't think so."

Lindsay said with great certainty, "He has changed. He asked me to apologize to Simona, and now he's asking you to investigate her. What does he mean?"

Was he interested in her?

"We are the people working under him, and we all know his nature very well. Stanford will not have such an interest in women. He was with Amanda for revenge back then. After that, Stanford never has any other woman, but he is working so much on Simona now. Does he get a crush on her?" Lindsay only felt blocked up in the chest. She could hardly kill Amanda back then, and there was another woman, called Simona, getting close to Stanford!

Atwood pursed his lips and said, "Lindsay, after Stanford and Mrs. James got married, no, even before they got married, he had no other woman either. In my opinion, he doesn't look for other women because he loves Mrs. James, and not because he doesn't have an interest in women."

Lindsay suddenly widened her eyes, and she stared at Atwood, "How could he possibly love Amanda? She was his enemy and the fact that they already divorced. Why do you still call her Mrs. James?"

Atwood knew that Lindsay liked Stanford, and she was paranoid about it and refused to accept the truth.

The same went to Stanford, who could not recognize his thoughts and feelings because of hatred.

Stanford's nature was getting more indifferent this year, and he did not have contact with any women. All of these were because he lost Amanda.

Atwood sighed. It was hard to reason with a person who had got into a blind alley.

"Lindsay, behave yourself," Atwood said, turned around, and walked out of the office.

Lindsay suddenly stepped forward and grabbed him by his arm. She looked at him pleadingly, "Atwood,

we're friends, right?"

Atwood nodded, "I do consider you as my friend."

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These Strange Ways Will Keep Your Relationship Strong Day To Day

"Do me a favour," Lindsay grabbed his arm tightly, "Whatever information you find out about Simona, please add one more information about her."

Atwood frowned slightly, "What information?"

"You tell Stanford that Simona has a promiscuous life, and she had slept with many men. Stanford will not like a sexually immoral woman."

Atwood could not believe it, "Lindsay, innocence is important for women. How can you smear a woman's innocence?"

"It's not big publicity. I only want to let Stanford think Simona is that kind of woman. Moreover, she could be that kind of person..."

"Lindsay, I'll tell Stanford all the information I found out truthfully. You should wish him to get happiness if you love him," Atwood left after saying that.

Lindsay stood still where she was stiffly and looked at Atwood's back, "Atwood, have you ever loved a person?"

Atwood stopped his footsteps, and his body trembled slightly.

“Don't you wish to be with the person you love? I only want to be with him and want him to see how good I am, and that's it.”

“Sometimes, there's another kind of love, which is silently watch on her. I feel happy also when I watch her get her happiness.”

“That's not love, and that's dumb. You should fight for it if you love someone!” Lindsay's love was domineering and possessive, so she would not understand the deep meaning of Atwood's words.

Atwood sighed faintly, “Forget it.”

It was hard for him to explain it to Lindsay.

He took a step to leave the office.

Lindsay stood still where she was and clenched her hands into fists tightly. She could kill Amanda in the past, and she could also kill Simona. She just wanted to warn her at first, but now...

She took her phone, made a call, and told the person on the other end of the phone the room number of the hotel where Simona was staying, “You send it to her through courier service.”

She hung up the call after the person answered her.

Amanda did not immediately go back to the hotel after leaving the J&Y Group building. She went to Casimir's company, but Casimir was not there.

She only knew to stay with Stanford in the past, and she also did not interact with other people except Lindsay. So she had no friends to meet in City B at this time.

She could not help but laugh at herself. The people she trusted and truly loved were the ones who always thought to hurt her.

“Amanda, your life really sucks!”

She shook her head to leave the mess behind her and went back to the hotel by cab.

After entering the door, she took off her shoes and wore a pair of comfortable cotton slippers. She walked to the sofa and was about to sit down to rest. The doorbell rang at this time.

She walked over to open the door, and a courier was standing at the door, “May I ask if you're Ms. Flores?”

Amanda nodded, “Yes, it's me.”

“Here's your parcel,” the courier handed over a paper box to her.

“My parcel? Who's the one who sent the parcel to me?” she did not seem to have online shopping, and she had not been in the country long. How could she have a parcel?

“I'm not sure the person who sent it. I'm only responsible for delivery. Please sign for it.”

Amanda was puzzled but did not embarrass the courier. She picked up the pen that he handed over to her, and she signed.

She took the paper box, and it was very light. She shook it in her hand, and there was a sound of things sliding. It should be a small object. She closed the door and looked for the tool to open the tape above the box. There was only a USB flash drive in the box.

She took it out and looked at it. It was just an ordinary USB flash drive and nothing special. She threw the paper box into the trash, took the USB flash drive, and went to turn on the laptop.

The person who sent her the USB flash drive must have wanted her to see what was in it. _____Chapter 895 Do You Want Me to Swear

She inserted the USB flash drive into the port and moved the mouse to click to open the file.

The laptop screen presented a video of a tied-up woman thrown on the ground.

There was a tape sealing the woman's mouth, and Amanda could only hear the woman whimpered.

She looked nervous instantly.

What was this?

Who sent this to her?

What was the purpose of sending this to her?

The screen of the video zoomed in, and she saw the woman's face.

Was not she the woman who had a love scandal with Stanford in the nightclub?

How would she be...

Amanda was a little confused and puzzled, and she could not figure out what was going on.

The phone in her pocket suddenly rang.

She took her phone out of her pocket, and the notification showed an unknown phone number. She tapped on the screen to open the text: I wanted you to see what would happen to the person who coveted Stanford with your own eyes at first, but you failed to appreciate my kindness. You'll have a worse end than her!

Amanda sat in the chair.

She calmed down for a moment and seemed to know what was going on.

Lindsay said she was looking for Amanda to watch a show, and it was true.

Lindsay wanted her to see the woman being abused with her own eyes to intimidate her.

However, she did not go with Lindsay.

She even went to Stanford to embarrass Lindsay. Lindsay was not afraid that Amanda would go to Stanford to say something about her since Lindsay had sent her a message blatantly.

Cold shivers ran down Amanda's back.

Lindsay was really a psychopath!

She would not let go of any woman who had contact with Stanford. Was she mentally ill?

It was terrible.

Amanda had goosebumps on her arms.

The laptop screen was still playing with the video of the woman who was being abused, and it made her felt more horrible.

She clicked the mouse to turn off the video.

She was sitting in the chair, and her heart was still pounding.

She used to be so close to Lindsay, but she had not realized Lindsay had such a wicked heart.

She pressed her chest with her hand and thought, 'I was lucky that had not being killed by her.'

Amanda felt terror and became to be on tenterhooks.

Lindsay would definitely find ways to harm Amanda with her evil heart. So Amanda must catch the ball

before the bound.

She had to plan it properly.

She wanted to beat Lindsay at her own game since Lindsay intended to harm her.

Amanda had an idea in her mind, took the phone, and went out of the room.

She could not await her doom this time.

People were coming and going to the hotel entrance, and there were a lot of cars as well, so Amanda could easily stop a cab. She got into the cab and told the driver the residence of Casimir.

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Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

The driver drove off.

The sky came over dark at this time, and the neon lights lit up.

They encountered the rush hour traffic at this time. It took a long time for the driver to drive to the place where Casimir lived. Amanda paid the fares and got out of the car.

Amanda was about to call Casimir because the gatekeeper would not simply let her go into the residential area.

When she made a call, she surprisingly heard the ringing bell. She looked in the direction of the ringing sound, and then she saw Casimir was walking out of the residential area.

She raised her hand, waved at Casimir, shouted, "Casimir."

Casimir looked at her, quickened his pace, and hung up the phone that was still ringing in passing. He walked over to Amanda and asked, "Why are you here?"

Amanda asked him directly without beating around the bush, "Have you found out any clue about the matter I asked you to investigate?"

"The man that you've mentioned last time?" Casimir asked.

Amanda nodded, "Yes."

"I'm not too sure yet, but I'm about to go to a place," he did find out some clues, but he could not confirm yet.

"I'll go with you," Amanda said.

"Why all the hurry?" Casimir pressed the car button to unlock the car, "I'm not going to a good place. Are you sure you want to go with me?"

She nodded, "Someone wants to harm me, and I have to hurry up."

Casimir frowned, "Who?"

“Who else except her?” Amanda snorted, “The one who didn't get to kill me last time.”

Casimir looked sullen instantly, “Lindsay? You're not Amanda now. Why does she still want to harm you?”

“She's a psychopath!” Amanda felt chilled within herself when she thought of the video of the woman being beaten, “I suspect that she's ill.”

She was mentally ill and so possessive.

It was okay to love someone, but she was going too far that she did not allow Stanford to have any women around him.

She raised the corners of her lips and said sarcastically, “Stanford is quite lucky to have a woman who loves him so much.”

Casimir looked at her, “You really don't love Stanford anymore?”

Amanda glared at him, opened the car door, and got into the car, “Casimir, do you know you're annoying?”

Casimir opened the door, sat in the driver's seat, and started the car. He took a glance backwards, “It's only a joke. Are you mad?”

“Why do you always like to say things like that?” he did it last time too.

“Alright, not anymore. I promise this is the last,” Casimir smiled, “Do you want me to swear?”

Amanda said, "Focus on driving."

She was not mad.

Casimir smiled and drove off.

He thought of her current situation, withdrew his smile, and asked, "It's too dangerous you get close to Lindsay, who dares to harm people's lives. What are you going to do?"

"Depends on the situation," she had a plan in her mind.

Casimir said, "I'll find two bodyguards for you and protect you secretly."

"You can arrange for it, there will be a need," after all, she had to be on guard against Lindsay, just in case.

She would not be as lucky as last time, being saved by Casimir.

Soon Casimir stopped the car. He opened the car door, got out of the car, and walked to the rear door to open it for Amanda, "We're here." _Chapter 896 Negotiating a Business

Amanda bent down and glanced at that place. It did resemble a private mansion.

"Follow me closely." It was Casimir's first time here, and he wasn't that confident about his actions now. After all, he was in the dark about how the other party was like.

He was just able to find out a little information about the man in there, which was his frequent appearance here.

Amanda nodded.

She wasn't a fool, and she wouldn't force herself to do something which was out of her control. She tried her best to diminish her own presence.

Casimir went forward to knock on the door.

After some time, the door opened and revealed a man with a scar on his face. There was a cigar dangling from his lips, and upon seeing the visitors, he blew out a foamy white smoke, "Who are you looking for?"

"Your boss," Casimir replied.

The man with the scar studied him briefly and realized that there was another person behind him. He jerked his eyes in that direction, "There's a lass with you?"

Casimir put himself in front of Amanda and repeated, "We want to see your boss."

"Does our boss know you?" The man sucked at the cigar hard, "How were you able to find us here?"

Casimir was at a loss for words. He couldn't come out and say that she was investigating them, could he?"

That certainly wouldn't work.

She would arouse their suspicion and made them think that the two of them were here with some malicious intent. From this man's battered and weathered look, he must be one of those reckless people who could do scary things.

"We are Lindsay's friend. It was here who introduced this place to us." Amanda suddenly came out and said.

That day, she spotted Lindsay and that man engaging in business dealing. She surmised that he must be doing that illegal ordeal as his job.

Lindsay didn't just meet them only once, so they must know her.

As expected, upon hearing Lindsay's name being brought up, the man with the scar simply asked, "You're introduced by Lindsay?"

"Yes, and we have a business proposal to negotiate with your boss," Amanda said.

The man with the scar threw away his cigar and stepped on it to put out the embers. He then pulled the door open and said, "Come in."

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A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

Casimir led the way in front while Amanda followed from behind.

The inside of the mansion was messy, but it was spacious. A few men were loitering near the sofa with their legs raised. They were half-lying on those sofas as they played with their phones. Sensing that there were visitors, they simply shot a glance in this direction before resuming their activity.

A few food packets which seemed unfinished were lying around on a tea table, and there were numerous beer bottles too. It seemed that these people must have put away their thirst by drinking beer, not tea.

“Wait for a while. I will go and call our boss.” The man with the scar glanced at a man on the sofa and ordered, “We have visitors. You guys need to keep your act together.”

A few of them rummaged around but no visible changes occurred. They didn’t seem to be bothered with putting on a good front as they fidgeted around smugly.

The man with the scar disappeared on the second floor.

In no time, he reappeared and said to them, “Our boss is upstairs. You can go there now.”

Casimir placed Amanda right behind her as he said, “Follow me close.”

Amanda nodded in agreement.

The two of them maintained their formation while ascending the stairs.

Despite the messy ground floor, the second floor was impeccably neat. The floor was so sparkling and clean that one’s reflection could even be seen from it.

From the top of the stairs, a dining room was just meters away. There was a huge French window that

made the whole place basking in the light. A man was sitting by the table enjoying his meal, and upon hearing some noise, he simply asked without even looking up, "Are you guys introduced by Lindsay?"

Casimir was about to open his mouth, but Amanda pulled him to signal him to stop talking. She shook her head and looked at the man, "Yes, but no too."

What did she mean by that?

The man raised his gaze at her, "What do you mean?"

Amanda stared straight at him, "She revealed your existence to us, but she was not the one asking us to come here."

Before the man could say something, Amanda continued, "You must be curious as to what do I mean by my words. In fact, it is easy to comprehend. I happened to know about you from her mouth, and I even know what you lot are doing here."

The man put down his cutlery and a dark mood entered his eyes. He seemed upset, which was understandable since he wasn't here to do some legal dealings here. He wouldn't want too many people to know about his activities here."

Amanda flashed a smile, "But I am really here to talk business with you." _____ Chapter 897 No Grudges

"You have dealt with Lindsay twice, with the first time taking place one year ago and the second time just yesterday. You even lost two of your men last time, am I right?" Amanda described what she had learnt before.

However, she didn't explicitly state that she had learnt about those on her own. She purposely wanted this man to think that it was Lindsay who had spilt the beans.

She wanted to make this man feel that Lindsay wasn't someone who could keep secrets.

If there were any future dealings, this man would have thought twice before proceeding. However, this was not her aim when she came here.

"Lindsay is giving you one million dollars this time, but I will give you twice the amount." Amanda pulled one of the chairs by the table and settled down on it. "Do we proceed?"

Casimir shot a glance at her and then simply stood behind the seated Amanda, looking like he was her underling.

At this moment, it was paramount that someone had to boost Amanda's image and prestige.

The man studied her for some time and concluded that this girl really had some guts considering her tender age.

"What do you want from me?" The man's face remained unperturbed, and his tone was monotonous. Despite that, Amanda knew that she had aroused his interest.

"What I want is something very simple, and it won't incur any losses on your side. I just need you to put in some words for me."

The man narrowed his eyes, "Money is not all that I care about."

Amanda smiled, "Then what are the other factors?"

"Whether this business will go through depends entirely on my whim." The man instinctively knew that this girl was a completely different animal compared to Lindsay. She was obviously targeting Lindsay this time.

From what she was implying through her words, although she didn't make anything clear, he was smart enough to understand that this girl was implying that Lindsay wasn't someone reliable and her mouth was not zipped shut. She was saying that Lindsay couldn't be trusted with secrets.

Nevertheless, he still had dealt with Lindsay twice, and contrary to that he knew nothing about this girl in front of her.

He was talking about her origins.

He had investigated Lindsay and found that she was just a naïve girl who fawned over guys, nothing more. Lindsay would never be a threat to him, or else he would never have dealt with her multiple times.

Amanda raised her brows and felt that this man wasn't someone who could be bought over with mere words. However, according to her father's words, she knew that she could never reveal all of her cards when engaging in dealing with anyone.

Even if she had nothing up her sleeves, she still had to pretend that she was a threat.

She must let the other party wonder about her true worth and what kind of perks she was holding.

She leaned back slightly and appeared lazy as she placed a hand on the table, "Do you have any idea who am I?"

The man smiled, "Who are you?"

"The first time you corroborated with Lindsay, she had killed someone. You do know about that, don't you?" Her tone was as light and nonchalant as it could ever be.

The smile on that man's face seemed fabricated and it seemed like it was on the verge of dissolving. That matter did indeed involve the life of someone.

If he were not careful, a lawsuit would be waiting for him. It had been a year, and just as he was slowly letting down his guard, why would this girl suddenly bring this up?

"Who are you, really? Don't tell me that you were supposed to die a long time ago." The man glared at her with a stern gaze.

Amanda shrugged, "What if I told you that I am just like you said?"

"I don't believe you. That woman was dead, and if I were not wrong, even her bones would have turned into ashes by now." At that time, he had investigated thoroughly and made sure that she was indeed a dead woman.

"Are you really sure about that? That she's dead?" Amanda asked with a sly smile.

In fact, she didn't know the identity of that one man and woman who had died in that fire. She also didn't know why did that man who used to harm her end up disappearing from the face of the earth.

However, they didn't know about her conversation with Lindsay at that time too.

With how things were looking, she could have said anything and it would have sounded like the truth.

There were a lot of inexplicable aspects to that incident. Judging from the fact that her death had been shoved under the carpet so secretively, everyone must have thought that she was really dead.

As for those who had harmed her, besides Lindsay, the other perpetrator had gone missing.

She didn't know what was up with that, but for now, she had to use it to her benefit.

"Don't you ever once wonder about the strange disappearance of your two underlings? You could never even find them anymore, dead or alive."

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

The man's face remained unfazed, "You know about this?"

"Of course," Amanda said carelessly, "Because I was the one who killed them."

The man finally looked startled as he shot up from his chair, "You have killed one of my men?"

Amanda continued to be seated and her posture didn't even change one bit. She slightly looked up and met his eyes, "They were your men, but they were trying to kill me."

“They were just carrying out their orders. The one who wanted your death was Lindsay.” The man argued animatedly.

Amanda smiled, “Those executioners were equally guilty.”

“Wait, how did you accomplish that?” The man seemed to feel worried.

It seemed that this girl knew too much.

“You should know who Lindsay wanted to bring harm to, shouldn’t you?”

“Of course, that person is the heir to the WY Group and the only daughter of Matthew Nelson. Between her two elder brothers, one is the president of the JK Group in City C, and the other is seemingly a Colonel in the army while just being a 23-year-old man. She is the apple of their eyes, the one garnering all of the loves in the world.”

Naturally, back then he wouldn’t have known that the one Lindsay wanted to mess with was that heir. If he knew about that, he wouldn’t have cooperated with Lindsay in the first place.

He only knew about this news afterwards, and everything was in a state of calm even after that incident. The police had announced that the heir had killed herself, and no further investigations were carried out. Slowly but surely, things began to die down.

At that time, he used to think her family must have believed the claim that her daughter had committed suicide. That must be the reason they decided not to dig further. However, come to think of it, it was their precious daughter who had died, so it would be strange if a meticulous and massive investigation never ensued.

The police only announced the suicide, and nothing more came after that.

The man began to panic as he studied her nervously. From what he was seeing, this girl didn't look a lot like that young missus from back then.

"You..."

"Have you finally understood everything?" She leaned forward, "Don't be so shocked, now. Plastic surgery is all the rage nowadays. I simply reinvented myself with plastic surgery."

"Are you the one who made them disappear without a trace? Did you make it so that nobody would have uncovered anything even if they tried?" The man seemed to still have doubts, but in his heart, something conclusive had taken shape.

He entertained the possibility that the two of them were long dead, but nothing came out of his investigation at all which could neither prove that they were alive or dead. They simply disappeared without a trace.

He used to hear about a rumour that Matthew had a connection in the police station who was later on promoted and being transferred away.

They had planted their men in the police station.

It was not the most impossible thing to cover up the truth.

Amanda smiled again, "What do you think?"

The man stumbled onto his chair and said, "Tell me, why are you looking for me?"

"I know for a fact that you aren't the one who wanted me dead. After all, we have no grudges against each other, and you were simply paid for your services. I know who my real nemesis is, therefore, I need your help."

The man could guess what she was about to say next, "You want me to deal with Lindsay?"

"She wanted me dead, you know. Is it possible that I could just forget and forgive her without doing anything?" Amanda was straight to the point, "She would have harmed me again anyway."

"What do you want me to do?" The man asked.

"We will be in a cooperative relationship. Of course, I won't let you do this without any return. I won't leave you out of what I will promise you."

The man flashed a smile that looked awkward, "The thing about the payment..."

"I said, you have nothing to do with what happened in the past. I know who really wanted me dead, so now I just want to get my revenge."

The man must have his own conclusion as to who was more frightening if her wrath was incurred, in between Lindsay and Amanda.

The big picture became immediately cleared when he remembered his two men who had gone missing.

"Since you are so blunt, Miss Nelson, I will show my sincerity too. Just say it, what do you want and need me to do?"Chapter 898 I Will Accompany You to Drink

Amanda stated what she wanted.

The man never hesitated before agreeing to her terms. This was because he wouldn't incur many losses

anyhow.

Furthermore, she was going to pay him way more than Lindsay had ever paid him.

The most important thing was her background was much formidable than Lindsay. He wouldn't want to make himself an enemy of her.

Considering all of his men's safety and well-being, it was more beneficial for him to gang up with Amanda. As the saying goes, a bird will always find a good branch to stand on.

She had to change with the times.

"Then, I will leave everything to you now. I will be in your debt." Amanda stood up.

"Naturally." The man followed suit, "Let me send you off."

Amanda didn't reject him.

"How should I address you?" Amanda asked.

"Just call me Marlon." Marlon Leonard replied.

Amanda smiled at him.

The two of them seemed to have a lively exchange, and when the other men downstairs saw Marlon

coming down, they greeted him, "Marlon."

Marlon introduced these people to Amanda, "These are my friends."

Amanda was caught off guard when he addressed those people as friends.

Marlon smiled and said, "My brothers who follow me are my family too."

He was someone who valued kinship very much. These people are those who would blindly follow him to the ends of the earth.

"You don't need to see me off." Amanda smiled.

"Got it." Marlon stood at the door, "Safe trip, Miss Nelson."

Amanda nodded once before marching towards her car. Casimir opened the door for her and she bent down to enter it. Casimir jogged to the driver's side and hopped on before turning on the engine and driving away.

Marlon only shut the door when the car disappeared out of his sight.

The man with the scar came to him and asked, "I see that you seem to have a lively conversation with that girl. Does that mean we have more jobs now?"

Marlon stopped smiling altogether and said gravely, "You lot can't do this job."

It was something he had to do with his own hands.

He glanced at his underlings who followed him around and said, "Be honest and keep your act clean from now on. Don't go out without any reason."

"Don' you worry, we are always obedient." The man with the scar said.

Someone on the sofa chipped in, "That's right, you can rest assured. We know where the lines are drawn."

He mumbled a response before going upstairs again. He fished out his phone to make a call while walking.

In the car.

Casimir who had stayed silent throughout the whole episode finally broke his silence when the car was further away, "Why did you reveal yourself to him? You had only met him, yet you aren't afraid of him selling you out?"

Amanda put some of her weight against the window and gazed at the passing scenery. Her voice was calm, "He won't. He should be wary of things."

He was wary of her identity and background. She wasn't about to expose herself, but she reckoned people would have known it anyway.

Everything was going smoothly at this point.

“Casimir, do you remember how you convince the police that I was supposedly dead?”

“I have asked someone to change the DNA record on the deceased,” Casimir replied.

“If you were to splash some money, do you think you can cover this whole thing up to the point that even Stanford wouldn’t have gotten wind of it?”

“What do you mean?” Casimir didn’t understand completely, “Do you mean that someone is helping us, so that is why things didn’t get exposed? And that someone made sure everyone is in the dark even until now?”

“Sigh.” Amanda let out a sigh.

“When things finally settle down...”

“What happens after that?” Casimir continued to probe.

Amanda looked at him, “Why are you being so busybody now?”

“Let me investigate about your father.” All of a sudden, Amanda changed the topic.

“That’s good.” Casimir smiled.

“However, you need to supply me with some leads.” Or else, how would she even start?

“Right, I have completely forgotten about it if you didn’t bring this up. The last time I went to see my mother, I discovered a photo of a man in one of the drawers near her bed. I have captured it on my phone.” Casimir’s expression was grave, “My hunch is that man is my father.”

“Does he resemble you in any way?”

Casimir shook his head, “Not really. I take after my mother more.”

Amanda leaned towards him and asked, “Where’s your phone? Let me take a look.”

“In my pockets,” Casimir said.

Amanda settled back into her seat, “Take it out for me.”

“You take it yourself,” Casimir said cheekily.

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A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

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

Amanda was speechless.

“I am not used to fiddling around with someone’s pants.”

Casimir used one hand to hold the steering wheel and used the other to fish out his phone from his pocket to her.

Amanda took it, “Don’t you scared of me checking out private kinds of stuff in here?”

“My secrets aren’t as many as yours.” Casimir replied, “There’s no password.”

“What secrets do I have, now?” Amanda retorted.

Casimir simply smiled mysteriously.

At the same time, he thought in his heart that everyone thought that Amanda was dead while actually, she was alive and well.

This could constitute one of the greatest secrets of all time.

Yet, she was saying that she didn’t have any secrets?

Amanda didn’t continue this argument as she swiped the phone and found a photo album without any passwords stopping her.

There weren’t many photos inside, with the number amounting to roughly a doze. Most of them depicted him posing with a man, “These photos here, is she your mother?”

“Yes. My mum looks young, doesn’t she?”

Amanda nodded, “Can’t say that it’s obvious to see that she has a son with your age.”

Casimir was momentarily speechless.

In no time, Amanda was able to find that photo he had captured. She tapped on the photo to take a closer look, and it seemed like this photo wasn’t taken in a studio. It seemed more like it was casually

captured on a phone and then printed out.

The more she stared at the man in the photo, the more she felt like him resembling Abbott.

She propped up her chin and speculated, "If your father is someone who has a family, what would you do."

"Never thought about that."

He just wanted to find out about this man, but he never really put in any thought about the possibility of him having step-brothers and step-sisters.

Amanda placed the phone in the central control area, "I will help you look for him."

She was still a little doubtful about her own conjecture, but that man in the photo resembled Abbott when he was young a lot.

They could be said to be peas from the same pod!

She took out her phone and messaged Jos: Jos, help me investigate something.

The other party protested: Don't call me Jos!

Amanda smiled: But that's how dad and mum used to call you. I called you that too a long time ago.

There was a blank silence.

The other party replied: That's dad and mum, and it was a long time ago. I am all grown up now, so I won't allow you to call me like that anymore.

Amanda replied: Alright, I will refrain from calling you that. Let's talk about something serious. Help me investigate whether Abbott had a girlfriend before he was married.

The other party replied: Why do you want me to find out about that?

Then, the other party followed up with another message: You discover Abbott?

Immediately, the other party regretted sending that. If Amanda had discovered about Abbott, she wouldn't have sought help on investigating Abbott. She would have just pressed him on whether he had spilt the secrets.

Amanda's expression turned grave when she saw the message.

What did he mean?

Was Abbott here?

She dreaded thinking in this direction, but all of the signs showed that the thing she tried hard to hide had long been a piece of public knowledge.

The other party tried to explain: Sis, that...

Amanda replied: I know everything. You just help me dig into that.

The other party replied: Alright.

At first, when she married Stanford, her parents weren't the most supportive. It was because she had used her life to threaten them later on. After all, she couldn't let go.

Now that things had turned into such a state, she couldn't bring herself to face them.

Sigh...

"What's wrong?" Casimir turned to look at her, "Why do you keep letting out a sigh?"

"Nothing." She curled up in her seat and said, "Casimir, drink with me."

"Roger. Let me pick a place."

Amanda said nothing.

Very soon, the car stopped at a restaurant.

Amanda frowned, "I want to drink."

Casimir got out of the car and went to her side and opened the door for her, "I will drink with you, but you need to fill your stomach too." _____

Chapter 899 I'm Not Interested in a Young One

Amanda didn't budge in her seat.

“Just come down. I won’t be able to carry you.” Casimir said half-jokingly.

She eyed him once before getting off the car. She was practically half-dragged into the restaurant.

“Two persons.” After entering the restaurant, Casimir said to the waiter.

“Please come in.” The waiter gestured politely to invite them.

Amanda didn’t look very energetic as her mood was gloomy. Casimir nudged her with his elbow and reminded her, “Freshen up.”

“What...” Before she could finish her sentence, she saw Stanford who was seated not far away. He looked like he was a business talk with someone. Sensing someone’s scrutiny, he turned his attention in their direction.

Amanda immediately straightened her body and greeted him with a smile, “Mr. James.”

He nodded briefly, and his gaze lingered on Casimir for some time.

Casimir snorted in his heart before pulling Amanda to a seat.

“Serve us all of your most delicious foods.” Casimir waved his hand which traced a big arc in the air.

Amanda was speechless.

What was this situation?

Did he just snap?

The waiter froze for a moment before nodding and said, "Alright, we will serve the dishes very soon."

"Act more intimately with me." Casimir leaned over to her.

Amanda lurched backwards and protested, "I am not interested in young guys."

Casimir furrowed his brows, "You're the young ones you're talking about."

Amanda didn't comprehend what he was trying to do. She asked in a hushed voice, "Did you eat something wrong?"

"Isn't your ex-husband there? I saw from his eyes that he didn't look very friendly, so to frustrate him the most, you need to be intimate with me."

Amanda stared at him like a fool, and she accentuated her words in a low voice, "My identity is not her ex-wife currently."

The waiter served the dishes and very soon, the whole table was full of food.

Amanda was speechless.

Casimir said, "You will buy this meal."

Amanda remained silent.

"Even if you're not in your best days, you're still richer than me," Casimir said very indifferently.

Amanda still said nothing.

"Give me a hand. Cut the steak in my plate into pieces and feed me." Casimir jerked up his chin.

"Are you out of your mind? Or are your fingers broken?"

"Your ex-husband is keeping an eye on us." Casimir smiled.

Amanda checked from the corner of her eyes and saw that Stanford was really looking in their direction.

However, she didn't heed Casimir as she busied herself with eating. In her mind, he was not mentally fit at the moment.

Casimir saw that she wasn't persuaded, and after a half-second hesitation, he suddenly shouted, "Dear, be careful of the heat!"

Amanda stared at him with a dumbfounded face.

Many people were attracted by his voice.

Amanda cupped her forehead, feeling like finding a hole and burying herself in it.

There must be something wrong with this man's head today.

Stanford was seemingly done with his business dealing with some other party as he got up and walked out.

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Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

Casimir pouted unpleasantly.

After that, Casimir went to pay for the meal, but Amanda wanted to beat him to it, "Let me pay."

"I was just joking and teasing you just now in the hopes that you will feel happier. You really think I will go broke with just a meal?" He fished out his bank card and put it on the cashier counter, "Do you really think I would allow a woman to treat me?"

"We are friends," Amanda said.

After paying with the card, Casimir put it back into his wallet, "Let's go."

The two of them walked out of the restaurant. Casimir asked, "Do you feel better now?"

Amanda smiled, "Much better."

"Then hop onto the car. I'll send you back." Casimir pulled the car door open.

Amanda didn't get into the car, "You go back by yourself. I will call a taxi."

Casimir shoved her into the car anyway, "Do you think I won't be worried about you out there all alone in the dark of the night?"

Amanda glanced at him and complained, "Why are you being so unreasonable?"

"Do I reach your ex-husband's level yet?"

Amanda was caught off guard by that.

"If you continue to behave like this, we will cease to be friends soon." She said seriously.

She didn't like people around her bringing up the past, especially when it's about that man!

"I am in the wrong, and I had run my mouth. No next time." Casimir got into the driver's seat while chuckling.

She really didn't want to hear about Stanford from Casimir's mouth anymore as she warned, "If there were a next time, I will cut all ties with you."

“Are you really angry?” Casimir carefully gazed at her.

Amanda glared at him, “What do you think?”

Casimir started the engine, “I got it.”

“Are we still drinking?” Casimir asked.

“Casimir, why are you so annoying?” Amanda cursed at him, “Just drive.” Then, she shut her eyes and pretended to sleep.

Casimir knew that she was not in the mood to talk, so he stopped bothering her.

After some time, the car stopped in front of the hotel. Amanda got off and Casimir rolled down the window, “Do you want me to keep you company?”

He was being serious, and Amanda’s mood was like a roller coaster today. Fearing that her mood would dip, he wanted to be there if she needed someone to console her.

“I am fine.” Amanda smiled. She was back to herself at this point.

She stood by the road, without entering the hotel. She said to Casimir, “You go first. I will see you off.”

Casimir drove the car away.

Amanda watched the shrinking car until it disappeared before she turned around to enter the hotel. She seemed to glimpse a figure hiding around the flowers and by the time she looked in that direction, the figure moved itself to behind the flowers.

Her gaze darkened. Was Lindsay making her move now?

She took out her phone and texted Marlon to ask about his preparation. He replied very hastily: Everything is ready.

After reading the message, she pocketed her phone and walked towards the supermarket opposite the hotel. She was purposely giving those people who wanted to abduct her more time and chance.

She bought a bottle and saw two men walking towards her. They walked to her side and said in a low voice, "We are Marlon's men, and he already tells us about everything. You should follow us now."

Then, the two men carried her into a car.

The car seemed to move away from the city and soon they were at the outskirts. They arrived at a burnt house which was hard to discern its original appearance.

Amanda looked outside the window. It seemed that this place was...

Chapter 900 Are you Worthy of Being Loved

Amanda looked outside the window. It seemed that this place was...

Her face slowly turned pale.

This was because this place was exactly the spot where Lindsay had tried to burn her to death. Even after a year had passed, the deep-rooted fear and despair from that time were still dwelling in the deepest part of her core.

When her eyes laid on this familiar place, she couldn't help but recall the scene from back then.

Her finger began to curl up and at the same time, her abductor spoke, "We are almost there. In order not to arouse Ms. Leroy's suspicion, we have to tie you up."

Amanda mumbled a vague response.

Very soon, the car stopped in front of the ruins. The fearful expression on her face was half-pretence and half-truth.

She was pretending because this was her trap that she had set up to fool Lindsay. Therefore, she had to make it look like she was actually scared.

However, part of her was dreading this place for real since this was the place she almost lost her life back then.

With a slushing sound, the door of the car suddenly slid open. Lindsay stood in front of the car and upon seeing Amanda, she smiled, "Miss Nelson."

Amanda put on a shocked face, "W—Why are you capturing me?"

Lindsay's face tilted to one side, and her smile grew even wider, "Aren't you the smooth talker in front of Stanford? Why is your voice trembling all over the place now?"

“I am the representative from RM Group in this collaboration with J&Y Group...”

“Who cares about who you’re representing? Since you dare to suck up to Stanford, then you deserve to die!” Lindsay wiped off her smile and ordered, “Toss her down.”

The two men exchanged a glance and pushed Amanda out of the car. She stumbled onto her feet before steadying herself.

One of the men said, “We are only responsible to bring her here. Whatever you want to do next, we won’t interfere. We have agreed on this.”

Lindsay’s lips curled up, “Of course. I am planning to deal with this woman myself!”

She took hold of the rope which was tied around Amanda and showed her this piece of ruins, “Do you know why this place is burnt to such a state?”

Amanda had her hands tied, and they were clasping together. Her face grew fearful, “W—Why is that?”

“It’s because some woman has snatched my man. So, I let her be burnt into ashes here.” When Lindsay described this, the grudges and resentful anger danced around in her eyes. Even if Amanda was dead, she still wouldn’t let everything go, especially the part where Amanda used to be Mrs. James.

“You are breaking the law!” Amanda shouted.

“Breaking the law?” Lindsay leaned backwards and laughed before inching close to her ears, “You still need evidence to prove that I am breaking the law. Do you have something like that?”

Amanda stared at her, "As long as you have broken the law, evidence will always be found in the end."

"So what?" Lindsay shrugged, "You won't be able to see it by that time anyway, because you will die in front of me today."

Amanda looked at Lindsay's insane and livid face and asked, "Do you love Stanford that much?"

Lindsay was stunned for a moment, "Why do I love him?"

Her thoughts began to wander as she recalled her student days when she was still fat. She was always belittled and laughed at by her classmates. One time, she was surrounded by a few students who were teasing her and calling her names. They were calling her a bighead fish.

She tried to fight back and resist, but those bullies threw mud at her, which dirtied her hair and face.

It was Stanford who happened to pass by shunned those bullies and handed her a tissue.

He was a very handsome man, and the moment she met him, she was lost in her thoughts. Her face blushed, but due to the mud, nobody discovered her feelings for him. Even she was at a loss as to how to interpret that fleeting sensation.

It was also at the same time when she remembered this person who extended a helping hand to her and never belittled her while everyone else was laughing and looking down on her.

From that moment on, she decided that she must be someone who could match him. She began to lose some weight and study hard so that she could be an excellent person.

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

It was all so that she could be worthy of him.

“I have feelings for him when we were young, and when he extended a helping hand towards me at that time, I fell in love with him. I swore that I would be his wife, and be someone he loves.” All of a sudden, her voice began to escalate, “So, everyone who is in my way has to die! You all have to die!”

Amanda watched her maniacal expression and couldn't help but feel a little lost and sorrowful in her heart. That man was someone she used to love deeply too.

“He abandoned his wife before. Don't you think that he's someone heartless? Yet you still love him?”

“He never loved his ex in the first place. It was just revenge!”

“Someone who could lay low for several years just to get his revenge, someone who is so dense and scheming and unscrupulous, do you really think he's worthy to be loved?”

Lindsay turned to look at Amanda and her eyes narrowed, “How do you know about his ex-wife's existence?”

“Is that a secret?” Amanda asked in response.

It was never a secret, the marriage between Stanford and Amanda.

It was just that things had passed for such a long time that nobody was bringing it up anymore.

Lindsay snorted coldly, "You are trying to change the topic, I see. Are you trying to make me release you?"

"Of course, I do want to live on." She was scared of death since she was still so young. If she really died, her parents' hearts would be broken.

Lindsay began to laugh, "You're pretty honest. If you weren't eyeing Stanford and making a fool out of me in front of him, I wouldn't have decided to be ruthless towards you. You have only yourself to blame for not knowing how to read the situation. I originally just wanted to let you see the outcome of any woman who dares to stick herself to him, but you managed to anger me!"

At that time, she had two purposes when she punished that woman who was in a scandal with Stanford. One, she wouldn't allow any woman to get close to the man she loved, and two, she wanted to use that chance to give Simona a warning, so that she would give up on her own.

However, not only did she not get the hint, she even went to Stanford to complain about her, which caused him to resent her.

This was something she could never endure!

"I didn't plan to do anything to you, seeing that you are dealing with J&Y Group, but you happened to dig your own grave. What other choice do I have?"

"You can let me go. I won't compete with you..."

"Too late!" Lindsay dragged her towards that ruins and added, "Things have developed to the point that I can't let you go back alive anymore. I can't let you have the chance to get back at me and to top it off you now know my secret. Do you think it makes sense to let you live?"

When they reached the ruins, Lindsay pushed Amanda hard into a sprawling area of dark charcoal. The cement walls were painted black too.

Amanda lost her bearing and crashed down as her feet tangled upon something.

Lindsay took out some diesel oil from the bushes and poured it all over her.

Then, she took out a lighter.

“Lindsay, let me ask you, do Stanford know that you have killed his ex-wife?”

She was asking this purposely.

This was because someone was recording everything that was happening here so that it could become a piece of evidence that proved Lindsay’s murderous act.

Lindsay smiled, “Seeing that you are about to die, I will be generous and disclose to you. Of course, he never knows about anything. That bitch will always pester him and confuse his feelings. Since this is something he can’t bring himself to do, I will do it in his stead.”

After saying that, she tossed the lighter, but at this moment, a huge amount of people rushed out from the dark. They were all dressed like a policeman, and they had surrounded this place. They extinguished the fire that was about to spread.

Lindsay widened her eyes in disbelief. Why were the police here?

What was going on? _____ Chapter 901 Will You be Guilty

Lindsay quickly came to realize what had happened, staring at Amanda, "You?"

But she felt something was wrong again. Her identity was the representative of RM Group and she had been abroad for a long time. And she only came back for the case this time.

They didn't know each other before.

How could Amanda know that she would want to kill Amanda and set her up?

At this moment, a police officer walked up to Lindsay, "We suspect that you are involved in two deliberate homicides. Please come with us."

"No, I didn't do anything, I don't know what you are talking about." Lindsay tried to deny it.

"Please come with me for investigation." The police officer did not try to persuade her and just his subordinates take her away instead.

Lindsay took out the phone and wanted to dial for help. The officer reached out and took her cell phone.

"Now that you are a criminal suspect. Please be obedient. Obstructing official duties and refusing legal investigation is also a crime." The police officer said coldly and looked at Amanda. She had removed the rope with the aid of police officers. And she was given a coat to put on.

Amanda didn't care about the dirty look and the smell of gasoline in her hair. These people weren't under her command, and she didn't know what would they do too. She let Lindsay kidnap her because she knew someone was there to back Lindsay up.

The reason why the one who helped Lindsay didn't show up was because of her dignity.

The one used to be persistent on this thing. Now that he or she had suffered such a heavy loss, he or she was ashamed to face anyone. That's the reason why that person hid behind.

Amanda wasn't sure about it before, but at the moment, Amanda knew she was right.

She took a deep breath and looked at Lindsay coldly, with a sniff on her face.

"It's you? Who the hell are you? Why the hell do you frame me?" Lindsay started to panic.

Amanda stepped forward to her, "I framed you? Didn't you intend to kill me? You admitted that you set off the fire here, weren't you? Don't you remember what you just said?"

Lindsay suddenly roared, "Who the hell are you?!"

It was now obvious that she did all this.

"Now you tell me who I am? I am not the one talking to you a while ago? When did I turn into someone else? It is because of you that I became a wiser and decisive person."

She said "thanks" to the police officer who handed her the coat.

"You need to go to the bureau with us to make a transcript," the police officer said.

"Okay," Amanda said very cooperatively.

Lindsay was pale, and said in disbelief, "How can you be..."

Before she could finish her words, two police officers escorted her into a police car. Amanda followed the police officer beside her and got into another police car.

The police officer in charge of this case was still collecting evidence at the scene.

Marlon Leonard, hiding in the dark and holding his cell phone in his hand, witnessed the police car going away. He felt lucky for the decision he had made.

How could these police officers show up so timely? Was this a coincidence?

Obviously, it's not, it's much like an ambush.

Sure enough, she is the daughter of the Nelson family, with a strong background.

He picked up his cell phone and turned to leave. The deal Amanda made with him that day was that if Lindsay wanted to harm her, they would do their best to record what Lindsay would do as evidence.

Of course, Amanda had to be the bait in this plan.

At the moment, Marlon's men just kidnapped Amanda and left and they didn't harm anyone. They just wanted to plan for the future, just in case that they would be implicated.

This was what he had agreed with Amanda.

He wanted to get out of this mess. Amanda wanted to revenge on Lindsay. They both had their own

plans. That's why they reached cooperation.

For the moment, he only needed to give Amanda what he recorded, then he had accomplished half of what he had promised Amanda.

He got in the car and left.

When he drove to the city, he parked the car by the street not far away from the police department. Amanda just went to be interviewed, and she should be out soon.

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He lowered the car window, put one arm on the car window, took out a cigarette, put it in his mouth and lit it.

He blew out a mouthful of white smoke, which blurred his expression.

After a while, he saw Amanda coming out of the police department. He got out of the car and walked over, "Ms. Nelson."

Amanda walked over and she was a little surprised to see him. She didn't expect him to wait for her at the police department, "Why are you here?"

He glanced up and down at Amanda, "Would you like to go home and change clothes first before we talk about our deal?"

Amanda said, "Then please take me to the hotel."

"Let's go then." Marlon walked towards the car and helped her open the rear door. Amanda bent over and sat in.

Sitting in the car, Marlon started the car and said, "This will not involve my men, will it?"

After all, his men participated in the fire.

"I'm not going back on my word. We had made it clear from the beginning, right?" Amanda looked at him, "Do you want you and your men to do this kind of thing all the time?"

This is not a long-term job. Even if she didn't blame them for that, what would happen in the future?

If you play with fire, you will eventually get burned.

"For the sake of your men, please find a decent job for them. This is illegal after all," Amanda suggested.

Marlon certainly understood that this wouldn't last long and wasn't safe. His men had been struggling on the streets from an earlier age. They had no diplomas and no jobs. It was not easy for those people to go to work.

"I only plan for tomorrow," Marlon said lightly.

Amanda did not continue to suggest or change anything since it is none of her business. It's just that she felt sorry for those men who are loyal to Marlon. But if Marlon really cares about his men, he should have found a decent job for them instead of doing those illegal things.

“Judging from what happened today, Ms. Nelson, you can send her into jail even if you don't cooperate with me. So why would you come to me?” Marlon asked.

Amanda turned to look out of the car window, “Can I skip your question?”

After all, she couldn't completely rely on herself.

She knew that this was for her safety, leaving her here alone should be the greatest indulgence to her.

The car stopped at the hotel. When Amanda was getting out of the car, Marlon asked, “Am I waiting for you in the car?”

“Come up with me.”

Amanda left the car.

Marlon looked at her, “You trust me so much?”

“If I don't trust you, how will I cooperate with you?” Amanda said.

Marlon glanced at her. This elegant lady didn't seem to be so arrogant.

Entering the hotel, Amanda entered the elevator. And Marlon followed up. Soon the elevator reached the floor. She stepped down the elevator and walked towards the room.

The door required a password. She entered the door code, and the door beeped with an unlocking sound. She twisted the handle and pushed the door open, “Come in.”

Marlon followed in.

Amanda pointed to the computer, "Transfer the video you took and put them on the USB flash drive next to it."

"What then?" Marlon asked.

"Help me give it to Stanford James." Amanda said with no expression.

She was expecting something within her mind. What would Stanford look like when he knew Lindsay was the murderer?

Knowing that 'Amanda Nelson' was deliberately killed, will he be guilty and regretful?

"Is this the last thing you asked me to do for you?" Marlon asked. _____ Chapter 902 I Know How Your Ex-Wife Died

Amanda replied, "Yes!"

Marlon raised his eyebrow. "Are you sure?"

He thought Amanda would at least require him to clarify what happened to Stanford.

"I am sure." Amanda handed over the pen on the desk. "Write me your bank account number and I will transfer you the money."

Marlon looked at her, "I'm already very grateful that you didn't blame me for what happened today. I won't accept the money. We are even."

Marlon turned on the computer, lowered his head and stopped talking.

Amanda didn't force him. She turned around and walked towards the bedroom.

Marlon copied the file but didn't leave immediately. He sat on the sofa and waited for Amanda.

About an hour later, Amanda washed herself clean. She was wearing casual home clothes and her hair was still wet. She wiped her hair and walked out. Seeing Marlon still there, she asked, "Why haven't you left?"

Marlon stood up, "I'm thinking maybe you forget to order me to do something. So, I'm waiting for you here."

He felt that this woman, even after surviving from a life-and-death accident, is still kind. She must have been even more innocent before.

Amanda poured a glass of water and asked him, "Do you want some water?"

Marlon said no.

She took a sip of warm water and said, "Nah, I got no job for you." Then she turned to look at Marlon, "I hope we won't cooperate in the future."

They didn't live in the same world at all.

Marlon understood what she meant, "Okay, then. Ms. Nelson, take care and farewell."

After speaking he walked towards the door.

Amanda stood still at the table, leaning slowly against the table and holding the cup with warm water in her hand. She could feel the warmth through the cup body. She blinked her eyes, "It will be so kind only if the human mind can be warmed up easily like this."

Soon she calmed down and put the cup down.

Marlon walked out of the hotel and glanced back.

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In fact, he himself didn't know what he was looking at.

He walked to the car parked on the side of the road and unlocked the car. Without any hesitation, he started the car and drove towards the J&Y Group.

After about half an hour, the car stopped in front of the J&Y Group building. He walked in with the task assigned to him by Amanda.

The receptionist smiled with no sense of pleasure, "We can't let you go up if you don't have the appointment."

"I'm looking for Mr. James for an emergency. Please tell him." Marlon said.

"I'm sorry. But there are tons of people who want to see Mr. James every day. If I call and ask him every time, then Mr. James won't have time to work." The receptionist is a bit alienated, but this is her job.

"I have something for him. And I will just say a few words..."

At this moment the elevator door slid open and Stanford was about to set off because he had gotten the news that Lindsay was taken.

"Mr. James." Marlon glanced at the receptionist and walked quickly to stop him.

Stanford paused.

"Who are you? J&Y Group is not a public place. Leave here right now, or I will call the security guard!" Atwood Barrett stepped forward and stood between Stanford and Marlon.

"I just have a few words to tell Mr. James..."

Atwood interrupted him, "Mr. James is very busy and has no time to listen to your nonsense, security..."

"I'm here to tell Mr. James about the truth of his ex-wife's death!" Marlon exclaimed.

There was even an echo in the hall.

Atwood's expression changed, "What, what did you say?"

After speaking, he turned around and waiting for orders from Stanford. Stanford stood straight, but his hands hanging beside him curled into a fist.

His voice was low, "What did you say?"

Marlon said word by word, "I know how your ex-wife got killed." _____ Chapter 903 He didn't Believe it is a Coincidence

Atwood was also shocked by Marlon's words. Didn't Amanda commit suicide?

"Mr. James..."

"Follow me."

Atwood just wanted to say that this man might be talking nonsense but was interrupted by Stanford. He stepped back to the elevator. Marlon glanced at Atwood Barret and quickly followed Stanford into the elevator.

Atwood finally followed. He also wanted to know what happened.

The elevator door closed and Atwood asked, "Who are you?"

How can he know about Amanda? And how did he know that Amanda did not suicide?

Who is he? What is his purpose?

Why did he suddenly show up here?

Marlon looked at him, "Ms. Leroy and I are friends. No, we are partners to be exact. Lindsay and you work in the same company. You should know each other?"

Atwood squinted. "You are Lindsay's partner?"

He had a bad feeling. Lindsay suddenly is taken in by the police for being involved in the murder. And now she has been detained. He and Stanford have just known it, but they still didn't know what happened. At the moment, they were planning to go to the police department to find out the situation.

However, this man came to the J&Y Group. this man not only knew about Lindsay but also had a connection with Amanda.

Well...something must be wrong...

The elevator stopped and Stanford stepped down.

He was feeling the same as Atwood.

What inside story did this man know?

What role did he play in this incident? Did what happened one year ago have anything to do with Lindsay?

His expression became more and more nervous. He pushed the office door open, "Atwood Barret, leave us here."

Atwood stood at the door and stopped. He also wanted to know what happened. But seeing the attitude of Stanford now Atwood knew that he might not want to face too many people at the moment. He stood outside the door and closed it.

"Go ahead." Stanford turned around and looked at Marlon.

Marlon took out the USB flash drive from his pocket, "Before I say anything, I want Mr. James to see something."

He handed the flash drive over. He didn't touch any device here since this is not his place.

Stanford didn't take it. He was guessing and wondering. What's in the flash drive might be related to what he had just said.

It's just...

He wanted to know the truth, but at the same time, he was scared.

“What is in it?”

“Just check it out,” Marlon said.

Stanford was stunned, but still grabbed the flash drive and walked to the desk. He then connected the USB flash drive into the port and clicked it open.

Soon, a video appeared on the computer screen.

Seeing the video clip presented, Stanford raised his eyebrows lightly. He thought it had something to do with Amanda. But it turned out to be Lindsay Leroy and Simona Flores.

He raised his head and looked at Marlon.

“Mr. James, don't worry. Watch it first. And I will answer you any question if you don't understand.” Marlon pointed to the chair at the table, “Can I sit down?”

“Uh-huh...” Stanford looked back to the screen.

The video showed Amanda being dropped from the car. Marlon didn't record the others in the car. Because the other people in the car were his men, he deliberately skipped them. This was also approved by Amanda in advance.

So that they would not get involved in the case.

Soon Stanford saw the ruins on the screen. The ruins were the place where Amanda committed suicide.

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He also went to the scene afterwards.

At this time, Lindsay's voice came out, "Do you know why this place was burned down like this?"

Stanford's expression became nervous.

He stared straight into the screen.

"Once there was a woman but she seduced my man. So, I set her on fire."

Hearing these words, he fell and sat down.

He clasped his hand on the armrest tightly, and his face turned pale.

She, she did not commit suicide?

It's Lindsay.

At this time, Marlon said, "One year ago, this woman named Lindsay Leroy gave me half a million and asked me to give her two of my men. I knew afterwards that she used my men to kill people and she killed your ex-wife. And just now, she gave me one million to kill someone else. She asked me to kill the other woman you just see in the video. I don't know if she loves you so much that she can do anything? Or is she just pure madness? She tries to torture and kills any woman that gets close to you. I don't know if Mr. James has realized this?"

Stanford suddenly looked up, with tears in his eyes, "You have taken her money, haven't you?"

Marlon smiled. "Yes, but she killed my men too."

He deliberately indicated that it was Lindsay who killed that two men.

In fact, Amanda felt that he would not betray herself. Because he was afraid of her background and the powers behind her. Actually, Marlon was helping her with his heart. Although they didn't quite know each other, he knew that it's because she loved the wrong person that she suffered so much. But even after all these happened, she still insisted on her kindness.

He appreciates this.

After a while, the video in the flash drive has been played.

Stanford already knew the ins and outs of this incident.

Lindsay Leroy wanted to kill Simona Flores the same way she killed Amanda Nelson.

More or less...

He remembered the last name of Amanda Nelson's mother is Flores.

Were these clues relevant?

This happened so sudden.

This made him feel that there's something much dirtier.

Simona Flores?

Amanda Nelson?

He used the interphone and order the secretary desk, "Send me Atwood Barret."

Marlon looked at him, "Mr. James, I have done what I should do. Do you have anything else to ask?"

Stanford put the phone down, "Who send you here?"

"My conscience is overwhelming, and I don't want to see her repeatedly harm people, so I called the police," Marlon replied calmly.

Although he was only a street gangster, he was the most courageous of all. Otherwise, his subordinates would not follow him so reluctantly.

Facing the questioning expression of Stanford, he wasn't panic.

"Really?" Stanford didn't believe he would suddenly reclaim his conscience.

If the conscience was really reclaimed, why would it be this moment?

Simona Flores had just come back. And yet so many things had happened recently. He would not believe that these are just coincidences.

At this time, however, Atwood knocked on the door.

"Came in." _____ Chapter 904 Your Mind is Blind by Lard

Atwood opened the door and walked in.

Marlon stood up, "It seems that Mr. James didn't want to ask me anything. Then I'll leave."

Stanford didn't say anything, and Marlon took it as approval.

After Marlon went out, Atwood asked, "What did he say?"

"What's the result of what I asked you to check?" Stanford James skipped the question. Now he wants to know whether Simona Flores is related to her.

Atwood shook his head, "The information I found is basically the same as her resume."

Nothing else can be found.

"The same?" Stanford obviously didn't believe it. He narrowed his eyes. "You and I will go to the police department."

With his eyes looking down, Atwood did not ask any more, and said yes.

They left the company. While Atwood was driving, he kept looking at Stanford in the rearview mirror, wondering what would the man told him in the office.

Amanda really did not commit suicide?

So how did she die?

“Mr. James, who is that man?” Atwood asked.

Stanford’s expression was cold, and his eyes were filled with unnoticeable great anger.

He slowly raised his head, “Do you think she will commit suicide?”

Atwood didn't grasp the meaning of his words for an instant, but he quickly realized what Stanford was referring to.

For so long, this has always been a taboo, and no one dared to mention it to him.

But at the moment, he mentioned it because of that man?

He thought for a while, “I don't know.”

He really didn't know.

“I used to think that it was because of me. I hurt her so much...”

Speaking of this, his voice got choked, “Atwood Barret, I regret it.”

Atwood pursed his lips. He knew that, and he knew all his pain this year.

Once something is done, it cannot be remedied.

He also had said that it is better to let it go.

But at that time, he didn't value anything.

All he had ever wanted is revenge.

At the moment, he had everything, but he wasn't happy anymore.

There was no smile on his face again.

There is no regret drug in the world.

“It's over. Just let go.” Atwood comforted.

He can only think of such a sentence. What's done is done and there's no way back.

The car stopped in front of the police department.

Atwood got out of the car and open the car door for him. But when he walked to the car door, Stanford had already pushed the car door open, and his weakness in the car was gone. He looked very indifferent at the moment.

Atwood said, "I called before."

He left a faint hum, "Let's go."

Atwood walked beside him and stepped in.

Atwood had used his connection in advance, so they didn't need a lot of tedious procedures. And a meeting had been arranged soon.

In the interview room of the police department, there was no one in the room but the officers guarding the door, and Lindsay Leroy in handcuffs.

Seeing Stanford come to visit her, her eyes were red with excitement.

"Stanford..."

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Stanford sat in the chair indifferently.

She wanted to come over, but was stopped by Atwood, "Sit down and talk."

Lindsay looked at Stanford, "You have to trust me. I didn't kill anyone. I was framed by Simona. She wanted to harm me. You must bail me..."

"Lindsay Leroy!" Stanford interrupted her sharply.

If he hadn't watched the video, he might believe her at the moment, but he had watched it and saw the hideous and vicious look she had ever shown to him.

Lindsay froze for a moment. "Stanford..."

"Will the police detain you for nothing?" Stanford's voice was gloomy, "You tell me, did you kill Amanda?"

Lindsay's eyes popped open suddenly.

Atwood looked at Stanford incredulously at the same time. Amanda was killed by Lindsay?

"Did you... Did you listen to what Simona said?" Lindsay clenched her hand, thinking how to deny this in her mind. She would never admit it, "She is jealous of me and wants to frame me because I have been with you for so long."

"She is jealous of you?" Stanford sneered. "Why would she be jealous of you?"

"She..." Lindsay was a little flustered, "She might love you..."

“So, you want to kill her?” Stanford James stared at her with no expression, “I’ll ask you one last time, Amanda, have you killed her!”

“I haven’t.....”

Suddenly Stanford grabbed her by the collar and almost lifted her feet off the ground across the table. Stanford’s face was cold and his eyes turned red. “Why didn’t I find you so vicious before?!”

The neckline was so tight that she could barely breathe. Her face flushed, but she still refused to admit it, “I didn’t kill her!”

She is so stiff!

Stanford threw her away!

Lindsay fell and knocked over the chair behind her. The sound was so loud that the police officers guarding the door pushed the door open, “What’s going on...”

Atwood walked over hurriedly, smiling, “It’s nothing.”

“The suspect must be untouched.” The police officer took a look into the room. She hasn’t been tried yet, and she can’t die for no reason.

“I know. Don’t worry. We won’t make it difficult for you.” Atwood walked out and closed the door, and said to the police officer, “Mr. James is just asking her something. He’s just angry but he won’t hurt your suspect.”

In the room, Stanford walked up to Lindsay. He squatted down. Lindsay clenched her fist. The pain of her body did not make her flinch. Instead, she tried to confuse him, “Stanford, she is your enemy. She is dead. Her death just paid off for your mother. She should be dead. What happens to you? How can

house love be an enemy of your family? Don't you fear that your mother cursing you in another world?"

"Shut the fuck up!" Stanford was so angry that he squeezed her chin with all his strength, "Lindsay Leroy. One who murders pays the forfeit with his life. And you have to die!"

Hearing the word "death", Lindsay was finally scared. As long as she mentioned his mother before, he would lose his reason and be influenced by her words.

This time, it seemed that he could not be touched.

Is he really angry?

Angry for Amanda?

"She's dead!" Lindsay was in agony, and her heart was about to be torn apart. "I love you so much and I have done anything for you. Why can't you see my effort? Why do you only care about that woman who killed your mother? Were your mind blinded by lard?"

"Yes, my mind is blinded with lard! I have been regretted it for so many years. Now I don't want anything, and I just want her by my side!"

He missed her like crazy, wanted her to stay by his side. He even dreamed about holding her in his arms and just telling them how much he loves her.

Her smile was so gentle.

But he could never see it anymore. That smile was lost forever.

“Lindsay Leroy, I will definitely kill you!” He stood up after speaking.

Lindsay panicked and grabbed his jeans. “Stanford, she is your enemy...”

Before she could finish her words, she was kicked away by Stanford. He walked towards the door without looking back. Now he didn't want to hear anything from Lindsay's mouth.

The door opened. Atwood saw him come out and said, “Mr. James.”

He said blankly, “Let's go.”

Atwood nodded and glanced into the room. At this moment Lindsay was lying on the ground and shouting at the door, “Stanford James!” _____ Chapter 905 He will Definitely Fall in Love with Our Daughter

Atwood sighed and followed Stanford away.

Lindsay was not reconciled. She loved him so hard and devoted herself to him. But now she ended up like this. She was not reconciled!

“Stanford James, don't you even have any feeling for me? Even a little bit of touching? If so, I would die willingly.”

Stanford stopped, turned around to look at her, and said with certainty, “I have never loved you, not even the smallest little bit.”

He really didn't think there's any feeling between them.

Lindsay clenched her hands into fists and smashed them to the ground, "Impossible! Impossible! You must have loved me before!"

Stanford ignored her, walked out of the room without looking back.

"Stanford James!"

Lindsay's unwilling voice still sound behind him, "I love you. I love you. I can die for you. Why are you so cruel? Why do you treat me like this?"

Stanford turned around and walked two steps towards her, "You said you can die for me? Then you may just die. Please go to hell and go to heaven. I afraid that you might disturb my wife."

Lindsay was completely stunned.

He... He told her to die, right?

"What? Don't you want to die for me?" Stanford sneered. "Or you are just saying?"

Lindsay's lips were trembling, "I don't want to leave the world you live in."

“Oh. If you can die now, maybe I can still remember your face.”

Die? This word is easy to say, but how many people can really make up their minds?

It's easy to talk about death. But she felt terrified when she thought about ending her life and never seeing this world again.

“Stanford...”

Stanford made a very cold voice from his throat, “Lindsay Leroy, your love is nothing but your own opinion.”

“No.” Lindsay shook her head. She knew that she loved him, “Death... But if I die, I will never see you again...”

“But when you die, I will remember you. I will never love you while you are alive. Don't you love me very much? Don't you want me to remember you?” Stanford's almost ruthless voice made Lindsay horrified, “Please, will you save me?”

Stanford seemed to have heard some big joke, and left two words coldly, “No! Never!”

“Atwood Barret.” Stanford turned around. “I want her to die!”

Atwood bowed his head hurriedly and said, "Maybe she was..."

Stanford looked over with a sullen look, and Atwood shut up immediately, "I see."

Lindsay thought he came here to save her, but she didn't expect that his arrival brought her one step closer to death.

She couldn't figure it out. She couldn't understand it. How could Stanford know?

Is it Simona?

Who is the one who exposed her?

Could it be...Amanda?

No, she would not believe it.

She obviously died in that fire.

She was impossible to be alive.

Impossible!

She didn't want to believe that Amanda might still be alive!

That was the person she hated the most. She was the one who took away the one she loved.

Walking out of the police department, Atwood looked at Stanford, "You really believe that Lindsay Leroy killed Amanda? You believe the words of that man after he comes to your office?"

Stanford did not answer but said, "Give me the keys to the car."

Atwood worried, "Where are you going, I'll take you there."

His mood was down. Atwood was worried about him.

"Give it to me!" Stanford suddenly went mad, and then he realized that he shouldn't be mad at Atwood, "I'm in a bad mood."

Atwood handed him the car key, "If you didn't feel well, can I have a drink with you?"

Stanford looked up at him.

Atwood said, "You are alone. It is better to let me accompany you. I know there is a nice bar. It's very quiet, and we will not be disturbed."

"I want to be alone." He pressed the unlock button and got into the car.

Soon the car drove out.

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Atwood sighed, feeling that what happened today was so sudden that there were many things he couldn't understand.

Lindsay was detained on suspicion of homicide. How could a murder that happened a year ago be revealed? What's more, the police also got all evidence of the case and detained her?

He decided to figure out the truth of the case. He walked to the side of the road and took a taxi.

In the hotel.

Amanda received a message from Joshua Lennon.

"Concerning the things, you asked me to investigate, I have the results."

She immediately replied, "Did Abbott have a girlfriend before marriage? Who is she? Where is she now?"

She waited for a reply with excitement, but after a long time, there was no reply.

She couldn't help but add, "Why don't you speak?"

"Abbott has a family now. Why do you want to investigate whether he has a girlfriend before or not? Aren't you afraid that his family will break up because of old history?"

This was a real question.

If Casimir really had a connection with Abbott, then it must have something to do with love.

She really didn't think that much.

"Then did you find anything?" she asked.

She still wanted to know, even if she didn't tell Casimir for the time being.

"Why don't you ask him yourself?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know it in your mind in fact. How can such an important thing be concealed? Not to mention on one tell off the secret. That's because we all care about your feeling. We are afraid that you feel like you can't face us. But sooner or later you have to face the fact. Is it possible to hide from the truth for a lifetime?"

Amanda knew that. She had been suspecting someone was helping her since she successfully entered the RM Group. Everything she wanted to do was going so smoothly.

How could she not feel anything?

It's just that she deliberately ignored the fact and didn't want to admit it.

Then another message came in, "Dad has been washing feet for mon for a year. But he hasn't been forgiven yet. Now mom didn't talk to him much just because he once said that Stanford would fall in love with you."

The identity of Stanford was not a secret at the time. Both Matthew Nelson and Dolores Flores knew that, so they did not agree with their marriage. They also knew that Amanda loved Stanford.

At that time, Amanda had a stubborn attitude, and completely ignored the opinions of his family. His attitude almost made his family kick his ass.

But no one really dared to beat him.

After entangling for a long time, it was Matthew Nelson who said to Dolores Flores, "He will definitely fall in love with our daughter."

With quite confidence.

He was very sure of his daughter.

As a result, he miscalculated.

Amanda almost got killed because of this.

Dolores hasn't talked to him ever since because of this.

Amanda slumped on the sofa and replied, "Did you go to visit them?"

"Uh huh."

"How's mum?"

“We all know that what happened that time caused some damage to mum's health, but Dad was taking good care of her. Now you are the one made us worried.”

Amanda looked down.

“Please wait.”

She hasn't finished what she has to do, so she didn't want to see them yet.

She hasn't figured out how to face them yet.

“Okay.” Joshua didn't force her.

Amanda brought up the original topic again.

“Tell me what you found. I won't mess around and cause trouble to Abbott. I just want to know the truth.”

Knock, Knock...

The door was knocked suddenly. She put down the phone, got up and opened the door. _Chapter 906:
Let Me Help You

Amanda opened the door, only to find Casimir standing there with food and a bottle of Baijiu in his hand.

She looked at him up and down and asked, "What happened to you?"

"Let's have a drink, shall we?" Casimir bypassed her and walked in.

Amanda closed the door and followed him. Looking at him, she realized that something must be wrong with him.

"Casimir, did anything happen to you?" she asked.

Casimir put down the things in his hands on the table.

Right then, the message tone on Amanda's phone rang out. Amanda picked it up from the sofa and checked - it was a message from Joshua.

Casimir looked down and took a glance. He asked, "Who are you chatting with?"

Amanda tabbed the message to read.

"Abbott stays in Room 908. You can ask him yourself."

Amanda replied to the ellipsis dots, meaning she was speechless.

"In fact, you should know it clearly. Someone was helping you all the time. He hasn't been exposed to you yet." Joshua replied.

"Who is it?" Casimir wanted to take a look, poking his head.

Amanda subconsciously hid the phone behind her so he couldn't read them.

"What's so confidential? You are even hiding it from me," Casimir complained. Sitting on the sofa, he said, "I'm quite upset and want you to comfort me. Now I'm more upset."

Amanda sat down and turned to look at him, "What bothers you?"

Casimir opened the takeout and the Baijiu bottle. He said, "I seemed to meet that man today."

"Who?" Amanda was quite confused, wondering what he was talking about.

Casimir said irritably, "It's that man."

Amanda was speechless.

Still, she didn't know whom he was referring to.

She blinked, "I'll drink with you."

Casimir looked at her. After a pause, he added, "That man, who seemed to be my biological father."

Amanda widened her eyes, "Have you seen him?"

Casimir nodded, "Yeah. That man looked like him."

"Where did you see him?" Amanda asked gingerly.

"Outside the hotel," said Casimir.

Amanda inhaled.

Right then, Abbott was staying in the same hotel and his room was quite close to hers.

"Well... Casimir," Amanda thought for a while and said, "If your appearance would bother his family, will you still want to meet him?"

"I don't know." He truly hadn't thought about that yet.

He always wanted to find his biological father and wanted to know who he was.

He hadn't thought about the details yet.

Also, he hadn't thought about if he would tell the man about his identity.

"You know. I actually felt quite contradictory. I probably hate him a bit, but I want to know who he is and what kind of man he is. After all, he's my father."

Amanda never experienced such a matter, so she couldn't understand how he felt.

She couldn't understand what was in his mind.

She picked up the bottle and poured a glass of Baijiu for herself and another glass for him. Raising the glass, she clinked it with his, "Just stop thinking about it."

Casimir looked at her, "Why don't you comfort me?"

"I don't know how," said Amanda frankly, "I've grown up in a happy family, so I can't understand what you're feeling now."

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"Can you just stop stimulating me?" Casimir rolled his eyes at her.

Amanda threw up her hands, "I can't. I just can't understand your feeling."

"Can't we just chat happily?" Casimir stood up immediately.

He was in an extremely bad mood now, so he didn't want to be stimulated at all.

In a hurry, Amanda pulled him and heaved a sigh, "I know. My bad. I'll comfort you."

Casimir looked at her, "For real?"

"Yeah. I'll do whatever you want me to."

"Give me a hug, will you?"

Amanda was silent.

"Well... You look so pitiful. I can sacrifice," she said.

Casimir blinked, "Do you also think I'm pitiful?"

Amanda stood up and hugged him, "A child without a father is truly pitiful."

"Should I hate him?" asked Casimir.

Amanda didn't answer.

She realized that no matter what she said, Casimir would be stimulated.

"Uh... Let's drink." Amanda pulled to sit on the sofa.

She gave him the glass and said, "Let's drink! A drunk solution would erase your worries!"

Casimir took the glass over, raised his head, and gulped it down.

Amanda continued pouring it for him.

Casimir didn't eat much food that he had bought. He kept drinking Baijiu. Since Baijiu was quite spicy, Amanda had some food.

More than half of the bottle was done by Casimir.

Amanda wanted to stop him, but looking at his expression, she gave up.

In the end, Casimir got drunk. Amanda helped him to lie down on the sofa, looked at him, and said, "Let me help you."

She stood up, cleaned up the table, and found a blanket to cover him.

Casimir had a strong migraine. He said dizzily, "Can I stay here overnight?"

Amanda said yes.

"Are you thirsty?" she asked. Usually, the drunk always felt thirsty.

He hummed slightly.

Amanda got him a glass of water.

She helped Casimir sit up and give him the water.

He took over the glass and gulped down, finishing the water soon.

Amanda took the glass from him and put it on the table.

She helped him lie down again, "You'll feel much better after waking up."

Casimir was silent. He turned around and fell asleep.

Amanda sat next to him for a moment. Seeing that he was sleeping soundly, she stood up and tiptoed out of the room.

She closed the door gently behind her. Then she walked into the elevator and pressed the button to the ninth floor.

Soon, the elevator stopped. She walked out and found Room 908 smoothly.

Standing at the door, she took a deep breath, raised her hand, and knocked. Chapter 907: The Truth

It wasn't long before the door was opened, but Amanda was extremely nervous because she was going to meet an elder.

Abbott also had watched her grow up.

One year was neither long nor short, but so many things had happened. Amanda also had changed a lot. She realized that there was a dark side to this world.

After a short while, the door was opened.

Abbott, in a suit, looked the same as he was when he was young. His face had the trace of the years. When seeing Amanda, he wasn't surprised at all.

He moved aside and said, "Come in, please."

Amanda pressed her lips and greeted him in a low voice, "Hi, Abbott."

He hummed.

She entered his room.

The room was exactly the same as her, just on a different story.

"Well..."

"If you want to ask anything, please go ahead." Abbott was quite straightforward. Looking at her, he slightly heaved a sigh, "Girl, you've worried us so much. An old man's sayings are seldom untrue, but you didn't listen..."

Amanda lowered her head slightly.

She knew he would scold her when they met.

"Abbott," she looked up at him with a smile and said, "Can't we just stop talking about things in the past, OK?"

Abbott sat down, "Have you made up your mind? I can resolve the issues here for you. You can go back..."

"No, Abbott," Amanda interrupted him, "I've made the mistake, Why should I leave you to resolve the issues for me? I'm a grownup now. I can resolve them on my own."

Abbott stared at her expressionlessly for a few seconds.

Under his gaze, Amanda was a bit uneasy.

"Yes, Abbott?"

Abbott stood up and took out a USB drive from the cabinet with the lock. He walked over and gave it to her.

Amanda reached out and took it. She asked, "What's this?"

"Take a look at yourself." Abbott pushed the laptop in front of her.

She was confused. Inserting the USB drive into the laptop, she opened the file.

Soon, Amanda saw the video clip. She widened her eyes.

“Isn’t this...”

In the video, she saw the scene when Lindsay kidnapped her from the villa.

“Why did you have it?” asked Amanda.

“After knowing something happened to you, we were a bit late when rushing over. Fortunately, you were rescued and you asked someone to change the dead’s DNA report to fake death. However, the person you asked didn’t have any background or network. He couldn’t do it for you at all.”

Indeed, Amanda also knew that Casimir couldn’t cover the whole incident without any trace so that he could deceive Stanford.

She didn’t realize it until later.

“By the way, I heard a man and a woman were killed in the fire. What happened, Abbott?”

“The two men who kidnapped you were said to be a man and a woman instead. One of them was used to cover your identity.” As Abbott spoke, he still could recall how terrible Matthew looked at that time. He had been working for Matthew for almost all his life and had seen Matthew’s different sides.

However, that was the only time when Matthew wanted to kill someone without any care.

As for the fire, it was because Matthew also wanted them to experience being burned.

“We didn’t do anything to that woman also because of you.” Abbott took a sip of the water.

After the incident happened to Amanda, they had done a lot of things. They covered the truth that she

hadn't died, found out the evidence that she was set up, contacted the hospital for her, and helped her enter RM Group.

They had known who Stanford was quite a long time ago, and they warned Amanda several times. However, their conversations always ended quite unhappily. Amanda didn't want to listen to them, refusing to talk to them.

Later, they realized that she truly loved Stanford so much that she could care about nothing else.

Hence, they stopped trying to convince her.

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Matthew had also done a lot of things for her. He left WY Group to Amanda. However, almost all the major businesses had been merged into the other branch company RM Group at that time.

In the end, WY Group was just an empty shell without any core businesses.

Amanda could enter RM Group and work with J&Y Group was because they had arranged for her ahead.

She just didn't know that Abbott was in charge of RM Group.

Neither did she know that it was a business belonging to the Nelson family.

Abbott said solemnly, "In fact, it's a good thing. If you've never experienced such a thing, how could you

know the evil side of human beings? When your parents were young, they had experienced more difficulties than you had. I hope you can become mature after experiencing this matter.”

“Why did you cover the truth that I’m still alive?”

“Wouldn’t it be safer for you if you were known as dead?” asked Abbott.

That was decided by Matthew when he got to know that Amanda intended to cover the truth that she was still alive. He helped her do it.

A lot of people thought that she had died.

Later, when Amanda appeared in this city, no one would want to harm her. She would be safe.

It would be convenient for her to do anything.

“Mr. Nelson thought that Sanford James would fall in love with you. Even if he had hatred, he would probably steal WY Group from your hand. However, we never thought that he had such a woman with evil intentions around him. For this matter, your mother was in a fight with your father because he had agreed on you to marry Stanford James.”

Amanda pressed her lips in silence.

“By the way, do you still remember what happened at the charity banquet?” Abbott looked at her and told her everything, “We found that ring on the scene.”

“Were you also the one who offered the bid?” Amanda reacted quickly.

“Yeah. I just wanted to know if that man who was blind by his hatred would still have a trace of humanity. It seemed he was still a human. However, I robbed a lot of money from him and donated it to people in need.” Abbott leaned against the back of the sofa.

Jasmine was the founder of ‘I Have A Dream’ Foundation.

Due to her family background, she founded ‘I Have A Dream’ Foundation. With Boyce’s help and Matthew’s investment at the early stage, it developed very well.

‘I Have A Dream’ Foundation had a good reputation and helped a lot of people.

The elementary school in which Jasmine used to teach had developed into a talent education school with both political integrity and ability. It had strong teaching resources and influences, helping kids born in ordinary families.

Besides giving birth to two children for Boyce, Jasmine’s greatest success was founding ‘I Have A Dream’ Foundation and fulfilled her dream.

Amanda understood that the revenge that she had thought was based on their help. All she needed was to follow their arrangement and carry on.

Suddenly, she felt a bit frustrated. Since childhood, she was spoiled by so many people. She could get whatever she wanted and was always worry-free. After the incident happened, she wanted to rely on herself for the first time.

However, she made a mistake again - she was still under the protection.

She was quite stubborn and always eager to excel. After this incident happened, she pretended as if nothing had happened.

Abbott had never expected that she would understand everything and come to him so quickly.

If it weren't for Casimir, Amanda wouldn't have come to him so soon.

However, she felt so fortunate that she had done it as she got to know everything.

She suddenly recalled her purpose to come here.

Thinking about Casimir, the hammered guy in her room, Amanda didn't know what to do.

Right then, Abbott already had a family and children.

"Well, Abbott, when will you go home?" asked Amanda.

"I haven't resolved the issues here yet." Abbott looked at her, "Why would you care?"

"I'm afraid it might impact your relationship with your wife if you are apart from home for a long time."

Abbott choked up.

"Why do you care about me so much?" He felt flattered, wondering why Amanda cared about his relationship with his wife.

Amanda put on a wry smile, wondering how she should start. _____ Chapter 908: Pitiful Casimir

She wondered if she should ask Abbott if he used to date another woman before getting married.

It would be a bit abrupt, wouldn't it?

However, if she wouldn't ask him, how could she help Casimir ensure if Abbott was his biological father?

Amanda could tell how upset Casimir was.

"Uh... Abbott, when you were young, did you suffer any disappointment in love?"

Abbott stared at her and kept silent for a long time. He could tell that there was an implication in her question.

Otherwise, why would she suddenly ask something about his youth?

"Amanda, why suddenly do you become so interested in my matter?"

"Well..."

She coughed slightly. With a smile, she said, "Nah... I suffered disappointment in my marriage, so I want to ask you about your youth. I'm curious if you were hurt in love before."

Abbott answered without any hesitation, "Before getting married, I wasn't serious about my dates. After

getting married, I changed.”

Amanda was speechless.

His words were reechoing in her ears.

She guessed that even if Casimir was truly his son, Abbott was fooling around with his mother, wasn't he?

Suddenly, she felt that Casimir was so pitiful.

“Do you have any date that impressed you the most?” she asked gingerly.

She truly wanted to know it.

Abbott gazed at her, “Amanda, why do I feel you are asking me about my past?”

Amanda couldn't utter a word.

“Hee hee... I've explained. I'm just curious to know if you've hurt in love also. Then I'll feel mentally balanced.”

“Silly girl.” Abbott stood up, “It was normal to fool around when I was young. I was never serious before, so I didn't suffer any disappointment in love. Besides, I'm too smart.”

Amanda choked up.

She felt extremely sorry for Casimir. What a pitiful boy!

His mother named him Casimir, which had a bad meaning in every aspect. His father didn't know his existence at all and was fooling around with his mother.

Casimir was just way too unlucky.

Compared with him, Amanda realized that she was so lucky.

Except that she was so blind to fall in love with Stanford, she had never experienced bad things in her life.

"I'll send a copy of this video clip to Stanford James." Abbott plugged out the USB drive from the laptop.

Amanda didn't have any objection. She thought it was a good idea.

Stanford must know something.

Besides...

"Abbott, I want to rely on myself to take the revenge on Stanford James." Amanda still wanted to rely on herself and make Stanford pay back what he owed her.

"Amanda..."

“Abbott, I’m a grownup now. I’m no longer a three-year-old kid. In the beginning, I made the decision myself, so I must bear the consequences as well. If I always rely on you all, what if you get old one day? In the end, I still need to rely on myself.”

Abbott thought for a while and said, “I need to think about it first.”

Amanda didn’t insist on getting an answer right now. She stood up and said, “Okay. Abbott, good night.”

Abbott said OK. He stood up and said, “Let me send you back.”

“My room is quite close. No, thanks,” said Amanda while walking. Abbott said at the door, “Okay. If you need any help, feel free to call me.”

“Sure.”

However, Amanda still asked hesitantly, “By the way, Abbott, if any of your dates that you fooled around with gave birth to your child, would you recognize the child?”

Abbott was speechless.

He was confused.

“Silly girl, you are so weird. Tell me. What have you known?” Otherwise, why would she insist on asking him about his former dates?

A child?

In the past, he only had the collecting on delivery deals with those women. There should be no such a

possibility.

“What can I know? I’m even bothered by my own businesses.” Amanda waved her hand at him, “Okay. I’m taking off now.”

She walked towards the elevator.

She pressed the button to go down. Abbott didn’t close his door while standing at the door, looking at her. She waved at him, “Bye, Abbott.”

Abbott hummed. The door of the elevator closed. Amanda couldn’t remain smiling at all.

She couldn’t believe that Abbott was a playboy when he was young.

Fooling around?

In Amanda’s opinion, that was an excuse for scumbags for being dandies.

The elevator stopped and she walked out.

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She walked to her room.

When she pulled the door open and entered, Amanda found that Casimir was lying on the floor.

She rushed over, "Casimir?" she called him.

Casimir groaned as if he felt quite uncomfortable. Amanda couldn't help him up at all.

"Why is your decorum in drunk so awful?" Amanda couldn't do anything to him.

"Hmm- Whom do you refer to?" Casimir raised his head while lying prone on the floor.

"Who else? Get up and lie on the sofa." She helped him

Casimir didn't move. It seemed he was too weak to move, "Where have you been?"

He was quite uncomfortable. When he wanted to drink, he couldn't find any water.

He called her but got no response. He wanted to get down but tripped over and fell.

"Get up!" Amanda helped him, "Why did you fall on the floor?"

"I want some water," Casimir said pitifully.

"Sit still. I'll get you some water." Amanda picked up the blanket from the floor and put it on the sofa. She went to get some water for him.

Casimir still had a reddened face, emanating the smell of alcohol.

“Here you go.”

Amanda gave him the water.

He took the glass over and gulped it down.

“Are you sobered up?”

“Yeah. Better.” Casimir put down the glass and turned to look at her solemnly, “Where have you been? You dumped me alone here.”

Amanda scratched her hair, “I wanted to buy some snacks.”

Casimir looked at her and asked, “Where are the snacks?”

“Finished.”

Casimir was speechless.

“You are so heartless.” He felt that he was truly a poor man.

No one took care of him after he got drunk. As his friend, she went to buy the snacks but didn't get any for him.

“I've never found I'm so unlucky in my life.”

Amanda hurriedly comforted him, "I can get you the snacks now. What do you want?"

"No, thanks." Casimir lay down on the sofa, "I'm sleeping now. Don't disturb me."

Amanda didn't kick him out for the sake of his unlucky life, letting him rest on the sofa.

She walked to her bedroom, took a shower, and went to bed.

The next morning.

The sun was shining gently.

Between the curtains, the sunshine fell into the room.

Casimir got up first. He knocked on Amanda's door, "Wake up! I need to borrow your bathroom for a shower."

After getting drunk and sleeping on the sofa, he felt quite uncomfortable without taking a shower.

Amanda was woken up. Realized that Casimir was in her suite, she sobered up and sat up.

A short while later, she sobered up completely. Looking down at her pyjamas, which were quite conservative and decent. She got off the bed and opened the door.

Casimir was standing at the door, "Do me a favour."

Amanda nodded, "What is it?"

“Lend me your bathroom. I need to take a shower. I feel quite uncomfortable.”

Amanda knew that he didn't shower or wash his face before sleeping last night. She nodded in agreement. Then she went to the bathroom to put away her dirty clothes and her towels. After putting the clean towels over there, she walked out, “Go ahead,” she said.

Casimir entered it. Amanda sat on the sofa, ordering breakfast on the phone.

When she put down the phone, the doorbell of her room rang out. She walked over to open the door.

She wondered who would it be in such an early morning.

Would it be Abbott?

Thinking of that, she glanced back in the direction of her bathroom.

She wondered what she should do.

Would they bump into each other?

If so, how should she introduce who Casimir was?

Wait...

She recalled that Casimir said he had met Abbott before. _____

Chapter 909: Do You Have Grudges with Him

For a moment, Amanda didn't know what to do. She wondered how she should make the introduction.

She calmed down and walked over. Opening the door, she found that it wasn't Abbott who was there. It was Stanford.

"Hi, Ms. Flores. I've known what Lindsay has done to harm you. I want to make an apology to you in person."

Amanda said with a solemn look, "You should apologize to me indeed. After all, I've almost been killed because of you."

After a pause, she continued, "Mr. James, do you expect me to forgive you for just an apology?"

"The law will punish her for the crime she has committed," said Stanford in a cold tone.

"She works for you..."

"There's nothing between her and me," before Amanda finished her words, Stanford interrupted her and explained.

Amanda curled up her lips into a sneer, feeling that this man was truly ruthless. Lindsay was so obsessed with him.

Now he could completely give up on her so heartlessly. Sure enough, he didn't change at all.

"Ms. Flores, would you like to have..."

"Who's there?"

Casimir came out of the bathroom with a towel wrapping around his lower abdomen with a nude top. The crystal water beads streamed down his strong pecs. He looked quite masculine.

While drying his wet hair, he walked to the door.

Stanford's expression changed when he heard a man's voice in the room. When he saw Casimir with only one towel on his body, his face was darkened completely.

Seeing Stanford, Casimir reached out to hold Amanda. With a smile, he said, "Hi, Mr. James. Why did you come to find my girlfriend so early?"

Amanda wanted to struggle, but Casimir pinched her shoulder tightly and made her still.

"Mr. Bailey, are you Ms. Flores's boyfriend?" Stanford slowly clenched his hands in secret, "Isn't Ms. Flores always abroad? How did you guys get to know each other?"

"Before I came back, I was abroad all the time. We've known each other quite a long time ago. She came back also because of me. Otherwise, why would she come here alone as she has no family here at all?" Casimir purposely hugged Amanda tightly, "Mr. James, if you want to invite her for breakfast, please make it next time. My girlfriend was pretty tired last night and lacked sleep. I want her to have more

rest.”

Amanda was speechless.

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Even a fool could tell what he was implying.

Stanford pressed his lips without responding, gazing at Amanda.

“Mr. James, we can make an appointment next time. What do you think?” she said indifferently.

For some reason, Stanford felt quite upset, extremely frustrated. However, he didn’t know why.

He slightly hummed and turned away.

He didn’t want to see Casimir holding Amanda.

After watching him walk into the elevator, Amanda closed the door and pushed Casimir away, “I see you still haven’t sobered up.”

Casimir smiled, “No, I have.”

“What on earth are you doing then?” Amanda looked at him up and down and added, “Please put on your clothes.”

Casimir could tell that she disdained him a lot. He looked down to check on his body - he had fair skin, muscles. Besides, he was quite young. In a modern popular saying, he was a young pretty man.

However, Amanda didn't look shy or appreciated at all.

He wondered if he was truly that bad.

“Am I ugly?”

“Nah.” Amanda walked to the sofa and sat down with her back towards him.

“Why aren't you shy?” Casimir believed that any girl would blush and have a racing heart when seeing him.

“I've never treated you as a man.” Amanda didn't look at him, “Hurry up and put on your clothes. Or I'll kick you out.”

Casimir walked over, “I just want to piss off Stanford James. But it seems it truly works. He looked quite unhappy when leaving. Since he's unhappy, I'm quite delighted. Haha...”

“Do you have any grudges with him?” Amanda was amused.

Casimir answered seriously, “You have, don't you? Your enemy is also my enemy.”_Chapter 910: It Stinks

For some reason, Amanda felt warm in her heart upon hearing his words.

She believed that Casimir had taken her as his real friend so he could be so considerate when thinking in her shoes.

She couldn't help but recall her former friends.

Suddenly, she lowered her head and let out a self-mockery laugh.

Casimir didn't know what went wrong. He noticed that she bent down her head and looked quite depressed, so he thought that she was angry. He asked, "Are you angry?"

"Nope. Why would I be angry?" Amanda looked up at him. Seeing that he was still naked, she looked away, "Hurry up and put on your clothes. The waiter will deliver breakfast later. You don't look decent..."

Before Amanda finished her words, Casimir interrupted her, "So what? I'm better than those young pretty men on TV. Some superstars only have a good look without any use. When they were naked, probably they only have fat. Look at me. How strong I am!"

Amanda stood up, "Do you want to put on the clothes or not. If not, I'll go use my bathroom."

Casimir was speechless.

He wasn't happy with her attitude.

He wondered if he was truly that ugly.

Looking down at himself, he denied it.

"Could you save your strong body to your future girlfriend?" Amanda pushed him, "Hide your beautiful body, will you?"

Casimir laughed and walked into the bathroom, "You are right. If others fall in love with me when seeing my body, I don't want to be chased after."

Amanda choked up.

She thought that Abbott wasn't so narcissistic.

She couldn't help doubting if Casimir was truly Abbott's son.

"By the way, Amanda." The door was suddenly opened. Casimir poked out his head, "I can't put on my changed clothes at all. It stinks with the alcohol smell."

Amanda looked at him in silence.

"What's your point?" she held her arms across her chest.

“Hee hee... Could you buy the clothes for me please? Also get me a man’s underwear.” Casimir smiled brightly at her.

Amanda picked up the cushion on the sofa and tossed it on him, “You can be naked. I have my clothes. I’ll go out.”

“Aren’t we friends? Please do me a favour!”

“I’m sorry but I can’t!”

Buying him a man’s underwear.

He’d better dream on.

In the end, Casimir still put on the clothes that he took off.

After tidying themselves up, the breakfast was delivered by the hotel.

They pulled to open the curtains, and the room was quite bright. Some fresh air came in. They were having breakfast at the table while chatting.

“Do you have any favourite male stars?” asked Casimir.

Amanda answered, “No, I don’t.”

“You are so boring.”

Amanda didn't understand why he said so.

"Do you have any favourite female stars?" Amanda asked him.

"Of course."

"Who is it?"

"I don't want to tell you."

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Amanda was speechless.

She took a sip of the milk, "I don't want to know it."

Casimir smiled. He shared a piece of potato with cheese on his plate with her, "Try this. It's quite yummy."

Amanda picked it up and put it in her mouth.

It truly tasted good - the good smell of cheese plus the softness of the potato tasted crispy outside and tender inside after it was baked.

On the other side, Stanford walked out of the hotel. He looked cold. Without having breakfast, he got in the car and drove away.

He drove pretty fast. Since it wasn't rush hour yet, not so many cars were on the road. Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to speed up at all.

As soon as he entered the company, he asked the secretary to inform all the department managers to have a meeting.

It seemed that he could forget the scene that Casimir was holding Simona only if he was busy.

He didn't know what happened.

In fact, he truly disliked that feeling a lot.

He didn't like it when he had a different feeling for another woman instead of Amanda.

It made him feel that he had betrayed her.

Although he used to hate her, he never thought that he would fall in love with another woman in the future.

He was in the meetings for the whole morning. Stanford continued assigning tasks, making the busy office tenser at work.

All employees could tell that Stanford wasn't in a good mood. They dared not to provoke him, just working hard quietly.

No one dared to talk.

The morning passed pretty quickly.

When it was almost lunchtime, a secretary knocked on the door of Stanford's office with a box in her hand.

Stanford had taken off his suit jacket. He also unbuttoned two buttons on his white shirt, exposing his sexy and slender neck. His necktie was pulled loose, hanging on his neck. He didn't look as neat as usual. Instead, he looked a bit annoyed.

Upon hearing the knock, he answered in a deep tone, "Come in."

He didn't raise his head at all.

Soon, the secretary pushed the door open and walked in. She stopped in front of his desk and said, "Excuse me, Mr. James. The front desk received an express mail when you were having a meeting earlier this morning."

An express mail?

Stanford looked up.

The secretary gave him the box and said, "Your name is written in the receiver's column."

Stanford never bought things online. He wondered who would send him an express mail.

"What's inside?" he asked.

The secretary shook her head. She didn't dare to open it, so how would she know?

"I'm not sure. It's quite light, though."

"Put it down," he said flatly.

The secretary put down the box and left the office, closing the door.

Stanford looked down and continued to read the document, but he couldn't calm down at all. Closing the file, he looked at the box on the table. A moment later, he reached out to take it over, cut the tape by the tip of his pen. He saw a USB drive inside.

A USB drive again?

Last time, Marlon gave one to him. Stanford wondered what was in this one. _____ Chapter 911: Beat Him Up

He took out the USB drive and tossed the box into the trash bin.

After looking at it for a while, he plugged it into the laptop and clicked to open the file. He wanted to see who had sent it to him and what was inside.

He moved his mouse and opened a video clip. Soon, he saw the scene, which was when he left the villa.

Shortly after he had left, two men came in. They said Stanford ordered them and forced Amanda to sign the divorce agreement.

Stanford's eyes became darkened.

He realized that those two men were found by Lindsay.

His hands clenched into fists violently.

On the screen, Amanda picked up a pen, lowered her head, and signed.

Although he couldn't see her expression, from the video, he could still feel how desperate she was at that time.

His heart instantly tightened. At that time, he didn't feel so strong, but after one year, when he looked back at the scene again, he felt the depression and the sharp pang.

It was quite different for him to witness her be taken away than hearing how she was killed.

He could see clearly through the screen and feel her fear, hatred, and despair.

His eyes became reddish. Suddenly, he stood up, waving his arms to smash all things on his desk onto the floor.

Upon hearing the noise, the secretary pushed the door open and came in. Seeing the messy floor, she stiffed in fear and dared not to move a bit.

Stanford had been quite steady always and he seldom did something beyond the imagination. This was the first time that the secretary saw him being so angry.

He snapped in a deep tone, "Get out!"

The secretary immediately walked out and closed the door.

Stanford covered his heart, collapsing on the chair. It seemed there was an emptiness there, causing a sharp pang.

He sat there alone for a long while. Then he picked up the landline, pressed the interline button, and called Atwood over.

Shortly after, Atwood pushed the door open and entered. Seeing the mess in the office, he looked up at Stanford and said, "Mr. James, did you want to see me?"

"Yes, Atwood."

Stanford looked up at him, "Please help me make an appointment with a man."

Atwood nodded, "Who would you like to meet?"

"The chief of the police station."

"Okay, Mr. James," Atwood hesitated for a while because he knew why Stanford wanted Lindsay to die.

He never expected that Lindsay had caused Amanda's death.

Marlon told him about it. What Stanford had done was out of Atwood's expectation.

Hence, after he came out of the police station, Atwood went to find Marlon.

"Mrs. James has passed away. Why don't you give Lindsay a chance..."

Stanford suddenly looked up at him and snapped in a cold tone, "She has killed her. She's a murderer. How can I let her go?"

Besides, Lindsay had killed Amanda. If it were someone else, he would consider Atwood's suggestion.

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Unfortunately, she didn't kill someone else.

"She must die!"

His voice was as cold as the arctic ice without any temperature or compassion.

Atwood looked down a bit, "Okay, Mr. James. I'll get it done now."

At four o'clock in the afternoon, Abbott appeared in the police station for Lindsay's case.

Now there was solid evidence and witnesses. Boyce had recommended the current chief, so he knew the relationship between Abbott and Boyce and was close to Abbott.

"I'll push the case to be sentenced in one week. For intentional homicide and attempted intentional homicide, she would surely stay in the prison for the rest of her life. I won't make it too easy for her in the jail."

Abbott nodded, "Thank you so much for your help."

"Please don't mention it." The chief worked for Boyce, so he knew Boyce's friends well.

"By the way, Mr. James from J&Y Group wanted to meet me. Lindsay Leroy was working in his company all the time. It seems Mr. James isn't only her boss. They are pretty close. Since he wants to see me, I'm afraid he wants to save her."

"Have you agreed?" asked Abbott.

"I haven't replied to him yet."

"You can go to see him." Abbott looked at Blithe Donald, "As long as you don't agree to save her. Besides, could you tell me about your appointment place, please?"

"Why, Mr. Baron?" Blithe couldn't quite understand him.

"If he truly wants to ask you to save Lindsay Leroy, I'll beat him up to death!"

Lindsay aimed to kill Amanda, and Stanford should have known it after watching the video clip. If he still wanted to save Lindsay, Stanford was truly heartless. Hence, in that case, Abbott would vent Amanda's anger for her.

Blithe instantly understood, "I'll call you after the appointment place is decided."

"Okay."

Abbott left the police station. On the other side, Atwood hadn't got a response from Blithe, who didn't say yes or no. Hence, he was afraid that Blithe would refuse to meet Stanford, and he came over in person to invite Blithe.

Seeing Atwood come in, Abbott hid behind a pillar of the lobby in the police station. After Atwood walked in, he walked out and squinted at Atwood's back.

Atwood didn't know that someone was gloomily gazing at him from his back right now. For some reason, he felt chilly.

He thought that the police station might be too dignified, so he felt cold.

After Abbott left, Blithe went back to the office. While dealing with his job, a subordinate came to knock on his door.

He reported, "Excuse me, Mr. Donald. Atwood Barret from J&Y Group wants to see you."

Blithe said, "Please let him in."

His subordinate informed Atwood immediately, "Mr. Donald is in his office now. You can find him there."

“Thank you,” said Atwood and entered the office.

“Did you want to see me?” Blithe asked when Atwood came in.

He guessed that Atwood should be here to plead for mercy for Lindsay, but he pretended as if he knew nothing.

Chapter 912: A Life for a Life

“Mr. Donald, our Mr. James wants to meet you,” said Atwood.

Blithe said naturally, “Since the CEO of J&Y Group invited me, I should go meet him. Where should I meet him?”

“The box of the top floor, Royal Club. Mr. James will be waiting for you there at seven o’clock,” answered Atwood.

“Okay. Please let Mr. James know I’ll be there.”

“Okay. I’ll go back to inform him now. Thank you so much Mr. Donald. In the future, if you need me to do anything, please feel free to let me know.”

Blithe waved his hand, “No hurry. We can talk about it later.”

Atwood said, “Okay. See you, Mr. Donald.”

Blithe hummed to answer.

Seven o’clock.

On the top floor of Royal Club, in the private box with the best view, Stanford had arrived earlier than planned.

This box was in the innermost of the corridor. It had a huge French window that occupied the whole wall. A dining table was placed next to the window. Sitting at the table, they could see the night view of the whole city.

Blithe arrived right at seven. Atwood was waiting at the door. When seeing Blithe, he walked up to him immediately and greeted him enthusiastically, "Goode evening, Mr. Donald."

Blithe nodded in response.

"Mr. James is in the box now."

Atwood showed him in.

Soon, they arrived at the door. Atwood pushed the door of the box open, "This way please, Mr. Donald."

Blithe entered.

Stanford stood up from the chair. He greeted Blithe, "Good evening, Mr. Donald."

Blithe walked to him, "Good evening, Mr. James."

They shook hands. Stanford withdrew his hand and said, "Please have a seat, Mr. Donald."

Blithe sat down and asked directly, "Mr. James, did you want to see me because of Ms. Leroy's case?"

Stanford also sat down. Without hiding, he answered, "Yes."

"Mr. James, what do you want? Or what would you like me to do?" Blithe picked up a glass of water in front of him and took a sip, "Do you want me to have mercy on her?"

After all, Lindsay was working for Stanford, which wasn't a secret.

Blithe didn't think Stanford would take the initiative to see him for some other reasons.

Stanford answered, "No, I don't."

Blithe raised his eyebrows, "I see. Mr. James, what can I do for you then?"

"She murdered someone and broke the law, so she should receive the punishment. I hope she can be sentenced to death."

Blithe was a bit surprised. He had thought that Stanford wanted to save Lindsay, but it turned out to be the opposite.

"As far as I know, Ms. Leroy has been working for you for a long time, Mr. James. Don't you treasure your friendship at all?"

Right then, the hotel.

After Blithe had got the appointed place, he informed Abbott about it. Abbott had installed the audio monitoring system in this box in advance, so he could hear clearly about their conversation.

Abbott had already got ready to beat Stanford up. However, Stanford didn't plead for mercy for Lindsay.

It calmed Abbott down a bit.

Fortunately, Stanford hadn't lost all conscience. He could still distinguish right from wrong.

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However, Abbott immediately denied the last thought. Stanford couldn't distinguish right from wrong actually.

Otherwise, he wouldn't want to avenge because of things that had happened in the past.

In the box.

Stanford refilled the water for Blithe. He said, "She's just an employee. We don't have a friendship."

"This case also involved another case one year ago, which was relevant to your late wife's death. Mr. James, you should have known it, right? The fire wasn't caused because she had committed suicide. Instead, it was the suspect Lindsay Leroy who set it up. Mr. James, what's your opinion on it?"

Stanford's hands on the table slowly intertwined. He looked quite calm but he faked it.

"I married my wife for three years..." When mentioning Amanda, Stanford couldn't continue being so calm. He continued after calming himself down a bit, "I love her very much. Her death broke my heart. I hope the murderer who had killed her should be punished by the law. Only in this case could she rest in peace."

Blithe slightly raised his eyebrows, "I remember you've divorced at that time, haven't you?"

Stanford looked down a bit, his eyelashes trembling, "Yes, we have."

"Even if we divorced, we used to love each other. Otherwise, we wouldn't have got married." His voice wasn't so cold and aggressive as usual. Instead, he sounded lack in confidence.

If their marriage was based on love only, he guessed that probably they could be quite happy together now.

"Mr. Donald, could you tell me what kind of punishment she might get?"

"A life for a life. Besides, her crime circumstances were bad and had a great impact. Even if she is not sentenced to death, she will be sentenced to life imprisonment. I think depriving a person of lifelong freedom is more torture than letting her die. What do you think, Mr. James?"

"Blithe, in this case, could you please do me a favor?" Stanford looked at him.

"Mr. James, you can go ahead tell me. If I can do it, I wouldn't turn you down. Mr. James, you are now a bigwig in our city. It's my pleasure to help you."

"Thanks in advance, Blithe. I'll not make you help me in vain. If you need my help in the future, please feel free to let me know."

They kept being polite to each other

“I don’t want her to have an easy life in the prison.” Stanford looked out of the window expressionlessly. Watching the bright night view, his eyes were full of coldness.

“Okay. I got it,” Blithe agreed.

Even if Stanford didn’t say so, he would do it.

“I have to go now, Mr. James,” Blithe said while standing up.

Stanford also followed him to stand up, “Mr. Donald, you haven’t told me what I can do for you yet.”

“Mr. James, you can owe me a favor for this time. In the future, if I need your help, I hope you won’t turn me down.”

“Of course.”

“I’m sorry but I won’t have dinner here. I still have something urgent to deal with. Mr. James, see you.” Blithe waved at him.

Stanford said to the door, “Atwood, please walk Mr. Donald out.”

Atwood pushed the door open and entered.

Blithe walked out of the box, followed by Atwood, “Mr. Donald, let me walk you downstairs,” said he.

Blithe refused, "No thanks. You can go back to your work."

Although Blithe said so, Atwood still walked him to the elevator before going back to the box.

The box was lit up by the chandelier. The neon lights refracted through the window were quite colourful. The whole room was bright and soaked in different colours.

Stanford was standing in front of the French window, peering out. His slender figure looked endlessly lonely.

Atwood pushed the door open and walked in. Looking at him for a long while, he asked, "Will Lindsay Leroy die, Mr. James?" _____

Chapter 913: Has Someone Stayed Here Overnight?

Stanford slowly turned around. He gazed at Atwood deeply for a while, "Do you care about her?" he asked.

Atwood looked down, "She and I have worked for you all the time. She's like a friend to me. I just have some concerns."

"She deserves to die."

After finishing his remark, Stanford turned around. The city was still prosperous, the neon lights were still flashing, and people were still walking back and forth on the streets. Without Amanda, nothing had changed. However, his mind had changed.

He was like a walking dead now.

He had lost his soul, and only his empty shell remained.

“Atwood, have you ever done anything that you regret?” Stanford asked in a deep tone.

Atwood answered, “Yes, I have.”

“Tell me about it.”

It seemed that Stanford was looking for the equilibrium.

Another man was like him, feeling regretful.

“I used to have a crush on a girl. However, she didn’t like me,” answered Atwood simply.

“Why did you fight for winning her heart?” Stanford turned around and looked at him.

One should fight for happiness, shouldn’t he?

Atwood shook his head, “I didn’t want to force her or make it difficult for her. As long as she’s happy, I’ll be happy. If she’s not happy and comes back to me one day, I’ll accept her joyfully.”

Stanford looked at him for a long time. His words reechoed in Stanford’s mind.

He wondered whether he could truly bless his beloved woman without any regret if she fell in love with another man.

Upon hearing Atwood's words, he realized that he was quite selfish.

If he had a crush on a woman, he would hope to be with her.

Stanford always thought that if Amanda were still alive, he would keep her by his side again.

However, he didn't think she would exist in this world again.

It was he who had killed her.

If he hadn't proposed to divorce her, Lindsay might not have the guts to do anything to Amanda.

He regretted it. He regretted it so much.

However, nothing had happened in this world could be changed.

"Mr. James, you should let the by-gones be by-gones." Atwood didn't know how to comfort Stanford either.

He just didn't want to see Stanford like this.

"I just can't control my mind." The less he wanted to think about it, the more clearly the past became.

"Let's go." Stanford lifted his food, followed by Atwood.

On the other side, in the morning, when Casimir was about to leave after having breakfast with Amanda, he looked at her and asked, "What's your plan today?"

Amanda said perfunctorily, "I haven't finished my business plan yet. I'll work from the hotel."

Casimir smiled, "Shall we have dinner after I knock off tonight? After all, you treated me for breakfast."

Amanda leaned against the door, "Can you only think about eating? We've just finished breakfast but you've already planned dinner. Do you know what it's called?"

Casimir asked, "What?"

"Rice-bucket."

Casimir couldn't quite understand the implication of this word.

However, he didn't think it was a compliment.

Although he had learned a lot of vocabulary in the Chinese language, he still had a lot of words that he couldn't understand. This language was way too complicated. Sometimes, a word could have several kinds of meanings.

He took a look at Amanda, pulled out his phone, and searched the meaning of rice-bucket online. After reading it, he pulled a long face. He asked, "Have you ever seen such a graceful rice-bucket like me?"

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Amanda pouted, "Are you one of them?"

Casimir was rendered speechless.

"I'm not in the mood to argue with you." He couldn't win against her when speaking Chinese as he didn't know as many vocabularies as she did.

In particular, he wasn't familiar with those words mocking others with hidden meanings.

"I'm taking off."

Casimir walked out of the room. Amanda smiled, "Okay, I won't you walk out."

"You are just a ruthless woman. I saved your life. You even don't want to repay me. I've saved you in vain." He snorted.

Amanda was speechless.

She had always remembered his kindness.

Otherwise, why would she always treat him as her younger brother?

She had never lent her bedroom and bathroom to an outsider, especially a man.

Casimir stood in front of the elevator and pressed the button to go down.

Later, the door of the elevator opened. When he was about to walk in, three men walked out. Abbott was in lead.

Casimir was taken aback slightly. Then he felt at loss. He didn't know how to react while standing in front of the elevator.

He wondered about Abbott...

Abbott glanced at him and ignored him completely. He just felt a bit weird as Casimir didn't walk into the elevator.

He walked with the two men to Amanda's door and knocked on it.

Seeing that, Casimir widened his eyes.

He wondered why Abbott was knocking on Amanda's door.

Was he a good or bad man?

Would he want to harm Amanda?

Casimir thought of a lot of things.

When Amanda's door was almost opened, he hurriedly pressed the button to reopen the almost closed elevator door. Then he walked in quickly.

Soon, the door was closed. Instead of pressing the button to the first floor, he pressed the button of the floor below the current one. After walking out of the elevator, he found the staircase and walked up to the level. While walking, he called Amanda.

He was afraid that Amanda would encounter a bad man. If she wouldn't answer the phone, he would call the police or break into her room.

If Amanda would answer his call, it meant that the man didn't want to harm her.

If so, Casimir also wondered why Amanda knew that man just now.

He had shown her the man's photos before.

He was bothered by a lot of questions.

Amanda thought that it was Casimir who returned to her room. She opened the door and said, "Why did you..."

Before finishing her words, she saw Abbott.

"Hi, Abbott!" she greeted him.

Abbott looked at her and asked, "Who have you mistaken me for?"

As he spoke, he looked into the room. The plates for breakfast were still on the table. He could tell there were two portions. It was obvious that Amanda had it with another person.

He raised his wrist and checked the time - it was only ten to seven in the morning.

That person shouldn't have come here for breakfast purposely.

He wondered if someone stayed in Amanda's room overnight. _____Chapter 914: My Friend

Amanda could feel Abbott's glance. She looked back and explained, "My friend."

Abbott asked, "Male or female?"

Amanda scratched her hair and answered honestly, "Male."

Abbott asked the two men to wait for him outside the door. He walked in and continued, "Did he stay here overnight?"

Closing the door, Amanda answered frankly, "Yeah."

Abbott looked at her. Obviously, he was surprised.

Amanda rubbed her forehead and realized that he had overthought.

“He’s a friend of mine. He has saved my life. Last night, he was in a bad mood, so he came over to have a drink with me. He got drunk and I was worried to let him go home alone. Hence, he stayed here.” She pointed at the sofa. She hadn’t put away the blanket yet. Abbott could tell that someone was sleeping on it earlier.

He also realized that he had overthought. Amanda had suffered a big loss in love, so he didn’t believe that she would do anything recklessly again.

He sat down.

Amanda asked, “Abbott, have you had breakfast yet?”

Abbott said yes.

“I saw you came with another two men. What are they?” asked Amanda.

Right then, her phone started ringing on the table. She picked it up and checked the caller ID, only to find Casimir’s name. She raised her eyebrows, wondering what he was doing as he had just left.

She swiped to answer.

“Hello, Amanda. Are you all right?”

She heard Casimir’s question as soon as the call was connected.

Amanda didn't answer.

She was confused.

"What happened, Casimir?"

"Oh, nothing." Casimir had arrived at the same level. Seeing the two men outside Amanda's door and noticing the peace in her voice, he didn't think she was in trouble. He asked tentatively, "Will you come out?"

Amanda was quiet for a moment.

"Haven't I told you I'll work from the hotel?"

"Oh... I forgot. Are you alone in the room now?"

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Amanda sensed something wrong, "Casimir, what on earth do you want?"

"Nothing. I'm afraid you'll feel bored alone in the room. Shall we go to see a movie during lunchtime?"

"No, thanks. I'm still busy. I've gotta go now..."

“Wait. Are you truly all right?”

“Sure. Bye for now.”

“Okay. Bye.”

Upon hearing the beeps on the phone, Casimir was standing at the corner and looking at the door. He didn't leave. He wanted to ensure if that man who knocked on Amanda's door would come out from there later.

In that case, he would ensure if Amanda knew that man or not.

If so, when he told her he had met that man, why would Amanda tell him that she knew him?

In the room, Amanda put down the phone.

Abbott asked, “From your friend who wasn't in a good mood?”

Amanda said yes while lowering her head.

After all, she knew Casimir's identity, but she hid it from both of them.

She was quite hesitant, wondering if she should tell Abbott.

Suddenly, Abbott said, “I've considered your words.”

As a matter of fact, he had called to ask Matthew for his opinion.

“About Stanford James, I won’t get involved. You can carry out your own plan. However, you must keep the two men outside.”

Amanda understood. When Abbott said he wanted to consider it, actually he meant to ask her parents for their opinion.

She heaved a sigh. It was all because of her self-esteem.

“Thanks a lot, Abbott,” said Amanda with a smile.

Abbott said seriously, “You can call them in and get to know each other. They both are good at fighting. They can protect you and help you. If you can’t do anything in person, you can ask them to do it for you.”

Amanda didn’t refuse, because she knew that if Abbott wouldn’t stay here and help her, she must keep those two men. Otherwise, he wouldn’t agree to her to take revenge on Stanford all by herself.

She stood up and went to open the door. _Chapter 915: Casimir Got to Know the Truth

The door was opened.

“Please come in,” Amanda said to the two men.

The two men slightly bowed at her and said, “Thanks, Ms. Nelson.”

Amanda nodded, moved aside, and let them enter.

She closed the door after they went in.

At the corner, Casimir had seen what was going on in person.

Now he could be certain that Amanda did know that man.

However, he couldn't understand why she hadn't told him.

He wondered why she deliberately hid it from him. Did she treat him as a friend?

He was quite unhappy that Amanda hid it from him.

Inside the room.

Abbott introduced the two men to Amanda. Pointing at one of them, he said, "His name is Gerben Harvie. He's the older one."

Then he pointed at the other man, "His name is Gerald Harvie. He's the younger one. They are twins. In the past, they served in the special force and are both skilful in fighting. We'll rest assured if they are with you."

Upon hearing that they were twin brothers, Amanda looked at them up and down. Usually, the twins would be told at a glimpse, but they didn't look like each other at all. The younger brother was taller.

"We're fraternal siblings," Gerben could tell that Amanda was confused, so he explained, "Ms. Nelson, I heard you also have a twin brother, right?"

Amanda nodded and said, "We looked like each other when we are young."

After they grew up, they also look like each other. Just that Amanda was a girl, so she was much taller than Andrew. However, they both looked like their father, especially Andrew.

"You should be identical siblings," said Gerben.

Identical siblings - one egg was fertilized with two sperm at the same time and split into two gestational sacs in the later stage. Generally, such twins would look very similar to each other.

Fraternal siblings - two eggs were fertilized with two sperm. The dyeing genes of fraternal twins were different, so they looked quite different.

However, some fraternal siblings looked alike, but those were quite rare.

"From now on, they are your bodyguards," said Abbott.

Amanda answered, "Okay."

She looked at the two men and said, "Thank you guys in advance."

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The two bodyguards were quite polite. They answered, "It's our pleasure."

Abbott stood up, "I've been here for a long time, so it's time for me to go home. Lindsay Leroy's case has almost been settled. She wouldn't have any chance to make trouble in the future."

"Are you leaving so soon?" Amanda was quite surprised. She hadn't decided if she would tell him about Casimir yet.

"Right. Are you reluctant for my departure?" said Abbott jokingly.

Amanda thought for a moment and said, "Shall we have dinner tonight? I'll ask a friend of mine to join us."

Abbott agreed, "Sure."

"I've gotta go. From now on, the two will be working for you. By the way," he pulled out a car key, gave it to Amanda, and said, "It's more convenient to have a car."

Amanda took the key over and walked him out.

"Call me after you've decided the time tonight," said Abbott.

"Okay. I'll call you after reserving the table."

Standing at the door, she watched Abbott walk into the elevator. When she turned around and was about to go back to her room, Casimir suddenly showed up from nowhere. He grabbed her wrist.

Amanda was startled. When she wanted to let out a scream, she saw Casimir. She asked in surprise, "Haven't you gone to work? Why are you still here?"

Casimir gazed at her with an annoyed look and questioned, "Do you treat me as your friend?"

"Of course," answered Amanda.

"Gee, for real? You know him but why don't you tell me?" Casimir shook off her hand in disappointment.

He treated her as a friend truly, but she knew who his biological father was and didn't tell him.

"What..." Amanda instantly understood what he meant. She turned around and saw Abbott who was in the elevator, widening her eyes. She realized that Casimir had seen him.

She was certain. Otherwise, Casimir wouldn't be so angry.

"Casimir, I can explain..."

"What do you want to explain? You should know each other very well. I don't think you've just met. You have so many chances to tell me but you never did." After finishing his words, he turned away.

"Casimir!" Amanda caught up with him, "Please let me explain..."

"Your explanation is covering your guilt. It's a fact that you've never told me the truth. What else can you

tell me?" Casimir didn't want to give her a chance to explain. When the door of the elevator next to him was opened, he strode in. Chapter 916: Do You Know What My Style Use to Be

Amanda wanted to follow him, but she found that she was still in pyjamas. Then she stopped and said to him, "I didn't hide it from you on purpose. Believe it or not."

Then she turned around and walked to her room.

Casimir was speechless.

It was her fault, but she behaved as if he had wronged her.

How could she return to her room just like this? He wondered if she truly treated him as her friend.

He expected that she would chase him.

He wondered if she cared about him.

The more he was thinking, the angrier he got. Then he rushed to leave the hotel.

In the hotel room.

Amanda was also angry.

Casimir wasn't willing to listen to her and went furious.

She believed that he should listen to her explanation.

It turned out he was too angry to give her any chance to speak.

Gerben and Gerald were quite sensible. They knew she was angry. When she entered the room, they walked out.

They also overheard the argument between Casimir and her, but they didn't know what they were arguing about.

They were arranged to work for Amanda because they were Andrew's colleagues in the special forces. They were also taken care of by Major General Harris.

Later, Andrew was transferred because of his outstanding performance. The twin brothers didn't know which unit had Andrew been transferred to and they lost contact with him.

It was said that Andrew entered a secret organization owned by the state. Ordinary people didn't know where exactly he was and what missions he was on.

Then, Noah found them and asked them to do him a favour.

Hence, they left the military.

However, when Amanda wouldn't need them to work for her any longer, they would return to the military.

Since they would work for her, Abbott had already told them what happened to Amanda and who was around her in detail.

They even know who the man named Casimir was.

Casimir was Amanda's friend, who also saved her life. Hence, when they were arguing, the twins didn't show up as they knew Casimir wouldn't harm Amanda.

Suddenly, the door of the hotel room was opened. Amanda had put on her clothes. Looking at the twins at the door, she said, "I need one of you to come with me and the other to stay here."

She didn't want to attract others' attention by going out with two bodyguards. Even they were not wearing military uniforms, they emanated a strong trained soldier's aura.

"You should stay," said Gerben to his brother.

His brother was unhappy, "I'd better follow Ms. Nelson."

"I'm your older brother. You must listen to me," said Gerben aggressively.

Amanda was speechless while watching them.

“You are the older brother, but you can’t decide on your own. Besides, you were born only a few minutes earlier than I was.”

“Our parents named us Gerben and Gerald. My name is listed in front of yours alphabetically. You should listen to me.”

Gerald was speechless.

Right then, Amanda chimed in, “You both are excellent bodyguards. I also have a job to assign to the person who stays.”

Since the person who stayed wouldn’t be idle, Gerald wasn’t so unhappy.

Amanda handed him a bank card, “Since you’re working for me now, I can’t treat you poorly. Gerald, ask the hotel if there’s an empty room next to me. At least, your accommodation needs to be arranged.”

Gerald didn’t take the card over. He said in disappointment, “It’s already arranged.

They would only take whatever they were supposed to. They wouldn’t take extra pay.

It wasn’t until then did Amanda realize that since Abbott had assigned them to her, he must have arranged everything well.

She slightly heaved a sigh. It turned out everything had been settled again. She felt deeply frustrated, “All right.”

She put away the bank card and walked out.

It was the older brother, Gerben, who followed her out.

“Please give me the car key, Ms. Nelson. I’ll drive,” said Gerben.

Amanda gave the key to him, pulled the door open, and was about to sit in. Atwood walked to her.

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“Good morning, Ms. Flores,” he greeted her.

Amanda looked back and saw him walking towards her.

She stopped.

“Ms. Flores, when is your business plan ready?” asked Atwood.

“One month as we agreed. It’s not the deadline yet. I don’t need to report it to you, do I?”

“Of course. Mr. James just wants to know the progress. Ms. Flores, please go to our company and report it to Mr. James.”

Amanda was dead, so it would be useless for Stanford even he regretted it.

However, Atwood found that Stanford treated Simona Flores differently than others, so he hoped that Simona could replace Amanda.

He decided on his own and came over to find Simona, just hoping that Simona could get along with Stanford more so that the latter wouldn't be so lonely.

"I'm on my way to deal with something. I don't have time," Amanda refused.

Abbott would be leaving town soon, so she must talk to Casimir.

She believed that he would have calmed down a bit now, so he should be able to listen to her.

Although Amanda was quite angry that he refused to give her a chance to explain, the matter was relevant to Casimir's recognition with Abbott, so she wasn't truly angry with Casimir.

She bent over and wanted to get in, but Atwood pulled the door of the car, "Ms. Flores, you'd better go to our company."

Amanda suppressed her temper, "Do you ask me to go there on behalf of Mr. James?"

Atwood answered, "Yes."

"He's the CEO of such a big company but how can't he obey the agreement?" with a sneer, Amanda said aggressively, "I won't go there today."

She pulled back the door forcibly and said, "Gerben, let's go."

Gerben cast a lance at Atwood and sat on the driver's seat.

Soon, the car roared away. Atwood was standing motionlessly in a daze.

He had thought that it wouldn't be difficult for him to lure Amanda to the company. Much to his surprise, she was way too aggressive.

He didn't only fail to lure her over but also pissed her off.

He wondered if she would go to make trouble for Stanford later.

Atwood suddenly realized that his kindness had caused big trouble.

He didn't know what to do.

He believed that he had acted recklessly.

He wondered if he should go back and take the initiative to tell Stanford about it.

The next second, he said no to himself.

When Amanda arrived at Casimir's company, she didn't find him there. She tried to call him, but the call wasn't connected. His phone was powered off. None of the employees in his company knew where he was.

Amanda could only leave there. When she was about to look for Casimir, she saw Stanford walking out of a building opposite with several people followed him. It seemed that he came here for talking business and was on the way to leave.

She was pretty upset about Casimir's matter, and Atwood went to urge her to report the progress. They had agreed to let her submit the business plan in one month. However, she was urged after only a few days.

With anger, Amanda walked across the road and walked to Stanford, "Good day, Mr. James," she greeted him.

Stanford was about to sit in his car. Seeing her, he paused and stood upright. He asked, "Ms. Flores, why..."

He was about to ask her why she was here. Then he noticed that the building where Casimir's company was located was opposite.

Casimir declared that they were in love earlier. Last time in the charity banquet, they showed up together. Stanford thought that he should have sensed it earlier.

With a cold look, he asked, "Ms. Flores, what can I do for you?"

Amanda snorted, "Mr. James, don't you want to ask me for the progress of the business plan?"

Before Stanford responded, she continued in a fierce tone, "Mr. James, you are the president of a huge organization, so you should know how to obey the agreement with your business partner. When we signed the contract, we've agreed to have the business plan ready in one month, haven't we? It's only a few days, you started urging me. Don't you trust me or RM Group?"

Stanford looked a bit surprised. He asked, "Ms. Flores, what do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" Amanda almost vented all her anger on him, "Do you want to deny what you've done? Or are you too deaf to hear what I said? Or, probably, Mr. James, you are such a man without any principle, aren't you? If you don't trust me, you can directly tell me you don't want to work with RM Group. However, you dare not to admit what you've done. Is that still your style of doing things?"

Stanford looked at her. After a long while, he asked, "Do you know what my style used to be?"

She asked if that was still his style of doing things.

She sounded as if she used to be quite familiar with him. _____ Chapter 917: How Come You Don't Know

Amanda was a bit taken aback, wondering what she had said just now.

She recalled what she had said and couldn't find anything that she shouldn't say.

"How can I know what you used to be like, Mr. James? You misunderstood." She faked being calm and pushed all the blame on Stanford, "Do you want to change the subject on purpose?"

Stanford was speechless.

"Just stop beating around the bush. Do you want to stop our cooperation? Or do you have other ideas?" said Amanda aggressively.

"Ms. Flores, I can't understand what you said." Stanford looked at her. He looked pretty calm but in secret, he covered his expression with his calmness, his eyes twinkling, "You are so excited now. What do you want to cover?"

Amanda directly looked away to avoid his gaze. The longer he gazed at her, the more panicked she became, "Mr. James, I don't know what you are talking about. Well, please wait for the contract termination."

Then she was about to leave. However, she just took one step before her wrist was grabbed. She looked back and asked, "What are you doing?"

"Ms. Flores, please make it clear to me." Stanford dragged her, walking towards a cafe nearby.

Amanda struggled fiercely, "Let go of me!"

Right then, Gerben stopped Stanford, "Please let go of her!"

"Who are you?" Stanford squinted. Earlier, he didn't see such a man around Simona.

"He's a bodyguard hired by Casimir for me. What's wrong?" Amanda quickly gave him a suitable excuse.

Stanford turned to look at her, becoming more and more interested in her.

It was because her aggressive and arrogant look was way too similar to Amanda's.

"I'm going to talk business with you, but you resist so much. What are you afraid of? You've also hired a bodyguard. Whom will he protect you from? Me?"

"I was almost killed by someone working for you, Mr. James. Shouldn't I be more careful? My boyfriend cares about me. What's wrong with it?" she retorted quickly after a short moment of silence.

When hearing her mention her boyfriend, Stanford felt so unpleasant for some reason. He couldn't control that upset feeling at all.

"Ms. Flores, it's my fault to bring you trouble. I apologize." The next second, he changed the subject, "I believe we have a misunderstanding on the business plan. We should sit down and have a talk. What do you think, Ms. Flores?"

Amanda didn't truly mean to stop cooperating with him, so she agreed. Looking at Gerben, she said, "Please wait for me in the car."

Gerben nodded in agreement and sat back in the car.

"Mr. James, we can sit down and talk. But could you please let go of me?" she asked expressionlessly.

Stanford felt the emptiness in his heart when looking into her cold eyes. His emptiness would become less only when he was gripping her. Although he was quite reluctant, he still let go of her.

They walked into the cafe and found a quiet place to sit down. A waiter came over to take the order.

Stanford asked, "What would you like to drink?"

Amanda answered, "Anything would be fine."

Then Stanford made the order. He ordered a cup of latte with extra milk, which used to be Amanda's favourite.

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He also ordered the same for himself. Closing the menu, he handed it to the waiter and said, "That's all. Thanks."

The waiter took the menu over and left.

Amanda felt so sarcastic. Last time, he took her to the restaurant that used to be her favorite, and this time, he ordered her favourite coffee. She wondered if he was acting to be affectionate.

She sneered inwardly.

"Ms. Flores, you seem to be quite unhappy." Stanford could tell that she was not in a good mood.

Amanda said, "I don't like milk in my coffee."

Stanford smiled. He said, "I didn't like it either before. Coffee had its bitterness, but should why the milk be added to change its original taste?"

"Why did you change?"

After asking the question, Amanda regretted it.

It wasn't her business why he had changed.

What did it have anything to do with her?

She shouldn't have asked.

Stanford looked at her and answered, "Because of my wife."

Amanda looked away, "Your late wife, isn't it?"

"She's gone, but she still left me a lot of memories." Stanford had a slight pang in his heart when thinking about Amanda.

The waiter served the latte and left soon.

"Ms. Flores, have a taste, please," said Stanford.

Amanda didn't move, "I don't like it," said she.

"Things existing in this world have their meanings of existence. This cup of coffee is no exception. Originally, it's bitter, but it'll become less bitter with some milk. Moreover, it would have a good smell from the milk. It's just like life. If your life is unhappy, why would you eat something with bitterness..."

"Enough, Mr. James!" Amanda interrupted him in a determined tone. She didn't want to listen to his nonsense, as what he said used to be the words that she spoke to him.

She gave him a long explanation when she wanted to convince him to put the milk into the coffee.

“We’re here to talk business. I don’t want to listen to you talk about the coffee. Mr. James, I’ve never studied it so I don’t understand. Neither do I want to understand about it. We’re here for work.”

“Ms. Flores, I just feel that you are like my ex-wife. Sorry for that.”

Stanford got down to business, “I want to know why you were so angry just now, Ms. Flores.”

“Don’t you know the reason? Didn’t you send your secretary to me and urge me to report the progress of my business plan to you?”

Chapter 918: Marry Me

“My secretary?” Stanford soon thought that Atwood wasn’t in the company today. He wondered if Atwood had done so.

“Did Atwood go to see you?”

Amanda sneered, “Don’t you tell me you have no idea about it?”

Stanford said frankly, “I truly don’t know about it. What did he say to you? He made you so angry. If it was truly his fault, I apologize on his behalf.”

Amanda suddenly realized that she had been too reckless. She lost her mind because she was too angry earlier.

Although Stanford was cold-hearted and ruthless, he wasn’t someone who dared not to admit what he had done.

“He asked me to go to your company and report the progress of the business plan. We’ve agreed to have it ready in one month. Hence, his request upset me.”

“I see. I apologize to you on his behalf. We’ve agreed to have it done in a month. We shouldn’t have urged you,” said Stanford extremely sincerely.

In such a circumstance, Amanda couldn't complain more, "Okay. Since it's a misunderstanding, I'll forget it. Mr. James, please restrain your employees. Last time, it was Lindsay Leroy. This time, it's Atwood Barret. Mr. James, why are your employees so unprofessional?"

"It won't have again." Stanford truly didn't know why Atwood had done it.

Atwood did it behind his back.

"Mr. James, please manage your employees well. I'm here for business. I don't want to get involved in any trouble."

After finishing her words, Amanda stood up, "I've gotta go now."

Stanford also stood up, "Let me wall you out."

Amanda said, "No, thanks."

"Ms. Flores, I feel you are always avoiding me purposely." Stanford added, "We're business partners. Ms. Flores, you don't need to distance yourself from me."

Amanda was speechless.

She thought for a moment and found an excuse, "I have a boyfriend, and he's petty. He doesn't like it when I'm too close to another man."

Then she strode away.

Stanford didn't insist. He gazed at her receding figure in silence. Then he pulled out his phone and called Atwood.

The call was connected soon.

"Where are you?" Stanford asked.

"Outside," said Atwood.

"In half an hour, I want to see you in my office." Then Stanford hung up the phone and put it back into his pocket. He gazed at the cup of latte that wasn't touched at all, looking down. No one could see through his current mind.

Later, he returned cold and aloof, striding out of the cafe.

When his driver saw Stanford come out, he hurriedly opened the rear door for Stanford. Right then, Stanford heard a woman's voice. He looked up, only to find that Amanda was dragged Casimir to the other side of the road.

Stanford paused a bit and didn't sit in the car immediately.

Earlier, when Amanda walked out of the cafe, she didn't leave right away. She went to Casimir's company asking if he had returned, and the receptionist said yes.

Hence, she went to Casimir's office. However, Casimir was still angry, unwilling to talk to her.

Seeing Amanda come in, he immediately stood up and wanted to go downstairs. Amanda had to pull him, "I can understand why you are so pissed off. But you must give me a chance to explain."

"I don't want to hear it. You should know when seeing those photos. You have so many chances to tell me. Last night, I was so down and went to drink with you. I was so upset and hesitant, but you still didn't tell me. Are you really my friend?"

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Casimir's voice was loud as he was angry.

Stanford overheard it. 'Drink? Friend?' the words reechoed in his mind. He rolled his eyes slightly and seemed to have overheard a lot of information.

He couldn't help wondering what Simona's secret was.

When Amanda was about to speak, she noticed Stanford opposite. She swallowed her words and hugged Casimir.

Casimir was startled by her sudden action. Her warm and soft body clung to him tightly, making him stiffed, "What... What are you doing?"

"Shush... Don't speak," she whispered.

Casimir looked at her in silence.

He was enraged earlier and complaining about her, but now everything vanished.

He looked down at her, "Do you want to marry me to calm me down?"

Amanda was speechless.

She truly want to pry open his skull and take a look at what was inside.

How could he have that kind of idea?

Watching Stanford's car leave, Amanda let go of him and took a step back to distance herself from him.

Feeling the emptiness in his arms, Casimir felt a bit disappointed.

After Amanda's behaviour, he calmed down a lot, "Tell me. What are your difficulties?"

Amanda looked at him and asked, "Is this a good place to talk?"

They were in the lobby where people came and go frequently.

Casimir realized it and turned around to walk to the elevator, "Let's go to our office," he suggested.

Amanda was quite surprised - he was way too stubborn earlier and unwilling to listen to her. She wondered why he suddenly calmed down and agreed.

Anyway, she wanted to explain it to him first.

She followed him.

Soon, they arrived at his office.

Sitting on the sofa, Casimir said proudly, "Go ahead. Tell me why you have deliberately hidden it from me."

"I didn't do that on purpose. I just feel that man looks like him. After all, many people in this world look like each other. Without any confirmation, I can't just tell you so affirmative, can I?"

"You always have excuses." Casimir knew that she had a sharp tongue.

Amanda was speechless.

"In fact, I'm still uncertain if you are his son. He's an elder to me. I haven't told you because he has a family. I don't know if your appearance will bother his family. I've asked him tentatively. When he was young..."

"What happened?" Casimir asked nervously.

Now he understood a bit why Amanda had hesitated. _____ Chapter 919: What Secrets?

Since Amanda knew that man, she must have a lot of consideration. That was why she hesitated to tell

him.

Casimir realized that he had been too anxious, so he changed his tone, "Please tell me. I'm ready for it."

Amanda scratched her hair and said gently, "Before he got married, he had a filthy personal life."

Casimir was shocked.

"How filthy?" He calmed himself down, wondering what he was - a product of a one-night-stand or a sex deal."

"He's married now and cares about his family. I invited him for dinner tonight. If you want to recognize him, it's an opportunity tonight. He'll leave probably tomorrow," said Amanda directly.

Casimir hadn't made up his mind yet. He wondered what if the man wouldn't admit it or be willing to recognize him.

What if he wasn't that man's son?

He couldn't confirm that man was his biological father by only a photo, could he? If that man wasn't his father, it would be way embarrassing.

In conclusion, Casimir flinched.

"Are you close to him, Amanda?" he asked.

Amanda made it clear, "What do you want to ask? Please go ahead. I'll try my best to help you if I could. However, I won't help you harm him. We're quite close. He's been working for my father for several decades. We're like family.

Casimir asked, "What about you and me?"

"We're friends," she blurted out.

However, Casimir wasn't happy with her answer.

"Are we only friends?"

"Then we could be..." Meeting Casimir's disappointed and expectant eyes, Amanda bit the bullet and answered, "closer than friends."

"Closer than friends? What's it then? We're not lovers or family. Can't you make it clear?" Casimir insisted on asking without giving up.

He seemed to want her to make it clear.

Amanda didn't respond to him at all. She stood up and strode away.

She could tell that Casimir was acting shamelessly.

Casimir hurriedly stopped her, "Please don't go!"

“I don’t want to stay here and talk nonsense with you.” She looked back at him.

Casimir changed his expression. He didn’t mean to do it. It was just that he felt too frustrated to calm down.

“Well. Please do me a favour. I want to do the DNA test with that man. If he was truly my father, I would consider recognizing him.”

Looking at him, Amanda said, “I never expect you could be so irresolute and hesitant.”

“That’s not true. I just don’t want to cause any misunderstandings. In case we’re not blood-related, it will be so embarrassing.”

Amanda thought for a moment. It wouldn’t cause Abbott any trouble or damage his interest. She just needed to get his DNA and do the test with Casimir. Hence, she agreed, “Okay. Will you join my dinner with him tonight?”

“Yes, I will,” said Casimir.

“Why did you change your mind?” He made her so confused

“I’ll just meet him tonight. I won’t recognize him,” answered Casimir.

Amanda nodded, “Okay. I respect your decision.”

Meanwhile, J&G Group.

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Atwood rushed back to the company as soon as he could. Before entering the office, he asked the secretary, "Has anyone come to meet Mr. James earlier?"

The secretary shook her head, "Not really. Mr. James has just come back."

Atwood overheard Stanford's voice on the phone, which didn't sound quite pleasant. He asked again, "What did he look like when coming back?"

The secretary shook her head again, "He hasn't smiled for quite a long time, has he?"

At least, since J&Y Group was founded, she had never seen Stanford smile.

Atwood nodded. It was the truth, "Yeah, he hasn't smiled for a long time."

It was because Stanford was unhappy.

He had lost the person who could make him happy.

Atwood slightly heaved a sigh. He turned around and walked to the CEO's office. At the door, he raised his hand and knocked on it. Stanford asked him to enter. Then he pushed the door and walked in.

When he arrived in front of Stanford's desk, Atwood was about to ask him why he had called. Stanford asked, "Have you gone to find Simona Flores earlier?"

Atwood was taken aback, feeling quite surprised that Stanford could know it so soon.

“Yes, I have.”

“Why?” Stanford looked up at him.

Atwood pressed his lips, “I feel you’re quite happy when being with her, so I wanted to ask her to come to our company for the sake of business. Then you’ll have a chance to meet.”

Stanford raised his eyebrows, “Am I happy when being with her?”

Atwood nodded hard, “Besides Mrs. James, she’s the first woman who could make you interested.”

Stanford slightly leaned back and looked up, “Atwood, I feel that she has secrets.”

Atwood widened his eyes, “What secrets?”

“I don’t know yet.” Stanford’s voice was deep, “You used to look into her background. Don’t you think her past is way too clean?”

Atwood thought for a moment and answered, “Yes. It’s pretty clean.”

It was because he didn’t find anything. Except for the content on the CV, he couldn’t find anything else.

“Atwood, please call the cleaners to clean the villa.” Stanford stood up and walked to the French window. With his back to Atwood, he added, “I hope she is the person that I’ve guessed.”

Atwood was obviously taken aback. He was surprised that Stanford suddenly asked him to clean up the villa. After all, since Amanda had passed away, Stanford never went there again.

“Mr. James... What do you mean? Do you suspect Simona Flores is Amanda Nelson?”

“Her mother’s maiden name is Flores.” Stanford turned to look at Atwood, “Don’t you think it’s related?”

Atwood still couldn’t believe it. However, after thinking twice, he realized that it was related, “Haven’t you confirmed that Mrs. James truly passed away?” he asked.

They had confirmed that Amanda had died.

According to the police, she was gone as well.

Stanford only had the intuition. He didn’t have solid evidence to prove that Simona was Amanda.

“Just do what I said.” Stanford turned around. Obviously, he didn’t want to continue with the topic.

“Well...” Atwood hesitated for a moment and said, “Mr. James, I have something to report to you.”
Chapter 920: Amanda Nelson Is Alive

On the way back home, Atwood got a phone call.

It was relevant to Lindsay, so he wondered if he should inform Stanford or not.

Stanford slightly frowned, “Go ahead.”

Finally, Atwood said honestly, "Lindsay said she has something to tell you." Then he added, "I received a call earlier. It should be that Lindsay has promised the person some benefits, so the person called me."

"What does she want to tell me?" Stanford asked in a cold tone.

"She said she wants to tell you in person," said Atwood honestly.

He guessed Lindsay had asked someone to call him instead of Stanford because she was afraid Stanford wouldn't give her a chance to speak. Stanford would definitely hang up the phone. Hence, she told the person his number.

"I won't go to see her." Stanford didn't want to see such a vicious woman at all.

He regretted that he hadn't found it earlier so that she had the chance to commit crimes.

Stanford knew what she wanted - she tried her best efforts to contact him just because she was afraid of death and wanted to live.

Atwood stammered, "Well... The person who called me said it's something relevant to Mrs. James."

Lindsay seemed to know Stanford well. She knew that he wouldn't meet her so easily, so she told him something that interested him the most so that he could go to see her.

Stanford squinted.

Atwood still tried to convince Stanford, not for Lindsay but it was because they had worked together for so many years. Even if they were pet dogs, they had feelings, let alone they were human beings, "Isn't it said that men speak kindly in the presence of death?"

"Ho ho," Stanford sneered, "Even if she dies, she wouldn't be kind."

Lindsay could try to kill someone again and again. She had already lost her conscience. If she were still a bit humane, she wouldn't have done it for the second time.

Besides, after she had killed Amanda, she didn't feel regretful at all. She even faked as if nothing had happened.

How could such a woman be kind?

"Okay. Just ignore her then." Atwood changed his mind pretty quickly and echoed Stanford.

Stanford said no, "I want to see what on earth she wants to change," he said,

Atwood blinked, "Okay. I'll arrange it for you."

Stanford cast him a glance, feeling that Atwood was eager to visit Lindsay, "Atwood, is the girl you have a crush on Lindsay Leroy?" he asked.

Atwood gaped.

The subject was changed way too quickly.

He even didn't know how to react.

"I... How can I have a crush on her?" Atwood denied it, "I just feel that we've worked together for a long time. In the end, I want to give her a chance to speak. I truly don't have a crush on her.

Stanford put one hand in his pocket and cast him a casual glance, "Really?"

"Of course," Atwood explained, "I just treat her as my coworker and friend. I don't have any other feelings for her."

"You are way too excited. I'm just asking." Stanford sat on the chair, "You may leave now."

Atwood looked up at him and then remained expressionless. He said, "Okay. Shall I arrange for you to meet her?"

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Stanford hummed indifferently.

In the afternoon of the next day, Stanford appeared in the police station again.

He was still in the same room as the last time. Lindsay had the handcuffs on her wrists. She had lost a lot of weight and looked extremely haggard. When seeing Stanford, her lifeless eyes suddenly lit up. She wanted to stand up from the chair, but the policemen pressed her to stop her.

She seemed to have forgotten how determined Stanford was last time. She called him excitedly, "Stanford!"

Stanford looked annoyed. It seemed that he was pissed by the way she address him.

"I know you still care about me." Lindsay's eyes were reddened, "Can you save me from here, please?"

She couldn't continue staying here any longer. In her room, all her roommates bullied her. She was alone and couldn't fight against them at all.

"Is that what you want to tell me by requesting to see me?" Stanford asked in a cold tone.

Lindsay pinched the hemline of her uniform and stared at him with her tearful eyes, "For the sake of our former relationship, can't you do it?"

"Our former relationship? I can't figure out what kind of relationship we use to have. If that's what you want to tell me, I have no interest at all." Stanford was about to stand up.

Lindsay was panicked. She blurted out, "Amanda Nelson is still alive!"

She didn't have the evidence, but she was certain Simona was Amanda. Otherwise, she couldn't figure out who else would have set her up.

According to what Simona spoke to her that day, she could tell that Simona had known things that had happened in the past.

However, only a few people had known about that matter. Besides, Simona had just returned from abroad.

Hence, Lindsay believed that Amanda hadn't died. She returned to avenge.

Stanford's heart fluctuated. However, he still had a cold look, "Oh? Who is she then?" he asked.

"Save me out of here. I'll tell you," Lindsay finally told him about her purpose.

That was what Stanford had expected.

He looked at Lindsay calmly, curling his lips up slightly, "Do you want to tell me Simona Flores is she?"

Lindsay widened her eyes suddenly, "Have you known it?"

Stanford snorted, "Since you've suspected, how can't I notice it?"

Lindsay shook her head at loss, "No..."

She wanted to deny it but it seemed that Stanford wouldn't buy it no matter what she said now. Besides, it seemed that he had known everything.

Lindsay realized that she didn't have any bargaining chip to ask him to save her out.

"Stanford..." she called his name again.

"Shut up!"

Stanford was pissed by her, "Don't ever call my name again. You sickened me!"

He stood up, tidying up his cuffs that were not messy, "I came to see you just to watch you present all your bargaining chips but still fail to leave here!" ____Chapter 921 Are You Happy

Lindsay opened her eyes in despair. "Could, could you really be so cruel?"

Stanford didn't want to say another word to her and he walked away.

"Stanford James!" Lindsay cried, "Do you really want to watch me doom?"

Stanford left without hesitation, without showing any single kindness.

He had no intention to save her at all.

Atwood glanced at her at the entrance and sighed slightly. He knew Stanford's temper. Lindsay had committed the crime of murder and the victim was even Amanda. That was his limit.

So even if Lindsay cried and repented now, Stanford won't save her.

"Atwood..." Lindsay panicked. Now she wanted to seize anyone who may be willing to save her. Atwood was her last hope. "Help me."

"Seeing that we have worked together for so long and are friends, can you bear to watch me doom?"

Atwood stopped. "You have to face the consequence of your action. No one can save you."

With that, he quickly followed Stanford and went out.

The weather today was particularly good. It was sunny, but they can't feel the warmth.

They even felt a little chilly.

Atwood got into the car and started the engine. "Shall we go back to the company?"

Stanford nodded.

Atwood backed the car out of the garage and drove towards the company.

After a while, when there was still a short distance from the company, Atwood saw a lot of people at the entrance.

"Mr. James." Atwood looked back. "Look there."

Stanford saw it.

"What's going on? Those people seem to be journalists from the media." Atwood pulled over and said, "I'll go and have a look."

Generally, there would be not something good. Since it even happened at the entrance of the company, it must be going after him.

Stanford said, "Drive the car over."

He would like to see who dared to make trouble at the entrance of the company.

Atwood hesitated. "What if you avoid it? In case..."

"Let's go." Stanford made up his mind. It was useless for Atwood to persuade him.

He can only drive the car over.

The car soon stopped.

Someone in the crowd shouted, "This is Stanford James' car."

The car was soon surrounded.

Atwood got off with a cold look. "What are you doing here?"

"I heard that Mr. James abused his parents and is harsh to his brother. Is it true?"

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A microphone was moved towards him.

Atwood frowned. 'What the heck is that?'

Stanford lowered the car window. A reporter immediately came up and asked, "Mr. James, I heard you don't support your parents. Is it true?"

Stanford looked at him with cold eyes. His look was stern and he looked oppressive. The reporter who asked the question immediately shut his mouth up.

He pushed the door open and came out. He saw George standing at the entrance. His half brother was looking at him proudly at the moment.

"Stanford James, do you dare tell these people how you treated your parents?" George came over.

Stanford walked. His aura was too powerful. Everyone wanted to see if the two brothers will have a huge fight.

There were too many grievances among the rich and powerful families. They were willing to watch the fun. Maybe they can hear some unspeakable secrets.

Everyone all made way.

"Father is in bed now. I heard you went to see him once and his illness got worse. Why? It's because you've made him angry, didn't you?" George looked at him, not afraid of meeting his horrifying eyes.

"I can give up everything from the James family, but you can't treat dad like that." Although George had no achievements and no decent job, and he was quite debauched most of the time, he was very filial to his parents.

He hadn't been home for a long time. He heard that Stanford, who never liked coming home, had gone back yesterday.

Because of this, Enoch's health became even worse. His mother told him it was because Stanford provoked him.

Stanford sneered. "The James family?"

'What does the James family have?'

The James' company was in Enoch's hands. It was lucky that it didn't go bankrupt!

Now he was mentioning the James family to him?

He looked extremely cold. "You better take the people you called here, and get lost now!"

Then he walked towards the building.

"Stanford!" George shouted, "I'm your brother, right? The blood flowing in me is the same as you."

He came over. "I just want you to treat father well. You have everything now. Why? You don't want your parents anymore when you're so successful? Don't forget, will you exist without father?"

George's last words angered Stanford. He turned and grabbed his collar. "If I have a choice, I will never choose him as a father. What do you want to discredit me? Money? Listen, I will never give it to you!"

He rumbled and called Atwood.

Atwood ran over at once.

Stanford released him and ordered, "Contact the mental hospital this instant, tell them there's a madman here."

Atwood hesitated, came forward and whispered, "Would you like to have a second thought? If this goes out, the public will criticize you for being mean..."

Stanford didn't care about it at all. "They can write whatever they want."

"..."

George clenched his fists. "Stanford, I just want to ask you, won't you regret it? Are you happy after having so many things?"Chapter 922 Mentally Ill

Stanford slowed down but did not stop.

George ran and stopped him. "Are you trying to run away by not answering?"

"Stop irritating me!" Stanford looked extremely cold and there was strong hatred in his eyes, "If not because of your mother interfering in my parents' marriage and destroying my family, will I be what I am today?"

George was speechless at once.

That was true. When his mother had an affair with Enoch, Enoch had not divorced. His mother was the other woman.

"But it's been so long..."

"What's wrong is wrong, no matter how long had passed." Stanford narrowed his eyes, there was a cold light in his eyes.

"Even if they were wrong, they've raised you until you grow up, didn't they?" George tried to convince him, "You won't be happy if you keep on bearing grudges. You've used your wife for revenge. Your wife killed herself because of your divorce. Are you happy now?"

Stanford's look was instantly cold to the extreme. The most fragile spot in his heart which he was reluctant to mention and regretted the most was triggered by George.

"I just don't want you to do things you regret anymore..."

"Get lost!" Stanford pushed him away and strode into the building.

George still wanted to follow him, but Atwood held him back. "It's enough!"

George tossed Atwood's hand away. "What else does he have with him for the sake of hatred? I doubt he won't regret it one day!"

Then he strode out. The reporters he recruited were still blocking the entrance. Everything that happened was photographed and recorded by them. After the news came out, no one knew what the media would write to attract attention.

He didn't expect that Stanford didn't even care about his reputation!

"Can we interview your parents?" a reporter asked.

With a frigid look, George ignored him and squeezed himself out of the crowd. At this time, a white car stopped by the road, there was a red and green warning flashlight on the roof, and the body was printed with the logo of the mental health centre of City B.

"..."

Stanford actually called a psychiatrist?

'Is he crazy?'

Atwood obeyed Stanford very much. He would do whatever he ordered him.

Two men in white coats came out of the car and asked, "Who is mentally ill?"

The reporter behind was also stunned.

Atwood came over and pointed at George. "Him. He came to the J&Y Group and talked nonsense, damaging our president's reputation."

He tried to restore Stanford's reputation.

George glared at Atwood. "You're the one being mentally ill!"

"Calm yourself down and treat your illness, to not do reckless things next time. Cooperate with the doctors for treatment. As for the medical expenses, you don't have to worry, Mr. James will pay the money. Since you're his brother, he would at least support you to stay in a mental hospital."

George almost vomited blood due to rage. "Shut the fuck up!"

"Look at your ferocious look, isn't it a manifestation of mental illness?" Atwood calmly retorted.

"..."

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"Stanford was befuddled by hatred, are you befuddled too?"

"Who says I'm befuddled? I'm very clear-headed. Why do you think I'm not?"

Atwood's expression was very composed.

George gritted his teeth. "If you're really loyal, for the sake of Stanford, you should persuade him to put down his previous hatred and live like a normal person..."

"How do you know that he is unhappy when he retaliates against those who have hurt him?" Atwood interrupted him.

George was speechless.

Atwood looked at the two doctors in white coats. "Please take him away. He has brought us a lot of trouble here. I hope you can cure him."

"You're crazy!" George shot Atwood a glare and ran away.

"Catch him, quickly." The two doctors in white coats immediately followed.

George looked as he ran and cursed, "Damn it!"

These people actually came after him.

He was not really mentally ill!

When Atwood turned back to return to the company, he glanced at the reporters who were still there and said, "The man with mental problems just said a lot of things that disgrace Mr. James. If you believe what he said, I won't explain it, but if the news you write doesn't accord with the facts, prepare to receive the lawyer's letter."

Then he strode in.

The reporters all fell into silence.

Could it be if they write down what they had heard and saw, that would mean they had believed the madman's words?

But that guy didn't look crazy.

Atwood was blatantly threatening them!

Atwood walked into the building and scolded the security guards.

"When you encounter such a thing next time, you should chase the person away at the first time and call me. Don't let them make trouble here as they wish. Is this a market?"

"We've tried chasing him away several times, but all to no avail. He claimed that he's Mr. James's brother and we didn't dare to be too harsh to him..."

"No matter who he is, no one's allowed to make trouble here. Just remember that the J&Y Group is the one who pays you the salary and asks you to defend the building, and Mr. James is in charge of J&Y Group."

"Yes, we'll keep this in mind."

The security guards standing in two lines spoke with unity.

Atwood waved his hand. "Go back to your work. Such things are not allowed to happen again in the future."

"Yes, sir."

They spread out.

Atwood took the elevator to the office area. ____ Chapter 923 It was a Trick at the Beginning

At this time, Stanford must be in a bad mood. He wanted to go up and persuade him, but the secretary told him that Mr. James said he would not see anyone.

Atwood dared not disobey Stanford even if he wanted to. Thinking of what he had told him to do, he made a phone call while heading out.

He wanted to find someone to clean up the villa.

At this time, Casimir decided to see Abbott. He was a little nervous. Before reaching the time, he took Amanda along and asked her to choose clothes for him.

Amanda couldn't help teasing, "You're not going to a blind date, why do you have to specially dress

yourself up?"

Casimir knew it, but he couldn't stop feeling nervous. He was going to meet the person who could be his father formally for the first time.

He should at least dress up appropriately.

"Help me see." Casimir looked up.

Seeing his serious look, Amanda didn't say anything more. She helped him adjust his necktie and collar. "You already look splendid now."

"Really?"

"Yes," she replied positively.

The mobile phone in Amanda's pocket suddenly vibrated and rang.

She took it out to see who was calling. Casimir asked nervously, "Who is it?"

In fact, he was wondering whether it was Abbott or not.

"It's my brother."

She then went aside to answer the phone.

When the call was picked up, she heard Joshua's voice. "When can you solve your problem?"

Amanda asked, "Why do you suddenly ask about this?"

"I'm getting married on October 16, are you not going to attend my wedding?" Joshua said seriously.

Light dawned on Amanda. "Oh yes, I almost forgot."

"At that time, mom and dad will come back from abroad, could you possibly hide away to avoid them? So solve it as soon as possible," Joshua said solemnly.

"I know."

"Bonnie and I will go to Thailand to visit mom and dad tomorrow, do you have anything you want me to say to them?"

"Take a picture of them and send it to me," she said.

Joshua actually wanted her to go with him. "OK, but you should solve it as soon as possible. You've been hiding for a year and there's not much time for you."

"I know." Amanda looked down.

It was just that it was really difficult to make Stanford lose everything in such a short time.

Joshua hung up, Amanda put her mobile phone back into her pocket and turned around. She didn't know that Casimir had come over. The tip of her nose brushed against his face as she turned around. Casimir had approached her secretly. Hearing her conversation with Joshua, he knew Amanda needed help. He spoke, "Do you need my help?"

She turned around without warning.

The moment their skin came in contact, both of them were startled.

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Amanda hurriedly stepped back and glared at him. "What are you doing standing behind me?"

Casimir reached out and touched his face, telling the truth, "I was listening to what you said on the phone."

"..."

"Do...do you have any manner? It's impolite to listen when others are speaking on the phone, okay?"

"I didn't have a father since I was a child. No one taught me this."

Casimir turned around and seemed to be hurt by Amanda's words. He was not very happy.

"I'm sorry." Amanda apologized.

She had said something wrong for the moment. She shouldn't be too harsh in her words.

Casimir waved his hand. "You'd better think about yourself, and how to solve your problems as soon as possible."

Amanda pursed her lips and walked towards the door. "I'm going back to J&Y."

"Now?" Casimir glanced at the time, "It's two o'clock in the afternoon."

"It's still early, the sun's not set yet." Amanda closed the door and went out.

She went downstairs. Gerben was sitting in the car, waiting for her by the road. When he saw her coming out, he came out to open the door for her.

She stooped, went into the car and said, "Go back to the hotel."

She needed to get the business project plan file.

The project plan had actually been completed. The reason why it had to be delayed for a month was to avoid Stanford's suspicions. If everything went too smoothly, it will attract his attention.

The acquisition case they cooperated with was a trick at the beginning. The supporter behind Aegis Security Services was Excellence Investment Bank, which was founded by Matthew Nelson.

This was the original WY Group's property, but few people knew it.

It was not easy to acquire a well-developed securities company, the internal survey data should be clear and accurate.

Stanford had also conducted a half a year survey on this, down to daily data.

According to the results of Stanford's investigation, Aegis Security Services had indeed developed very well.

If they want to buy such a securities company, the capital they need to invest is huge.

Stanford can't afford all those alone. The reason he looked for someone to cooperate was to reduce the amount he needed to invest and also to look for someone to take risks with him.

Although they had made a detailed plan, they cannot guarantee that there will be no mistakes. After all, the amount involved was too huge. If they had made a blunder, all their money would go to waste. If the acquisition was not successful, the funds they invested in the early stage will also be wasted.

Her plan was to let Stanford find out the profit status of Aegis Security Services in the early stage, but since those are real data, it was difficult to deceive Stanford if they falsify it. She had to make Stanford step into the trap from the later stage.

A large number of funds needed to be invested after the first round of acquisition. After the J&Y Group invests a large number of funds, Aegis Security Services will officially announce its flaws, and the original business would be transferred to other companies.

Finally, what they acquire successfully in the end would be an empty shell that is worthless.

At that time, all the money invested by Stanford will be lost! _____ Chapter 924 Replace Her

This plan was made by her. When she talked to the RM Group, the bargaining chip was to let the RM Group cooperate with Aegis Security Services and let the RM Group enter the domestic market.

Now having thought of that, she felt it was unreasonable for the RM Group to agree so happily at that time.

It turned out that the person in charge there was Abbott, and the president she saw was just a cover-up.

She knew that the WY Group had privately invested in many projects, but she didn't know that her father had already made plans.

Now she did not insist to take revenge by herself anymore. As long as she can gain back what was stolen from her, it didn't matter to even rely on her father's help.

Joshua was right. She had been hiding long enough. Her parents had been worried about her for a year. She wanted to go back intact.

Having thought that, she reached out and touched her face, she was so like her father. At that time, she had deliberately changed her looks to revenge Stanford and didn't want her father to intervene.

She had made slight changes to some parts of her face. She had filled the bridge of her nose and the cheekbones to change her original appearance.

When Stanford had paid the price, she will restore her face to see her parents.

Every part of her body came from her parents, how can she change them so easily?

"Here we are, miss." Gerben parked the car at the hotel's entrance.

Amanda regained her mind. "Wait for me in the car."

She opened the door, got off, and went to the room to get the completed project plan.

Soon she came out, got into the car with the documents and asked Gerben to go to the J&Y Group.

Now she was going to bring up the plan.

Gerben looked at her from the rearview mirror. "If you need us to do anything, just tell me."

"Not yet for the time being."

Amanda said.

These were all planned before.

Gerben answered and concentrated on driving.

After about 20 minutes, the car stopped in front of the J&Y Group building. Amanda opened the door and got off.

"I'll wait for you here, feel free to contact me if there's anything," Gerben said.

His duty was to protect Amanda. If anything happens to her, he would be held responsible.

Amanda nodded. "Got it." She took the document and walked towards the building.

It was not the first time for her to come. Knowing that she was a representative of the company which cooperated with their company, the front desk didn't stop her, and just called the secretary desk of the president's office to inform them.

When Amanda reached the office floor and was ready to go to Stanford's office, she was stopped by the secretary. "Miss Flores, I'm sorry, Mr. James won't be seeing any guests today."

"I'm here to talk about work with him," Amanda said.

The secretary explained, "I'm afraid you can't do it too today, why don't you come back tomorrow?"

"Inform him, or I'll break in." Amanda was oppressive.

He used to urge her before, and now he was shutting her out?

The secretary seemed troubled. "Someone's caused a fuss at the company today. Mr. James is in a very bad mood, and he said he doesn't want to see anyone today. We only did what we were told, please understand that, Miss Flores."

Amanda slightly raised her eyebrow. "Who dares to make trouble here?"

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The secretary said, "This is Mr. James's privacy, and I can't tell you."

"If that's the case, I won't force you. Go and inform him, or I'll break in now."

She was determined to see him today.

As for what happened today, she took out her mobile phone and sent a message to Gerben, asking him to check whether anything had happened to the J&Y Group today.

The secretary didn't expect her to be so stubborn. She had told her everything she should, yet she still insisted to see Mr. James. Knowing that she had cooperation with J&Y, she didn't dare to offend her, and she could only make a phone call.

She dialed the extension.

The call was only picked up after a while. The voice she heard from the end of call was very low.

"Mr. James, Miss Flores came here to see you. She said it was a work matter. She said if I didn't inform you, she'll break in..."

"Let her in."

He then hung up.

The secretary put down the phone and looked at Amanda. "Please go in, Miss Flores."

Amanda turned and walked in.

Pushing the office door open, she saw Stanford sitting in front of his desk with a pale face. His suit had been taken off, and he was only wearing a white shirt. His shirt was slightly unbuttoned.

Amanda walked in and said exceptionally courteously, "Have you fallen sick, Mr. James?"

Stanford looked at her. When he received the call from his secretary, he was surprised that she would come at this time.

His look was not as cold as usual, and there was some eagerness in his eyes. He had listened to some of George's words.

He had everything, but he was not happy.

Especially when he lost Amanda.

His world returned to the way it was before he married her. It was all bleak and cold. There was no warmth anymore, and he wanted to get that feeling back.

And Simona was the only one who could give him this feeling.

He wanted this woman to replace Amanda.

"If I am ill, would you care about me?"

"Certainly, we are partners. If anything happens to you, won't all my efforts go to no avail?"

Amanda pulled the chair in front of the desk and sat down.

Stanford leaned back. "You don't sound really sincere."

Amanda looked at him with a smile. "Do you even know what sincerity is?"

She used to treat him sincerely with all her heart, but did he cherish it?

Stanford suddenly clasped the chair handle and stared at her with deep eyes. "Miss Flores, it seems that you are very hostile to me. Did you have any grudge with me before?"

"Are you joking?" Amanda placed the documents on the table. "We are partners and friends, how can we be enemies?"

She pushed the documents to Stanford and deliberately digressed, "You urged me before, but now you don't have to. I've brought the business plan here, please have a look."

Stanford didn't intend to look at it, and he continued the topic just now. "Miss Flores, it looks like you're trying to avoid talking about this, are you afraid of something?"

"I don't know what you're talking about, please have a look at the business plan first and let's talk about work." Amanda calmly met his eyes. "I have to say, you look very strange today."

Just then, her mobile phone rang.

She took out her mobile phone, there was a message from . The message was about what happened at the J&Y building's entrance today. She raised her eyebrow slightly and thought that Stanford only looked brilliant on the outside, and he never had romantic and family love.

"Oh, what's strange about me? I would like to hear from you." Stanford looked at her.

"I heard that you're always indifferent, but from what I see today, you're very enthusiastic. Could you possibly fall in love with me?" Amanda smiled. "For your information, I have a boyfriend."

Hearing that made Stanford very upset. He pouted and rumbled, "Please leave, Miss Flores. I'll look at the project plan."

Amanda stood up. "Then I'll leave first. If you have any suggestions, please contact me at any time and I'll revise it."

She turned and walked out.

Stanford only opened the folder she put on the table after she had left for a long while.

When he was viewing the last page, the telephone on the table rang.

He reached for it and put it near his ear.

"Mr. James, I've sent you an email. We found that this person had appeared in Aegis Security Services."

Stanford moved the cursor and clicked the new email open. A photo was attached in the email, and he knew that person. It was Abbott Baron.

It was never a secret who Abbott is.

His eyes narrowed. Why would Abbott appear in Aegis Security Services?

Soon he realized something.

His eyes fell onto the plan given by Amanda. The deadline was within a month, but she had done it in just a few days, and there was almost no flaw. Was it because her ability was superb or because it was planned beforehand?

He believed in the latter.

Abbott was Matthew's right-hand man, the person he trusted very much.

Now he had appeared in the Aegis Security Services building, the company he was about to acquire. And having thought about what had happened to Lindsay...

He soon figured out the relationship in between.

He was afraid that what happened to Lindsay had also something to do with Abbott. Otherwise, what Lindsay did before won't be exposed so suddenly.

And she was also doomed to death at one shot, without any room to turn the situation around.

He remembered the USB flash drive he received last time.

Everything seemed jumbled up, but was actually connected to each other.

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Abbott came back to avenge Amanda?

He was next after Lindsay?

Aegis Security Services was a trap?

He knew about Abbott. After all, he knew his identity well, but what about Simona?

'Who exactly is she?'

Was she really Amanda?

His heart suddenly raced. According to his conjecture, he was almost sure that Simona was Amanda.

There were too many similarities. Her mother's surname was Flores too.

Abbott's appearance now can better explain her identity.

She was still alive?

He held back his surging emotion and asked, "What else?"

"We saw him go in and stay for nearly an hour. As for what he said, I don't know. I can't get close," said the man.

That man was sent by Stanford to investigate the Aegis Security Services. He hadn't stopped investigating Aegis. After all, the capital involved in the acquisition case was too large.

"I see, you don't need to further investigate now." Now he can be sure that the acquisition was a trap.

He had sorted out everything. The only thing without proof was Simona's identity.

He stood up. He must find out!

He walked out of the building. Amanda had already left. He stood by the road, took out his mobile phone and dialed Simona's number.

The call was soon picked up.

"Hello?"

"Miss Flores, I have something to tell you about work. Please come to the company right away."

Amanda, sitting in the car, took a look at the time. It was almost six o'clock. She had a meeting with Abbott. It was the first formal meeting between Casimir and Abbott, there couldn't be any delay.

"Mr. James, I'll go to the company tomorrow morning..."

"No, I want to see you now." He added later, "There is a big problem in the business plan you gave me. I need you to give me a reasonable explanation!"

His attitude was very oppressive, and he hung up. _____ Chapter 926 Arrived

Amanda hesitated and then requested Gerben to turn around.

She thought about the meeting between Casimir and Abbott which would happen sooner or later. She could even arrange this. However, Stanford was linked to the progress of her revenge.

If he realized what was happening, then all her efforts would be wasted.

She saw Stanford standing by the roadside as soon as she arrived back at the J&Y Group. She had a bad feeling about it. The car stopped and she opened the car door.

"Mr. James..." She said as Stanford grabbed her wrist.

“What are you doing?” Amanda frowned and asked, “Mr. James, let me know what’s wrong with the plan and I’ll amend it.”

Stanford did not bother and continued to firmly pull her towards his car.

Gerben saw that something was not right and went down to stop Stanford, “Please release her.”

Amanda was struggling as well.

Stanford was sullen and said, “I have something to discuss with Ms. Flores. You’d better not interfere.”

“I’m Ms. Flores’ bodyguard. It’s my responsibility to interfere if you are mistreating her.” Gerben raised his fists.

“Ms. Flores, get him to stand down if you still want to work with me!” Stanford grabbed onto her wrist and did not look like he was about to release her. He turned around and looked at her, “I just want to look for somewhere private to speak to you. Why are you so defensive?”

Amanda retorted, “This is Mr. James’ company. Isn’t this suitable for us to talk?”

“Not here.” Stanford lowered his voice significantly. Now he was seventy per cent sure she was Amanda, otherwise, why would she be so reluctant to be seen at his workplace with him?

The weather was becoming gloomy. The two of them were at an impasse.

Stanford eventually released her and said, "Since Ms. Flores doesn't trust me, then we should end our business arrangement."

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"But we signed a contract. You will have a penalty for breaking the contract." Amanda said.

"Don't you think that I can afford that amount?"

Amanda was speechless. She knew that the penalty amount was insignificant to him.

"Okay, let's talk in private." She agreed to Stanford's demands.

"But..." Gerben wanted to stop them. It was clear that Stanford had something on his mind and he was worried that Stanford would act inappropriately towards Amanda.

Amanda interrupted him, "It's alright, you may leave. I'll speak to Mr. James about our business plan."

Then she said to Stanford, "Mr. James, let's go."

Stanford looked at her solemnly and walked towards his car. Amanda turned and said to the worried Gerben, "Go back."

Thereafter, she entered Stanford's car.

"Mr. James, I'm curious as to why you are so eager to speak to me privately."

Stanford looked at her via the rearview mirror and said, "You'll know very soon."

The traffic was heavy during the peak hours and it took them half an hour to leave the city limits. Then, it took them an hour to reach their destination. It was a pier in the western suburbs.

The water here was clear but they could not see it at night. There were only lights from the boats at a distance. There were several yachts berthed.

"Mr. James, why did you bring me here at this hour?" Amanda grasped her hands and started to feel nervous. They shared a lot of memories here.

The car stopped and Stanford got out of the car. He walked over to her and opened the door, "We've arrived. Please exit the car, Ms. Flores." _____

Chapter 927 Unable to Pretend Any Further

Amanda was stunned for a moment before forcing a smile, "Mr. James is truly someone who paid attention to details for you to find such a lovely place just to talk business."

Stanford remained silent as he continued to gesture her to exit the car. Amanda stepped out.

Stanford led the way and there was no one else at the pier. The water was calm except for some sounds of the waves splashing.

He stepped up a platform and then turned to offer his hand to Amanda and said, "It's uneven here. I'll hold onto you."

Amanda was familiar with this place and know that there would not be any dangers. However, she had to act that it was her first time here. She pretended to look curiously around and then rejected, "Thanks, Mr. James. I will be careful. My boyfriend is very possessive. He will get upset if he knew that I held another man's hand."

Each time when Stanford heard her mention her boyfriend, his stomach would churn. He did not insist and retracted his hand.

Once they stepped off the platform, Stanford opened the door to the cabin and entered the yacht. The interior was very luxurious.

"Please have a seat, Ms. Flores." Stanford walked toward the liquor cabinet.

Amanda looked at the familiar surroundings and felt her blood rushing to her head. She tried hard to calm herself down.

"Mr. James, is this your yacht?" She said as she sat on the sofa. She pretended that everything was normal and appeared curious.

Stanford poured a couple of glasses of Scotch and sat opposite Amanda. He placed a glass in front of her.

“This yacht isn’t mine. To be accurate, it’s my ex-wife’s.” Stanford said and observed her expression.

Amanda smiled, “Really? Then your ex-wife must be very fortunate.”

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

Stanford took a sip of the Scotch and looked around at the decoration. He pointed towards a painting and said, “I gave her this and that painting was mounted by her. She said that the interior was too cold and the painting would give it a warmer ambience. That’s why she mounted those paintings.”

“Mr. James, let’s get to the business proper. You mentioned that there is a large problem with my business proposal. Can you share with me what that is?” Amanda wanted to quickly discuss this and leave that place.

“Ms. Flores, don’t you know that no matter how carefully you plan, can you avoid the unforeseen from occurring?” Stanford’s statement had hidden messages.

Amanda seemed to notice something amiss but since the contract was signed, he did not appear to suspect anything and should not detect anything wrong.

Amanda asked, “Oh, then kindly elaborate.”

Stanford was disappointed to see her calm attitude. If she really was Amanda, then her calmness would mean that she had totally given up on him.

He then uncovered a picture frame which was covered with a cloth. It was their wedding photograph. In the photograph, Amanda was wearing a white wedding gown and he was wearing a black suit. They were both standing in front of the Eiffel Tower.

Amanda instantly clenched her fists when she saw that photograph. Although her action was very minute, Stanford still noticed it.

Yet again, he was a step closer to confirming the true identity of Amanda.

“She said that the Eiffel Tower is the most romantic location. We took our photograph there and our honeymoon...”

“Mr. James!” Amanda interrupted him and forced a smile, “I am here for work and not to listen to you and your ex-wife’s romantic stories. I am pressed for time. Can we focus on the key topic?”

Stanford was now smiling when he noticed that she could not pretend any further. ____ Chapter 928
Reward You with a Kiss

“Amy, do you know what I’m telling you these?” Stanford tested her.

Amanda was stunned and then snapped to her senses, “Sorry, you must be mistaken. I’m Amanda and not Amy.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, I mistook Ms. Flores as my ex-wife. You look so much like her.” Stanford did not hide and looked at her in detail and said, “I thought of her when I saw you.”

Amanda turned away and said, “Mr. James, you’ve had a little too much.”

He stood up and walked towards the window and stared into the darkness, "We had an open relationship. She loved me very much and gave herself to me over here..."

Amanda bit her lips to remain in control of herself and not rush to ask him why did he hurt her since he knew that she loved him. She managed to control herself.

"Mr. James, are you done?"

"She liked to hug me from behind and kiss my cheeks and remain in my embrace. She would tell me how much she loved me." Suddenly he turned around and said, "Would a woman stop loving a man she once loved deeply?"

Amanda tightly pursed her lips. She reason why she liked to hug him from behind was that she noticed that whenever he had something troubling him, he would stand alone and stare into the distance. She wanted to surprise him, give him warmth, comfort him. So each time she would creep up behind him and hug him tightly and ask him coyly, "Guess who?"

However, each time he would not play along and expose her. She would not mind and said, "Congratulations, I'll give you a kiss as a reward for guessing correctly."

She knew that Stanford was not doted upon by his parents. That was why she kept telling him how much she loved him to show him that there was someone who loved him even if his parents do not.

Perhaps it was Stanford who kept it from her, she did not know that his mother was a stepmother.

At that time, she endeavoured to give him a warm family and let him feel what it was like to have a happy and loving family. In the end, it was he who destroyed all the opportunities.

“If Mr. James did not disappoint her, then she should be happy wherever she was. However, if Mr. James betrayed her, then she would definitely be cursing you to hell.”

Stanford grabbed his glass tightly and then asked, “Would she really curse me to hell?”

Amanda laughed, “You seem to love her very much so you must not have hurt her. That meant that she wouldn’t hate you.”

She seemed to have touched a nerve and caused Stanford’s expression to change for the worse.

He did hurt her very deeply. Did she hate him?

Amanda looked at the time and said, “Mr. James, it’s getting late. Shall we continue with our business discussion?”

Stanford held onto the glass tightly and said, “Ms. Flores, I’m not satisfied with your business plan.”

Amanda stood up and asked, “Please elaborate, Mr. James.”

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“The first quotation was too high.” Stanford picked an excuse. The business plan was close to perfect however, that was by itself abnormal. He simply picked a problem with the plan so that he could spend more time with her.

“Mr. James, please don’t make me doubt your professionalism. The first quotation was already the cheapest. Now you’re telling me that it’s too high?”

“You may doubt me and similarly I can suspect you.” His words were loaded.

“What do you suspect me of?” Amanda was unsettled. She kept feeling that he had a motive but could not figure what it was.

Stanford walked towards her which caused Amanda to take a couple of steps backwards to maintain their distance. He caught her wrist and she was firmly pulled towards him.

“Ah!” Amanda fell into his embrace and she yelled, “What the hell are you doing?”

Stanford grinned, “I can approve your business plan but I have a condition.”

“What condition?”

Stanford looked at her and softly said, “Be my girlfriend.”

Amanda clenched her fists when she thought about how heartless this man was. She had just ‘died’ for a year and he always had Lindsay by his side. Now that Lindsay was imprisoned, he was so quick to find another woman?

“I already have a boyfriend. I request Mr. James to respect my privacy.” She struggled but the more she struggled, the more Stanford he held onto her waist and embraced her.

“Release me!” Amanda yelled.

Stanford held tightly onto her and did not release his grip regardless of how she struggled, “Ms. Flores, why are you so agitated. Do you want something to occur between us?”

Amanda was speechless.

“You, you scoundrel! My boyfriend would beat you up when he finds out about this!”

“Oh? Does he really love you that much?”

“Yes! He does!”

“Then do you love him?” Stanford whispered into her ear and intentionally let his warm breath caress her skin. He knew that that area was her erotic zone. Each time he did that in the past she would blush and become turned on.

Even when they were together every day as husband and wife, she would still be aroused by that action.

“Hmm... so you are a cradle snatcher. As far as I know, aren't you much older than your boyfriend?”

“What has love got to do with age?” Amanda snapped back and became very insistent, “Mr. James, I will sue you for harassment if you don't release me!”

Stanford laughed and said softly, “You look so much like her when you're agitated.”

Amanda retorted, “Mr. James, you act like a gentleman but you are nothing but a scoundrel!”

Stanford placed his lips even closer to her ears and gently touched her ear. Amanda glared her eyes wide open and goosebumps broke out all over her.

He gently said suggestively, "Ms. Flores, there are always sacrifices when you want to attain your objectives. If you're willing to become my girlfriend, then I'll give you anything you want on a silver platter."

Amanda rejected immediately, "I will never betray my boyfriend!"

"I don't believe!" He then released Amanda. He was certain that she would look for him on her own.

Amanda glared at him angrily, "Despicable!"

"I won't deny if you think of me that way." Stanford sat on the sofa and poured a glass of Scotch.

He took a sip, placed the glass down, and said, "I look forward to Ms. Flores' new business proposal."

Amanda clenched her fists and said coldly, "I will have something that will satisfy you!"

After that, she exited the cabin and stepped down from the platform, and saw Gerben standing below the street lamp and leaning against it while waiting for her.

"Didn't I ask you to leave? Why are you still here?" Amanda frowned.

"It's my responsibility to protect you. I can't leave even if you dismissed me. Come, I'll take you back to

the hotel." Gerben unlocked the car with his key fob and walked towards the car to open the door.

Amanda entered the car and suddenly realized that she was supposed to arrange for a meeting between Abbott and Casimir. She asked, "What time is it?"

"Nine o'clock," Gerben answered as he started the car. He almost went to look for Amanda if she still had not exited the yacht.

"Nine?!" Amanda quickly took out her cellphone. She had agreed to invite Abbott for dinner. Now, Casimir must be upset with her.

"Are you calling Mr. Baron?" Gerben looked at her via the rearview mirror, "if so, then I'll inform you that Mr. Baron had left. He tried to call you but couldn't reach you so he wanted me to tell you."

"What? Left?" She removed her cellphone and noticed that it could not be turned on perhaps the battery was flat. No wonder she did not receive a call from Casimir.

She had agreed to let Casimir meet Abbott but stood them up. Now Abbott must be very upset that he could not contact Amanda. Amanda then told Gerben Casimir's address. She had to go to see Casimir now.

When they arrived, they could not find him at his home. Furthermore, the company had closed for the day and there were no other workers there except for the security guards.

"Why don't you explain to him tomorrow?" Gerben said.

There was nothing more that Amanda could do other than to return to the hotel, charge up her phone, and then give him a call.

Once the car arrived at the hotel, she exited the car and saw Casimir looking gloomy as he sat next to the fountain. She quickly walked over.

“Casimir.”

Casimir raised his head and stood up in surprise. Then his joy turned into anger, “Amanda, what’s the meaning of this? You agreed to set up a meeting with Abbott. I started to prepare myself this afternoon, worrying about what to wear and what I should speak to him about. I was very nervous and worried but I still had to meet him to say something. When it drew nearer to the evening, I tried in vain to contact you. You can let me know if you don’t want me to meet him. Why do you lie to me repeatedly?”

He failed to contact her no matter how he tried. He was worried sick about whether she had met with some danger. Now that he saw that she was safe, he was upset that she did not take him seriously. She knew that person but did not tell him. However, he understood when she explained to him.

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But what about now? Did she take his issue seriously?

“I truly regard you as a friend but you repeatedly lie to me.”

“I’m sorry, I did not do it on purpose. Something came up which distracted me.” This was caused by her, “Casimir, I’m really sorry.”

Since she had apologized, Casimir could not continue to blame her, but he remained upset with the matter. He just felt that she did not place any importance on him.

"I'll let you have a chance to redeem yourself. I want to meet him tomorrow afternoon."

"Casimir..." Amanda was really apologetic and said, "He had left. You definitely won't be able to see him tomorrow..."

"Amanda!" Now Casimir was really upset, "Are you taking me as a fool?"

"No, no." Amanda held onto his hand and explained, "I did not do it on purpose. Stanford made things difficult for me which caused my delay."

Casimir looked at her and asked, "What did Stanford do?"

"He picked problems with the business plan," Amanda replied.

Casimir frowned, "Isn't that business plan close to perfect?" He knew about the importance of the plan and knew that Amanda was setting Stanford up.

"Did he suspect anything?" Casimir asked.

Amanda could not tell and what happened that night was unusual but she was unable to put a finger on it.

She shook her head, "I don't know what's going on with him."

"He's devious and who knows that he is scheming now." Casimir understood Stanford. The industry commented that Stanford was sinister and vicious. He could rise to this position all due to his abilities.

"Let's go up." Amanda was very unsettled by what happened tonight. Casimir followed her up.

Once in the room, Amanda sat on the sofa and felt very depressed and frustrated. Everything would be lost if Stanford realized that it was a trap.

She did not want to depend on her parents but everything she did failed.

Casimir was upset with her but now started to comfort her, "He would have stopped any cooperation with you if he had detected anything. He would not pick problems with your plan. Perhaps there were some details that we missed. We'll start over again."

Amanda rested her head on Casimir's shoulder and said, "Casimir, do you know how much I hate him?"

Casimir's body stiffened up and then turned to look at her. He could feel her aura at that close distance. He wanted to place his arm around her shoulder but after a while, he decided not to.

"I will help you. Just let me know whatever you need from me."

"Why are you so nice to me. I never helped you at all." Amanda looked at him and continued, "Casimir, I will definitely arrange for you to meet Abbott."

"Sigh." Casimir sighed, "Forget it. Perhaps it's not time yet. I don't blame you. Also..."

He looked down and then controlled his mood, "We are friends, of course, I will be nice to you."Chapter
930 No Signs of Weathering

Amanda sighed, "You are already entangled in so much and yet have to worry about me." She then looked at him and asked, "Could it be that you like me?" She joked to try to ease the tension.

Casimir tried to avoid her look and then chuckled, "I like someone younger than me."

Amanda was speechless.

She pretended to be angry and said, "Then don't walk together with me, otherwise others would think that I'm your aunt."

Casimir laughed and asked, "Did I touch a nerve?"

"Would you be happy if I said that you look like an uncle?" Amanda asked in return.

"I do look like an uncle but could you resist my charming good looks?"

Amanda was speechless again.

"Narcissist." Amanda scoffed.

Casimir smiled and turned her head around to look at himself, "Tell me, am I handsome?"

Amanda slapped away his hand and scolded, "Do not touch!"

Casimir was speechless.

“It’s getting late, you should go home now.” Amanda stood up and wanted to be alone.

Casimir looked at her and said, “Okay, I’ll leave first. Call me anytime you need something.”

“Okay,” Amanda replied.

After Casimir left, Amanda laid on the bed without washing up. She tossed and turned for a long time and still could not fall asleep. She got out of bed to revise the business proposal. She had worked on this proposal since her return and it was near perfect after multiple corrections. The only way to revise it was to revisit the original ideas and start all over again.

Time passed quickly when she was engrossed with the work. The day was almost breaking and she did not sleep for the entire night. In the end, she was so tired that she slumped onto the table and fell asleep.

Her cellphone rang when it was close to midday. She woke up and tried to reach for her cellphone in a daze. It was a message sent by Joshua which contained a picture.

She looked at the person in the picture which instantly snapped her to her senses. She rubbed her eyes to look carefully.

In the picture were four people who sat at a table. It included Joshua, Bonnie and her parents. In the picture, Dolores wore a traditional Thailand gown. She did not like to make up since she was young but yet her complexion remained fair and without blemish. She had not changed other than some slight wrinkles at the corner of her eyes. The eyes spoke volumes of her past but her face did not show any signs of wear all thanks to Matthew taking good care of her.

When Amanda was ten years old, Dolores had an unplanned pregnancy. She had complications when she gave birth to Joshua which resulted in the doctor telling her that she could not bear any more kids.

As a result, Matthew tried to prevent her from getting pregnant to avoid her getting hurt but once again, she became pregnant.

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Women are emotional and could not give up the pregnancy knowing that the fetus was healthy.

However, Matthew was insistent and brought her to the hospital. Before the abortion, she cried and asked Matthew, "Doesn't it affect you to abandon on your flesh and blood?"

She as a mother would feel sad and Matthew was the father and had to sign to approve the procedure to end his child's life. How could he not be sad about it?

He felt equally bad but he could not risk Dolores' life. The risks were too great.

Matthew persisted even upon Dolores' pleas. In the end, Dolores insisted that Matthew stood beside her to witness the entire procedure.

Dolores laid on the operating table and then told him, "I probably will never forgive you for this." After saying this, she closed her eyes and refused to look at him.

After this event, Dolores kept feeling guilty for killing her own child and was never the same again.

Joshua went to C city when Amanda and Andrew reached adulthood. Thereafter Matthew brought

Dolores to Thailand. Thailand was in the tropics and its average temperature was between 24 to 30 degrees Celsius. The lowest temperature would not go below 18 degrees Celsius.

Matthew bought a house in Chiang Mai and was ready to stay there permanently. The weather at Chiang Mai was great and the temperature was mild. It was very suitable for Dolores' health. She had gone through miscarriage and childbirth and did not recover fully from it. Matthew had planned to do this long ago but did not due to the tender age of the kids. They went there when the children grew up.

They seldom come back.

Amanda thought about that place when she saw the picture. The house had traditional Thai architecture with a red and white pavilion in the centre. The sides had large glass panel windows with a wooden frame. The surroundings were specially landscaped and maintained by gardeners. The garden was beautiful and excellent for recuperation and relaxation.

She began to miss that place. She placed down the phone and went to the bathroom to shower.

She relaxed considerably after the hot shower. She realized that she was hungry and was about to go to the restaurant for a bite when Gerben came.

Gerben told her that Lindsay was sentenced to life imprisonment due to manslaughter.

Amanda hardly reacted to the news as these were all committed willingly by Lindsay.

"Have you eaten?" Amanda asked.

"Are you asking about breakfast or lunch?" Gerben asked. It was too late for breakfast and too early for lunch.

"Lunch of course." Amanda pressed the elevator to go down.

Gerben then replied, "I'll join you."

"Oh, have you seen the news today?" Gerben asked.

Amanda turned to look at him wondering what could be more interesting than Lindsay's sentence. ____Chapter 931 Intimate Photo

Gerben knew that she hadn't read today's news as he took a look at her expression. He took out his phone, searched a piece of news and handed his phone to her, "Look at it."

Amanda could see the photo shown on the screen before she took the phone, in which Stanford opened the door for her at the pier. At that time, the car was parked under the streetlights. The photo was taken clearly, and another picture showed them entering the yacht together.

It also came with a headline, 'Boss of J&Y Group met beautiful woman on yacht and spent the night together'.

Stanford had a new relationship a year after the death of his ex-wife and spent the night inside a yacht at the dock with a mysterious beauty.

The reason why it was called a mysterious beauty was that the origin of this woman couldn't be found out and she suddenly appeared on Stanford's bed ...

The news was written in an extremely eye-catching way.

Amanda frowned as those unscrupulous media took her out of context. They just wrote that she went in but didn't go out and straight away said that she had spent the night in the yacht. It was nonsense.

Gerben took his phone back and found another news, which George James was making trouble at J&Y Group, "Your scandal with Stanford has heated up and received more attention than the previous news."

After saying that, he commented directly, "The public nowadays like to watch the feuds of gentry and even prefer to see the interesting love lives of those famous figures."

This comment seemed to remind Amanda. She looked up at him, "Was he doing this on purpose?"

Gerben froze for a moment as he didn't get what she meant. He just understood after a while, "You mean he deliberately used the news with you to suppress the news about him and George?"

Amanda said, "It isn't the first time I've met with him. How come it's such a coincidence this time? It's even at the remote dock and the photos were taken so clearly. Whenever how I think about it, it seems like premeditation."

Stanford had made excuses to talk to her about work and had even demanded to meet privately in a forceful manner.

If they had been at J&Y Group back then, this news wouldn't appear.

"There's nothing he won't do." She snorted coldly and her eyes were filled with coldness. This ruthless man was still good at playing tricks.

She clenched her hands hard.

“Do we need to clarify?” he asked.

“It’s useless to clarify, unless ...”

At this moment, she saw Casimir Bailey who was standing at the door of lift when it opened.

“Why are you here?” she was surprised at his appearance.

After all, they just met last night.

“Is it because of the news?” she asked as she walked down.

Casimir huffed, “Why is Stanford so shameless? When had you spent the night with him?”

The news was written vividly with photos. If he didn’t know that Amanda had spent the night in a hotel when she returned last night, he would have taken it seriously.

Amanda looked at him, “You also think that he was on purpose about the matter last night, right?”

“Of course,” He said affirmatively. If there wasn’t news of Stanford and George at first, he might not have thought so when the news of Amanda and Stanford broke suddenly.

However, the truth was that the first news had heated up initially as the public loved to concern about the feud between gentry, yet the news that broke immediately afterwards directly suppressed the previous one.

The intention was really obvious.

“I’ll clarify,” She said.

“How?” he asked.

She walked towards the restaurant and said, “I stayed in hotel and there are surveillance cameras all over the place. There must be footage when I came back yesterday. Later on, go to the hotel and ask for a screenshot, let Gerben ask several media to post it online, then I can proof it.”

At this time, they walked to the restaurant. It was quite empty, so she casually found a seat and sat down. The waiter came over.

She took the menu, flipped through it, looked up at Casimir and asked, “Have you eaten yet? Do you want to eat some?”

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“No.”

Amanda said, “Okay.” She averted her eyes and looked at Gerben, “What about you? What do you want to eat?”

“You order whatever you want. I’m not picky on food,” He answered.

“Um.” She replied, then ordered a few dishes that were enough for two people to eat, closed the menu and said, “These will do.”

“Yes,” The waiter replied.

Soon their meal was served. Casimir had a lot of things to say, but he tried his best to hold back as he saw Amanda eating.

After finished eating, Gerben stood up and said, “I’ll go and find the manager of hotel and try to settle the matter.”

She hadn’t finished eating yet and was chewing food. She said without haste, “Actually there’s no use to clarify it since the news has heated up and suppressed that news against Stanford. It will probably only make the news more popular if clarifying it now.”

“Yes, yes, yes. Clarification would only be palliative,” He said.

She took a sip of water and asked, “You’ve an opinion?”

He smirked, then got closer and said, “If you got married to another man at this juncture, would this news be self-defeating?”

She almost sprayed him with water, “What kind of lame idea is this? I’m getting married to a man just because of a made-up story? Am I crazy or are you talking nonsense?”

He smiled, “Actually, I think this is a very good idea ...”

"It's ridiculous," She interrupted him.

Gerben who stood by had no idea if they should clarify it, he asked, "Do I still need to ask the hotel for a screenshot to clarify today's news?"

"Go! Of course!" Before Amanda could reply, Casimir quickly answered.

As he saw the news, he came over in a hurry to look for Amanda so that Stanford wouldn't take advantage.

Gerben didn't listen to him and his eyes were still focusing on Amanda.

Casimir looked at Gerben and Amanda alternately, "You wouldn't be unwilling, right?"

"I ..."

"Do you still love that scum who harmed you?" Before she could explain, Casimir interrupted her again.

Amanda felt that she should be the one who cared about this news. How come Casimir cared more than her?

"I'll take your word for it." She went along with him.

"Then add one more piece of news, announce that I'm your boyfriend."

He took out his phone and got closer to her. She was confused, so she moved backwards. However, he put her arms around her shoulders, put his cheek next with hers and took an intimate photo.

After taking the photo, he looked at it again and felt satisfied as they looked intimate, "In the meantime you clarify, you have to state that you have a boyfriend right now."

Amanda looked at him, "Boyfriend? You?"

"Yeah, so I'm your boyfriend."

"Is that fake?"

"Yes, but we have to make Stanford believe that it's real." He took his phone and asked Gerben for his number, "What's your number? I'll send you the photo."

At this moment...

In the CEO's office of J&Y Group...Chapter 932 Exactly as the Same as Before

Stanford was browsing today's news. Amanda had really misunderstood this matter as it wasn't him who did it on purpose. He just didn't stop it when he noticed someone filming secretly.

Thus, this news was being published today.

After all, media nowadays didn't write the news according to veracity, they just wrote in the way that could win people's attraction.

He put down his phone and thought, 'What would be Amanda's expression when she saw it?'

He couldn't help but smiled as some anticipation arose suddenly. But soon, his expression changed.

It was because he received a message from Atwood Barret, informing him that his previous home with Amanda had been cleaned up and he could move in any time.

He felt overwhelmed suddenly as he had to face everything that had happened there when he returned.

Those memories that he had deliberately neglected, were still clear in his mind, however.

And those tenderness and warmth she gave.

Since he realized Simona might be Amanda, he began to try to confront everything that had happened in the past, including the feelings that he hadn't discovered before and had hidden deep inside his heart.

He wanted to face his true self.

He had already missed her once. If God gave him another chance, he would grab it.

He picked up his coat, stood up and walked out of the office.

It was a beautiful sunny day. This reminded him of the brilliant woman in his life.

He drove to the villa and Atwood was still there.

In just a day's time, the place was completely different from before.

The lawn in front of the villa was manicured. It was all cleaned up as there were no fallen leaves.

Atwood walked over, "I watched them clean the house inside just now."

Everything inside was unchanged and every item that had been wiped was placed in its original position.

Stanford nodded, "You can go back."

He nodded.

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25 Celebrities You Never Knew Had Addiction Issues

Stanford stood at the door. The place almost returned to its original appearance when she was there. The open lintel and clean courtyard were seen. He adjusted his mood and stepped in.

The house was the same as when she had left, even the teacups were in their original position.

Here was the place he didn't dare to face this past year.

He had spent a total of three years here with her.

Within these thousand days and nights, there were too many unforgettable memories.

He walked over to the sofa and his mind was like the movie screen, showing her desperate face when he proposed the divorce.

His hands clenched tightly, and his heart ached. He just felt her pain and helplessness back then at this moment.

She had trusted him so much and had given him everything trustfully.

Yet he ...

He breathed repeatedly to make himself stay conscious. He pulled the drawer as the divorce papers she had signed back then was put in it.

He closed the drawer quickly as he was unwilling to touch the memories that hurt her so much.

If some things could be forgotten, it would be great. He thought, 'There would be no regret and heartache at this moment if he had forgotten it.'

Suddenly, he remembered that there were surveillance cameras in the house and the screenshot of the flash drive he received last time was obviously taken by his house's surveillance cameras.

Could it be that someone had come to his house?

He walked towards the study room.

He opened the door and immediately saw everything in the room. The window was open, and the breeze was blowing.

Perhaps it had been too long since anyone had stayed in the house, it seemed somewhat lonely and silent.

He walked towards the desk and sat down in the chair. Everything on the desk was exactly the same as before. Then he switched on the computer.

Soon the computer booted up and he moved the mouse. _Chapter 933 Extremely Heartbroken

Stanford clicked on the surveillance device to check if it had been used by someone. He thought for a moment and checked the surveillance footage of the day when he proposed divorce and also the day when something happened with Amanda. He adjusted the time and clicked to view it. However, the video on that day was gone.

Obviously it had been removed by someone.

He thought, 'The person who gave me the flash drive should have done it.' He should have thought that her parents shouldn't have been so calm. If she had really died, he wouldn't have survived until now.

There was no evidence at all, and it was based on his speculation. He was sure that Simona and Amanda were the same person.

The more certain he was, the more he felt scared.

He was afraid of how he was going to face it when the truth came out.

As he thought that she would never love him truly, he was extremely heartbroken.

He moved his mouse to turn off the device, but accidentally clicked on the browsing history. There was a record which someone had watched what he had just viewed a short time ago.

Who was the person?

Suddenly he squinted. Had someone been here?

Since the house had been cleaned, there was no traces at all.

He looked up the time on the browsing history and soon he saw the person who walked in through the surveillance camera.

His hands shivered when he saw the woman's face clearly.

It was her! It was really her!

She ...wasn't dead, she was back.

He was stunned as he stared at the video screen which she opened the door and entered the house.

She remembered the password and knew everything in the house.

Her gaze ...

His hands that placed on the table clenched tightly.

He couldn't suppress the indescribable emotions in his heart.

Squeak.

In the video, she was pushing the door open. Her every move and even a light sound could be heard clearly because it was too quiet.

He could see that she was also checking what happened that day through the surveillance device. Soon she found out that only the footage which she was being taken away was missing.

As she wanted to leave, she accidentally dropped a book.

That book was something Stanford was familiar with.

He watched every change in her expression when she saw the pictures in the book. At first, she looked surprised and instantly her expression changed as she understood his hatred towards her.

At this moment, she was extremely sad.

She fell into the chair and muttered to herself, but every word was clearly heard by Stanford.

“Stanford, you’ve deceived me so much. Why I’m so stupid to trust you and even want to have a child with you?”

She couldn’t hold back the tears. The tears rolled down slowly, “I’ve lived with you for three years. Don’t you know about me? Do you know Boyce and I almost died in that car accident too? How can you think that we’ve harmed your mother?”

She placed her hand over her heart and was unable to calm down herself. She felt hurt as he didn’t understand her at all and even imagined her to be a vicious person. Her pain, her remorse, and every word she said replayed in front of Stanford.

Once it was Amanda sitting here and crying desperately.

INTERESTING FOR YOU

Adskeeper
He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

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But now, it was his turn.

He just sat in front of desk motionless and watched the video over and over again.

After a long while...

He took his phone to call Atwood and asked him to look into the car accident that happened last time.

He must find out what was going on in the car accident that year.

What exactly caused that car accident?

On the other end, Atwood was surprised as why he wanted to investigate something which had occurred so long ago. After all, the car accident was caused by the Nelson family.

His mother had also died in that car accident.

What was the point to investigate it?

“Investigate all the ins and outs clearly. You don’t need to worry about the company’s affairs during this period, just investigate this matter.”

He replied, “Okay.”

Even though he was curious, he didn’t ask.

After hanging up the phone, he put down his phone, stood up and walked towards the window.

From dawn to dusk...

He had no idea how long the time had gone as he forgot it totally.

The vast night sky was full of stars.

He stared out of the window alone. As meteor streaked across the night sky, he reached out his hand and wanted to catch the falling stars with the look of her bright smile engraved in his mind.

But how can one keep a falling star?

Tears blurred his vision, and she would never smile at him.

Stanford stayed at the villa for two days and two nights without seeing anyone and attending to the business affairs.

Until the third day, he appeared at the office.

It was still the same indifferent look.

No one knew how he had spent the past two days and what he had experienced.

The car stopped in front of the office.

He pushed the door open and got out of the car. He looked fine with his black suit and cleaned face.

He was about to walk towards the building when another car came from the parking space next to him. Casimir lowered the window and smiled at him when he saw Stanford, "Mr. James."

The clarification of the news had done and had come to rest.

Thus, he was in a good mood.

The way he looked at Stanford was somewhat smug.

On the contrary, Stanford looked indifferent. He ignored his words, but his gaze fell on the woman who pushed the door open and came down behind him.

His hands started to clench tightly. Chapter 934 I'll Decide

Amanda had the document in her hand and greeted him with a smile, "Mr. James."

He nodded slightly.

She walked from the back of the car, looked at Casimir and said, "You go back first, I'll take a taxi back after I finish talking with Mr. James."

"I'm worried as there is no one around you. I'll wait for you downstairs; otherwise you may be on the news again." He alluded to something.

Stanford seemed not to have heard it, turned around and walked towards the building. Even though he looked unconcerned, his hands were clenching tightly, and his face looked fierce. This constantly showed that he wasn't as calm as he looked.

She glanced at Casimir.

Casimir wasn't afraid of making trouble, he looked at Stanford's back and said, "If Mr. James is still a man, don't embarrass her. I think Mr. James can't even find the loopholes in the project, it's really not a gentleman's act to do so on purpose."

Initially Stanford didn't want to quarrel with him, but at this moment, he resented his smug look. He paused and turned around to look at him, "I just want to do so. What can you do to me?"

He was speechless.

He pushed the door open and wanted to get out of car. She hurriedly pressed against the door and warned in a low voice, "Don't spoil my matter, okay?"

His eyes twitched slightly, and he said angrily, "Is this kind of person considered a man?"

"You're not marrying him. Why you care whether if he is a man? Be honest and don't spoil my matter."

After saying that, she glanced at him with warning, then quickly caught up with Stanford and explained, "Mr. James, don't mind about it. He was angry about the news a few days ago."

He didn't say anything and went into the lift in silence.

Amanda followed him and asked, "Is Mr. James angry?"

"Um," He turned his head to look at her and said, "But I'm not angry with him. No one can make me

upset. I'm just angry at myself."

It seemed to have another meaning in his words, but she didn't understand. She just smiled and said, "I've redid the project plan."

He asked, "Do you care about this collaboration?"

She replied, "Of course, it's not I want as it's supposed to be a win-win partnership."

"Is that so?" he smiled, "Are you sure that I can still win after I sign the contract?"

Amanda was nervous as he seemed to sense something.

She calmed down herself and said with smile, "Of course it's both of our interests since we work together."

He lowered his eyes and hid all his thoughts.

Soon the lift stopped, he stepped down while Amanda followed him closely and asked, "Is Mr. James not satisfied with the business case I've done, or do you have any other comments?"

He said, "I don't have any objection, I'm happy to ..."

Suddenly he stopped, looked at her and said word by word, "I'm happy to work with Ms. Flores."

Amanda let out a sigh of relief; she thought he wasn't willing to work with her because he had found out something.

She smiled, "I'm also happy to work with Mr. James."

He smiled, yet there was a hidden disappointment.

Cooperation meant that he would fall into the trap she had set for him and might lose everything.

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A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

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When he reached the office, he opened the door.

Amanda sat on the chair in front of the desk, put the document on the table and moved it towards him, "Take a look at it, Mr. James. If there is anything unsuitable, I can still change it."

He didn't look at it and said, "I believe in Ms. Flores's capability."

He took out a pen from the pen holder, opened the document in front of him and signed his name.

Amanda was a bit shocked as he was so straightforward this time as he had been deliberately embarrassed her before.

She couldn't understand what he meant.

"Does Mr. James trust or distrust me?" Obviously he was distrustful back then, yet he seemed determined and he trusted her so much this time.

“Of course I trust you.” He moved the signed document towards her, “Let’s follow Ms. Flores’s project plan.”

Both of them looked at each other. Although they looked calm, they both had their own thoughts in mind. She smiled and said, “Alright, I won’t disappoint Mr. James.”

She even pronounced the word ‘disappoint’ in a heavy tone.

He raised his hand and glanced at his watch, “It’ll soon be noon. Now that we’ve made collaboration, how about I treat Ms. Flores a dinner as a celebration?”

Without waiting for her to speak, he said again, “By the way, I apologize to you for the news a few days ago.”

After that, he stood up and didn’t give her any time to make decision at all, “Let’s go.”

Amanda was speechless.

She looked at the signed document, then blandly accepted his invitation, “That’s fine.”

Two of them left the company together.

Stanford drove the car.

They didn’t go to restaurant as he brought her to the supermarket.

“Mr. James ...”

“To be sincere, I think it should be what I cook personally.”

He parked the car and got down to open the door for her, “Please come down, Ms. Flores.”

Since she had promised him, she couldn't refuse and could only get out of the car.

They entered the supermarket. He didn't ask her what she liked to eat as he knew all about her preferences and predilections.

At first, she didn't think much of it, but she felt somewhat flustered when he bought all the things she liked afterwards. She had no idea what he meant.

“Mr. James, you haven't asked me what I liked to eat since you invited me for dinner.”

“I know what Miss Lin likes.” He took another pack of snacks and put them into the trolley.

She started to become a little unsettled, “How does Mr. James know my preferences?”

“As I said, you're very much alike with my ex-wife, so I think your preferences should be similar. If Ms. Flores doesn't like it, there is no other choice. I'll decide what to eat since I'm the one who treat you.” He pushed the trolley, “Let's go to check out.”

Amanda was speechless._Chapter 935 Daughter-in-law Whom She Had Chosen Personally

He was overbearing and made her speechless. She followed him and queued behind the checkout counter in silence.

“I used to do the same with my ex-wife. I pushed the trolley and she stood beside me.”

She had a good family background, so she didn't really need to do such things. However, she always liked to come with him and said that she wanted to live simply like ordinary people, then held his arms and said, “Simple happiness is the true happiness.”

At that time, he didn't understand what that meant at all. Now he just realized that she really loved him truly.

But he didn't cherish her.

The only thing in his mind was his mother who had passed away.

“I'm not interested in Mr. James's relationship.” She looked ahead calmly and didn't dodge on purpose.

Probably it was because she didn't care anymore, so she wasn't afraid. The reason she felt nervous about what he said before was because she was afraid that he would know her identity.

She realized that mentioning his ex-wife was his norm.

Perhaps he would only feel her love when she was dead.

Soon it was their turn, he pushed the trolley to put those things one by one at the checkout counter.

After a short while, the cashier scanned through all the items.

They walked out after he had made the payment.

When they reached the car, he put the things into the trunk and then got in the car and left.

After the car drove for a while, Amanda noticed that he was driving in the direction ...towards villa. She asked, "Mr. James, where are we going?"

"My home," He said without looking away.

Home?

Amanda wondered seriously if he knew something. As far as she knew, the villa had been 'deserted'.

As she was thinking, they had already reached the destination. Even if they just reached the door, she noticed that the place had been tidied up and it looked completely different from when she had come before.

This ...

She calmed down herself and pretended to be relaxed, "Mr. James, is this your home?"

"Yes." After answering her, he pushed the door open to get out of the car. Then he opened the trunk to take out those things and carried in his hands, saying, "Let's go."

Amanda followed him.

Along the way she pretended to be here for the first time, she toured for a while and said, "This villa is nice, but the decoration isn't so good."

Almost everything here was arranged by her as she had put in her entire effort.

At that time, she wanted their home to be simple and cozy but not flashy.

As it turned out, the home she had decorated was 'flashy', and people said that they were a perfect match.

However, it was all superficial. He had never loved her and made it as his home. Others thought they were happy, yet it was a trap for his revenge.

She just fell into this trap without knowing it and foolishly thought it was love.

Heh...

So ridiculous...

Stanford looked at her and smiled, "I thought you would like here."

"How could it be possible? It's not my home anyway."

"Maybe it is," He whispered.

Amanda didn't hear him clearly and asked, "Mr. James, what did you say?"

He replied, "I said, Ms. Flores doesn't need to be so polite when you come to my house. Treat this place as your own."

She deliberately drew the line and said, "Home is a shelter and a mother's embrace. There is neither shelter nor mother's embrace. How can it be my home, I don't dare to do so."

He stared at her deeply and didn't respond, but simply said, "Ms. Flores can visit as you please."

After saying that, he carried the things to the kitchen.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

She stood in the living room. The place was still exactly the same as before and nothing had changed. The only thing that changed was them.

She no longer had the same state of mind as that time.

She didn't move anything in the house, she just sat on the sofa quietly, took out her phone and sent a message to Joshua: Are you back?

Probably he was playing phone at this moment as he replied almost in seconds: No.

An image was sent immediately afterwards.

It was a beautiful sunny day there, the trees in the image were green and leafy, the flowers were beautiful, and they seemed to in the pavilion in front of the wooden building.

The white gauze curtain of the pavilion swayed gently with the wind and there was a square table on the carpet with the flowers used to make the garlands.

Dolores was teaching Bonnie the way to make garlands.

She had lived there for a long time, so she had learnt many traditional skills and got used to the life and folklore there.

She enjoyed the peace and quietness.

He texted: Mum is teaching her future daughter-in-law to make a garland.

As she looked at the photo and his message, she smiled and replied: It seems that mum is very satisfied with this daughter-in-law.

There was a moment of silence over there. Then he replied: Would she be dissatisfied with the daughter-in-law whom she had chosen personally?

Amanda quickly replied: I remember it was Jasmine who booked you first.

He replied: ...

Then he texted: Why do you make me sound like a commodity?

She replied: Haha. Then she sent a big laughing emoji and texted: Yes, you are.

He replied: ...

Then he texted: Where are you now? How come you have time to chat with me?

She paused for a moment and replied: I miss you, okay?

A super surprised emoji was sent by Joshua.

He replied: You've found your conscience?

Amanda replied: ...

This seemed to show that she had no conscience.

Joshua replied: I thought you only want to get back at Stanford and totally forget your family.

Amanda lost her mood as the word 'Stanford' was enough to make her unhappy.

She immediately replied: Don't mention him. There is no more of this man in our world.

Joshua texted: Dad is here, I've got to go. This was the last message he sent.

She stared at the screen for a long time as she missed them too.

In the kitchen, Stanford caught a glimpse and saw Amanda sitting on the sofa and looking at her phone in a daze.

He put down the things in his hands and walked over, "If Ms. Flores is bored, you can go and sit in the study room. There are quite a few books and there might be something you like."

In fact, there were a lot of books she liked.

As she heard his voice, she instantly hid her emotions and looked up at him with a smile, "You're welcome, Mr. James. I don't like to touch the things in others' home."

"We're partners. Ms. Flores doesn't need to treat yourself as an outsider." His eyes moved slightly, "Since we're partners, we have common interests, and we are family. What does Ms. Flores think?"

She replied blandly, "Work and life are different; these two aspects won't mix together."

She quickly changed the subject, "What Mr. James said is true. I only represent RM Group. If talking about family, it would be J&Y Group and RM Group."

He smiled, "You're distancing yourself from me, making me mistake you for my ex-wife who was being angry with me." _____ Chapter 936 You're Afraid of Me

Amanda frowned angrily, "Mr. James, what do you mean for always associating me with a dead person? Are you cursing me to death?"

"She's not dead." Stanford looked deeply at her.

Amanda's heart tightened, and her voice trembled, "Your wife isn't dead?"

“Yes. She will always be in my heart, living in this world.” After saying that, Stanford once again turned around and entered the kitchen.

Amanda looked at his back and became more and more uneasy.

His attitude always made her feel as if he knew something.

But, what was it that had leaked out?

The study.

Suddenly her mind thought of this place. She had been there before. She was shocked and sad for a long time after she knew the truth. When she left, she forgot to delete the scene of her visit. Did he see it?

She felt anxious thinking about it.

She stood up, walked into the kitchen, and looked at the familiar figure, “Stanford James.”

Stanford’s body stiffened for a moment, feeling shocked by this sudden call.

He turned around slowly, “Ms. Flores, you call me by my name so straightforwardly, do you like me?”

Amanda was speechless.

“I do have a boyfriend.” She just wanted to test it out.

Who knew that Stanford didn’t look like he knew about it?

Could it be that she was overthinking it?

“In my opinion, your boyfriend is too young and doesn’t suit you.”

Amanda sneered, “Since when does love have boundaries for age? Also, please hurry up. I have things to do this afternoon.”

“Alright.”

Stanford smiled faintly.

This moment of her exasperated look was so vivid that it didn’t make him feel out of place, even with a different face.

This was what Amanda looked like.

Half an hour later...

Stanford made the meal, and the two of them sat at the dining table.

It was all the dishes that Amanda loved to eat.

At the moment, they were sitting face to face, just like they used to be.

The previous Stanford could also cook, probably because of the environment he grew in. He knew a lot and was very good at taking care of himself.

Especially Amanda's favourite dishes were now his speciality.

At that time, he had put in the effort to learn just to win her heart.

Later, unknowingly, he would cook occasionally.

He was not sure himself why too.

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

Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

Perhaps it was only when he looked into his heart that he then understood the actions of that time.

In fact, he just wanted to make her happy and did it from the bottom of his heart.

He just didn't realize it himself.

“Try how it tastes.” Stanford fetched her food.

Amanda said before she ate it, “If it’s not my favourite dish, I won’t like it even if it tastes good.”

Stanford didn’t get angry and said with a smile, “I’m sincere, Ms. Flores. Don’t let others criticize you for being mean and turning back on me after I have just signed and approved your project.”

Amanda looked at the dishes in the bowl and asked, “Are you threatening me?”

“I just want to have a simple meal with you, Ms. Flores. Nothing else.” He ladled soup for Amanda, “Don’t you have something to do this afternoon? Hurry up and eat. I’ll send you back later.”

Amanda was speechless.

Stanford’s words made it impossible for her to say anything else. Sitting together at the table again after a year was something she hadn’t expected.

However, she was frank at this moment.

Since she didn’t care about this person anymore, why should she care about the past?

She grabbed her chopsticks and picked up the food he had given her, and put it in her mouth. It was still the same taste.

The meat was soft but not greasy, very flavourful and delicious as always.

“How does it taste, Ms. Flores?”

Amanda commented solemnly, "It's not cooked enough, the meat is not flavoured, tastes flat and not enough salt."

"Yup, my ex-wife just likes this taste," Stanford chucked a piece of meat into his own mouth.

Amanda was speechless again.

"Does your ex-wife have any senses of taste?"

"Hasn't Ms. Flores ever heard of a saying?"

She asked, "What saying?"

"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder." He continued to offer her food, "In a lover's eyes, all the flaws will also become advantages. It may seem to you that the food I cook is not good, yet, it is to her liking. In fact, I think that if you try a few more times, you will like the taste too."

"I wouldn't like it even if I tried a hundred times."

"Then how about we make a bet?"

"Bet on what?"

"A bet that if you would fall in love with my cooking after you try it for a hundred times."

"No need to bet. It's absolutely not."

“How can you conclude so soon before you make a bet yet? Or is it that you’re afraid of losing to bet with me?”

“Mr. James, are you daring me?”

“If you think so, then yes. I won’t argue.” Stanford lifted his cup and took a sip of water, “It’s just that your refusal makes me think you’re afraid of me.” _____ Chapter 937 She Knew It All

Amanda suddenly stood up and said icily, “You’re just presumptuous. I don’t bet with you is just because I don’t like you. You are not a man-eating monster and I don’t have to be afraid of you. Also, I don’t like to hear about your love story and so don’t talk to me about your ex-wife again. I’m very disgusted. To be honest, I had a very unpleasant lunch this time.”

After saying that, she turned around and left.

Stanford sat unmoving, watching her left.

Was she mad?

Was he pushing too hard?

His hand on the table clutched gently.

Perhaps he should have done things differently?

Walking out of the villa, Amanda made a call.

Stanford had signed the business case, and so this acquisition would officially begin.

The first round would involve investing a large amount of money in hitting the acquired company's shares.

Even if the two companies contributed simultaneously, it would still be a significant amount of money.

Stanford knew that he would never get back his money, and even if the acquisition was successful, it would only be a shell company, and he would definitely lose all his money. But, he still invested his money.

However, at this time, Casimir came to say goodbye to Amanda that he had to go home. For him, the country was where he worked. He had grown up with his mother abroad, so that place where he grew up was called home.

Amanda didn't ask him why he was suddenly going back. And as a friend, she sent him to the airport.

Casimir didn't know why his mother had suddenly called him back, just only asking him to make a trip back.

He and his mother had each other, and so he had to listen to her.

Amanda watched Casimir entered the boarding gate before turning around to leave the airport. Gerben opened the car door for her.

Amanda bent over and entered the car.

“There’s something about the matter you asked me to investigate. The one called Atwood is investigating a car accident case from long ago.” Gerben also sat in the car and said.

When Amanda returned from the villa, she felt that Stanford knew something. So she asked Gerben’s brother to follow Atwood and investigate what he was up to recently.

Stanford trusted Atwood the most. And so, following him would lead to clues.

As expected, he had investigated the past, which meant he was aware of her identity. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have suddenly investigated this matter.

She looked out of the window faintly.

There was no expression on her face, but just curious about how did he find out.

She couldn’t figure out how had she aroused his suspicion.

Gerben saw her puzzled look through the rear-view mirror and said, “Mr. Baron had intentionally shown

up at Aegis Security Services.”

Amanda frowned, “What did you say?”

Gerben said, “It seems that Mr. Baron was found by him on purpose.”

Amanda picked up her phone and was about to make a call. But yet, she put the phone down.

She figured out that she couldn’t strictly follow her own plan at all. Her elders would always give her help.

Ay.

She forced a smile.

Gerben explained, “Mr. Baron just wants to see if Stanford still has love for you.”

That was why he deliberately appeared at Aegis Security Services and was being discovered by Stanford.

He was testing how deep Stanford’s remorse was. Would he fall into it even knowing that it was a trap?

Abbott was experienced, and how could he be so lax in his actions and let Stanford find out easily. So he did it on purpose.

At first, he was optimistic about Stanford and thought he would be good with Amanda. Who knew that...

Amanda felt ridiculous about this. Even if there was still love inside a person full of hatred only, what

could it mean?

For him, hatred was more significant than any feelings in his heart.

Even if he regretted and repented, she would not love him again.

It didn't make any sense at all.

But things had come to this, and that was all that could be done.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

In this way, it seemed that Stanford had signed the project with alacrity, even knowing that it was a trap.

Since he was willing, then let's get it over with!

She revised the original business case by the amount of investment required. Since he was willing to fall into this trap, she would take advantage of it.

Amanda retook the contract to Stanford again. Stanford didn't ask why she changed the business case, nor did he read the content and just signed it as readily as he did last time.

It was not until the second round of funding started that Stanford received a call from the finance department.

The amount of money involved was tremendous, and they did not dare to transfer the money out so quickly.

Even though Stanford had already signed the approval letter, they still came to confirm it, fearing that something might have gone wrong.

Stanford stood in front of the window and looked out. This was what he owed her and should pay her back.

He said, "I agreed to it."

They didn't dare to say anything more.

In the hotel...

She got the news when the second part of the money was transferred in.

She thought that was fine.

It would soon be over, and she would be able to leave.

She had it all figured out. She would first have a trip abroad to get her looks back and then to see her parents as well as her brother and Theresa.

A year was not a long time, but it was not a short time either.

Ring.

The door to her room suddenly rang. She walked over to open it and saw Stanford standing at the door.

Seeing that it was him, Amanda was not surprised. She smiled and said, "Mr. James, coming to see me, is there something wrong?"

She now knew that Stanford had known her identity. However, Stanford didn't know that she had already known he knew about it.

"Simply wanting to see Ms. Flores. Would you invite me in for a seat?"

Stanford was calm on the surface but was actually in turmoil inside. He didn't know what he should do at the moment to get her back.

She had obviously been angry last time, and he didn't dare to use that kind of approach again.

"My place here is messy," Amanda said.

"I don't mind."

"Alright then. Please come in." Amanda moved sideways to let him in.

Stanford walked in and looked around the room, "I'll rent a room for you, Ms. Flores. It would be inconvenient for so many people going around in the hotel here."

"No need. I don't think I'll be staying here for long." Amanda closed the door and walked in.

Stanford looked back at her, "Are you leaving?"

“This isn’t my home at all. I should leave when my work is over.” Amanda sat on the sofa and motioned for Stanford to sit as well.

Stanford was restless. Now he felt he shouldn’t have signed so quickly. So that way, he could still keep her.

But what excuse was he going to use now?

“Ms. Flores...”

“Try this mango cake.” Stanford hadn’t finished his words when Amanda handed a piece of cake to him.

She used to like mangoes, but she never ate them again after knowing Stanford was allergic to them.

She didn’t even buy them at home for fear of accidentally getting them on him.

Not sure why she had bought a piece of mango cake today.

Perhaps she was missing it after a long time since she had tasted mango.

Or maybe, she was trying to become the old her subconsciously.

Stanford, severely allergic to mangoes, looked at the mango cake, and his gaze fell on Amanda’s face, “You’re so nice to me.”

“We’re partners. I’m being nice to you naturally.” As she spoke, she handed the cake forward again. Chapter 938 Please Her Gently

Amanda said on purpose, "I bought it and haven't bothered to eat it myself. Are you afraid that I might poison it and so you refuse to take it?"

Stanford took it, "You're being so generous. How could I refuse."

The two knew each other well, yet neither of them revealed it.

So, the two were just testing each other, with one trying to get her back and the other wanting to reclaim the hurt she had suffered.

"Use this." Amanda thoughtfully handed over a spoon and said, "Since you know I'm good to you, then you must finish it."

Stanford asked, "If I finish it, can I woo you?"

Amanda was speechless.

She refused decisively, "You're not my type."

"What type do you like?"

Amanda looked him up and down, then described in Casimir's likeness, "Just like my boyfriend, young, gentle, not too tall. You would be too tall for me. Also, I don't like married people. I have a fetish for cleanliness."

Stanford was voiceless.

He was lost for words at this moment.

"I know you are..."

"Mr. James." Amanda interrupted what he was going to say.

She didn't want to break this to him. She wouldn't have the peace of mind at this moment if using Amanda's identity to face him.

She would only go ballistic questioning him.

She didn't want that.

It wasn't that she still had fantasies, but, instead, she didn't want to be angry anymore.

"Come on, eat the cake." She smiled.

Stanford pursed his lips, wondering how he had somehow become the passive one when before, he obviously had the initiative.

If this was her punishment to him, then he would readily accept it.

He finished the whole cake under Amanda's watchful eyes. He began to have an allergic reaction halfway through his meal. His body was itching, and his heart was beating too fast. However, he tried desperately to restrain his discomfort.

"Mr. James, are you feeling not well?" Even if Stanford was strongly restraining it, his face was still getting ugly, not to mention Amanda, who knew his situation.

She asked on purpose.

Amanda said with concern, "I'll get you a room for you to rest."

She stood up after saying that.

Stanford wanted to refuse but thought she was just caring for him, so he didn't call her back.

However, he was so uncomfortable at the moment. The clothes on his body were just so annoying that he wanted to rip them all off and scratch his body hard. His whole body was so itchy.

Soon, Amanda got the room and came to help him, "Let me help you to rest."

Stanford grabbed her wrist, "I think your place is just fine."

"My place is too messy. It's better to rest next door." Amanda held him up.

At this moment, Stanford didn't notice that Amanda had other thoughts at all. He felt that she was caring for him and was happy inside, and even his itch felt better now.

The room was just next door, and they arrived shortly. Amanda helped him to the bed, "I think you are very uncomfortable, so I ask two people to come over to take care of you."

"No thanks..."

"Why not? I see that you are suffering and I have called them for you." Amanda smiled.

Stanford felt something wrong seeing her smile.

However, the next second, his sense of something wrong came true as two sexy, alluring looking women came in at the door.

He turned gloomy instantly, "What are you doing?"

"Letting them pleasure you." Amanda smiled maliciously.

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Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

Initially, she just wanted him to be allergic and uncomfortable. Just when she saw his face flushed and trying to rip his clothes because of the itch, she thought of something else.

Stanford was speechless.

He had never thought that she would do this.

“Get out!” He sulked.

The two women didn’t dare to move but looked at Amanda.

“I said, as long as you serve him well, you’ll get twenty thousand each.” Amanda looked at them with a smile, “He is the boss of J&Y Group and he doesn’t have a wife yet. If you behave well and please him, it might be possible for you to become his wife too. So show your skills and serve him well.”

After saying that, she glanced at the furious man and smiled, “I have carefully chosen them for you, so don’t let me down.”

“Let them go out!” Stanford was suffering terribly that even if he was scolding, he was still lack of grandeur.

Amanda ignored him utterly instead of looking at the two women, “What are you still doing standing there? Can’t you see that Mr. James is very hot? Cool him off.”

She walked out after saying that.

Behind her came Stanford’s growling voice, “Amanda Nelson, do you know what you’re doing?”

Amanda was stiff for a moment but still walked out and closed the door without looking back.

The two women looked at each other, thinking about what Amanda said about the possibility of becoming Stanford’s wife. And there were twenty thousand dollars if they served this man well today. This was no ordinary temptation.

With the idea in mind, the two women got up attentively and climbed into bed, "Let us please you."

Stanford glared at the woman who tried to unbutton his clothes.

His look was so intimidating that the woman hesitated, "Mr. James, I'll pleasure you gently."

"Get lost!"

Stanford chided.

The two women looked at each other, knowing each other's thoughts. If they went out now, not to mention the chance to be Mrs. James, they might not be able to get the twenty thousand too.

It had been too long since they had met such a generous customer.

Even if he didn't like it, they would have to stay in the room too.

Outside the door, Amanda leaned against the wall lazily, "Just inform a few big media the news about the president of J&Y Group. I think they must be very interested in it. I remember last time an e-commerce boss had lost a lot of stock just because of the affair with a young lady."

Gerben looked at her and didn't act immediately, but said, "You really want to do this? He was your... ex-husband anyway."

Amanda raised her eyes to look at him.

Gerben immediately lowered his head and said, "I'll do it right away."

An hour later, many media people gathered in front of Stanford's hotel. They received the news that the boss of J&Y Group having fun with women in the hotel on a sunny day.

Since Stanford established J&Y Group, he had been a popular guy in City B. However, he was aloof and withdrawn, and there was not much news about him.

This was a rare opportunity. Everyone wanted to be the first to report this news and gain more attention.

Amanda stood at the end of the corridor, looking blandly not far away.

Gerben stood beside her and still couldn't help but ask, "Do you really not care?"

"What do I care about?" Amanda looked at him, "I've already died once. My heart is gone, and what else do I care about?"

Gerben lowered his eyes and didn't dare to say much.

Inside the room...

Stanford was tormented by allergies and couldn't even get up from bed.

The two women had sexy figures and still couldn't seduce him even if they were naked.

One of them was not afraid of his piercing eyes and tried to approach, but he kicked her to the ground and couldn't get up for a long time. The other one didn't dare to go near and just stood beside the bed.

"You're not feeling well. Do you want me to call a doctor for you?" The woman asked cautiously.

Stanford clenched his hands into fists. Only then did he not bother to scratch the itch on his body. There were already red rashes on his neck. He stared at the woman grimly, "Get out right now immediately! Otherwise, don't blame me for being unkind to you!" Chapter 939 Whose Side Are You On?

The woman was scared but stood still. She looked at the time. She had only been in the room for nearly two hours.

She was afraid she wouldn't get the money.

Stanford was more than just physically uncomfortable at the moment, but also his heart hurt from anger.

He never expected that Amanda would treat him like this.

He closed his eyes, suppressing the anger in his heart, got up and picked up the glass on the table, then smashed it towards the woman's head. The woman couldn't dodge it and was smashed squarely.

The woman covered her head with an ouch. The woman who had been kicked down got up from the floor, not daring to approach again, and said to the woman covering her head, "We'd better go. I'm afraid this money isn't that easy to get. This man is apparently violent!"

The woman covering her head was reluctant, but she was chickened out when seeing Stanford's eyes, which were red with anger.

Stanford thought they didn't want to leave yet and sat on the bed, staring sternly at the two women, "You want to die?"

The two women couldn't be bothered to pick up their clothes and leave. However, they opened the door and saw many looking at them.

"What's going on?" The women were dumbfounded.

The media at the door just shot at them, thinking that the boss of J&Y Group had such a unique hobby. How much fun he had to have two women accompany her, and they both seemed injured too?

The media thought that they had something to report.

The two women could no longer satisfy their curiosity, and they wanted to see Stanford at the moment.

It was exciting to think, what did this aloof boss that normally couldn't be interviewed look like in bed at the moment. The cameras even stretched from outside into the room.

Stanford was speechless.

He gripped the bedsheet under him hard, ignoring his discomfort, and stood up with all his strength. He glanced coldly over the people at the door, and finally, his gaze fell on the woman watching at the end of the corridor.

'I suppose she was the one who called all those people here.'

Stanford was angry, but what really stung him was that she had gotten him those women!

He walked over there. His steps were wobbly, but he still tried to look normal.

The media followed him and filmed, all trying to capture these scenes. Just the two unclothed women were enough for them to make a piece of breaking news.

Amanda didn't want to talk to Stanford at this moment. She tried to leave, but he grabbed her wrist, "I don't think those two women that you got for me could satisfy me. How about you come and serve me."

Amanda's face changed instantly.

Staring at him angrily, "You..."

Stanford let out a laugh, "I've humiliated enough today anyway. I'd rather just be shameless."

After saying that, he pulled Amanda into his arms forcefully, held her and kissed her lips.

"Umm..."

Amanda tried to struggle.

At this moment, Stanford had so much strength clamping her that she couldn't even break free.

Click, click, click.

All around were the sounds of photos being taken.

It seemed that things were going in an unexpected direction.

Gerben soon reacted and quickly stepped forward, warning the media, "No photographing!"

"Why not?" Stanford let go of Amanda, looked at everyone and announced, "This is my girlfriend. While I'm at it, let me introduce her to you. Simona Flores, Ms. Flores, my girlfriend."

Amanda was stunned.

"I'm not!" Amanda glared at him in exasperation, "I don't like filthy men like you!"

"I've only slept with you, how is that filthy?" Stanford pointed at the two women at the door, "It was you who intent on defiling me with that two filthy women."

The media who had thought it was just some titbits now felt that it was actually an emotional entanglement.

It was the exposure of Stanford's love life.

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Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

Gerben reacted fast and let Amanda go into the room first. He would then take care of the media side.

This was the only thing she could do now. Amanda quickly entered the room.

Stanford also wanted to enter her room, but Amanda didn't let him. He threatened calmly, "If you don't let me in, aren't you afraid of what I will say in front of them?"

Amanda clutched the door handle tightly and spoke icily, "Are you threatening me?"

"You were the one who forced me first." Stanford held on bracingly.

Amanda glanced at the media outside and let him in. Yet as soon as he entered the room, he fainted and fell to the floor.

Amanda was stunned for a moment and quickly knelt to check his breath. He was still breathing but had just fainted. She pulled out her phone and called Gerben, telling him to quickly get rid of the people outside.

She then found Stanford's phone, but it was set with a password. She tried to use the old password, the one she had set for him back then. She said, "Only I can know this password apart from you."

The password was six digits long, and it was her birth date.

She had just tried the original password in a hurry, not realizing he hadn't changed it.

She quickly regained her composure and found Atwood's number to dial.

Soon, Atwood picked up the call, "Mr. James..."

"He's fainted. Come over quickly." Amanda said.

On the other side, Atwood hesitated for a moment, "Who are you..."

"Come over quickly." Amanda didn't explain to him, gave him the address and hung up the phone.

Gerben had also settled the people outside while Atwood came over.

Amanda let Atwood take the man away.

"How did he turn out like this?" Atwood looked at the man lying on the ground and was a bit overwhelmed for a moment.

What had happened here?

"It's better to take him to the hospital now."

Amanda said faintly.

Atwood looked at her, "Mr. James is..."

"Gerben, you help him to get him into the car." Amanda didn't want to mention more about it.

Atwood also didn't continue to ask. It was necessary now to get Stanford to the hospital first. It was indeed worrying for such a strong man to faint suddenly.

After about half an hour, Gerben came up and told her, "He has been sent to the hospital."

Amanda hummed icily. Since both of their identities were revealed, she didn't disguise his hatred for him anymore.

She didn't pretend to smile anymore.

Gerben asked, "Aren't you going to the hospital? He is in a coma and not sure if it will be life-threatening."

Amanda said indifferently, "There's nothing to do with me if he's alive or dead. And what's more, I don't want to appear in the news about what happened today."

Gerben said, "Don't worry. You will definitely not be involved."

The Nelson family had been in business in City B for many years before, and they also got plenty of connections.

Abbott had left the two people by Amanda's side was to help her and protect her.

This was something he could do well.

Amanda nodded, "I don't want to get involved in his scandal."

“Aren’t you the one who created his scandals?” Gerben said.

Amanda raised her eyes and looked at him, “Whose side are you on?”

“Of course I’m your man.” Gerben immediately expressed his loyalty, “He deserved to die for hurting you!” _____ Chapter 940 Never Judge a Book by Its Cover

Amanda laughed, amused by Gerben’s 180-degree change in attitude.

Gerben laughed along, but he thought in his heart, ‘Offend anyone except a woman. They are ruthless and show no mercy.’

In the hospital...

Stanford was utterly awake the following afternoon.

Atwood was by his side the whole time.

However, he looked around as soon as he woke up. He was upset not seeing Amanda here, “Didn’t she come?”

Atwood froze for a moment but soon realized who he was referring to.

“She hasn’t been here.”

Stanford sat up, looked outside the window and said faintly, "Help me get discharged from the hospital."

Atwood hesitated and said, "Before you leave the hospital, you'd better read this news."

Stanford looked at him, probably knowing what he was talking about. He took his phone and saw that it was the news of his stay at the hotel.

The headline read, "J&Y Group Boss Having Threesome at The Hotel", with a picture of two unclothed women in the room.

Just the headline was already highly suggestive.

The article's description even made people think of an erotic bed scene just by reading the text.

Many of the comments said that "Never judge a book by its cover."

Stanford's previous image was a tall, upright, and aloof ascetic man, but this news had pulled him down.

This was not a big deal. The main thing was that Stanford's news had caused the company's stock to fluctuate and had a tendency to fall.

Stanford was expressionless. 'Perhaps this was her purpose.'

“I received a call from Ms. Flores today. She said that there is still a final amount of money needed to be invested in the acquisition.” Atwood looked at him, “We’ve lost too much this time.”

Stanford lifted the blanket and got up. He was not sad about the loss of his money and said, “I owe her that.”

Atwood opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but found that nothing could be persuaded.

“How’s the matter I asked you to look into?” He stared blankly into the distance outside the window.

Atwood pursed his lips and didn’t say honestly that he was actually almost done with his investigation. It wasn’t easy to find out about something so long ago, but Abbott was leading him and giving him some clues occasionally.

He had deliberately been discovered by Stanford because he wanted him to find out the real cause of that car accident.

Not wanting him to hate the wrong person.

Stanford thought the Nelson family was wrong. He thought the money back then was to save their lives, when in fact, those were compensation for them. Everyone in that crash was innocent!

He shouldn’t be distorted to hate those who survived that crash.

He shouldn't have been vindictive because of what happened in the first place.

Abbott just wanted him to see it clearly.

That was why he planned all this.

And that was why it wasn't tricky for Atwood to investigate.

However, he hadn't figured out how to tell Stanford now.

"It's a long time ago, so it's not easy to investigate." Atwood lied.

Stanford didn't suspect anything. After all, he knew that it would indeed take time to investigate something that had been so long ago.

He said again, "Get me out of the hospital and bring me a set of clean clothes."

Atwood agreed and exited the room.

After Stanford was discharged from the hospital, he didn't go to the company to deal with his accumulated work over the past few days but went to find Amanda.

Since they had brought the issue out, he wanted to talk with her.

However, Amanda was not at the hotel.

Her phone was turned off, and Stanford couldn't find her. Soon, he had to go back to the company to deal with his work.

Gerben went to J&Y Group.

Stanford knew he was close to Amanda and so met him.

"I'm here on behalf of Ms. Flores." Gerben pulled out the chair and sat down in front of the desk.

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A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

"Where is she?"

Stanford asked the thing he wanted to know most.

"Ms. Flores has gone back to the headquarters and I will take over her work here. You can just negotiate with me on the following matter."

Stanford leaned back and looked at him indifferently, "She was the one who negotiated with me at the beginning of this. It's disrespectful to me to change someone in the middle of the process."

"You overstated your case, Mr. James." Gerben said with a smile.

Stanford looked severe, "Changing someone without my consent, I won't invest another penny next. Moreover, I will also claim my loss for the previous investment from your company."

Gerben thought he was just angry for the moment, “The contract has already been signed. You have no reason to...”

“Changing partner midway is a breach of contract.” Stanford looked at him, “I’m not joking with you.”

“You just want to see Ms. Flores, right?” Gerben saw through him and said.

Stanford didn’t deny it.

The fact that she was hiding from him after her identity was revealed was something he disliked.

He didn’t deny the mistakes he had made, but could she at least listen to his explanation?

It was unacceptable to him that she was avoiding seeing him so much.

“You know because of her, that news about me has seriously affected me. I think you should have found out about it too.”

Gerben didn’t say anything. Of course, he knew that as he was constantly monitoring the news and then reported it to Amanda.

Because of that news, J&Y Group’s stock dropped and had lost several million so far.

“About this matter of replacing partner, I can explain to you. The reason why Ms. Flores entrusted me is that she is not feeling well. So she left to have treatment for the time being...”

“What’s wrong with her?” Stanford interrupted before Gerben could finish his words.

He asked nervously.

Amanda was in good health, just that she went to get her looks fixed back. Now that Stanford already knew her identity, there was no need for her to disguise herself anymore. Since she wanted to go to Thailand as soon as things were over here, she needed to get her looks back before going to see her parents.

She couldn't just simply change what her parents had given her.

However, Gerben didn't say that, and he lied, "She is not well because of the illness since that fire. She didn't mean to hide from you. It's just that she is unwell and she needs to get treatment. She will come back when she gets better. She said that there are still things unresolved with Mr. James, and she will not hide from you on purpose."

Stanford's heart tightened even more.

An old illness from that fire... It meant that she had been injured in that fire.

"Which hospital is she in?" Stanford asked.

Hearing this, Gerben thought, 'Is he going to see her?'

He had promised Amanda that he wouldn't let Stanford bother her.

"She's fine and she will be back in a month at most. Need not worry, Mr. James..."

"I'm asking you again, which hospital is she in!" Stanford's attitude was clear. He wanted to see her.

Gerben thought for a second, "Mr. James, Ms. Flores has said that she doesn't want to be disturbed. I think you should wait until she's well and the two of you can sit down and talk properly. I'm representing her for the moment, and if you really feel ashamed of her, don't make it difficult for me. Just pay back what you owe her."

Stanford narrowed his eyes, "Since I owe her, and what does it have to do with you?"

He stubbornly refused to talk with Gerben, just wanting to see Amanda and know how she was doing now.

Gerben frowned, "If you go to see her, it will only make her unable to heal at ease. Don't you want her to get well soon?"

Stanford clenched his fists. He was just concerned about her.

"Give me a period. How long?" Stanford finally gave in.

He took it in mind what Gerben had said that she couldn't heal at ease.

He was unwilling to do anything that would harm her.

"A month."

Gerben said.

That was the period Amanda had given him.

She said she would be away for a month at most before she could return.
Investigated It

Chapter 941 I Had

Gerben tried his best to fix it on the time they agreed.

Stanford stood still, and at last, he agreed with it.

The fact that Amanda was still alive was already the best thing in the world for him. Stanford shouldn't make her uncomfortable with the feelings he had for her.

But it seemed like a long month for Stanford. He had been through a year without Amanda, but this month felt longer than how it usually felt.

Stanford chose to stay in the office till late at night most of the time.

Sometimes, he would even stay in the office for a few days and attend to everything, big or small matters, by himself.

The shares of Stanford's company initially dropped when news about him came out, and it worried his staff. However, it motivated the staff again when Stanford started to spend most of his time in the office.

Everyone thought Stanford did that to rescue the company.

But the fact was Stanford couldn't fall asleep at night alone.

It was almost the end of the month. Stanford went back to the villa. He hadn't changed for a few days. Stanford needed a bath and some clean clothes.

Perhaps it was because Stanford now knew that Amanda was alive. So, he was more willing to face the room that they had been spending their time in.

Stanford found a piece of paper when he was trying to find his clothes in the wardrobe after the shower. He reached out his hand and took the piece of paper out of curiosity.

Stanford finally saw what the content of the paper was after opening it. It was an ultrasound report.

The stated date was a year ago, the day when he wanted a divorce.

Stanford focused on the paper and carefully perused every word on the paper.

It was Amanda's name on the patient's name column. The result of the ultrasound stated that Amanda was pregnant for seven weeks.

Stanford was stunned. He couldn't breathe properly.

Stanford's hands were shaking and he was choked by words.

Amanda was pregnant?

It was a surprise, but at the same time, he felt uneasy. Would Amanda give birth to the baby after Stanford hurt her so much?

Stanford felt heartache.

He bent down with a hand holding onto the bedframe.

However, it didn't ease the pain Stanford felt.

Stanford was in pain, but at the same time, he blamed Amanda. Why didn't Amanda tell him?

If Stanford knew about the baby, he wouldn't...

Stanford's mobile phone was on the side table, and it was buzzing.

Stanford ignored it no matter how long it buzzed as if he didn't hear it at all. He was drowned in regrets and pain.

After around an hour, the doorbell rang. Stanford hadn't got out from the painful emotions.

The doorbell rang again and again.

The phone call was from Atwood, but Stanford didn't pick up. Atwood went to Stanford's office, but the secretary told Atwood that Stanford had gone back to the villa. So, Atwood drove to the villa to look for Stanford.

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Stanford's car stopped in front of the porch. It meant Stanford was still in the villa.

The doorbell rang a few times.

Atwood started to get worried. He was afraid that Stanford focused on work so much lately, and nobody noticed if he fainted in the house as his health was clearly affected by the hectic workload.

Atwood rang the doorbell again, but no one opened the door. When he was about to take out his phone and call a locksmith, the door opened from the inside.

Atwood raised his head, and he saw Stanford. He asked, "Mr. James, are you alright?"

Stanford was pulled back to reality by the endless doorbell. Then, he pulled himself together.

"What are you doing here?"

Stanford sounded hoarse.

Atwood stared at Stanford and said, "Are you feeling alright? You don't look good."

Stanford didn't want to talk to Atwood, "You should leave if there's nothing urgent."

Stanford wanted to be alone. He didn't want to see anyone.

Atwood had already investigated the car accident, and he knew everything about it.

He decided to tell Stanford what he found out after considerations.

"I've investigated what you wanted me to look into."

Suddenly, Stanford turned his head and looked at Atwood.

Atwood pulled himself together and said, "The driver was Boyce."

Stanford knew about it already.

Stanford knew that Boyce was driving the car, and Amanda and his mother were in it.

It was a dreadful accident. The car fell off the bridge. It was a miracle for anyone to survive from it.

However, only Amanda and Boyce were the survivor of the car accident. The only deceased was Stanford's mother, the caregiver.

Matthew even paid him off with an amount of money.

Matthew initial objective was to make it up to the deceased's family. After all, the caregiver was in the accident when she was working with their family. Matthew wanted to make it up to the family, so he gave them a generous amount of money.

Stanford was very young back then. He didn't know much about the accident. All Stanford knew was that his mother was dead, and she died in the employer's car. Stanford thought the reason why the employer paid them a generous amount of money was to cover up their sin.

Stanford always carried that thought. Furthermore, he met Amanda not long after the car accident. Amanda walked into the school with an innocent smile on her face under the companion of her parent, while Stanford lost the most important person in the world for him.

The seed of vengeance started to grow in Stanford's heart. As time went by, the seed of vengeance was rooted deep in his heart.

The thought of taking revenge on Amanda got stronger as Stanford grew up. He purposely approached Amanda, made her fall in love with him and married her. Stanford was taking revenge step by step.

Atwood saw how pale Stanford's face was. He told Stanford, "You should go to the hospital. You look sick."

Stanford's knee felt weak. He sat on the couch and said coldly, "I'm fine. Tell me what you've got."

Atwood pouted then said, "According to what I learned, the car got into an accident and fell off the bridge because somebody messed with the car."

Chapter 942 When They First Met

Stanford's pale face looked sulky, "Who did that?"

Atwood stared at Stanford and said, "The fallen Bailey family. They held grudges on the Nelson family back then, so they messed with Matthew's car. Matthew was initially the Baileys' target, but..."

Atwood stopped. He didn't know how to tell Stanford the rest of what happened.

Abbott allowed Atwood to investigate what happened previously, and he also allowed Atwood to learn about the truth down to every detail. Only a few people knew about what happened after all this time. Abbott got another person to impersonate the maid who worked in the mansion when the accident happened.

Coral was the only maid Abbott knew who knew what happened, but Coral passed away a few years ago. So, Abbott got another old lady to impersonate Coral and asked her to tell Atwood what happened in the car accident.

The old lady impersonated Coral, but she said was true.

Of course, Atwood thought that was the real Coral.

Abbott was experienced after all. Atwood totally didn't feel anything strange under Abbott's arrangements.

Stanford felt impatient, "What? Don't make me guess."

"Boyce was the driver because Amanda knew it was Lucy's birthday, but Matthew wasn't in the house that day. So, Boyce drove them out to buy a cake. Then, they got into the car accident on the way," Atwood tried his best to illustrate what happened with the shortest version he could come out with.

"If I remembered correctly, that was your mother's birthday, wasn't it? Amanda wanted to buy a cake for your mother. The car accident was a plot, and Amanda and Boyce were a victim as well. They just got lucky..."

“Stop it,” Stanford stopped Atwood out of a sudden. He tried his best to cover it up, but his voice was shaking, “Get out.”

Atwood didn't move. He consoled Stanford, “Don't blame yourself. Luckily Mrs. James was alright.”

“Get out!” Stanford shouted. Then, he lowered his voice, “Leave me alone.”

Stanford was weak, and he panicked. He was no longer the dominant and cold person he used to be.

Stanford was only a human who did mistakes and didn't know how to make it up.

Atwood didn't dare to leave. Stanford looked terrible right now. He consoled Stanford, “Mrs. James is fine. You still have a chance to make it up to her.”

Stanford looked at Atwood with tears in his eyes, “What do you know?”

“What do you know?”

Stanford shouted. He was mad at himself.

Stanford was afraid that Amanda wouldn't forgive him, and he was even more afraid that he would lose his child.

Stanford no longer felt belong after his mother passed away. He neglected the warmth Amanda brought him when they were staying together because of the grudges he was holding on to.

Stanford had imagined so many times to have a child of his own.

In fact, he had a child, but he wasn't sure if the child would still be alive.

Atwood knew that Stanford would be emotional when he found out the truth, but he thought Stanford would be able to calm down.

Atwood never expected that Stanford would be so mad.

Stanford stood up from the couch. Perhaps it was because of the big movements, or he had lost balance. Stanford's leg tripped on the side table. Atwood wanted to go and help him, but Stanford rejected his help. Then, Stanford got upstairs staggering.

Atwood felt worried, and he followed Stanford, "Mr. James."

"Leave me alone, will you?" Stanford raised his voice.

Atwood said, "I'll be downstairs. Call my name if you need anything."

Stanford ignored Atwood. He walked into the room after he got upstairs. The ultrasound report was still on the bed.

Stanford walked over, and suddenly, his knee felt weak. He knelt on the ground. He felt so powerless that he couldn't even stand up.

Stanford reached for the ultrasound report and leaned beside the bed.

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Everyone thought Stanford was a strong person, but at this moment, his eyes went red.

The truth about the grudges Stanford held on to all these years wasn't as what he thought.

He was wrong.

Not only Stanford was wrong, he even hurt a woman who loved him.

Stanford had lost the most precious thing for him.

Atwood was sitting on the couch downstairs. He stared at the stairs and wanted to check on Stanford. However, Atwood was afraid that it would disturb Stanford. So, he waited for Stanford downstairs.

Days after days...

Atwood stayed in the villa and never left.

At the same time, in the international airport.

Amanda walked out of the arrival gate.

Gerben walked over to welcome her.

Amanda looked pretty after the surgery. However, he liked his original look better. Amanda looked sweet and warm in her original look.

Gerben helped Amanda to take her luggage. He asked her, "Did it go well?"

Amanda nodded. She asked Gerben about what happened in the past month when she wasn't in the country.

"Everything went according to our plan. Stanford invested the remaining capital. I've done some calculations, and the amount was three billion, including the last two times he invested. Plus, the share price of his company decreased. Stanford loses quite an amount of money. Furthermore, he had been drowning himself in work after you left. According to his staff, Stanford was quite dedicated to working earlier. He spent most of his time in the office and in dealing with the suppliers. However, he hadn't been at the office these few days."

Amanda seemed expressionless. She said, "It's about time for Aegis Security Services to announce its bankruptcy."

It meant the capital Stanford invested in Aegis Security Services was going to be a total loss. Aegis Security Services was only a shell corporation.

"Everything between Stanford and I should end as well," Amanda looked calm.

Amanda wasn't being emotional at all. She wasn't even holding grudges.

Amanda knew exactly what she wanted.

After getting out of the airport, Gerben opened the car door for Amanda.

Amanda got into the car.

Then, Gerben got into the driver seat.

He didn't start the engine immediately. Instead, he turned and looked at Amanda, "You looked determined, but I felt like you still have feelings on Stanford."

Amanda stared at Gerben, "Why did you say so?"

"Wasn't him the reason why you purposely went through surgery to rebuild your face?"

Amanda chuckled, "I wanted to look like the original me because I wanted to end things with him looking like myself."

No covering up. Amanda wanted to use her original face and name. Just like when they first met.

Things should also be ended like how they first met.

Amanda loved Stanford, and she was sincere to him.

And now, it was time for her to end things as herself. _Chapter 943 She Came Back

Gerben blinked his eyes and asked, "Was it always unforgivable when men made mistakes?"

Amanda was curious. It wasn't the first time Gerben asked her this question. Why was that?

"You wanted me and him to get back together?"

Gerben cleared his throat, "I'm only curious about how much a man would pay for their mistake. If you could forgive him this time, then it meant he could make a bigger mistake."

Amanda felt speechless.

"I was joking," Gerben started the car engine, "Are you going back to the hotel?"

"No, we're going to J&Y Group," said Amanda.

"You can leave work for tomorrow. You should take a rest today," said Gerben. He was worried that it would be overwhelming for Amanda to face Stanford right after she got off the plane.

Amanda looked outside the window, "Let's just go to J&Y Group."

Amanda wanted to solve everything as soon as possible. Her parents were worried about her. It was time for her to go back and visit them.

Amanda wanted to take revenge on Stanford, so she had been hiding from her parents for the past year. Her parents cooperated with her and stayed hidden, but Amanda knew that they were missing her all along.

Amanda didn't want to stay in this place. She wanted to get it over with and start a new life.

Amanda didn't want the past to haunt her.

After all, life was a long journey.

Gerben said, "I'm not sure if Stanford is in the office. Let me call and ask them."

Then, Gerben gave a call to Stanford's secretary to ask if Stanford was in the office today.

The secretary answered Gerben, "Mr. James isn't in the office."

"Ms. Flores came back. She needs to talk to Mr. James," said Gerben.

The secretary paused for a while then replied to Gerben Harvie, "Let me come back to you, alright?"

"Sure."

The secretary quickly contacted Atwood after hanging up the phone.

Atwood almost couldn't stand it. He wanted to go upstairs and check on Stanford. He had been hiding upstairs for too long.

There was an empty glass in front of Atwood. He could still drink some water when he felt thirsty, but Stanford had been hiding upstairs for more than a day without eating or drinking.

Atwood was worried.

At the same time, Atwood's mobile phone rang. Stanford's secretary called to ask if Atwood knew where Stanford was. "Mr. Harvie called to tell us that Ms. Flores came back and she needs to see Mr. James. Do you know where Mr. James is at?"

"She came back?" Atwood was excited.

Perhaps she was the only one to motivate Stanford.

The secretary was stunned. Perhaps she was startled by the excited tone Atwood displayed over the phone, "Yes, Ms. Flores wanted to see Mr. James."

"Alright, I've got the message. Ask her to come to the office. Mr. James will be there soon."

"Sure."

Atwood then ran upstairs and rushed to Stanford's room upon hanging up the phone. He saw Stanford sitting on the ground with a piece of paper in his hand.

Atwood was stunned by the door.

He had never seen Stanford looking like this before.

Atwood slowed down and walked into the room softly. He lowered his voice and said, "She's back."

Stanford raised his head. Atwood repeated, "Mrs. James came back. She's waiting for you in the office."

Stanford wanted to see Amanda so much earlier, but now, he was sacred.

Stanford didn't dare to face her, and he didn't even dare to ask if the baby was still alive.

Atwood squatted down, "You've got a chance to apologize to her now. You can still make it up to her."

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Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

Stanford stared at Atwood and asked, "Do I?"

Stanford wasn't confident at all.

The question wasn't only for Atwood. It was more for himself.

Atwood answered affirmably, "She used to love you so much. She'll give you a chance for sure."

"She would?" Stanford didn't even believe a little of what Atwood said. He wouldn't have forgiven

anyone who hurt him like the way he hurt Amanda.

“She’s back. I should go and see her,” Stanford stood up. However, his legs were numb after sitting on the ground for so long. Stanford lost balance and almost fell. Atwood quickly helped Stanford, but Stanford shooed him away, “It’s alright. I’m fine.”

“Wait for me downstairs.”

Stanford needed to take a shower and clean himself. He had to look at least decent to meet Amanda. Stanford wanted to appear in front of Amanda in his best shape.

Atwood nodded and exited the room.

Stanford took a shower, changed his wrinkled shirt, and put on a formal black shirt. The shirt was initially well-fitted, but it seemed a little big for Stanford now. He slimmed down in just one day.

Stanford had been trying his best to conceal his exhaustion, but he couldn’t cover up the miserable look on his face.

Stanford got downstairs, and Atwood was standing in the living room. Atwood raised his head when he heard Stanford came down. He felt relieved to see Stanford pulled himself together.

“I’ll go get the car,” Atwood walked out of the house before Stanford.

Stanford walked down the stairs and stood in the living room. Then, he looked around. It was the place where Stanford and Amanda lived together for three years.

There were too many memories in the place.

Stanford didn't dare to step into the place after Amanda left. He didn't dare to face all the memories they had in the house.

Stanford raised his head. Now, he needed to get Amanda back.

Then, Stanford walked out of the house.

Atwood was already in the car with the engine started.

Stanford got into the car, and Atwood started to drive away.

Atwood kept peeking on Stanford through the rear-view mirror. He wanted to say something, but in the end, nothing came out.

Atwood was speeding. Soon, the car stopped at the entrance of the J&Y Group.

Atwood quickly got out of the car to open the door for Stanford. However, Stanford had already opened the door and got off the car.

Stanford stood at the entrance. He looked up at the building then walked into the building.

Atwood followed Stanford. He gave the secretary a call while walking and asked her Amanda's whereabouts.

The secretary told Atwood that Amanda was in the meeting room.

The lift stopped in front of Stanford and Atwood. They got into it, and Atwood told Stanford, "Mrs. James is in the meeting room."

Stanford remained silent, and he looked expressionless. However, his fists clenched.

The lift stopped.

Stanford hesitated for a second before he walked out of the lift.

He headed straight to the meeting room.

Atwood went to the secretary place and told her not to go to Stanford no matter what happened.

The secretary didn't understand, "What if it's an urgent matter?"

"No. Look for me if it is urgent. All in all, Mr. James won't see anyone today. No one should disturb Mr. James. Are you clear?"

The secretary nodded, "Yes, I'm clear."

Stanford stood in front of the meeting room, and he was tensed. He clenched his fists and took a deep breath, and then opened the door.

Amanda was sitting with her back facing the door. All Stanford could see was Amanda's back. ____ Chapter 944 Lonely for Life

Amanda heard someone walked in. She knew it was Stanford, but she didn't turn around.

Stanford stared at Amanda's back and walked into the meeting room. Stanford turned and looked at Amanda when he walked to the seat opposite her.

It was a familiar face.

Stanford called her name subconsciously, "Amanda."

Amanda looked up, and she looked expressionless, "Mr. James."

It was a distant and cold appellation.

Stanford sat opposite Amanda, "Are we that distant now?"

Amanda smiled, "Did we ever get close? We've been sleeping on the same bed for three years. You never understand me, and I never got to step into your heart. Weren't we distant all along?"

Stanford couldn't help but stared at Amanda, "Last time..."

"The reason I'm here today wasn't because of what happened last time. Let's talk about the current," Amanda pushed the iPad she brought to Stanford. It was showing a piece of breaking news.

The Aegis Security Services announced its bankruptcy just when J&Y Group invested the last amount of capital into it.

It meant every penny J&Y Group invested was wasted.

Of course, it was only how it looked like.

The money would be transferred to RM Group in another way.

They both knew about how it would end. Stanford looked calm. He took a glance at the new, then raised his head and stared at Amanda, "I owe you that."

An emotion finally appeared in Amanda's calm eyes. She asked, "Was it only money that you've owed me?"

Stanford remained silent.

He slowly clenched his fists on the table.

Amanda stood up, "You've owed me my life. No, two lives. That fire was supposed to kill two people, but I survived it. Stanford, you can never pay back what you owe me."

Amanda turned around and wanted to leave the room. She stopped when she was at the door. Amanda told Stanford, "Stanford, this is the end between us."

Then, Amanda exited the room.

“Wait up,” Stanford grasped Amanda’s hand. His eyes were red, and he was choked by sobs, “Why didn’t you tell me?”

Amanda raised her head and asked, “Tell you about what?”

“The child,” Stanford sounded hoarse.

Amanda laughed. Her eyes were red as well. She asked Stanford, “Did you give me a chance? Have you forgotten how determine you were? Do you need help to recall it?”

Stanford didn’t know how to answer Amanda. He felt heartache.

It was so painful that it was hard to breathe.

Stanford was the reason why the child was gone.

But Stanford was pushing his luck, “You’re lying because you wanted revenge, are you?”

“I would never curse my child no matter how much I hated you. You don’t worth it,” Amanda made every word clear.

Stanford stared at Amanda’s eyes. She was tearing. “I killed my baby?”

Stanford wanted to hear Amanda say no.

But the truth was he did kill his child.

"I'm sorry..."

Stanford didn't know what else to say.

Amanda got away from Stanford, "I don't need your apologies. I'll only curse you for not having love in your life. You won't be able to enjoy the happiness a family bring. You're going to be lonely for life."

Then, Amanda left the room.

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Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

Stanford stood still like a statue and watched Amanda leave.

The heartache was so strong like Stanford was stabbed by a dagger in his heart.

He could only stand up by leaning by the door.

"Mr. James," Atwood was nearby. He quickly walked over when he saw Stanford unwell. Stanford was already chasing after Amanda before Atwood got near to Stanford.

Amanda was already in the car. Gerben saw Stanford chasing after Amanda from his rear-view mirror. However, he didn't wait for Stanford. Instead, he stepped hard on the accelerator.

The car moved forward like an arrow.

Stanford recognized Amanda's car. He was still chasing after Amanda's car.

It didn't matter if Amanda still hated him.

Stanford wanted Amanda back like crazy.

Cars were racing on the road.

Gerben was speeding. It was impossible for Stanford to catch up to Amanda's car. However, Stanford won't give up. He was chasing after the car like crazy.

Stanford saw the car turned right and got into a tunnel. He wanted to take a shortcut and crossed the tunnel from the flyover on the left. At the same time, a car drove out from the tunnel on the left. The car was speeding, and it was dark in the tunnel. It was already too late when the driver saw a person in front of his car. The driver was terrified, "Go away! Get out of here!"

Stanford turned around, and the car was too near. He tried to get away from it, but he was too late. Stanford got hit by the car. Stanford and the car was nearby the entrance of the tunnel. Stanford flew to the entrance as the car hit him, then fell onto the ground.

The car only stopped a few metres away after hitting Stanford.

Stanford laid on the ground. He felt some warm liquid on his face, and he was slowly losing consciousness, "Amanda, I...I liked you. I...want you to stay...with me."

Then, Stanford drowned in darkness. He became unconscious.

Amanda didn't know Stanford went after her car. She was checking the air ticket she bought using her

phone.

Gerben looked at her through the rear-view mirror, "I think I saw Stanford chasing after you. I got rid of him."

Amanda raised her head, then turned around, but she didn't see anything.

"Should I stop the car?" Gerben asked.

"No. You've done a great job. I don't want to see him."

Gerben wanted to seek credit, "Am I smart or what?"

"You're not stupid to start with," Amanda kept her phone away into her pocket and answered Gerben. Then, she closed her eyes to get some rest. It was obvious that she didn't want to talk anymore.

Gerben knew Amanda needed some rest, so he remained silent and drove to the airport.

Half an hour later, the car stopped at the airport. Gerben saw Amanda off, "Not sure if we're going to meet again next time."

Gerben and his brother were going to leave as well after everything got settled here. However, Gerben and Amanda weren't heading in the same direction. Amanda was going to T Country, and Gerben was heading to M Country. He was going to report what happened here to Abbott, then returned to the army.

After all, they came out from the military.

Amanda was holding some light luggage. She looked at Gerben and said, "I very much appreciated you and your brother's help even if we didn't know each other long enough. Thank you."

Amanda bowed to Gerben, "Help me to say goodbye to your brother."

Gerben's younger brother, Gerald, didn't come along with them.

"Sure. I'm glad to meet you. If you need a bodyguard in the future, look for me. You'll be able to find me if you contact Mr. Baron," said Gerben.

"Got it," Amanda shook Gerben's hand, "Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

Amanda then headed to the departure gate with her light luggage. When she arrived at the gate, she turned around and looked behind. The departure hall was full of people. Some people were hugging each other, some were holding hands, and some were seeing their friends or family off with a smile.

Amanda could see all emotions in the departure hall. Love, friendships, and family bonds.

Amanda looked down, then turned and walked into the departure gate.

Chapter 945 Dogs Acted Just Like Their Owner

The plane flew over the sky. Only a white trail left behind it.

Amanda didn't tell anyone that she came back. She didn't even tell Joshua who she contacted the most.

Amanda got her parents' address, so she headed straight to their place right after she got off the plane.

It was already night time when Amanda got off the plane. She felt a little exhausted as she hadn't got a good rest for a whole day. Amanda dealt with Stanford then she flew here directly after that. It was a tiring journey.

Amanda made her itinerary this packed on purpose.

She wanted to look exhausted so that her parents wouldn't blame her or be mad at her.

Amanda was betting that her parents would feel sorry to see her looking pale and exhausted. That way, they might forget what Amanda did before.

Soon, the cab stopped. Amanda paid the driver and got out of the cab. The car stopped in front of a river. She needed to take a boat to cross the river. There was a bridge, but it was a little far away. Amanda didn't want to walk further anymore.

Amanda took a look at her watch. It was around eight o'clock at night. The boats were still operating. Amanda came here before, so she knew what time the boats stopped operating.

However, it seemed like there was an unexpected event going on. There weren't any boats on the river.

Amanda stood by the river and thought, "I've made a mistake."

She sighed and decided to walk to the bridge to cross the river. It was tiring but still better than standing by the river waiting for a boat that could possibly not arrive.

A neat lawn and banana trees were growing beside the river. The place was much warmer here.

Usually, it wasn't warm by this time of the year in Z Country, but it was different here.

Amanda was getting nearer to the bridge, and she was already sweating.

Amanda found a place to sit down and got some rest. She took out her phone, but she suddenly remembered Stanford's face. Amanda felt a sting in her heart.

No matter how calm Amanda might look, but she can't wipe away the feeling she had for Stanford. She loved him for three years. No, it was much earlier. Amanda fell in love with Stanford before she was married to him. She wouldn't marry Stanford if she didn't love him in the first place.

Amanda had given her best. All of her courage and sincerity. However, it didn't end well.

Amanda wanted to scroll her phone at first, but now she didn't feel like it anymore. She shook her head and tried to shake away all the bad memories.

Stanford won't appear in her life anymore.

When Amanda was about to stand up and leave, she saw something moving in the bush. Amanda walked

over and looked into the bushes under the street lights. She saw a poodle with a brown curly coat staring at her with its round eyes. It had a red collar on its neck. The poodle seemed like it was owned by someone and it ran out of its house.

Amanda stroked its head, "You're so cute."

Amanda used to have a dog. The one she had was a big dog, and it had a white coat of fur. It was much bigger than a poodle.

Amanda stopped having dogs after her dog passed away because of old age.

She didn't like the sorrow when facing death.

Amanda carried the dog out of the bush, "Where's your owner?"

The little poodle was tame. It didn't struggle, and it was friendly. The little poodle even wanted to hid in Amanda's arms. Amanda laughed, "You're such a baby. Aren't you scared of being kidnapped away from your owner?"

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Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

As Soon As You Hear About Love You Start Screaming At Out Loud?

"Okeydokey," a sound of a child rose. The little poodle barked and got off from Amanda's arms, then ran towards the little girl standing nearby.

The little girl looked like she was around four to five years old. She wore a white puffy dress, and she braided her hair. Amanda could see the features of her face under the street lights. The little girl's eyes

were bright and clear, and she was fair. In fact, people in Thailand weren't generally fair, but the little girl was different. She was fair and looked like a mixed-race. The little girl was holding a chain. She carried the little poodle and stroked its head. Then, she told the little poodle, "Where have you gone? I've been looking for you everywhere."

Then, the little girl raised her head and looked at Amanda.

Amanda wasn't familiar with the language they used in T Country. She could understand some simple sentences, and that was it.

Amanda tried her best and asked the little girl with the language she wasn't familiar with, "Is it your puppy?"

The little girl didn't answer Amanda's question, "Who are you? Why are you carrying Okeydokey?"

Amanda felt like she couldn't communicate with the little girl. Mostly because she couldn't understand what the little girl said, and she was in a rush.

Amanda smiled at the little girl and gave her a hand signal saying that her puppy was cute. Then, Amanda left the place.

The little girl stared at Amanda and blinked her eyes. She squatted down and put the chain on the poodle's collar, "Let's go home."

Then, the little girl followed behind Amanda.

Amanda realized that the little girl was following her, but she didn't say anything. After a while, the little girl was still following Amanda. So, Amanda stopped. She looked at the little girl and asked, "Where's your family?"

Amanda could only use sign language when asking the little girl as Amanda couldn't speak her language.

The sign language was messy, but the little girl got what Amanda meant. She pointed at a big mansion across the river, "My house."

Amanda understood what the little girl meant. The little girl also lived across the river.

But it was already night time. Wouldn't her family be worried to let her wandering around at such a late hour?

Amanda walked over, "Let me hold you."

Amanda also needed to cross the river. Why not send the little girl back home as well?

The little girl wasn't shy at all, just like her poodle. She let Amanda held her hands.

Amanda thought, "What an unguarded child. What if I'm a bad person?"

The little girl's parents were so irresponsible.

When they arrived at the bridge, the little girl stopped. "Tired," said the little girl.

Amanda looked at her and remained silent.

She didn't speak the little girl's language. So, she didn't understand what the little girl meant.

Amanda decided to keep quiet.

The little girl hugged Amanda's thigh and held her hand, "Carry."

Amanda felt speechless. _Chapter 946 Staying at My Home for One Night

The little girl was so cute when she was pouting. Amanda couldn't bear to say no, so she picked her up.

Then the little girl stretched her tiny white arms around her neck and smiled.

She was too approachable and not afraid of strangers, but that wasn't a good character to have.

Although she was endearing in this way, after all, there were not only good people in this world but also many bad people.

If she was abducted by a trafficker, it was likely that her life would be ruined.

The stone bridge was arched and Amanda carried her to the top, but as she went down, she accidentally broke her foot. There was a stabbing pain in her ankle and her body swayed. She quickly held onto the railing next to her.

"What's wrong with you?" The little girl was startled and clutched her collar with both hands for fear she would just drop her.

She had just almost fallen.

Amanda ignored her and tried to walk on her broken foot. However, as soon as she exerted herself, it hurt so much she couldn't walk.

"Put me down. Or you'll drop me." The little girl struggled.

Amanda whispered, "Don't move."

She couldn't hold her steady with one hand, and if she couldn't hold her later and dropped her, she would fall.

The little girl seemed to understand her and stayed still.

Amanda bent down and put her down.

The little girl stood firmly on her feet on the steps, tilted her head, and said, "I'll go and call someone."

When she finished, without waiting for Amanda to answer, she took off down the stairs on her little short legs and ran.

She looked at the small figure and couldn't help but smile. This child was really reckless.

The little girl's back soon disappeared. She didn't keep waiting, but held onto the railing and slowly made her way down, and tried not to use the foot that she had broken.

Stepping off the stone bridge, she limped towards the house not far away.

It took a little while, but it was good that she got there. All the doors were closed, however.

Only the lights on the road and the doorway were on. The house was dark, and it looked as if no one was there.

Amanda was a little dumbfounded.

Where was everyone?

She went up to the door and knocked, and no one answered.

"..."

What was going on?

She quickly pulled out her phone to contact Joshua.

The phone wasn't answered immediately and only picked up when it rang a second time.

She asked anxiously, "Where's Mum and Dad?"

Joshua was puzzled, "At home."

"The lights aren't even on in the house. How can they be at home?"

Joshua was speechless.

"Where are you now?" He asked.

Without thinking, Amanda replied, "At the place where they live."

That was when it dawned on Joshua, "You've been to Thailand?"

"Yeah."

Joshua was speechless, "Why did you go without even telling me?"

Amanda sat down on the grass and lowered her eyes without saying a word.

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

Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

She didn't say anything because she didn't want to, of course.

"Theresa's birthday is coming up, plus I'm getting married soon, and Mum is definitely coming back to set up my wedding. So I came back."

"Well ..."

"Of course, I wanted to come back to see you. Now it's not that I don't want to meet you guys. It's just why didn't you guys tell me you were going out?"

Amanda wasn't expecting that.

"Come back, and you can just make it in time for Theresa's birthday."

Amanda pulled up her skirt to look at her ankle, which was red and swollen, "I'm afraid I won't be able to come back."

"Why are you regretting it?" Without waiting for Amanda to answer, Joshua gave her a lecture, "What do you want? Everyone has been so accommodating to you for so long. We've all let you do whatever you want. Now that you want to go back to see Mum and Dad. Why do you change your mind and not come back? What the hell are you thinking?"

"Are you done?" Amanda asked calmly.

Joshua said angrily, "Yes, I'm done."

"I didn't say I didn't want to go back. It's just that I accidentally broke my foot."

Joshua coughed softly, "Oh, so you didn't change your mind. Just go to the hospital. I'll tell them what's going on with you."

Amanda plucked at the grass on the ground, "Don't tell them in case they worry about me again. It's just a small injury. I'll go back when I'm healed."

"That's fine. Feel free to contact me if anything happens later."

Joshua instructed, "You go to the hospital first."

"Okay, I'll hang up then."

"Yes."

She put her phone away and stuffed it in her pocket.

She braced her hands on the ground and tried to stand up. Just then, a dark shadow appeared in front of her, "Hello."

She tilted her head while the man who caught her eye had short hair and well-defined features, dressed in a dark olive green drawstring style military uniform and black leather boots that set him straight and made him look stern.

"Daddy, that's her." The little girl pointed at Amanda, "She twisted her foot when she was carrying me."

Amanda looked to the little girl and then to the man in front of her. Although she didn't understand much, she heard the word "daddy".

She knew that this man was the little girl's father.

"Hello." She greeted stiffly.

"Let me see your injury."

Surprisingly, the man was speaking English. Amanda's eyes widened, "You know where I'm from?"

The man glanced at the house behind her, "I assume you're here for this?"

Amanda looked back and replied, "Yes."

"Are they your parents?" The man asked.

Amanda nodded, "Yes."

"You look a lot like them." The man said again.

Amanda rubbed her face. So he was judging by looks. She looked to the far side where the little girl had just pointed, which was not very far from here. Her parents had lived over here for a long time, so they should just know each other.

"Just come home with us." At this moment, the little girl took her hand.

Amanda smiled and said, "No need."

"They've all gone back home and there's no hotel around here. If you don't mind, let me take a look at your injury and you can stay at my house for the night. Your parents took good care of my daughter while they were here." The man said very sincerely.

Amanda still refused, "Well, if you can, it would be better to trouble you to take me to the hospital."

It was very late. She would make do at the hospital tonight and wait until tomorrow. Chapter 947 Very Enthusiastic

"You'd better go to my house." The little girl grabbed her hand and wouldn't let her go, and said in English as well, "You don't have anywhere else to go anyway."

The man frowned at his daughter's hand.

This was not the first time this had happened. She wanted to bring home anyone she liked and thought was good-looking.

Amanda looked down at the little girl in surprise. She could speak English too.

The man saw her amazement and explained, "She comes here to play a lot. Your mother taught her."

Amanda nodded.

"Come on, let's go." The little girl was enthusiastic.

Amanda pursed her lips and looked at the man, "I'm sorry to bother you then."

"It's fine. Can you go?" The man looked at her, "Which foot?"

"Left foot." She replied.

The man knelt, "Let me see."

Amanda instinctively took a step back and almost lost her balance. She didn't feel like they knew each other too well and wasn't quite comfortable letting him look at her feet.

"I have some medical knowledge, and I'm just helping you to see if you've broken your bones. I didn't mean anything else." The man said.

Amanda didn't think he looked like a bad guy either, and if she was any cover, it would seem like she was being petty. She pulled the hem of her skirt up to reveal her ankles.

The man reached out and touched it, and after a moment, he said, "Your bones aren't hurt. It's just that your ankle is a little red and swollen. Put a cold compress on it and it will heal in a few days."

Amanda said, "Thanks."

"If you're okay, let's go." The little girl said.

Amanda looked at her. It wasn't good for her to be so approachable and unafraid of strangers, so she said to her father, "Your daughter is very sweet and unafraid of strangers. She better has someone with her or else she'll be in trouble if she meets a bad person."

The man knew why his daughter was like that. There were maids following her, but she was so mischievous that she used to shake off those who followed her.

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

"I'll keep an eye out." When he finished, he held out his arm and said in a gentlemanly manner, "Let me hold you up as you walk."

Amanda took his arm, "Thank you, my name is Amanda. What should I call you?"

"Joan Morton." The man said.

His name was the opposite of Amanda's. Amanda's surname came first and her first name came last, while his name came first and his surname came last.

This was some way from the busy city. He still stayed here because the mansion he lived in was handed down from his ancestors.

He had a hereditary title and his family was noble in the last century, which extended to the present day.

Having inherited the title, it was his duty to guard the glory of the Morton family and the huge fortune accumulated by his ancestors.

At one time, it was rumoured that the Morton family had amassed a fortune that was as rich as a nation.

As time went on, the city grew towards the south bank of the river. The further south it went, the more prosperous it became. The houses that remained on the north bank were mansions preserved by the great families.

Some families sold their houses when they fell on hard times, while others regularly repaired them to keep them intact for future generations to see.

But not many people lived there, and this made this side much more deserted.

It was also a good place for people who liked peace and quietness.

Of course, it was not easy to buy a house in this area. They were worth a lot of money and the average person could not afford them.

They walked for a while before they reached the place.

It was a yellow mansion that covered an extremely large area and looked to be well protected. Although not as diverse as modern buildings, it retained the prosperity of that era.

Walking inside, Amanda got a better sense of the aristocracy of the mansion. There were high arched doors, delicate ornaments made of solid gold, while crimson velvet curtains ran vertically from the top downwards and every window glass was polished to a high shine. Standing in the hall, she felt like she was in a palace.

Thai people preferred goldware, and the delicate glazed cups and cutlery were encrusted with gold. Chapter 948 He Can Afford to Keep You

As soon as they entered, a maid in traditional Thai dress approached and took the hat Joan handed over.

"Go and bring some ice over here," Joan instructed.

The maid replied very respectfully and retreated.

Amanda always felt that she had bothered them and said, "I'm sorry to bother you today."

Joan helped her sit on the sofa, "Actually, I know your father."

She tilted her head.

Joan didn't go into details, "I'll go and change."

"Okay." Amanda felt she was already disturbing them and was too embarrassed to ask for anything else, much less inconvenience him.

The little girl propped her chin up and sat on the sofa opposite her, looking her up and down.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Amanda glanced upstairs, "Where's your mother?"

Then the little girl smiled, showing her white teeth, "How about you be my mommy?"

Amanda's face went pale with shock. Not only was she not afraid of strangers, but she was also randomly claiming someone else as her mother.

Was she out of her mind?

But she seemed so normal and so smart.

The little girl pointed upstairs and said mysteriously, "That man doesn't have a wife."

Amanda followed her finger and glanced upwards as if she understood what she meant. But the more she understood, the more confused she became.

If her father didn't have a wife, then where did she come from?

But she wasn't interested in the private affairs of other people's families and changed the subject, "I don't know your name yet."

"You can call me Nina." The little girl ran over and took her hand, "OK?"

"What?"

"That's you ..."

"Nina." At this moment, Joan called out to her. Amanda looked up and saw that he had changed out of his awesome military uniform and was wearing a white shirt and beige slacks, looking less serious and much more approachable.

"Sally, take her to the bath." He instructed the maid.

Nina was reluctant but obeyed and followed the maid away.

Joan took a towel and wrapped the ice cubes the maid had placed on the table in it. Amanda realized what he was going to do and held out her hand, "I'll do it myself."

Joan handed it to her without insisting, "Don't mind if Nina says something to you."

Amanda wrapped the towel around her red, swollen ankle and asked, "I wouldn't mind. It's just that she ..."

Could it be that when she saw a woman, she would say, 'How about you being my mother?'

Well ...

"I hope you don't mind me asking. Is your wife not there?" Amanda asked politely.

Joan poured a glass of water and said, "I'm not married."

Amanda was speechless.

So where did Nina come from?

An accident?

But he seemed so decent, not quite a man who would be out messing around with women.

No. She couldn't judge a man just by his appearance.

Maybe he just looked like a nice guy, but he was actually a scumbag, like Stanford, who looked decent.

And this time, in City B.

At the hospital.

Stanford was just waking up in the VIP ward.

There were doctors in white coats standing around the bed, and Atwood was also there.

He was the one who received the call to bring Stanford to the hospital.

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He had been treated and was not in a life-threatening condition. Now he needed to decide for himself. He had injured his leg and needed surgery, but recovery from the operation would take at least six months, if not, three or five months at the earliest.

Although he had family, he and his father did not get along and he was not close to his half-brother. The consent form for the operation needed to be signed by the family.

If it was an emergency, Atwood could sign it, but right now, Stanford's life was not in danger, so he had to give his own consent to the operation.

After taking a glance, Stanford signed, "Can you get me back to normal for a month?"

The doctor was embarrassed, "Your injury isn't a big deal, and you just need time to recover. You won't be well for a month."

Atwood knew why he wanted to get back to normal quickly and persuaded him, "Actually, it would be better if you let Madam calm down during this period."

Stanford looked at him coldly. He didn't want to wait, not for a moment!

He just wanted to get her back quickly, and he was afraid of losing her again.

He had already lost her once, and he knew what it was like to miss her.

"Two months."

"Three months at least." The doctor did not dare to boast but only dared to say the time within his grasp.

"If you limp, can you still get Madam back? You'd better get the operation first." Atwood defied his cold, stern scowl, "Doctor, prepare for surgery."

Stanford calmed down, "You find out where she's been. I need to know her whereabouts."

Atwood said, "Okay."

An hour later, Stanford was taken to the operating room, and during this time, only Atwood stood guard outside.

It was not a major life-or-death operation, but he clearly had family, and none of them was with him,

which seemed a bit miserable.

Atwood also hoped that Amanda would be able to forgive Stanford.

He felt that Stanford's childhood had actually contributed to his misfortune. If only his father had shown him some care after his mother's death, it would not have led him to miss the warmth of his mother when she was still alive, and thus to be so bent on avenging her that he was blinded by hatred.

All Atwood knew was that Stanford wanted to get Amanda back, but what he didn't know was the pain Stanford felt.

Not only did he hurt the one he loved, but he also killed his own child.

They were under the same sky, but in a different country, and a different place...

Amanda lay down on the bed. The room was clean, and probably because there were mosquitoes here, the bed had a mosquito net. The soft gauze overlapped several layers.

She felt tired, but she wasn't much sleepier and couldn't sleep even if she wanted to.

There was a click, then the doorknob moved, and Nina pushed in with the puppy in her arms, "Are you asleep?"

Amanda said, "No."

She closed the door and ran over, climbed into her bed, then looked at her and said, "I couldn't sleep either."

Amanda smiled and reached out to pet her head. This little girl was so cute, and it just wasn't good that she made friends with strangers so easily.

"I forgot to introduce you. His name is Okeydokey."

Nina pointed to the puppy.

Amanda said, "You named it?"

Nina nodded and asked, "Is it nice?"

Amanda said, "Yes."

Because it was indeed not bad.

"Have you thought about what I told you?" Nina repeated what Joan had interrupted her earlier, "Just be my mother."

Amanda was speechless.

"I look too young to be your mother. And I've only just met your dad for the first time." Amanda thought to herself that this man was so irresponsible, and since he had a child, he should have married her mother. Even if he didn't like the woman, he had to do it for the sake of the child.

Otherwise, as the child grew up in a single-parent household, she was prone to having flaws in her character.

Besides, she felt that Nina had a flaw in her character right now. Otherwise, why would she have asked

her to mother her when she saw her?

Nina said seriously, "I only asked you to be my mother because you are young and pretty. There are plenty of women who want to be my mother, but I don't like them, and neither does Daddy."

She pouted, "What's wrong with you meeting my dad for the first time? Isn't my dad handsome? He's very handsome. Let me introduce you so you're familiar with him. His name is Joan. He is 29 years old and is known as Lord Morton. He has a house full of jewels and can afford to keep you."

Amanda was once again speechless. _____ Chapter 949 She Can't Be Overwhelmed With Sympathy

This child was too precocious, wasn't she?

Was this something a four-or five-year-old could say?

Amanda seriously doubted it.

She rolled over, "I'm sleepy, and I'm going to bed."

Nina crawled over her and into her arms, "Just think about it."

Amanda didn't know how to talk to her, so she just pretended to sleep.

Nina shook her while she didn't move or say anything. After doing this a few more times, Nina felt bored and let go, then lay in her arms and mumbled, "It's early. Why are you so sleepy?"

Amanda was speechless.

She muttered in her mind, "It's late, okay?"

After a while, Nina fell asleep and Okeydokey also fell asleep at the end of the bed. Amanda thought to herself that the puppy looked a lot like its owner.

Seeing that Nina was sleeping peacefully, she didn't move and just let her sleep in her arms.

Then she also slowly fell asleep.

Probably because she was in a strange place, she didn't sleep well, but waked up several times during the night and got up early in the morning.

She put Nina down and got up, then sat up in bed and rubbed her aching arms. She was afraid that Nina would wake up, so she hadn't changed positions all night and her arms were numb from being pillowed.

Knock-knock ...

There was a knock on the door of the room.

Amanda said come in, and then the door to the room was pushed open. She expected it to be the maid this early in the morning, yet it wasn't, but Joan. His eyes crossed to her to see the little girl lying behind her and frowned slightly, "She disturbed your rest last night, didn't she?"

"No," Amanda said.

Joan nailed her lie very bluntly, "So why didn't you rest well?"

Amanda blinked.

He said, "You've got dark shadows under your eyes."

Amanda was speechless.

She was thinking to herself that this man was not only a scumbag but also very dull.

"Let me help you up." Joan walked over to the bed.

"No need." Amanda waved her hand in a rush. She hadn't felt good about the man ever since she thought he had Nina out of wedlock.

"I can do it myself." She sat down on the edge of the bed, put her feet down to put on her slippers, and tried to stand up on her uninjured feet.

Joan didn't insist and said, "Okay. Just take care of yourself."

With that, he turned to walk out when Amanda called out to him, "Can you do me a favour?"

"What?"

"If you can, take me to the city today." Her foot would heal in a few days and she couldn't stay here all the time. She had to go and stay in a hotel.

"You're not healed yet." Joan said.

"Well, I still have things to do, so ..."

"What do you have to do?" Nina woke up in a daze. Her sleepiness dissipated at the sound of her voice, and instead, she sat up and looked at her and asked.

Amanda turned around. When did this difficult little girl wake up?

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Nina rubbed her eyes, "I thought you said you were going to be my mother. How can you leave?"

Amanda was speechless.

When did she say that?

"Are you not awake?" Amanda asked.

Nina tilted her head. Her hair was a mess, but it couldn't hide her small, white cheeks, "I'm wide awake."

"Then you must have been dreaming. I didn't promise you to be your mother." She couldn't afford to be overwhelmed with sympathy for such things.

This little girl was endearing and it was heartbreaking that she longed for a mother because she didn't have one, but she couldn't just agree to such things.

Nina blinked, and tears gradually welled up in her eyes.

Amanda got flustered for a moment, "Well, you should ask your dad for your mommy. I can't really be your mum."

Joan came over and picked Nina up, "Sally."

Soon the maid came running over, "Sir."

"Take her to her own room and get her changed."

Nina hugged Joan's neck and wouldn't let go, "Daddy."

"Do as you're told." Joan patted her head, "Don't you want to go to the amusement park? I'm taking you there today, so be a good girl and do as you're told."

"Really?" Nina's eyes were wide open. There were still tears in her eyes, but she was smiling.

"Really." Joan replied affirmatively.

"Thank you, I love you." With that, she kissed Joan on the cheek and then followed the maid out obediently.

When Nina left, Joan spoke, "Because she has no mother, so ..."

"That's why you should have married her mother, otherwise Nina would have been prone to having flaws in her character. I think, as a man, you have to have a sense of responsibility."

Amanda interrupted him and gave a lecture.

Joan looked at her quietly for two minutes.

Amanda's scalp was tingling from the look he was giving her, and she didn't know what he meant.

Was he angry that she had rebuked him?

But he had let a woman have a child and then didn't want the woman anymore, just the child. That kind of behaviour was indeed unethical.

"Well, I mean ... that ..."

Amanda explained for a long time without coming up with a good answer.

"Breakfast is almost ready. Just wash up." With that, he turned to leave.

Amanda was speechless.

Had she offended the man who had taken her in for the night?

But even if he had taken her in for the night, there was really something wrong with his character.

She limped to the bathroom, which was prepared with toiletries. And after she washed up, she limped out again.

Nina was already wearing a pink lace dress with a braid and a little flower on her head. Her eyes were wide open and when her eyelashes fluttered, she looked like a doll.

Amanda looked at her face and thought that her mother was definitely not a Thai. Because she was more like someone from a Western country. Chapter 950 She Had Always Thought Wrong

Seeing Amanda smiling, Nina ran over and helped her, "Let me hold you up."

Amanda looked at her and thought she had just been too direct. Nina was still a child, and there was nothing wrong with her wanting a mother. She shouldn't have been so blunt but should have been more tactful so as not to upset her.

"Doesn't your dad usually have time for you?" Amanda thought it was actually quite easy for her to be content. She could be so happy when Joan said he'd take her to an amusement park.

Nina nodded, "He's busy and doesn't have time."

Amanda thought to herself that he should spend time with his own child even if he didn't have time, and Nina was a motherless child.

"He's tried so hard to keep me company." Nina lowered her eyes and suddenly became depressed.

Amanda was at a loss for words. Had she said the wrong thing?

How had she become upset all of a sudden?

Her mood changed so quickly that she was caught off guard.

"Well, Nina ..."

Nina looked up at her, "I'm fine."

Amanda was speechless.

This kid ...

"My mum and dad are dead, and he adopted me," Nina said.

Amanda looked at her for a long time. That meant she had been thinking wrong?

She wasn't actually Joan's illegitimate child?

And he hadn't been irresponsible?

"My mum and dad died and my grandparents wouldn't raise me, so I became an orphan with no one to look after me. He was the one who took me into this family and became my father ..."

She blinked, "Actually, he's pathetic."

Amanda was speechless.

Joan was pathetic?

What was pathetic about him?

He was powerful and influential. How was he pathetic?

What did she mean by the word "pathetic"?

If he was pathetic, weren't the ordinary people in this world who ran around for money even more pathetic?

"He's too busy to find a wife. Isn't that pathetic?" Nina blinked.

Amanda was speechless.

So she went around looking for a mother to find him a wife?

This kid ...

Amanda didn't know what to say about her anymore.

"Nina." Joan walked over, "Come here."

He waved.

Nina immediately ran over, then tilted her head back and called sweetly, "Daddy."

Joan picked her up and placed her on a chair in front of the dining table. The table was long and could seat at least twenty people.

"Miss Nelson, come and eat." Joan pulled out her chair for her in a very gentlemanly manner.

Amanda was ashamed of what she had thought earlier when she knew that Nina was not his illegitimate child. How could she freely speculate on a person's character?

And she'd said those things to him.

"I thought Nina was your ..."

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Realizing that Nina was still at the table, she hurriedly stopped talking. Such words couldn't be said in front of the child.

Joan knew what she was going to say and was concerned about Nina, so instead of answering, he changed the subject, "I don't know if you're used to eating the food."

Amanda said, "I'm not a picky eater."

Knowing that he wasn't an irresponsible man, she felt as if he wasn't that annoying anymore.

In City B.

Stanford's surgery was a success.

It was just that he needed to recuperate in bed and couldn't walk off the floor yet, and he had only Atwood by his side.

"Is Lindsay still alive?" Stanford, lying on the hospital bed, suddenly asked.

Atwood wondered why he suddenly thought of Lindsay and said, "She's still in jail, alive."

"She should die." Stanford was impassive, but what he said was cold and harsh.

"It's a good thing that Madam is fine and she was punished." Atwood didn't know that Amanda had lost her baby in that fire.

So he didn't understand why Stanford had suddenly mentioned her again.

"In fact, she made such a big mistake just because she loves you, and she is not sinful enough to die. If she is willing to correct herself, why don't you give her a chance to reform herself ..."

"What did you say?" Atwood's words were barely finished when Stanford interrupted him, "She's not sinful enough to die?"

Meeting his gloomy eyes, Atwood swallowed, "Well, I'm not pleading for mercy for her. It's just that ... it's just that ..."

He explained for a long time without coming up with a good answer.

Stanford closed his eyes to hide all emotion, "She doesn't deserve to live. Let her be buried with the dead."

Atwood froze. Did he mean what he said as he understood it?

Let Lindsay die?

She was trying to get Amanda killed, but Amanda was still alive and well. Who did he want her to be buried with?

Now that she was in jail, and he didn't have to kill her.

"Well ..."

"Atwood, stop pleading for mercy for her. She doesn't deserve it, and she's far more vicious than you can imagine. Do as I say." Stanford still didn't open his eyes, just tilted his head slightly to the side of the window.

Atwood was silent for a moment and said, "I'll get on it."

Atwood murmured Lindsay's name.

Although he didn't understand it, he went to do it anyway.

Only, he didn't see Lindsay. She was gone.

What was going on?

He immediately went to see Blithe and wanted to ask what was going on.

However, Blithe didn't know either, and said, "It's impossible."

"I really haven't seen her or I wouldn't have come to you." Atwood looked at him and said, "She didn't escape, did she?"

"Are you kidding? Is this place where she can escape just because she wants to?" Blithe was very cautious. After all, if Lindsay disappeared, he would be held responsible.

He had promised Abbott that he would keep a close eye on her and let her die of old age in prison.

Now Lindsay was gone. How was he going to explain that to him?

"Come on, let's go check it out." Blithe took the lead and walked out.

Atwood followed him. _____

Chapter 951 Better Than An Outsider

On the way to prison from the police station, Atwood asked, "Mr. Donald, were you really unaware of this matter?"

Atwood found that to be unlikely. After all, how could someone just disappear into thin air in prison?

She had always relied on Stanford. Other than Stanford and Blithe Donald, no one else could help her.

Plus, was it possible for someone to enter and exit the prison as they pleased?

Atwood couldn't help but get the idea that Blithe was the only person who could get her out of prison.

In return for his question, Blithe only gave him a glimpse and said nothing.

He had no obligation to explain it to Atwood.

He expected that she would go missing, and little did Atwood know that Blithe was even more eager to figure this matter out than anyone else.

After a while, the car came to a halt. Blithe pretended to be unaware of the case and requested the warden to bring him a particular prisoner.

Upon hearing her name, the warden said, "This woman is sick and she is getting treated in the hospital now." Atwood immediately turned to Blithe, thinking to himself, 'Didn't he say that he was unaware of it?'

"Why am I not informed about it?" Blithe asked. For such matters, the wardens would need to seek his approval, but he had never received an application from their side.

'How sick was she? Why must she be treated at other hospitals and not the one in prison?'

He ignored Atwood's questioning gaze and instructed the warden sternly, "Bring me to her now."

"Yes, sir." From Blithe's tone, the warden knew there was trouble.

Hence, the group left the prison. On the way to the hospital, the warden asked, "Mr. Donald, do you really not know about it?"

Blithe squinted, "What do you mean?"

"We have been keeping a close watch on her under your order. She could leave this time because Michael came and handled the matter. We thought that was what you wanted too."

Blithe raised his brows at the revelation. Some time ago, Michael's relative committed a crime, so he went to Blithe and asked for his help. However, Blithe rejected his request because that was quite a serious crime, and Blithe believed that this kind of people should get punished as they deserved.

After the initial discussion, Michael brought the matter up a few times more. Blithe was angered by it

and lectured him, "As government officers, we must lead by example. People who have committed crimes and endangered society cannot be let go so easily. Although it's your relative, it's a fact that he committed a crime, and he should be punished for that. We can't let him go just because he's your relative, do you understand?"

Michael did not speak of the matter again after that.

He had been performing his tasks diligently as usual.

'Could it be that he had been hiding his dissatisfaction?'

Blithe's expression turned gloomy.

Soon, they arrived at the hospital, and the warden took them to the woman's ward. As per the protocol, two police officers would be needed to guard a prisoner who was hospitalized to prevent the prisoner from escaping. Sure enough, the warden arranged for all of that. He even came to the hospital to check on it yesterday.

No one was at the door when they arrived at the ward today. The warden went to ask around and he was told that the woman was having a check-up now. The group went to the examination section and again, asked the nurses around about what kind of check-up Lindsay was having.

One of the nurses checked the document and said it was a B-scan ultrasound. Atwood asked more, "What sickness does she have?"

"I'm not sure." As many diseases needed to be determined through a B-scan ultrasound, nothing more was written on the form other than the type of check-up she had. The doctor can only confirm the exact sickness after taking a look at the results.

"Let's go." Blithe said. The most important thing was getting to Lindsay now.

Even until now, he still didn't believe that Lindsay was sick.

When they arrived at the B-scan ultrasound examination ward, they saw the two police officers responsible for watching over Lindsay guarding the door. It made them feel slightly more assured. Fortunately, she was still around. This way, there wouldn't be much trouble.

"When did she go in? It's not done yet?" The warden asked.

"It's been a while. She should be out soon," One of the police officers answered.

At this time, Michael appeared with a bag of food in his hands, which fell to the ground when he caught sight of Blithe. He turned around immediately, wanting to leave the scene, but unfortunately for him, Atwood had seen him and went forward to stop him.

Michael panicked and started to blabber incoherent words, "Mr... Mr. Donald."

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Blithe did not reply to him. Instead, he threw Michael a cold gaze.

"Next." At this moment, the nurse from the ward called for the next patient. However, no one had come out of the room yet.

Atwood shoved Michael to the ground and rushed into the examination ward. There were only two

doctors who were in charge of the medical check-up there.

The warden, who followed behind Atwood into the room, noticed the scene too. He asked, "Where's the patient just now?"

"Oh, her. She went to the toilet and never came back." The doctors had waited for some time, so they decided to move on to the next patient.

"Block all the exits now," Blithe ordered.

The warden walked out while he spoke on the phone. Atwood rushed out too.

According to the doctor's words, Lindsay wouldn't have much time to escape by now if that was her intention.

However, they couldn't find her even after three hours of searching.

Michael and the two police officers who were responsible for guarding her were taken to the interrogation room.

"At least one officer needs to be by the prisoner's side if he or she was getting treatment from an external hospital, am I right? Do the both of you not know about it? Why were you guys standing outside?"

The two officers turned to look at Michael simultaneously. One of them answered, " He said it was your orders and we do not need to guard her side by side.

Michael, upon knowing that his plan had been exposed, fell to the ground weakly.

He had been working for Blithe for a long time. Blithe trusted Michael a lot, and he never expected such a thing to happen.

It was devastating.

“What’s going on? Explain it to me.” Blithe’s expression was dark. He couldn’t get out of this situation easily either. After all, Michael was his subordinate.

Blithe sighed, blaming himself for his lack of judgment in choosing the best candidate.

“It’s not like I can be released from the punishment after I explain it,” Michael replied dully. Truth be told, he didn’t expect Lindsay to escape too.

“It’ll be worse if you just keep your mouth shut!” Blithe said sternly, “Do you know where she escaped to?”

“I really don’t know about that.” Michael laughed at himself in mockery, “At this point, I’ll tell you guys everything I know.”

Now that Michael was in deep trouble himself, he could care less about covering up for Lindsay.

“You better pray that we get to her! If we can’t find her, you’ll face the consequences!” Blithe called someone in after he was done speaking to Michael, “Lock him up.”

Then, he looked at the other two officers, “This is your chance to make up for your mistake. Go and find her and bring her back.”

The pair replied with a yes.

After a day of futile search, Atwood and the police officers went back to the hospital.

When he arrived at Stanford's room, he heard people talking in it. The door wasn't fully shut, and through its slit, he saw Alyssa and Enoch, who was in a wheelchair.

They came to the hospital two days after knowing Stanford was involved in an accident.

If they were truly concerned, they would've come right after getting word of it. After all, it was all over the news that Aegis Security Services, which was acquired by J&Y Group, existed only on paper. It lost him billions of dollars.

And he got into the accident because of his terrible mood.

Well, that was what the media reported.

But Stanford was more than clear about how he got into the accident.

"You need to rest after the accident, but we have a problem. Someone else needs to take over and be in charge of the company. What about you get George to help out? Better to trust your own family than an outsider," Enoch had a hidden meaning behind his words. Atwood and Stanford had the closest relationship with each other, and Stanford trusted him the most too. For all the matters that he cannot return to the company to settle himself, he will get Atwood to do it. __Chapter 952 Atwood Barret, You're Looking For Death

As soon as Enoch spoke, Alyssa added, "Your father's right, Stanford. George is family, but can you trust the others to really care about you?"

Stanford gazed at the pair coldly. They expressed no concern, or at the least, pretended to care for his well-being at all ever since their arrival. But what were they saying was good for him now?

He snorted, “Do the both of you really care about me? Are the both of you here today to visit me, or is it for your son?”

Enoch felt humiliated. Just as he was about to speak, Alyssa stopped him. She was afraid that her husband couldn't hold it in and start a fight with Stanford, so she spoke first, “Of course we care about you. We saw the news and you lost so much money. If you had someone you could trust at work, you wouldn't have suffered such a loss. I'm telling you, they're useless.”

After Alyssa saw the news, she couldn't sleep for the whole night. She kept thinking about all the things she could've done with the billions of dollars.

Even the thought of it hurt her.

With that, she was more determined than ever to get her son into J&Y Group and obtain half of the family's wealth.

Stanford didn't want to waste more time on this matter, “Did you know that your son caused trouble in the company the last time he came? Is he out from the mental hospital already?”

“No matter what, he's your brother. How could you...”

“Did he regard me as his brother when he caused trouble in the company?” Stanford retorted without waiting for Enoch to finish his words.

Enoch couldn't say anything, or rather, he did not know what to say, so Alyssa stepped in, "He had no ill intentions..."

That earned her a glare from Stanford, which sent chills all over her body. His gaze scared her, so she swallowed all of her unfinished words.

"I'm tired. The both of you may leave now," Stanford wanted them to leave as he refused to waste more time arguing with them.

"I heard your legs are injured. It's best to have someone you trust to take over the company for the time being, and George is our best choice. Stanford, you and George are both my sons. I would only wish for nothing but the best for both of you." Enoch was still on George's side, and he wanted to use this chance to get his younger son into the company, "You even sent him to the mental hospital previously. As I said, he's still your younger brother no matter what happens. If he had done something wrong to you before, the both of you should be even now, shouldn't you?"

Stanford was on the verge of wrath. If it was any other day in the past, he could leave right away when he didn't want to listen to their blabbers. However, he couldn't do that now, and his patience had reached its limits.

They said they cared about him, but they asked nothing about his injury ever since they stepped into this room. All they did was fought for their younger son's benefits.

'What did they say they were? My father? My younger brother?'

Stanford was disheartened.

“George is your younger brother. On the other hand, the Atwood guy is not related to you at all. You should know who to choose.”

“Atwood isn’t related to me, but he has been by my side, taking care of me after the accident. Let me ask you, why isn’t my family around?”

Stanford asked calmly. He showed no trace of anger or dissatisfaction at all. He could do that because he understood them, which was why he didn’t want to continue this argument anymore.

However, this couple wasn’t willing to leave just yet.

“Stanford...”

“Mr. James.” At this time, Atwood entered the room. Enoch stopped speaking to glare at him, “What’s wrong with you? Don’t you know how to knock?”

Atwood replied, “The door wasn’t closed, so I came in.”

“Even if that’s the case, you need to show respect too. I was talking to my son, and you just interrupted...”

“I allowed him to enter my room without having to knock first. Do you have any opinions on that too?” Stanford was impatient since long ago, “Atwood, see off the guests for me.”

“Stanford...”

“Another word and I’ll donate all of my wealth away. George can dream about getting a penny from me.” Stanford didn’t want to argue on the rights and wrongs with them, but Enoch and Alyssa clearly

were coming for his wealth. They kept bugging him just because they wanted to get George into his company. They emphasized family relations, but have they ever treated Stanford as a family?

They kept emphasizing that Stanford and George were brothers, but have they ever told George the same words when he came to Stanford's company to cause trouble and ruin his reputation?

The pair would only say this to Stanford, hoping that he'd take a step back.

Have they ever treated him as a family?

Stanford's heart was stone cold. He wasn't moved by their words at all.

"You'd better stop bothering me in the future. If you irritate me even further, I'll stop paying your medical bills," Stanford said ruthlessly.

Enoch's expression turned ugly. He was an old, unhealthy man without any savings. If Stanford were to stop supporting him financially, he wouldn't be able to survive.

After Alyssa married him, she stopped working and became a full-time housewife.

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A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

Both of them depended solely on the medical fees given by Stanford, where the excess would be for their living expenses.

They desperately wanted to get George to work in Stanford's company because with that, George could get a part of the company's shares. By then, they'd achieve financial freedom and could break free from Stanford's control.

"I'm your dad!" Enoch growled.

"I don't have a choice." If Stanford could choose, he would never have chosen Enoch to be his father.

"I suggest the both of you leave now," Atwood said, stretching out his hands to push Enoch's wheelchair.

Only to get a roar from the elderly man in response, "Get the fuck away!"

Atwood wasn't bothered. He continued to push Enoch's wheelchair out, albeit a little forcefully.

"Atwood Barret, you're looking for death!" Enoch slammed his fist on the wheelchair's armrest in fury. He couldn't get up, so no matter how angry or how he threatened Atwood, he was still forcefully pushed out of the room.

Without Enoch around, Alyssa did not dare to say anything. She followed behind him and left the room too.

"I'm sorry to do this, but Mr. James needs to rest. He can't be disturbed, so perhaps the both of you shouldn't visit him anymore in the future." Atwood wasn't bothered by Enoch's anger at all.

"Who do you think you are?" Enoch pointed his finger, which was trembling because he was so mad, at Atwood.

Atwood remained calm and left after giving Enoch a simple nod.

Alyssa took over and pushed the wheelchair. She glanced at Atwood, "He went overboard. How could he treat you like this?"

Then, her topic turned in another direction, "I bet he only dared to treat you this way because he knows he's important to Stanford. It looks like your son is on the outsider's side."

With Alyssa, who was adding fuel to the fire, Enoch became angrier than he initially was.

"You're still his father regardless of what happens. It's too disrespectful of him to treat you like this." Alyssa continued to say.

Enoch scolded her, "Stop it!"

Alyssa shut up in an instant and thought to herself that Atwood definitely wouldn't give them any money anymore if Enoch were dead.

She pursed her lips and continued to Enoch's wheelchair. Along the way, she started to complain again, "Your son is too rebellious. You have to be tougher to him."

Enoch looked back at her. 'Am I not tough enough?'

"Don't speak of this matter anymore."

He had enough!

Stanford had no respect for him at all, humiliating him again and again.

He even embarrassed Enoch in front of an outsider this time around.

“What about George then?”

“I could care less about him now.” Enoch was frustrated to his limits. He wanted the best for his younger son too, but what could he do when Stanford was so stubborn?

He was furious.

Alyssa did not know what to do as well. If she had a plan, she wouldn't have persuaded Enoch to come to the hospital.

Stanford had changed. He wasn't the kid she used to know anymore, and it was more difficult to deal with him now.

It was too difficult to snatch anything from him.

“Sigh.” Alyssa regretted, thinking to herself that she should've been more ruthless. If she had killed him back then, none of this would've happened today!

Stanford had taken away all the family's assets, and they needed to depend on his charity to continue with their lives.

“George can work somewhere else first.” Enoch didn't want his son to spend his time in vain his whole life.

“He doesn't have a diploma. What kind of job can he get?” Alyssa complained.

Chapter 953 I Need To Tell You Something

“He didn’t take his studies seriously because you spoiled him too much, didn’t you?”

Enoch was right, but he never thought of the fact that maybe he might have made a mistake too.

Alyssa snorted, “Is he only my son? Don’t you have the responsibility to educate him too?”

“Are you trying to piss me off to death?” Enoch was already on the verge of explosion from how Stanford treated him, but Alyssa still wanted to argue with him now. Did she want him to die from anger?

Alyssa kept quiet and started to form a plan in her mind. It seemed that she couldn’t depend on Enoch to get Stanford’s approval.

Plus, they’d tried two times. Enoch was already impatient, and he didn’t see any hope in this method anymore.

On the other side...

In the hospital...

Atwood closed the door of Stanford’s room and walked towards him, “Mr. James, why don’t I make a room transfer for you?”

Stanford had spoken to the doctor. He could return home and rest, so there wasn’t a need to switch

rooms. However, all these were not what he cared about most now. He wanted to know where Amanda had gone, "Have you find out where she went?"

Atwood checked the flight details and replied, "Thailand."

The two of them knew why she chose to go there. She had family in Thailand.

Atwood knew that Stanford liked Amanda, but he knew that it was difficult for them to patch things up too. Her family probably wouldn't agree to it too.

He didn't want Stanford's health to be affected because of this, "Mr. James, I still believe that it's impossible to fix what has been done. I think you should just let her go."

To Stanford, Atwood was his most-trusted person. He had the closest relationship to Atwood too, who always knew what was on his mind.

Now that Atwood had said such words, Stanford felt afraid.

He was afraid that Atwood was right.

It was difficult to fix a broken mirror.

There was a human life that was in the way of their relationship.

At this thought, Stanford teared up.

He could've built his own family, but he tore it apart with his own two hands. He killed his own child.

Recently, he suffered insomnia and couldn't sleep all night.

Even if he managed to sleep from extreme fatigue, nightmares would haunt him.

"Atwood, don't say anything like this next time." Stanford said, "Go and proceed with the procedures so I can get discharged."

Atwood knew nothing about the child. He was speaking from the perspective of an outsider. He just felt that it was difficult for two people to get back together without minding the past.

Once a mirror was broken, it couldn't go back to its original state regardless of how top-tier the glue was used to put it back. There'd still be cracks.

When the two people face each other, they will be reminded of the unhappy incidents from the past. There will always be an unbreakable barrier between them.

Rather than living together in regrets, why don't they just let go and chase after their own happiness, and lead a good life?

Atwood went against Stanford this time around and continued, "She knows that it was all a well-designed plan, from the moment you approached her to the rest that follows. Would she still believe you after knowing all of your so-called love for her was just for revenge? What do you think is the answer? She wouldn't trust you anymore, not after you hurt her and almost took her life away. How should she face you? How could she face you?"

Atwood tried to persuade Stanford because he didn't want Stanford to suffer.

It might be painful at first, but all wounds would heal eventually. With time, only a light scar would be left behind, but it wouldn't hurt anymore.

However, if the two of them were to get back together, it will hurt from time to time when they looked at each other and was reminded of the past.

If this was the case, wouldn't it be better if the both of them started another relationship, with someone else who was more compatible with each of them?

Stanford looked at Atwood. His hands were curling in fists. If it were not Atwood but anyone else who was saying such words at this moment, Stanford would've asked them to leave already.

Even if Atwood were right, Stanford wouldn't give up.

In fact, he had liked Amanda from a long time ago.

He just didn't know about it!

He was the one who caused this current situation. It was painful for Stanford to lose his child too, so he wanted to do his best and make it up to her.

Stanford had always felt that he didn't have a home, but he just understood that those peaceful, warm days he spent with her during the three years of their marriage were home to him.

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Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

“Don’t say that anymore.”

Stanford didn’t want to hear such words anymore.

“If you’re going to repeat something along those lines, you can leave now.”

Atwood was stunned for a moment. He stood in his spot, his feet rooted to the ground for a long time, “You don’t only need to get her back, but you need to...deal with her family too. Are you sure about this?”

“I’m sure of it, so don’t say something like that anymore.” Stanford knew that Atwood was only concerned about him, so he wanted to talk about his feelings for the first time with other people.

He called Atwood, his voice slightly hoarse, “Do you know what a heartache feels like?”

Atwood shook his head.

He had never fallen in love before, so he couldn’t understand those feelings.

There was still a difference between liking someone and loving someone after all.

“I know.” There weren’t any traces of coldness on Stanford’s face. He looked sad at this moment.

When he knew that he was supposed to be a father, but...

That moment suffocated him.

What he had always wanted to pursue had been by his side all along.

He just didn't know how precious it was until the moment he lost it.

"Actually, I am selfish. I hurt her, but I still want her." Stanford knew that wishing her happiness was perhaps the best thing to do, but he couldn't bring himself to do that.

He tried everything, only to put things back as to how it was in the past—to have three meals a day together; To go to bed together; To see her smiling and whining like a baby to him.

She once told him, "Stanford, I hope that we have a daughter next time."

When he heard about having a child, his heart was moved, but he ignored the unfamiliar feeling quickly and asked her flatly, "Why do you prefer daughters?"

She said, "Because I get to name her Aimee, which means the beloved one."

Stanford did not reply, because he knew such a scenario couldn't happen.

Although they did not use protection when they had sex, Amanda did not get pregnant in the three years they were married, so Stanford felt that it wouldn't happen. If she could get pregnant, it would've happened long ago.

Now that Stanford thought about it, he finally understood the reason he never used a condom.

He had never thought if they should keep the child if Amanda did get pregnant.

After all, he didn't understand his own feelings back then.

Perhaps his subconscious actions had already reflected his true feelings.

He wasn't afraid that she would get pregnant, because by then, they could build a family of three. Did that mean that he was ready to spend a lifetime with her?

If he were clear-headed enough, he wouldn't have allowed her to have the chance to get pregnant at all.

Because he didn't love her back then, all he thought about was revenge, and it would only hurt the child if she were to get pregnant. With his IQ, it was a sure thing that he understood this reasoning.

But he did not do that.

If one were to ask Stanford to explain when he started to love her, he could not give a specific answer too.

It could be the first time they met. It could be a certain moment. Or it could be from the time they spent together.

Atwood had never seen Stanford in such a state. He stopped persuading him because he knew it'd be useless.

It may be because of the environment in which Stanford grew up, but he would never show his weakness in front of others. Usually, he'd use his cold front to conceal his true feelings and emotions that were buried deep within his heart.

However, Stanford had told Atwood so much, and it was at this moment that Atwood realised Stanford

had changed.

Ever since he knew that Amanda was still alive, he changed.

Little by little, he started to show his feelings to outsiders. It was something he had never done before. He had never shared his feelings with Atwood, who had been by his side for a long time as well.

However, he showed such a side to Atwood this time.

“I need to tell you something.”Chapter 954 Unusual

Initially, Atwood wanted to keep Lindsay’s escape from Stanford for the time being, but Stanford would only think about Amanda’s matters if Atwood did not tell him about it now. However, he probably wouldn’t look for Amanda right away since his leg hasn’t healed yet.

If Stanford knew about Lindsay, he might not be in a hurry to look for Amanda anymore.

Seeing that Lindsay must die immediately, Atwood was curious about the reason behind it.

However, he did not dare to ask at such a time.

Stanford regained his composure and asked, “What is it?”

“Uh... Lindsay escaped from prison,” Atwood replied.

“What?” Stanford squinted and asked, “Who did it?”

It was impossible for Lindsay to escape on her own.

There must be someone who helped her. Hence, Stanford did not ask “What happened?”, but “Who did it?” instead.

“Blithe’s man. I’m not sure of the details yet, so I’ll go over tomorrow.”

Stanford frowned, “I’ll go with you.”

Atwood widen his eyes when he heard the words. Stanford just finished his surgery, and he shouldn’t leave the bed yet.

“Get a wheelchair before we leave the hospital.”

Atwood nodded after a moment of silence.

On the other hand, Amanda did not check in to any hotels.

When she found out that Nina wasn’t Joan’s illegitimate child, but an adopted child, Amanda changed her perspective on Joan. At the same time, she felt sorry for Nina too.

It was fortunate that the little girl was adopted by a kind family, otherwise, she'd have difficulty surviving in this society.

This morning, Joan said he wanted to bring Nina out to play, but he couldn't take her out as something urgent came up.

He couldn't send Amanda to a hotel too, so she had to stay here for another day.

She took the opportunity to comfort Nina on behalf of Joan.

Joan went back on his words again.

Why did she use the word 'again'?

Because it wasn't Joan's first time to break his promise.

Nina hugged Okeydokey in her arms and nestled in the huge European-style sofa. She looked even tinier this way.

She bowed her head, looking aggrieved and sad.

Amanda limped and sat down on the sofa. She looked at Nina for a moment, but the little girl made no sound, nor raised her head to look at Amanda.

Amanda stretched out her hand and tugged at the lace on Nina's collar lightly, "Nina."

"You don't need to comfort me, I'm okay. I know that daddy is busy. I understand that." Nina raised her

head. She had a pair of pretty eyes. They were big and round, blinking from time to time. Her eyelashes were long too. However, her eyes were a little teary.

She said that she didn't mind, but her eyes were showing her disappointment through her tears.

Amanda was touched for a moment and hugged the little girl in her embrace.

"When my leg healed, I'll bring you out to play, okay?" She comforted Nina gently, "Since we can't go to the amusement park today, what about I teach you how to draw?"

Nina blinked, still in low spirits as she said, "What's fun about drawing?"

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"Do you like your daddy?" Amanda asked.

Nina nodded her head vigorously and answered with certainty, "Of course."

"Don't you think your daddy would be happy if you drew him something?"

Nina thought for a moment, then she asked, "Would he be happy?"

"Of course!" Amanda told her.

Nina hesitated for a while, before finally agreeing to it, "Okay then."

Amanda gave the maid some money and told her to buy a set of paint and brushes.

Sketching is definitely not a good idea to arouse a little girl's interest. Therefore, Amanda decided to go with colours. It'd definitely make Nina want to try painting out.

Since her leg was injured now, she couldn't play around with Nina. Hence, she could only choose a quieter way to arouse Nina's interest and help her forget her unhappiness.

Soon, the maid came back with the materials. They decided to paint by the river. The maid even prepared some food for them.

"Why did you learn how to draw?" Nina asked Amanda.

While helping the maid set up the drawing board, Amanda replied, "I didn't have any hobbies when I was younger, but I had an aunt who drew and painted with me to pass the time. My interest came naturally from there."

"Is it like what we're doing now?" Nina smiled a little.

Amanda paused for a moment before answering, "Exactly."

Frangipanis that grew by the river was in full bloom. The petals were half-white and half-yellow, just like a boiled egg that was cut in half.

"I want to draw that." Nina pointed.

Amanda patted her head affectionately, "Okay."

It was pretty easy to coax a little girl. Amanda played with her for a whole day and put her to sleep at night after dinner. Joan still hadn't returned yet.

Amanda was reading her a bedtime story.

Nina looked up and stared at Amanda, who was reading a fairy tale for her. Her eyelashes flapped slightly, "It's a nice story."

'It'd be great if she was my mother.'

Amanda didn't sleep well for the past few days, but she managed to sleep after Nina fell asleep somehow today.

When Joan came back, it was already late at night.

He asked the maid about everything that happened at home today.

Sally told him that Amanda and Nina had gone to the river to paint today. Then, she pointed at Nina's artwork, "Nina drew this. She had fun today."

Joan walked over, picked up the paper and took a closer look. It looked great.

"The lady took care of Nina nicely. Nina was obedient today too. She went to bed after I bathed her."

If it was any other day, Nina would've waited till her father return home before she would sleep.

It seemed unusual, as she was a little too obedient today.

“I’ll go and take a look.”

He walked towards Nina’s room.

Chapter 955 You Have Questions For Me?

He pushed the door open, but there was no one in there.

The bed was empty.

Joan wasn’t surprised, as if he expected Nina to not be in here. He turned and walked towards Amanda’s room, but when he arrived at the door, he realized that it was already too late. He put his hand down and did not disturb their sleep.

“You’re back?”

When Joan turned around, the door opened. Amanda was standing there.

She was a light sleep in foreign places, so she woke up when she heard noises outside the door.

“Did I wake you up?” Joan turned, “You can’t rest well here?”

Amanda looked down, using her silence to admit to his questions.

Even if she was fatigued, she couldn't sleep well in an unfamiliar place.

"Is your leg better now?" As he said, his gaze averted to her ankle.

Amanda subconsciously moved her leg behind, "Yeah, it's not swollen anymore. It doesn't hurt too."

"Thanks for taking care of Nina for me."

"Didn't you take me in too?" Amanda smiled, "Have you eaten?"

He said no.

Sally had already prepared the food and came over, "Sir, dinner is served."

"Join me for dinner?" He invited, "It's time for supper anyway."

Amanda smiled and said, "There's a tradition back in my country. We should sleep when the time is up and not disturb other people's rest. And now, it's time for bed, so I'm afraid I can't join you."

Joan had a faint smile on his face. He couldn't retort to her rejection.

"Good night and sleep early. I'll take care of Nina."

“Good night,” Joan whispered.

Amanda closed the door, while Joan went to the dining hall.

Nina was sleeping soundly on the bed. She had no idea that Amanda woke up in the middle of the night at all.

Amanda stood by the bed, curious as to why Joan, an unmarried man would adopt her instead of sending her to the orphanage. If he was married, had a wife and children, then this wouldn't have seemed so strange. But it was unusual for an unmarried man to adopt a child.

With curiosity in her heart, Amanda headed to the dining hall.

She poured herself a glass of water and sat down.

Joan looked up at her.

She smiled, “I won't talk.”

Joan continued to eat. Once he was done, he picked up a napkin and wiped the corners of his mouth. He asked her, “You have questions for me?”

Amanda thought that this man was intelligent. He could always guess her thoughts.

“Yeah.” She pursed her lips before continuing, “You're not married, but why did you adopt Nina? Most men wouldn't do that, right?”

“No special reason. I just wanted to raise her.” Joan replied simply. The first time he saw Nina, her body was covered in dirt. She was brought here by traffickers. Together with another few children, they were nestling at the corner of a roughly furnished room.

When they were rescued, he noticed that the other children looked like Thai people, but she was different. Plus, she was calm and even thanked those who rescued them.

After all the children were brought home, she was left behind. They asked her about her parents, but she said her parents passed away and she was an orphan.

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The police officers were going to send her to the orphanage.

“Didn’t your family object this?” Amanda asked again.

She had been here for two days but had never once seen his family.

Joan took a sip of water. Then, he put the glass down slowly and said, “They’re not around anymore.”

He was calm. One could not tell what he was feeling, “My mother passed away from sickness.”

Not long after his mother passed on, his father left him too and followed his mother to the after-world. His parents had always been in love with each other.

Since Joan could remember, he had never seen his parents argue.

He grew up in a warm and loving family. If there were any shortcomings, it had to be that his parents only had one child and that they passed away too early.

They left him alone to guard this huge house.

Nina added a touch of colour to his simple life.

Joan looked serious in his army uniform, but he was a warm person in life.

This had a lot to do with the environment he grew up in.

"I'm sorry to hear that, I..."

"Don't worry about it." Joan didn't mind. It had been a long time, so he could face it calmly now. He would only be reminded of it from time to time.

"Uh, I'll go to bed now." Amanda looked at the time and said.

Joan said, "Yeah, good night."

Amanda nodded and walked towards her room.

"Ms. Nelson," Joan called her out abruptly.

She looked back, "Yeah?"

“Your clothes.”

‘My clothes?’

Amanda looked at herself, but didn’t see anything wrong with her attire.

“Behind.” Joan reminded her.

She then looked back and realized that her shirt had curled up and revealed her delicate skin. She quickly pulled it down, then dashed back to her room, feeling slightly embarrassed.

Her leg hasn’t healed completely yet. While she was walking quickly, a wave of pain suddenly shot up her ankle. She sucked in a deep breath and was about to reach out to a table not far away to support her body. At this time, Joan’s arm stretched over and caught her wrist.

Amanda caught her balance.

“Are you okay?” He asked.

Amanda shook her head, “It’s nothing.”

Once she got up, she quickly pulled her hand out of his grasp and said, “Thanks.”

Then, she walked carefully back to her room.

Joan remained standing in his spot and watched her back.

Chapter 956 I Like Man

He had seen Amanda when she went to visit Matthew and Dolores in the past.

He was impressed the most by her smile, and her crystal clear eyes were like stars. He could tell through her eyes that she was a person living in happiness.

When he met Nina for the first time, he was reminded of Amanda by looking at Nina's clear eyes.

However, when he saw Amanda again, her eyes were less clear, and her smile did not give the feeling of happiness.

He wanted to ask her what did happen to her at first, but then he felt presumptuous of asking her.

After a shower, he laid in bed for a long time and did not fall asleep.

In the early morning, a loud noise broke the silence of the house.

Amanda and Nina got up early, and Nina had a high interest. She did not eat breakfast and pestered

Amanda to draw.

When they took things and were ready to go out, a woman arrived at the house.

The woman shouted at Amanda when she saw them, "Who are you? Why are you in Joan's house?"

She looked Amanda over, up and down, when she spoke.

"She's my mom," Nina replied.

Amanda was speechless.

She widened her eyes and stared at Nina.

Nina tugged Amanda's sleeve, and Amanda understood what she meant and bent over closer to Nina.

Nina whispered something in Amanda's ears, "This woman always likes to pester my dad, but he doesn't like her, and I don't like her either, so just pretend as my mother to piss her off."

Amanda was speechless.

She doubted so much, 'Is she really a five-year-old child?'

She wondered what Nina was thinking in her mind.

“You're a kid, and you should do what a kid should do. It's your father's business, and he should settle it himself. You can't get involved in it,” after saying that, Amanda explained to the woman in the local language, “You took this wrong. I'm just staying here for a night, and I'll leave tomorrow.”

Amanda's foot had almost healed, and she was ready to go back tomorrow.

Payne had learned the local language of Amanda's country and understood what she said, so she looked a little better, “Oh.”

She would learn the local language because Joan could say the local language.

Amanda smiled politely and led Nina to go outside.

Nina was not happy, pouted, and whispered, “She is so annoying. Daddy doesn't like her, but she still always comes to pester him.”

Amanda walked to the riverside and glanced at Nina faintly, “You're so young. Why do you care his matter so much?”

“I don't want daddy to be disturbed,” Nina said with a grievance.

Amanda arranged the drawing board, “Children should think less.”

Nina raised her head and looked at her, “Why don't you care about my dad? He's the one who took you in.”

Amanda was speechless.

"I pay my respects to him and thank him for taking me in, but that's it. After all, I don't know him well either, and I definitely can't get involved in his life," Amanda knew who she was, and she knew that she should keep her distance from Joan.

Nina sat unhappily on the grass, "You're so hard-hearted."

Amanda was speechless.

She prepared the paint well and picked up the brush without looking at Nina as if she was talking to herself, "I wish to be the person like this."

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She wished to be a hard-hearted person.

In this way, she would not get hurt again and also would not think of him occasionally.

Joan was in traditional Thai casual clothes in the house. Even though he wore a white cotton blouse and a slack, the clothes could not cover his firm body. He frowned when he saw Payne.

"Joan," Payne walked over to him and addressed a word in his name in an intimate tone, "I'm coming to have breakfast with you."

She also issued an order to Sally, "Prepare a bit more food."

She did not treat herself as an outsider.

In Thailand, Joan was a wealthy bachelor.

The number of women who adored him could fill two trucks. However, the ordinary person did not dare to hope to marry him, and they also could not easily approach him because of his high status.

Payne was different from those people. She was the descendant of the nobility who had the status.

Joan and Payne were well-matched in social and economic status.

However, Joan did not like her.

It was not just that he did not like her. In the past twenty-nine years, nobody had heard of he had been intimating or in love with any woman.

Many people secretly rumoured that he had a problem with his sexual orientation.

Even when he adopted Nina, some people had suspected his motive of adoption.

Of course, they said all these words behind his back.

Payne relied on her status that was equal to Joan's and always liked to pester Joan.

"By the way, who was the foreign woman? Why did you take her in?" Payne guarded against Amanda within herself. Amanda was beautiful, and she did not seem to come from an ordinary family based on her manner of speech and behaviour.

In such a magnificent mansion, she seemed to be relaxed and not restrained at all.

Payne had seen so many of those who had never seen the world. When those women saw something particularly gorgeous, they became minced up, and their eyes glowed.

"I'm not familiar with her. She's the child of the family that is living in the building in front of me. I know her parents, and she hurt her foot, so I took her in," Joan explained to her clearly.

He knew Payne had a feeling for himself, and he was afraid she would bother Amanda.

Payne smiled after she heard Joan's words, "Oh, I see."

"Payne, I have things to busy with today. You should return home after breakfast," Joan turned around and walked towards the room, and obviously, he did not want to talk to her anymore.

Payne rushed over to grab him by his arms and pouted, "I don't want to go home. Where are you going? I'll go with you."

Joan turned his head to look at her, "You're not young. If there is time, you should find a man for dating instead of pestering me."

"I want to date you."

"But I don't like you," Joan said bluntly, and he had said it more than once to her, "You're wasting your time."

Payne grabbed his arm firmly, widened her eyes, and stared at him, "What kind of woman do you like?"

Payne thought she looked good.

Joan looked at her, and Payne looked okay with slightly dark skin, but it was not a shortcoming. Most of the people had the same skin tone in the country.

However, like and dislike a person had nothing to do with appearance.

Joan had no feeling for Payne. Chapter 957 I Also Got Tricked By Her

"Don't tell me you like men," Payne stared at him, "I really can't figure out why you don't like me. I'm not ugly, and we're well-matched in social and economic status. Besides that, both of our parents are good friends. We're a match. I don't understand why you always reject me."

Joan sighed helplessly. There was no reason for liking and disliking a person.

If Joan loved a person, he would not care about her identity, even though she was a civilian.

"It could be."

Payne widened her eyes and made a backward step instantly, "W-what could it be?"

Joan looked at her appalled expression and replied, "I could be liking a man."

Payne was speechless.

Joan's words were like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky to Payne.

"The spreading rumour is true? That's why you haven't been looking for a woman?" Payne swallowed hard.

Joan did not want her to wait for him and delayed her marriage. He also wanted to have peace and quietness, so he nodded, "Yes."

Payne widened her eyes and stared at him for a few seconds without saying anything as if she was shocked by his answer.

She was reluctant to accept this answer.

When Joan said he liked man, her first reaction was to believe him because he had a clean life that she had never seen a woman around him. However, Payne liked him.

"It's okay. Even if you're gay, I'll still want to make you straight," Payne walked over to grab his arm again, "I like you, no matter what your sexual orientation, I like you."

Joan was speechless.

"Payne..."

"I don't want to listen, I don't want to listen," she covered her ears with her hands and continuously shook her head. She knew Joan would say something to reject her again, so she was not going to listen, "I like you, and I've liked you for so many years, and I'm not going to like anyone else anymore."

Joan was speechless.

He pressed his eyebrow with his fingers, and he could do nothing with her.

"Sir, the breakfast is ready," Sally walked over to them at this time.

"Alright, go get Nina and Ms. Nelson," after saying that, he sighed and waited for Sally to walk away before looking at Payne, "Be my guest. All I can promise you is that I don't like you, and I won't like you in the future as well."

After saying that, he turned around and walked out of the house.

Payne was stunned and stood on the same spot.

She did not return to her senses for a long time.

She suffered both physical and mental.

Amanda taught Nina to draw wild geese at the riverside.

Nina had drawn a lot of flora yesterday, and she drew animals today.

Nina said she liked animals that would fly.

Amanda then taught her to draw wild geese.

“This bird is not pretty at all,” Nina complained. She had seen the colourful parrots, so she thought the black, white, and grey wild goose was ugly.

Amanda smiled and pinched her nose, “Nina, do you like the beauty coming from within or the beautiful appearance?”

Nina blinked her eyes.

Amanda explained to her, “The wild goose seems ugly, but it's the most loyal bird. Wild geese never live alone. There's rarely an odd number of wild geese in a flock. If a wild goose dies, its partner will commit suicide or be depressed to death.”

Nina looked at her and then looked at the drawing on the paper and said, “Then I like it.”

Amanda smiled and thought Nina was an adorable kid.

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Nina smiled along with her.

Joan stood not far from them and watched them.

“Daddy.”

Nina saw him, put down her paintbrush, and ran over to Joan, “Daddy.”

Joan reached out and touched her head, “Go and wash your hands. It's time to breakfast.”

Nina pouted, “But I don't like Payne.”

Joan crouched down to look at her, “Is she unkind to you? Why don't you like her?”

“She likes to pester you. You don't like her, but she still always come to our house,” Nina said.

“Adults will settle things themselves. All you have to do is do what a kid should do.”

Joan picked her up.

Nina tilted her head and looked at him, “I'm a kid.”

“Children who worry about adult matters are not cute at all,” Joan pinched her cheeks, “Do you get it?”

Nina was a cute and well-behaved child, and she nodded vigorously and said, “I get it.”

Amanda followed behind them and looked at them. She thought that they were somehow like father and daughter.

“Is Payne going to have breakfast with us again?” Nina winked her eyes.

It was not the first time.

Payne would go to their house so often that Nina knew all about her pattern.

Joan said yes softly, walked into the living room, and he found out Payne was gone.

Sally walked over to them and said, “Ms. Payne has left and asked me to tell you that she will come here tomorrow.”

Joan felt relaxed after she had gone. He carried Nina to the bathroom to wash her hands.

“I'll take you out to have fun today,” Joan turned off the faucet and wiped Nina's hands.

Nina had run out of enthusiasm. Joan said to take her out, but he might be disturbed by something else after this.

She did not hold hopes for going out with Joan to have fun anymore.

“Why don't you look enthusiastic?” Joan carried her into the dining room and put her in a chair.

“She's afraid you won't keep your word,” Amanda walked over to them.

Joan felt helpless because he could not help but be busy at work, and he did not mean to stand Nina up.

In City B, Stanford met with Michael with the help of Blithe.

Stanford was in a wheelchair, and Atwood was standing behind him.

“How did you get her out of here?” Blithe stood in front of Michael. He blocked the light, and the light cast a dark shadow on him.

Michael was sitting on a chair with his hands handcuffed.

“It was the last time you asked me to go to the place to get the information, and it was just happened to meet her when she was in the education class. She purposely seduced me, said she was pregnant and asked me to let her go free. I really did not expect her would escape. I really don't know where she went. All I said is true. Please believe me.”

He knew he was wrong and was scared as well.

He went to get the information that day, and he had also asked Blithe for a favour. He pulled some strings to ask for a position for his relative. However, he was angry within himself after being rejected by Blithe, so he had some revenge in mind at the time. Lindsay was the person Blithe specifically asked to guard, and she was good-looking and crafty. That was why he made such a big mistake.

“That woman has ruined my future, so I'll not cover up for her. Please believe me,” Michael trembled, “I also got tricked by her.” _____ Chapter 958 You Have A Clue

It was not the first time that Blithe had questioned him.

He looked at Stanford.

“It seems like he really doesn't know where Lindsay had gone.”

Michael was so fearful and timid. He would have said so long ago if he knew where Lindsay had gone.

“Don't worry, and I won't let her out of City B,” All public transportation was implementing the real-name system. Blithe would know once Lindsay had a record of purchasing a ticket.

He also sent people to spy on railroad stations, high-speed rail stations, and airports.

Stanford remained silent and thought within about where Lindsay could go.

Lindsay was a stranger from another city, and she had no family in City B. Atwood was the only one who had a good relationship with her.

Without any reliance and help, she could not run out of City B. Even if she could escape, she could only hide in a secret place.

“Mr. Donald, it's your people let go of the prisoner, so you should take responsibility,” Stanford said.

Blithe realized that justice was not on his side and said, “This person will get punished for letting go of a prisoner. It's my responsibility, and I have never wanted to pass the buck.”

“I don't mean to blame Blithe, but I want to ask for a few people from you to help me,” Stanford just said that on purpose because he wanted to ask for people from Blithe.

Blithe looked at him, "You have a clue?"

"I'm just guessing where she might be, but I don't have that many people to help me."

Blithe thought for a moment, "I'll assign three people at most to help you."

The prisoner had escaped with the help of his people, so he had to take responsibility. It was his duty to look for the prisoner. It would be helpful to Wu if Stanford could find the prisoner. However, there were not many people he could assign. Besides that, he had assigned people to look for the prisoner and guard the traffic stations, so the number of people he could transfer was lesser.

Stanford nodded, "Thank you, Mr. Donald."

Stanford also had trained a few skilled bodyguards. There were about ten persons with the people assigned by Blithe, and it was enough for him to look for Lindsay.

"Don't say that I didn't warn you. You can't torture Lindsay by private punishment if you found her, and you must send her back to me," Officer Miller was a disciplined person, and he would do according to the law if someone broke the law. He did not allow Stanford to torture Lindsay because Stanford had no right to do it. It was a crime if he had tortured her privately.

Stanford said, "Of course."

He did not dare to guarantee Lindsay would die or be alive before sending her back to Blithe. If she did not cooperate and accidentally injured to death in the process of looking for her, it was not his business.

Both of them were satisfied with the conversation. Stanford left first and planned some things to look for Lindsay. Blithe put Michael in the room. It was impossible to get Lindsay's news from Michael.

Lindsay hid in the most marginal area of the city after escaping from the hospital. The place was full of foreign residents.

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There were many people and chaos.

It was not easy to escape from the hospital this time. Lindsay had completed her plan step by step. She seduced Michael to have sex with him, pretended to be pregnant, enchanted him to apply for consent for her to execute a sentence outside of jail because of illness.

She would not have escaped so quickly at first since she had not planned a route yet. However, she had to go to a sudden bodycheck. She was not pregnant at all, and she would give herself away after the bodychecking, so she had to escape from the hospital. She got a hundred and twenty dollars in the hospital these few days. Although it was not much, she could find a place to stay with this money.

She could not stay in a hotel without an ID card, and even if she had the ID card, she did not dare to stay in a hotel. So she stayed in a built-up rented room.

The room was spartan, and she could keep herself from the rain and wind in the room at least. There was a bed built up of wooden boards in the room with a quilt on the top of it. Lindsay could barely see the original colour of the quilt.

“The last tenant was a bachelor,” the landlord held the key in her hand and shook it casually, “There's

nothing in the room. You need to buy yourself whatever you want.”

“How much is the rent?” Lindsay was concerned about the money. She did not have much money, so she had to spend it in a planned way.

“The monthly rental is twenty-four dollars,” the landlord was a middle-aged, plump woman. She had curly hair, wore a heavy gold chain around her neck, and had gold jewellery in her ears, wrists, and fingers. She dressed like an upstart.

“The room is old and shabby. Make the rental a little cheaper,” Lindsay tried to bargain. The rental of twenty-four dollars was too expensive for such a shabby and small room that she could only have a bed and a chair in the room.

“Twenty dollars. It can't be any less,” the landlord said with some impatience.

Lindsay took the only one hundred and twenty dollars she had, and she gnashed her teeth and paid twenty dollars to the landlord, “I rented it. Here you go.”

The landlord took the money, “You can clean up after yourself.”

Lindsay clutched the remaining hundred dollars in her hand and looked at the room with the unpleasant smell. She overcame the psychological disgust to walk into the room.

She shook the quilt to see if it still could be used. The last tenant must have been a poor hygiene person, and the quilt had an unpleasant smell.

She definitely could not fall asleep in this room.

She threw the quilt out. There was no window in the room, so she opened the door to let in some fresh air, and she went out to buy food. Since there was nothing in the room, she was not afraid of someone

stealing.

The concrete road had an uneven surface. The road was wet and dirty, and it had potholes.

There was a restaurant that was selling stir-fry food such as stir-fried noodles and such on the corner. Lindsay walked over to the restaurant and bought a pack of stir-fried noodles.

When she was ready to go back to the room, she met the landlord who had just leased the room to her.

The landlord was not alone there, and two women about her age followed her. However, the two women were much slimmer than the landlord. They were in a black pantyhose skirt and a low-cut shirt, and they wore powder on their faces and rouged lips.

Lindsay walked to the side and did not take the initiative to greet the landlord. She lowered her head, and her messy hair covered most of her face. _____

Chapter 959 It's Not Your Territory

The three women passed her by, and she could even smell the cheap perfume reeking from the two women.

Soon they walked into a store with a sign for hair washing, massage, and barbering, with pink lights on inside.

Through the glass door with small advertisements, she saw one of the women held a middle-aged man's arm and walked into the store. The other woman stood in the doorway, leaned against the door, and greeted people passing by, "Do you want a haircut? I'm good at it, and I'll make sure you're satisfied with my skill."

The person ignored her, and she continued to speak to the other person.

Soon Lindsay understood their job. She must have despised them in the past. However, Lindsay hid from police officers and Stanford and lived worse than the two women. She raised the corners of her lips and laughed at herself. She continued to walk towards the rented room.

She did not have much money and would finish spending the money if she still idled this way. She wanted to find a job but did not dare to show her face in public. After all, the network was well-developed, and the police officers had announced her looks. People would certainly recognize her face if she went to a crowded place.

She did not dare to go out of the room.

She could not stay in the small room anymore after staying idly in the room for two days. Her money was getting less and less. How could she survive if there was no money?

So she took a risk to go out of the room and tried to find a job.

Most of the people, who lived in this area, were working in the factory. However, Lindsay did not dare to work there because there were many people in the factory. There was a small supermarket recruiting people with so many people coming and going. So she also did not dare to work there.

“Why? Are you looking for a job?” the landlord was eating away the sunflower seeds while looking at Lindsay.

Lindsay instantly turned her head around, saw the landlord, and said, "I'm not."

"Why are you keep staring at the job vacancy board if you're not looking for a job," the landlord laughed, "You look young and pretty. Do you want me to introduce a job to you? I can assure you that you can earn more than you work in the supermarket."

Lindsay immediately recalled the two women, "I don't want."

After saying that, she turned around and left. Even though she was in a desperate situation, she would not be so cheap to be a prostitute. She would rather die instead of pleasing those dirty men.

The landlord grunted, "Look at yourself, and who do you think you are?"

Lindsay abruptly clenched her hands, and her face turned pale.

Why would she become like this?

Why did she become like this? Everything had happened after Simona went to City B. Lindsay could have married Stanford and lived as a trophy wife envied by people. It was Simona who changed her life.

The more she thought about it, the more she hated Simona.

Even if Lindsay wanted to die, she must drag Simona into death with her.

It was Simona who caused her to lead such a miserable life.

Once people had an idea of revenge heavily, they would be crazy and reckless. Lindsay wanted to kill Simona!

Since Lindsay had changed her mind, she did not want to go back to the room that tormented her with the unpleasant smells in it.

She would rather die directly instead of living like this way.

Stanford seemed to have a little understanding of Lindsay, and he knew what kind of place she would choose to hide. He looked and investigated a few crowded and remote areas, and he finally locked two of the areas where Lindsay was staying in one of the areas. The second area was also a relatively dense foreign population area.

Stanford's men split into two groups and investigated secretly in the two places, respectively.

It was a coincidence that the people who went to investigate the place just arrived, and Lindsay had left and returned to the city to wait for an opportunity to kill Simona.

After a few days, the secret investigators found a clue about Lindsay. However, Lindsay was not in the rented room when they arrived.

Atwood got the news and told Stanford, "In the west of the city, we found her trail, but she is no longer there."

Stanford could be sure that she did not leave the place since the people had found her trail.

"Continue to look for her," Stanford said indifferently, "No matter she is dead or alive, must put her to find out."

Atwood said, "Yes, sir."

“And,” Atwood hesitated and said, “George is outside the room, and he said he wants to talk to you.”

“I don't want to see him,” Stanford refused.

He did not want to see George and his family.

Atwood said, “I'll convey your words to him.”

He left the office after saying that.

George had anticipated that Stanford would not meet himself.

“It's okay if he doesn't want to see me. I can wait for him,” he sat on the couch in the lobby, with the attitude that he would stay there until he saw Stanford.

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Atwood frowned, “Your parents have just come to make trouble, and then you came here again. Mr. James had injured, and you guys did not concern about his injury and came here to make trouble for him. You guys are going too far.”

George raised his head, “I'm not here to make trouble, and I just want to see Stanford.”

He gave a sound of the laugh, "Does he need our concern?"

Atwood became chilled with his expression, "Do you think Mr. James is a ruthless person? Haven't you ever thought about why he's ruthless?"

If Stanford grew up in a warm and harmonious family, how would he be so paranoid?

How would he be so paranoid to the extent that he lost the woman he loved?

Atwood had seen all the pain Stanford had suffered.

Stanford did not know how to love a person because he had an unfortunate childhood.

George pursed his lips and admitted that Stanford had a displeasure life at home since he was a child. George knew that he had made a lot of troubles to Stanford in open and in secret.

"Those are already in the past."

George said in a low voice.

Atwood gave a sound of the laugh, "In the past? You're good at minimizing your faults. Would you forget easily the things that engraved on the memory?"

George said again in a low voice, "I didn't cause those."

"It was your parents who caused it, and it was your mother, to be exact. If she hadn't picked up with a married man, would Mr. James's parents have divorced? There would be nothing happened if they didn't divorce."

“They divorced because they didn't love each other anymore...”

“So a man has true love with a mistress is an excuse for divorce his lawful wife? I've heard so many excuses like this. I have no time to talk nonsense with you. Leave now immediately, or I'll call the security guards,” Atwood said with extreme impatience.

He hated to see the people of James'. They had not given care to Stanford, and they still wanted his money.

They were shameless!

George kept his temper and felt aggrieved, “Do you think I get the chance to choose my own parents? If I could, I would definitely want to be born by an official legal wife. Unfortunately, that's not an option! I'm not coming today to quarrel or to argue with you. I'm coming to apologize to him sincerely for the last disturbance at the entrance. My mother knew that she was wrong. I came to see him this time to invite him to go back home.”

Regardless of what Alyssa had done, George liked to idle around and did no decent work, but he had always treated Stanford as his elder brother.

He did not go too far overdo somethings to Stanford. He was mad last time because he wanted to force Stanford to forgive his parents and be kind to his parents. He did not mean to aim at him.

“Mr. James is busy with work. You may leave here now, or I'll call security guards,” Atwood did not want to be got entangled with him.

George glared at Atwood, “Don't you understand? I'm here to make it up with Stanford, not to pick a fight...”

“Security!” Atwood shouted.

George got angry, “I don't need you to send me out. I'll go by myself!”

He walked outside after saying that.

It was the afternoon after work.

Atwood wheeled Stanford into the elevator, “Actually, you don't need to come to the company. I can deal with the company's affairs myself. For those I can't handle, I'll take the documents to your house and show you. You're still carrying an injury.”

“I hurt my leg, not my hands or brain,” in fact, he did not want to stay home alone.

He would think of her whenever he was alone and quiet.

When he thought of her, he felt heartache.

Atwood sighed within himself.

The elevator stopped, and Atwood wheeled Stanford to go out of the elevator.

When they were about to get into the car, George was there again. He stood in front of Stanford.

Atwood said sternly, “Why haven't you left?”

“I'm not in your territory, so it's none of your business.” he was not in the company building, so the

security guard had no right to drive him off.

He looked at Stanford.

“As long as you go back with me today to visit mom and dad, I promise you that I'll never bother you again in the future. What do you think of it?” George tried his best to convince him, “Isn't it good for us to sit down and talk about it so that my parents and I don't have to bother you again?” Chapter 960 An Opportunity for Penance

Atwood stared at George, “Why are you so insistent? Why do I feel that you're trying to scheme against Stanford?”

“You don't arbitrate the righteous one by your petty-minded!” George's anger immediately exploded, and he seriously suspected that Stanford so badly disliked them, all because of Atwood.

What Atwood had said was all aimed at George and his parents.

George wanted to make it up with Stanford, but Atwood treated it as a scheme.

“I'm not as deep as you are,” George snorted.

Atwood shouted at the security guard.

George grabbed Atwood by his wrist, “Are you alright? Why are you always calling security?”

“Please get away from here!” Atwood looked at him coldly and did not move, “You better let go of me, or I'll sue you for intentional assault.”

George was speechless.

Stanford said in a deep voice, “Enough,” he raised his head to look at George, “Go home and tell your parents that I have nothing to say with them.”

“No,” George let go of Atwood, crouched in front of Stanford, and said, “My mother knew that she was wrong. I knew that she did not treat you well at all in the past. But everyone will do something wrong. Can't people be forgiven for being wrong?”

His words inexplicably touched Stanford's heart. Are people who made mistakes not deserving to be forgiven?

He thought of the mistakes he had made.

Would Amanda be like him, refuse to forgive, or even refuse to give him a chance to do penance?

“Give us a chance to be good as a family, can't we?” George saw that Stanford began to waver, and he continued to say.

“As long as you go home with me today, I promise, I'll never appear in front of you again in the future if you don't like it,” George said sincerely.

Stanford looked at him for two seconds and said, “Alright.”

Atwood looked at Stanford incredulously, "Mr. James..."

Stanford raised his hand, "Atwood, stop saying anything. You can go home first."

Stanford wanted to give himself a chance.

George smiled happily, "Thank you. I'll help you to get into the car."

Atwood helped to set up a pedal between the ground and the car so that George could wheel the wheelchair into the car.

"Mr. James, feel free to contact me if anything happens."

Stanford nodded.

George closed the car door and growled in a low voice at Atwood, "Don't think you're the only kind person in the world. Although Stanford and I are not born of the same mother, we have the same father. How would I harm him?"

Atwood ignored him, turned around, and left.

George got into the car.

He fastened his seatbelt, started the car, and said, "My mother knew she was wrong. I came here today because she begged me to come to you, and she wants to make it up with you and apologize to you for what happened in the past."

Stanford did not show any expression. He was no longer taking the previous affairs to heart. Stanford did not want to have any contact with them. It might be because he had no good memories when they spent time together in the past.

All his memories were unfortunate.

George assured him with conviction, "Please believe me this time. We sincerely want to make it up with you."

George was reluctant to go to Stanford at first, but Alyssa begged him and said she sincerely wanted to apologize to Stanford. She wanted George to take Stanford home.

"My mom went out to get groceries in the morning and said she wanted to cook for you herself," George did not care whether Stanford was willing to listen or not, and he continued his words.

Stanford did not respond to him, nor did he believe Alyssa would change her character to be kind.

Alyssa did not get any benefit last time at the hospital. The reason Alyssa showed him goodwill this time was probably still something that wanted George to work at his company.

Stanford had been living together with Alyssa under the same roof for so many years. He knew better her character and what kind of person she was than her son, George.

Stanford did not need Alyssa's gesture of goodwill and did not need her penance as well.

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The main reason he would agree to George to go back to the house was because of himself.

He hurt Amanda and caused her to lose the child. These were all because of himself. He wanted to change himself.

Besides that, Stanford went back to the house was because of George.

Although George was a little jerk, he did not have a wicked idea as Alyssa, and Stanford knew it. Stanford was not willing to have any contact with George just because George was Alyssa's son.

Soon the car came to a halt.

George got out of the car and walked to the rear door to open it, "I'll help you."

He wheeled Stanford and got out of the car.

"Did the doctor say when your foot injury will be better?"

"After two months," Stanford said.

"Will there be any sequela from that?" George asked again.

He was really caring about Stanford.

Stanford replied briefly, "No."

"That's good. You can ask me for help if you have any situation in the future, as long as I can do it," George said, and then he hastened to add, "I'm not trying to get something from you. I'm just..."

"I know. You don't need to explain," Stanford interrupted him, "You don't have a proper job, and you're going to keep idle like this?"

"You know I used to like to play around and didn't study properly. It's difficult for me to find a job since I've no diploma," George wheeled him towards the house, "I still want to be idle and play around for two more years."

"I'll send you to study abroad if you're willing to go to study," Stanford said with the tone of an elder brother, "You're not young, and you'll ruin your life if you continue to be idle like this. Go and study."

Stanford suddenly changed his attitude, and it caused the tears to come into George's eyes instantly. George pretended to be relaxed, "I'm still looking young, haha."

Stanford did not ask him to answer immediately and said, "You think it over."

"Alright," George readily agreed.

They arrived at the door, and George stepped forward, "I'll open the door."

When he opened the door, Alyssa was preparing the dinner, was aware of movement, and poked her head out of the kitchen to look at the door. When she saw George was wheeling Stanford into the house, she immediately showed a smile and walked over to them, "You've come."

Stanford was silent.

George knew that Stanford felt awkward within himself and said, "Is the dinner ready? I'm hungry."

"Are you indeed that hungry, only know to eat? Go and wash your hands. The dinner is ready."

George wheeled Stanford to the bathroom.

Soon they went out of the bathroom and went to the dining table.

Alyssa placed the last dish, "I don't know if it's to your liking. I remember you liked braised eggplant when you were a kid. I made it for you today."

She put the dish of braised eggplant in front of Stanford.

Stanford did not show any expression and did not start eating.

Alyssa did not feel awkward and continued to say, "Stanford, I apologize to you for the past and also the hospital matter last time. When you were injured, we didn't care about you and just wanted to benefit from you. These are all my fault."

After saying that, she winked at Enoch, her husband, and wanted him to speak something.

Enoch thought he did not have the dignity as a father in front of his son, and he was still upset about what happened in the hospital last time. He thought Stanford had disrespected him.

He put a false smile, "I may have spoken too harshly last time."

Stanford remained silent.

Alyssa hurriedly smoothed things over, "Stanford, just ignore your father."

Enoch heard her words saying that it was like all his fault, and he immediately widened his eyes and stared at Alyssa. Chapter 961 Not Someone Heartless

Alyssa Delbert squeezed her eyes.

Enoch James shut his mouth immediately.

"It's not easy for me to make it back here. We should be in a celebratory mood." George James used the chopsticks to pick up some food, "Dad, this is your favourite braised steak, and mum, this is your favourite fried water bamboo. Bro, this is your favourite braised eggplant."

"Thanks, son." Alyssa was full of smiles and it was the kind of smile that came from her heart, all because of her son. She didn't try to fake a smile like when she was apologizing just now.

"It's rare for us to gather around like today. Let's toast to each other." Alyssa went to fetch a bottle of wine.

When she was pouring alcohol for Stanford, she said, "I was always wrong in the past. Please don't be bothered by my silliness."

"Mum, Stanford's injuries on his leg is still not recovered yet. I don't think he can drink, can he?" George removed his Stanford James' glass and reaffirmed himself, "I don't think you should drink."

Alyssa's expression seemed to freeze as she barked at her son, "How can you be so impolite now? This is a glassful for your brother."

"He's hurt." George looked at Alyssa and repeated.

Alyssa stared at his son and secretly cursed at him: This moron!

However, she maintained the smile on her face as she said reluctantly, "...Then let's not make him drink."

George raised the glass of wine that Alyssa had just filled for him and said, "It's a waste if no one is drinking this. I'll be polishing it off."

As he said that, he wanted to pour the contents into his mouth, but Alyssa suddenly stopped him.

"George!"

George asked with confusion, "What's wrong?"

"No—nothing." Alyssa took his glass away and said, "Since your brother's not drinking, then you shouldn't drink too."

George was dumbfounded upon hearing that, "Isn't it a waste to not drink it since you've already poured a glass?"

Alyssa said with a smile, "It's not decent for you to drink alone. We will call this off."

Then, she took the wine away.

George continued to stare at Alyssa as he couldn't figure out what was going on. However, Stanford who remained silent all the time seemed to have caught on to something.

Was it possible that there's something mixed in with the wine? Or else, she wouldn't have stopped George from drinking it.

All of a sudden, he felt his heart enveloped in a chilly coldness.

This time that she invited him here, it was probably not out of sincerity, and she wasn't really planning to apologize and let bygones be bygones, no?

What were they cooking up this time?

He pretended not to sense anything.

George was feeling a little upset as he was still holding on to the thought that the wine was a waste.

"Come, let's eat." Alyssa retook her place by the dining table, "It's been too long since the whole family can eat together."

George sounded a little emotional too, "You're right, I can't even remember the last time we were gathered like this."

It was too long ago, and it was a forgone day that he had forgotten about.

“Before I came here, I’ve eaten something. You guys enjoy.” After saying that, Stanford rolled his wheelchair and left the dining table. He didn’t dare to touch any of the food on the table.

Enoch frowned, “What is the meaning of this? We have done our part and apologized, and it was not easy to gather everyone like this. Are you really going to rain on our parade?”

“Hey, it’s not a big deal that he said that he doesn’t want to eat. Stanford said that he has eaten dinner just a moment ago.” Alyssa hastily got up and stroked Enoch’s back in an attempt to calm him down. As she consoled her husband, she said to Stanford, “Stanford, please don’t get angry. Your father is just showing some concern towards you. He’s just afraid that you didn’t eat anything, nothing more.”

Stanford looked at Enoch’s visibly infuriated expression and thought that his father was indeed angry. How could this be interpreted as him showing concern?

George could sense that things were going south right at this moment. They were all here to make peace with each other, but why were they starting to get riled up and on guard again?

He stood up too and announced, “I am not hungry anymore.”

“As you wish!” Enoch tossed his chopsticks and rolled himself back into his room.

Alyssa was feeling enraged in her heart, thinking that Enoch was being too impatient and lost his composure too easily.

“Come to my room and idle. I will send you back before long.” George pushed Stanford towards his room.

Stanford didn’t show any sign of resistance.

His room was never neat or tidy, and it was still the same now.

“It’s a little messy.” George smiled sheepishly as he fumbled around and tossed all of his messy clothes into his closet.

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After closing the door of his closet, he turned to look at Stanford, “I think dad has been in bed for too long. He is a little twisted now, so don’t mind him.”

Stanford had long known the true colours of his father, and he had long lost hope and faith in him. He knew.

He wouldn’t mind one bit.

“You should start looking for a girlfriend.” Stanford changed the topic.

George suddenly looked uncomfortable, looking like a shy, big guy, “About that, I haven’t met someone suitable yet.”

“Right, what about you, bro?” George sat by the bed and looked at Stanford seriously, “I can see that Simona really loves you. It’s a pity that the two of you couldn’t last until the end.”

Stanford held his handle and tried hard to suppress a turmoil of emotion inside him, “Why do you say

so?"

"When she was still around, she used to come looking for me and ask me about your preference. In fact, I didn't know at all. She probably thought that since we grew up together since our childhood days, I would know." George's voice slowly became softer, "Although she was from a good background, she really was easy to get along with. She's a fine one, so it's a pity."

"I am thirsty. Go get me some water." Stanford diverted him away.

George complied.

He got up to leave the room.

When the door of the room was shut, Stanford initially calm-looking face revealed an agonized look. He clutched his chest as a stabbing pain started to nag at him.

Everyone knew that she loved him.

Only he was blind to that.

He closed his eyes, wanting to hide away all of the pain.

In the living room, Alyssa who had made some tea and was about to send it in bumped into George who just emerged from the room.

George looked at the tea in Alyssa's hands and asked, "You made some tea?"

"Yes, I was thinking since you guys didn't eat dinner, I should make some tea for you to drink." Alyssa

handed the tea tray to him and said, "Take it in, and enjoy."

"Stanford happens to be thirsty now." George took the tea.

Alyssa smiled, "Is that so? Then faster get it in."

George said naively, "Mum, you need to try your best to get him to forgive you. He's not someone heartless, so as long as you're sincere, I'm sure he will forgive you."

Alyssa smiled noncommittally and thought that Stanford was someone heartless and it was no use for her to apologize anymore. He wouldn't forget all the things that she had done to him when he was still a child.

Based on what happened in the hospital last time, it was impossible to gain Stanford's forgiveness just by lowering her stance.

Therefore...

"I will, you get it in now. The tea is turning cold." She urged her son on.

George carried the tea tray and returned to his room.

When he went in again, Stanford had returned to his calm demeanour once again.

He placed the tea on the table and poured two cups for them. He walked over and gave one to Stanford.

"Bro, did you really have dinner before coming?" When he came out of the company, wasn't that happen to be the time he finished work?

Stanford didn't meet his eyes as he mumbled a vague response.

George took a sip of water and sighed slightly. He wasn't a complete fool, and he knew that there was still a thorn in their hearts. It was highly unlikely that they would forget about the past and make peace easily, "It's all my mum's fault. If I could choose, I really hope that I was born by the first wife."

The siblings in the family would get along fine, and the family would be happy.

Alas, that was just a delusional dream.

"Maybe that's what we call fate," George remarked emotionally.

Stanford drooped his eyes and at this moment, even he could sense the helplessness in George.

"Bro, why aren't you drinking anything?"

He realized that Stanford had claimed that he was thirsty, yet he didn't drink a drop of water or tea at all. Instead, he himself had finished the half glass of water that he had poured.

Stanford gulped down the water and thought that he was indeed thirsty. He handed the empty glass back to George, "I should go home now."

"Right. Let me send you." George stood up and placed the glass on the table, but when he turned around wanting to push the wheelchair, he suddenly felt dizziness in his head. _____ Chapter 962 I Can Own You Anytime

“What’s going on with me?” George held his forehead as his body began to sway.

Stanford seemed to realize something at this moment and he immediately took a close inspection of the teapot on the table, “Didn’t you make this tea yourself?”

“It’s made by mum. Why...”

Before he could finish his sentence, he fell to the ground without warning.

Stanford turned to look at George who was lying unconsciously on the floor and shouted nervously, “George!”

At this moment, George was completely out cold, without any compass on his surroundings.

The first thought that flashed by in Stanford’s mind was to get out of this place as soon as possible. His leg was obstructing that intention, so he hastily took out his phone to call Atwood.

The line continued to stay idle without anyone connecting it, and his body began to show some signs of discomfort too. His line of sight was deteriorating.

He tightened his grip.

With a clanking sound, the door of the room suddenly flung open.

Alyssa stood at the door and stared at his son who was lying on the floor. She didn't look startled at all as she walked over to help him up with a frown on her face.

"Son, I am doing this for your own good."

Alyssa knew about George's temperament, and if he had known what was going to happen, he would have objected against vying for the inheritance right using such means.

She had no choice but to drug him into oblivion for now.

This drug wouldn't have any side effects too.

At that moment, Stanford's call finally went through. Atwood's voice came, "Mr. James..."

Alyssa snapped her head around immediately and before Stanford could say anything, his phone was snatched away by her and the call was ended abruptly.

Stanford felt his consciousness dying, and his gaze went blank. He had completely lost his consciousness.

Alyssa switched off the phone and tossed it into a dustbin. She snorted coldly, "Today, no one can stop me from carrying out my plan."

She helped his son onto the bed before summoning a woman who was wearing a face mask into the room.

"He can't be here," Alyssa said. Atwood knew about this place.

It would spell trouble if he was able to find them here.

"I know another place," Lindsay said.

The person who Alyssa had called in was none other than Lindsay.

Alyssa had set her sights on taking the family inheritance, so she had tried hard to brainwash Enoch to call Stanford here. However, she was refused every time by Stanford, and she knew that Stanford wouldn't agree to that any time. Therefore, she had been thinking of ways to let Stanford soften his stance ever since she returned from the hospital.

At that moment, Lindsay approached her.

Lindsay realized that Amanda had left City B when she came back, so it was impossible to get her revenge for now. She couldn't leave City B, and she couldn't show herself anywhere in order not to get found out. This was how she ultimately set her sights on Stanford.

She knew very well that she alone was incapable of executing her plans.

She knew about Stanford's stepmother and the fact that Alyssa always treated Stanford badly. Alyssa was even aiming to snatch everything away from him.

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It was just that Stanford was no longer a child, and he wouldn't just go along with her.

Lindsay was able to pinpoint this weakness and suggested a good idea to Alyssa after reaching her. She even told Alyssa that she had a way to help her get her hands on the J&Y Group.

As expected, Alyssa got on to the deal fast.

The enemy of one's enemy could turn into a friend, as the saying goes.

After reaching a consensus, they finalized this plan together. Of course, Enoch was in the know about this too as he was tired of Stanford's disrespect towards him. He didn't object or say anything at all when he learnt of their plan.

"My place." Before this, he had purchased a property. Putting aside those that were confiscated, she still had one place left untouched.

Nobody knew about that place.

"Is it safe?" Alyssa asked.

"Very," Lindsay answered confidently.

She looked at Stanford who was out cold and a cruel smile appeared at her lips, "Finally, you succumb to me as well."

"Enough, it's not the time for us to banter. Let's get down to work." Alyssa announced.

Lindsay was very cooperative and she agreed that it was indeed not the time to talk and shoot the

breeze. She headed to where the wheelchair was and pushed it, "Let's go."

Alyssa glanced at her son before nodding.

...

After an hour, they moved Stanford to a house that was bought by Lindsay previously. The process itself was not hard as Stanford was placed in his usual wheelchair and all Lindsay had to do was to push it.

On the other hand, Alyssa was responsible for looking out.

The whole thing was smooth when they were on their way.

...

Stanford finally woke up, and he saw himself getting tied to a chair. He tried to move his arms, but they didn't budge at all.

"Long time no see." Lindsay stood in front of him. She had washed herself and got a new change of clothes. She was watching him at the moment.

Stanford looked up abruptly.

"Don't look so shocked." Lindsay sat on a sofa and smiled, "Isn't this a nice surprise?"

Stanford simply looked at her without saying anything.

Lindsay stroked his face and although she was widely grinning, there was an awfully dangerous air to her, "I am always thinking for your sake, but you want me dead all along. Stanford, you are really heartless."

"There is never a time that I stop wanting you dead." Stanford's expression was one of disgust, "Lindsay, do you really think I ever had feelings for you even once?"

Lindsay clenched her fists and tried hard not to lash out and punch his face. In no time, she transformed her anger into a smile, "Hey, so what if you want me dead? Now your life is in my hands."

She stood up and sat on Stanford's lap, "You resent me, and want me dead, but I just so happen to be alive. The more you hate me, the closer I am to you now. You know what? Stanford, I have been loving you for so many years, but at this moment, I feel truly elated, and that is because..."

Lindsay moved her lips to his ears, "I can own you anytime." _____ Chapter 963 Sign It

"Are you really this shameless?" Stanford's face was very hideous.

Lindsay immediately burst into laughter, to the point that her stomach began to ache.

"Shameless?" She was taunting him, "I want to not be shameless too, but it is you who makes me shameless."

She was only able to have this momentary freedom after becoming a sell-out.

"Stanford, how do I become like this?"

She was very agitated, "It's you, it's you who make me into who I am today. If you saved me back then, do you think I would turn out like this? I am living like a mouse shunned out of the streets every day, like a ghost who can only hide itself. Do you know how I got through the time when in jail?"

"Do you mean that your life is a living hell? You completely deserve this." Stanford's face was utterly cold. He didn't even try to hide his contempt towards her even though she was beginning to say something crazy.

"If everything starts over again, I wouldn't save you anyway."

What was the most chilling and hopeless feeling in the world?

Probably like now, when someone you love wants you dead.

"Are you that resentful of me?"

Lindsay's lips were trembling.

"Yes, I hate you that much." Stanford's expression returned to its previous calmness as his anger dissipated into thin air. It was not worth it for him to be enraged because of her. She was not worthy of his emotions!

"If I could, I would have strangled you to death in the first place."

Lindsay's eyes were bloodshot, "Because of Amanda?"

"You don't even have the right to mention her," Stanford replied coldly.

"Hmph," Lindsay began to laugh maniacally, "Now that you're in my hands being a lamb on the slaughter board, you still dare to provoke me. Are you that tired of living?"

Alyssa was hiding in a room at this moment. Although she was guilty too, she didn't want to expose herself for now. Lindsay would carry out the rest of their plan.

However, it seemed that Lindsay was only focused on her own revenge. She had forgotten about what they had discussed before.

Alyssa came out and interjected, "About the stock transfer, let him sign this."

Lindsay was fuming and her emotions were boiling. She roared, "You shut the hell up!"

Alyssa was stunned for a moment, and then she retaliated, "You should shut up. If it were not for me, do you think you would have the chance to stand in front of Stanford like this?"

Lindsay was tired of getting oppressed, and after Alyssa roared at her like that, she finally lost control. She came to her and slapped her, "If I didn't fall off, do you think I would coerce with you? Don't you want to look at yourself in the mirror? You are nothing but a mistress who has destroyed a family, but you still dare to act high and mighty in front of me."

Alyssa clutched her cheeks which was stinging now.

Her eyes were widened to the extreme.

“You...”

She found this hard to believe.

“You dare to hit me?” Alyssa wasn’t someone who would lose just like that. She grabbed Lindsay’s hair and screamed, “Don’t you know that how I have suffered?”

The two of them who should be cooperating at this moment began to have a fistfight just because of some mere words.

The two women were grappling at each other’s hair and cursing at each other. For a moment, they forgot about why they were here in the first place.

Stanford stared at them coldly.

After half an hour, the two of them finally stopped due to fatigue. With some wounds on their faces, they asked each other, “Why are we here in the first place?”

Alyssa wiped her face in response.

Lindsay didn’t say anything but she was finally able to cool down after a fight.

Now that things had turned out like this, Alyssa wouldn’t be able to get out of this clean even if she

wanted to. She went to fetch the stock transfer document immediately and put it on the table, “Stanford, the properties of the James family doesn’t just belong to you alone. It’s been too long since you have a monopoly over it. Now, sign this, and give the company to George. I will still let you walk out of this alive, or else...”

“He’s mine. You don’t have the right to deal with him!” Lindsay came over.

Alyssa looked up and replied, “Lindsay, do you want me to call the police and ask them to detain you?”

“Are you threatening me?” Lindsay widened her eyes, and her expression was very grotesque.

“No, I just want the rights to the stocks, and you want to deal with the person himself. When I finally get those stocks, you can do anything you want with him.” Alyssa didn’t argue with her this time. She was not young anymore, and she couldn’t well just brawl with her. She was at a disadvantage in the fight just now.

Knowing that she wouldn’t be able to knock Lindsay out, even though she didn’t like the prospect of negotiating with words, she thought it was best not to involve in fistfights again.

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When she finally got the rights to the stocks, it was still not too late to call the police.

Now, it was not worth it to argue with someone who had long given up on her life.

“This should cut it.” Lindsay sat down finally.

Alyssa snorted coldly and praised herself secretly for being the more experienced one here. When she got what she wanted, she could still teach Lindsay a lesson later on.

“Sign it.” Alyssa urged impatiently.

Stanford continued to maintain his signature indifferent expression. He was cold, and something dark was brewing on his face too.

He didn’t respond at all to Alyssa’s words.

“Stanford, look carefully at the situation you are in now. I can end your life anytime!

If you die, your assets will all fall into my hands anyway. You don’t have any relative, and your father, me and your brother all have the rights to it too.” She started to lose her composure.

Lindsay’s gaze immediately darted in Alyssa’s direction, as if to spell out the unspoken words: His life is not within your control.

Stanford eyed Lindsay wordlessly and knew that they were only cooperating because of mutual benefits. If one of them were to suffer any losses, they would not back down in any way.

He said purposely, “Then just kill me.”

Alyssa shot up from her chair.

Lindsay stood up too, “Don’t you dare move.”

Alyssa insisted, "We are on the same side this time."

"But we agreed that you are in for the money and I am in for the person himself. Who do you think you are to lay a finger on him?" Lindsay maintained her stance.

Alyssa was boiling with anger deep down, and if she couldn't resort to threats, how was she going to make Stanford sign the document?

Lindsay rolled her eyes around and a terrible, vicious idea came to her, "Do you think what Stanford fear the most now?"

"What?" Alyssa asked.

Lindsay smiled, "There's someone so important that his life pales in comparison. She would make him give up anything too."

"And who is that?"

"Simona."

"Isn't she dead?"

"She's not. She's actually who people refer to as Amanda nowadays."

Alyssa was utterly shocked by the fact that Simona wasn't actually dead.

However, how could they use that woman?

"If I were really dead, I would make sure he's with me." Lindsay looked at Stanford, "I couldn't be born on the same bed as me, but I will make sure we will die the same death. As for Amanda, if he continues not to sign the document, by the time he's dead, you can spend some big cash and hire people to teach that woman a lesson."

Lindsay was a selfish person. If she couldn't accomplish something, she would try to entice others to do it for her. It was just that sometimes she wasn't that persuasive.

Alyssa thought about this suspiciously, and she silently stared at Stanford.

Stanford was still putting on that calm and emotionless face, but when inspected closely, you would discover that veins were bulging on the back of his hand as if he was suppressing himself very hard.

Lindsay continued, "Amanda was who Stanford cared about the most currently, and she was also his ex-wife too..."

"Lindsay!" Stanford's face was so darkened that it was frightening as if a clear, sunny day was suddenly replaced with dark clouds.

Lindsay wasn't intimidated as she got close to him, "Stanford, I won't let you go no matter what. I have no chance to get out of City B, which means I will get found out sooner or later. My life will end sooner or later, and you're going to accompany me on this trip. Faster sign the documents that enable the stocks to be transferred and make her get lost so that we can spend some good times as a couple."

She deliberately dragged on her last few words to make it sound ambiguous.

Alyssa felt disgusted when she listened to that, and it was only because Lindsay was contributing to her cause that she didn't show it on her face.

"Stanford, do you really want to see her doing something bad to Amanda?" Lindsay brought up Amanda once again.

She wanted Alyssa to know where Stanford's weakness was.

Alyssa caught on fast enough, "Stanford, you better don't waste any more time. Sign this piece obediently and I won't make things difficult for you. If you don't want to do that, I will make sure to bring harm to Amanda once I get the chance."

She then shoved a pen into Stanford's palm, "Sign it." _____ Chapter 964 Push Me and Have a Stroll

Alyssa placed the stock transfer document right below where his hands were so that it was convenient for him to sign.

Stanford didn't do anything.

Alyssa began to worry, "Do it now. Don't force my hand."

"Even if I were to sign this, do you think everything will work out just like that?" Stanford broke his silence and said coldly.

"It will work as long as you sign this. Don't force me to employ those means from a long time ago on you now." Alyssa's tone took on a sudden turn into one dripping with viciousness, which also showed on her face.

She took the glass of water from the table and said to him, "This is just boiled, and you should know how does it feel to let this touch your skin."

She added nonchalantly, “Do you still remember the time when you got home and I accidentally poured hot soup onto your body?”

She then revealed a smile, “I did that on purpose. There are only three members in this family who I acknowledge. Why should I raise you too?”

The moment she ended her sentence, a huge noise broke out.

Bang!

The door was forced open violently by someone.

Atwood and George rushed in.

Atwood received a call from Stanford earlier on but didn't hear anything. Immediately he knew that something was off, so he went straight to the James family house, which made him realize that Stanford was not there. He only saw George who was just coming to be.

The path they took when leaving the residential area was full of security cameras. Through those, they found out which car they had taken and after combining all the clues they found, they were able to reach this place.

“Lindsay!” Atwood roared angrily as he didn't expect her to show herself again.

Lindsay fumbled around and got herself a fruit knife on the table, and her gaze swept over Alyssa and Stanford as she mulled over whoever was more valuable as a hostage. After a moment of hesitation, she put the knife against Stanford's neck.

Stanford couldn't move due to being tied, which made it easy for her to hold him hostage. Furthermore, if she was going to get captured, later on, she would rather die. Naturally, she had to make sure Stanford was together with her all the way.

George's expression was the most hideous among everyone present. He looked at Alyssa with a heartbroken face, "Mum, tell me that you really want to make peace and forget about the past with your brother. Tell me that you want to apologize to him. When you asked me to invite him to come back home, you're lying to me, weren't you?"

Alyssa pulled him to her side and said, "You need to be clear about something. I am your mother. We are family, and this is the perfect opportunity. Fast, ask him to sign this, and the company will be yours."

George flung her away and cried out, "Why did you have to do this?"

"I am doing this for your own good." Alyssa was exasperated at her son's insolence, "Are you stupid?"

"Do you really know what I truly want?" George was so enraged by her that his eyes had turned red.

Alyssa turned a blind eye to it as she continued to pull him, "This is a once in a lifetime opportunity. Atwood is all alone. There are three of us, and we will be at an advantage. You go stop Atwood, and I will make sure Stanford sign this."

"I don't want to!" George screamed.

"Are you stupid?" Alyssa was so angry that she was trembling, "George, once you miss this chance, there will be no second chance. Do you want to accomplish nothing your whole life?"

"Even if I would amount to nothing in my life, I still won't snatch away what belongs to my brother's." He pushed Alyssa away and pointed at Lindsay, "Let my brother go, or I will kill you!"

Lindsay looked at Alyssa calmly, "Is your son not able to differentiate between friends and foes?"

Alyssa continued to pull on her son, but George didn't respond to her.

She was very nervous now.

While they were engaging in an argument, Atwood didn't move at all. Instead, he exchanged a glance with Stanford.

It had been some time since Stanford came to himself, and his stamina was returning to his former level. He was secretly trying to break himself from those ropes.

"Lindsay, if you give yourself in now, the punishment will still be very soft." He purposely spoke to Lindsay to divert her attention.

"Soft punishment? Atwood, do you think I am a complete fool?" Lindsay chuckled, "Don't try to deceive me. I will never believe you, so don't waste your time."

Alyssa's heart was racing on the other hand since the document had not been signed yet. She couldn't get anything out of this. She came over and said, "Lindsay, make him sign it now!"

“Get lost!”

Lindsay shouted back at her as she came to realize her precarious position now since things had gone out of hand and her deeds were exposed. It was impossible for her to escape this whole episode alive now, and she knew that deep down. The more she understood her situation, the more she hated when someone tried to bother her.

Her life was on the line here, so she didn't have time to care about other people's matters.

Alyssa's face was fuming red, “Don't you forget how you got here in the first place. Don't make me call the police now!”

“Call the police? Then do it!” Lindsay wasn't scared at all.

The moment she decided to carry out her revenge, she had thought about the worst case scenario.

“You, you—“ Alyssa was so angry that she was stammering, “Don't you forget that you were the one who started this...”

“Are you telling me that you're not part of it? Don't you think it's too late to pull away from all this now?”

Alyssa, “...”

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She was rendered speechless.

“Atwood, let me go for once. I promise you that I won’t do anything to harm Stanford.” Lindsay was still making her last stand.

Atwood smiled, “I don’ think you have a say about that.”

Following his remark, Stanford finally broke free from the ropes and while Lindsay was still talking, he locked her wrists in place and at the same time, Atwood rushed towards them. Her arm was pinned by them and the knife was finally taken away.

“Uh—“ Lindsay’s arm was pinned behind her by Atwood, and she was pinned on the ground.

Stanford sliced off all the remaining ropes on his body.

“Let go of me!” Lindsay struggled.

Stanford bent down and propped the knife against Lindsay’s face, and with the slowly increasing force, blood was visible on her cheeks. He said menacingly, “Lindsay, you are knocking on death’s door.”

Lindsay chuckled, “So what? You end up losing Amanda and your kid anyway.”

Stanford widened his eyes, “You know that?”

Atwood was stunned by those words. What kid was she talking about?

“Lindsay, what did you do?” Atwood pressed on her head hard.

Lindsay broke into a fit of laughter as she looked at Stanford, "Before you divorced, I have known about that. She was not well one time and I accompanied her to the hospital. Knowing that she had your child, that's one of the reasons I must drive her to her death. It was because I was fearful that with the existence of the child, you would soften and get back together with her. Therefore, she must die! Even if I die now, I won't suffer any losses, that's because your child is collateral damage—"

All of a sudden, a shrilling wail pierced the air.

Stanford had sliced her face.

Alyssa stared at Lindsay who was bathed in blood, and she stumbled to the ground out of shock.

"Kill me if you can!" Lindsay gritted her teeth.

"Of course I will make sure you will die, but I won't make the whole thing easy for you!" Stanford put the knife against her other cheek and continued, "You are only good for your face. If I destroyed it now, I am curious to see what else do you have to offer?"

Atwood stole a glance at Stanford carefully.

It turned out that the reason he wanted Lindsay to die was that he had a child.

Amanda used to be pregnant before.

While he was in a daze, Lindsay suddenly bit his arm and when the grip loosened, she scrambled up from the ground and ran towards the window, "I won't give you a chance to trap me in jail!"

She never wanted to be locked up in jail again, and she didn't want to live a life out of the public's sight

anymore. She didn't want to suffer anymore.

She turned to look at Stanford and proclaimed, "Even if I turn into a ghost, I will continue to pester you. I will make sure you will never be at peace!"

After saying her last words, she leapt out of the window and was gone from sight.

Atwood was fast approaching her but it was too late to grab her.

This was the eighteenth floor, and when he looked down, all he saw was a bleeding corpse. There was never any other outcome other than death when one jumped from this height!

Atwood swallowed hard and turned his gaze towards Stanford, "She's dead. We need to inform the cops."

Stanford threw away the knife and mumbled a yes.

"Let me send you back first before dealing with..."

"No need." Before Atwood could finish his sentence, Stanford cut him off. He looked at George, "Push me back."

"Geor—" Alyssa looked at her son and at this moment, she was gripped by fear. George was having an internal struggle but in the end, he said, "You can tell everything to the police."

After saying that, he went to push Stanford out of this place.

Alyssa was dumbfounded, "George James, I am your mother, you know."

George didn't respond as he pushed Stanford out of the unit and to the elevator.

When they reached downstairs, a crowd had gathered.

Stanford didn't look in the direction of the commotion as his gaze was razor-sharp, focusing only on the space in front of him. Unable to suppress his curiosity, George stole a glance and saw Lindsay's unrecognizable body.

It was a frightening sight.

"You push me like this. Let's have a stroll." Stanford said.

George agreed to that.

The two of them moved along the streets wordlessly.

George mustered his courage a few times before finally being able to say it out, "I want to apologize to you on behalf of my mum. I am not trying to buy some sympathy for her. I just want to let you that I'm sorry." Chapter 965 You Better Know Your Place

"I won't pursue this matter this time. You should give her more advice, and as for you, I will still tell you the same thing. Go study hard, and when you graduate you can come to help me in the company."

In the past, he couldn't move on because of certain things, and it made him miss so many important things in life. From now on, he never wanted to miss out on important things anymore.

George pressed his lips into a line and his heart was touched by Stanford's words.

He remained silent because he didn't know what to reply.

He didn't know how to repay this forgiveness.

After some time, he was able to put his emotion in place. He simply said, "Thanks."

There were so many things hidden in his heart that he wanted to say, but he couldn't put them into words. A simple word of thanks was all he could manage to express his heartfelt emotion.

Stanford remained silent too, and all the time they were strolling, they were basked in silence. However, many things were going through their minds, and they thought long and hard.

After sending Stanford back, George returned home.

Alyssa was fine. Neither was she brought in to get interrogated nor was she caught for a crime.

However, she must be like sitting on needles from now on. Stanford was going to hate her to the core.

From this moment on, there wouldn't be any good days ahead of her.

George ordered lunch because he didn't know how to make food for himself. Soon, the table was filled

with all kinds of food.

“Do you still have the mood to eat?” Alyssa was resentful of her son. If she could cherish the opportunity just now, she wouldn’t have returned empty-handed. She had nothing now.

George pretended not to hear her as she pushed Enoch to the dining table.

Alyssa couldn’t hold back anymore, “George, I am talking to you. You never know, I might be captured by the police tomorrow.”

She knew what she had done, and she was very certain that Stanford wouldn’t just let her off the hook without any repercussions.

George suddenly roared, “If the cops have intended to catch you, you would have been in custody by now. You won’t wait until tomorrow.”

Alyssa was dumbfounded, “What do you mean?”

It was not like she didn’t understand what her son was trying to say. It was just hard to digest.

George let out a sigh to calm himself down, “Come here and eat.”

Alyssa came over and sat down, but she didn’t have any appetite. She looked at her son, “George, do you know something that I am unaware of? You must help me this time, it’s for your own good.”

“For my own good?” George chuckled, “You are always saying that you’re doing something for my own

good, but in fact, you're just thinking for yourself, no?"

"Wh—What kind of nonsense are you saying now?" Alyssa was riled up once again.

George glared at her, "Did you ever ask me about what I really want in life?"

Alyssa was at a loss for words, "In this society, you won't get any respect and importance if you don't have money and power. All I am doing is to help you get some advantage. Don't you want to have a lot of money and power?"

George snickered coldly, "You never asked me about that. You have decided everything for me and pretended that that's what I want, but in fact, are those things what I want? Or are they what you are after?"

Alyssa was speechless again, and only after some time did she open her mouth again, "Then, what do you want?"

"I just want my mother to be someone kind and gentle..."

"What are you saying?" Alyssa slammed the table and shot up from her chair, "If I weren't always thinking for your sake, do you think that I would be in my position today?"

"For my sake, it's always for my sake, don't you dare say again that you're doing this for my sake! It's just your excuse!" George also stood up with anger. He was having a standoff with her, "Those things are never what I wanted! You are the one who craves for them, and you're just using me as an excuse to make you look noble."

"Mum, did you ever stop to think that you're in the wrong?" George's voice gradually became soft.

"Ever since the beginning, you hooked up with someone else's husband and you managed to be the

official wife and treated the son of the first wife badly. You have turned into a so-called wicked stepmother, and do you ever regret anything? Do you ever reflect on your past mistakes when it's late-night?"

"Stop lecturing me, you don't have that right. I am your mother after all!" Alyssa tried to avoid her son's gaze as it was embarrassing to be lectured by her own son.

"Indeed, I am in no position to do that." George sat down, "Just eat."

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Alyssa felt that her son was acting unusually today. She tried to probe, "George, are you being threatened right at this moment? You can tell me. I will be responsible for what I've done."

George snorted coldly, "How are you planning to do that? How many mistakes have you done in the past? You've kidnapped someone this time, and you could be sued for deliberate harming. You could end up in jail. Are you prepared to be in jail for a long time?"

Alyssa turned into a deflated balloon the more she heard her son talk. She couldn't find any words to deny him anymore.

George took his chopsticks and began eating.

Alyssa just stared at him and felt like she had given birth to a cold and heartless son.

"Dad, have some food." George picked up some food for Enoch.

Enoch lost his appetite too as those words of resentment by George just now applied to him in some ways.

George shoved some food into his mouth and mumbled, "Today, when Stanford and I were on the way here, he told me that he wished for me to go study. He didn't want to see me wasting my life way. With the way you treated him since he was young, not only did he not resent me, he even..."

His voice started to crack.

"Do you ever stop and think about the reason I don't like coming back home? Instead of coming back here, I would rather mess around out there. All I ever wanted is a warm, caring family. Do you think the way you are treating me now is what you call love?" He laughed sarcastically, "You only love yourself since the beginning."

"George, mummy does love you." Alyssa was panicking now.

"Whatever. If you think that's love, so be it. I will just pretend that I had grown up in a caring and warm family. I have something to tell you now."

"Say it." Alyssa had turned into an obedient sheep and she didn't even dare to raise her voice. George was her only son, and she didn't want to lose him.

"A few days from now, I am going to study abroad following Stanford's advice." George looked at his parents, "He told me that once I come back, I can work in his company."

Alyssa's eyes widened, "Is that for real?"

She almost couldn't believe what she was hearing.

"It's true," George replied confidently.

"Oh, one more thing, he wouldn't pursue this matter this time. You better know your place." After saying that, George got up and was about to go out.

"George." Alyssa chased after him, "My dear son..."

George looked at her, "Think carefully how you should act from now on. If you continue your behaviour like always, don't blame me in the future when I decide not to acknowledge you as my mother anymore."

After saying that, he pulled the door open and went out.

"Enoch..." Alyssa turned to look at her husband.

Enoch was rolling himself back into his room.

The two of them didn't even touch their chopsticks. They had lost all appetite after listening to what George had to say.

After leaving his house, George found Atwood.

He wanted to know how things were developing.

"Since she's dead, the police will deal with the aftermath," Atwood said.

"That woman deserves to die," George said resentfully.

Atwood sighed profusely and thought that she did indeed deserve her death. For some reason, he felt a little sorrowful.

“Are you free now? Come drink with me?” Atwood asked.

“Yeah. I have a favour to ask of you too.”

“A favour to ask of me?” Atwood felt surprised, “Mr. James has told me about not going after your mum this time.”

Besides this, he couldn't think of anything else.

“I know that. I am not talking about that.” George pulled Atwood, “Let's find a place and sit down to talk.”Chapter 966 Behave Like a Graceful Girl

Atwood looked at him, “It's rare that you want to tell me something. Firstly, is it good news or bad news?”

George was not joking with him, “Serious issue.”

Atwood glanced at him and believed him momentarily.

He was wary of George since he was Alyssa's son. After all, who knew what he was thinking in his mind?

George could sense that Atwood was wary of him but he did not take it seriously. Anyway, who should

he blame for being Alyssa's son?

Nobody could decide their birth.

He resigned himself to have such a mother. However, he had to change himself and could not be idle anymore.

Soon, they arrived at a bar. George was familiar with this place as he used to fool around here and recognize some people.

Although those people were not kind, still they were not bad guys either. They just liked to make out but they were still very loyal to friends.

He was familiar with the layout here since he had been a regular customer. So, he chose a quiet private room.

"Go ahead, what do you want to tell me?" Atwood spoke after sitting down.

George cracked a joke to enliven the atmosphere, "How come you're so impatient? You're even my brother's right hand."

Atwood was speechless.

He chuckled, "Just kidding. Don't be too serious."

Atwood ridiculed him in his mind. 'Am I very close with you?'

George became serious and said, "Back to the point."

"Go ahead." Atwood moved his neck and leaned back onto the sofa.

"Has something happened to my brother recently?" He felt that Stanford had suddenly changed his attitude and accepted him due to something seemingly.

As for what reason, he was not too sure.

So, he wanted to get the answer from Atwood.

"Mr. James..." Atwood paused for a moment, "Indeed, quite a few things have happened to him."

"Tell me what those things are." George approached him.

Atwood pushed him away, "Behave yourself. Don't get so close to me."

George was speechless.

He sat upright, "Go ahead."

“Amanda didn’t die. His change in attitude must have something to do with her. He wanted to get her back. His leg was injured because he went to chase after her.” Atwood signed, “You’re the one who harmed him.”

Atwood had always believed that the culprits who caused Stanford to be like this were Alyssa and Enoch.

They were the ones who had caused Stanford’s unfortunate childhood that made him lack love and lose Amanda.

George did not retort because Atwood was right.

He did think so and admitted it.

“Let bygones be bygones. I’m looking for you this time because I want to do something for him.” George made up his mind, “Do you know where she is now?”

“What do you want to do?” Atwood did not trust George yet as he was afraid George would do something bad to Stanford.

George understood Atwood’s reaction and explained, “I know he didn’t hold my mother to account. I’m grateful for that. It has always been our fault and we feel sorry for him. Now, I want to do something for him. Since his leg is still injured and it’s difficult moving around, I want to bring my sister-in-law back for him.”

Atwood looked at him and did not say anything. He just looked at him quietly for a long time.

George did not dodge either. He looked straight at Atwood’s scrutinizing gaze and said, “I’m honest and serious.”

Atwood thought for a while, “It’s fine too. Anyway, I can’t get away from my job. It’s better to have

somebody who can go and find her for me.”

George smiled, “I will find her by all means. I will definitely get my sister-in-law back for my brother.”

Atwood sighed, “I hope you can.”

“What do you mean? You know my sister-in-law used to like my brother so much...”

“George.” Atwood interrupted him, “It was Mr. James who initiated the divorce in the first place. She was almost killed by Lindsay and even lost a child. Do you think she can still forgive him?”

George’s eyes widened and he remained silent then.

He was shocked that Amanda had lost a child before and it belonged to Stanford as well.

In fact, he had always understood that Stanford longed for family warmth.

So, his change in attitude was because he had lost a lot of things that he cared about. Now, he wanted to get them back?

As such, Stanford was forgiving his mother because he did not want to cause any unforgivable mistakes out of hatred.

“I will bring my sister-in-law back,” George said firmly.

Atwood took a deep breath, “I hope you can really make it.”

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Actually, he did not believe George could make it.

The word “forgive” was rather easy to say. However, it required much courage to actually do that.

“Hey, she is at Chiang Mai in Thailand. You try your best.” Atwood stood up after saying that, “I still have something to do, I will leave first.”

He walked out and left after saying that.

George looked at him, “Thank you. Don’t tell my brother first, I want to give him a surprise.”

Atwood did not turn around but he just waved his hand, “Got it.”

Atwood went straight to the villa after leaving the bar.

A maid was recruited to clean up the villa since Stanford had difficulty with his legs, so he could not be left alone at home.

He had to inform Stanford after settling those issues.

When he arrived at the villa, Stanford was sitting in front of the window. The maid had already prepared some food and served them on the table a while ago. The food seemed to have got cold.

“Mr. James.” He walked over.

“Lindsay is dead. She is proven to have committed suicide after investigation. I have already dealt with Blithe. Also, Michael who let her go has been dismissed and investigated.”

Stanford sat still and did not respond, but Atwood knew that he had heard it clearly.

“She always used to sit opposite me at that table.” Stanford moved his wheelchair and looked towards the table.

Atwood pursed his lips and lowered his head.

“But I have lost her.” His face was gloomy, “This is the punishment given to me for hurting her.”

“I haven’t eaten yet. Mr. James, let me accompany you.” Atwood took the initiative and spoke.

Stanford shook his head, “I don’t have any appetite.”

It was not her sitting opposite him at the table. Nobody could replace her.

“When your leg is better later, you can go and find her. There’s still a chance.” Atwood comforted him.

Stanford raised his eyes and looked at Atwood. Last time, Atwood claimed that it was impossible to get her back. But now, he said that there was still a chance.

The former was more realistic while the latter was rather comforting.

He still wanted to give it a try no matter what.

The maid came over with the phone that was still ringing, "Mr. James, your phone on the table is ringing."

Stanford reached out to pick it up and answered the call.

On the other hand, it was George's voice, "Brother, I shouldn't be hanging around like this anymore. I have decided to study abroad. But before I go and study, I want to do something. Give me some time."

Stanford replied "all alright" softly.

Atwood lowered his head and looked downwards to hide his expression.

It was in Thailand.

Amanda's leg was healed.

Nina said, "Let's go out and have some fun now."

Amanda did not decline her invitation. She had stayed here for a few days and was quite close with Nina mainly because Nina was adorable.

"Let daddy be our tour guide." Nina wanted to go and call Joan but Amanda pulled her back, "Let's go together. Your daddy is very busy. It's better not to disturb him from working."

"But daddy has promised me." As she just finished speaking, Joan walked over without wearing a

uniform but dressed in a casual outfit.

“Let me accompany both of you.”

Nina smiled at Amanda, “We won’t get lost if he is around.”

“Don’t you trust me?” Amanda said deliberately.

Nina replied, “No, I didn’t mean that.”

She hugged Amanda’s leg, “I just want you and daddy to go out and play with me together. Don’t be angry.”

Amanda pinched her cheek, “I’m not angry.”

“I will drive the car.” Joan walked out first.

“Wait for us.” Nina pulled Amanda and ran over to him.

“Daddy.”

“Nina.” Joan stopped her from running, “You can’t run like that.”

Nina blinked her eyes and mumbled, “I used to run like this.”

Joan actually cared for Amanda. Her ankle was just healed and it was not suitable to run yet. He carried and held Nina in his arm, “Can you behave like a graceful girl?” _____

Nina covered her mouth and laughed.

Joan stared at her, "What are you laughing at?"

"Do I laugh gracefully?" Nina continued to cover her mouth.

Joan was speechless.

He looked at the sky helplessly. What kind of kid was she?

Amanda was amused by this kid.

With Joan leading the way, Amanda and Nina just sat back in the car and did not have to worry about anything.

"Ms. Nelson, is there somewhere you want to visit?" Joan looked at her in the rear-view mirror.

Amanda thought for a moment, "I want to burn incense and worship the gods."

Thailand people believed in Buddhism.

"Alright." Joan continued driving.

Soon, the car stopped.

After getting out of the car, Amanda felt the strong Buddhist culture everywhere in Thailand. Chiang Mai had over 270 temples and there would be a temple almost a few steps apart. Furthermore, each temple had its own style with some being splendour while some old temples were still under maintenance.

Joan carried Nina and took Amanda to one of the three major temples in Chiang Mai, Wat Phra Singh.

They could already smell the strong scent of incense before they entered the temple.

The smoke enveloped the temple as many tourists were here to pray and visit the place.

Amanda bought the incense, "I will go in. You guys wait for me a while."

Joan nodded his head.

When she entered the main hall, the first thing that caught her attention was a golden Buddha statue sitting cross-legged with beads in the hand. The Buddha statue was magnificent while overlooking the crowd.

Amanda lit the incense from the fire by the red wax. She knelt on the cushion and bowed with her hands together while praying devoutly in her heart. 'Bless my parents with long life and stay healthy forever. As for the baby that died in my stomach and did not come to this world, I hope he will be reborn soon in a good family safe and sound.'

She placed the incense into the censer after praying.

She walked out and saw Joan buying something that was wrapped in green leaves and was roasted on the fire. She wondered what it was.

“What are you buying?” She asked.

Nina answered in the first place, “It’s Chinese olive and it’s delicious.”

“Taste it.” Joan handed it to her.

Amanda took it and said, “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, you’re welcome. We’re a family.” Nina waved her hand.

Amanda lowered her eyes as she was slightly embarrassed.

Although they had been together for a few days and she had recognized Joan, still they were only ordinary friends. The “ambiguous relationship” created by Nina made her uncomfortable.

“Don’t talk while you’re eating.” Joan carried her up.

Nina leaned onto him and whispered beside his ear, “Daddy, she is going to leave when her leg is fine. If you don’t go after her, you won’t have a chance anymore.”

Joan was speechless.

“Don’t talk nonsense.”

“How am I talking nonsense. If you know something about love, you won’t be single by now. I’m trying to help you.” Nina sighed, “It seems that I have to take action.”

“What are you going to do?” Joan vaguely sensed that something bad was going to happen.

His sense was right in the next second. She smiled and looked at Amanda, “What did you wish for when you were praying?”

Amanda was slightly puzzled. Nina added before Amanda could think of an answer, “Was it for a marriage?”

Amanda was speechless.

Joan was speechless either.

They thought in their mind at the same time.

‘Why is this kid so playful?’

‘How come she knows so much stuff at this young age.’

“No.” Amanda pinched her cheeks, “Kids should behave like kids.”

Nina pouted and continued speaking, “How is my daddy?”

Joan was speechless.

He covered Nina's mouth.

Amanda knew what Nina was trying to say as Nina wanted to help Joan find a wife wholeheartedly.

"Your daddy is very nice but your daddy and I aren't suitable. I'm not suitable to be your mother."
Amanda stated her words clearly to Nina.

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"Why?" Nina removed Joan's hand from her mouth.

Amanda did not explain and fed her some Chinese olives in her mouth.

Nina mumbled while eating.

They strolled along the streets. The fun thing about travelling in Chiang Mai was to hang around leisurely. They were relaxing and laughing throughout the trip.

"I want this." Nina saw a vendor selling toys, so she reached out to get a toy.

Joan doted on her and bought the toy for her.

Amanda smiled while feeling that Nina was so lucky to have Joan.

It was rare for him, an unmarried man, to have such a loving heart.

They passed by a classy silk store. On the sign, it claimed that they were specialized in Thai silk.

Amanda walked into the store.

She was attracted to a light grey scarf. It looked brilliant and was so soft to touch.

“It’s one hundred per cent Thai silk. You won’t find such quality apart from our store.”

Amanda was slightly familiar with fabrics since she was influenced by Dolores and heard about them since young.

She had heard that Thai silk was very rare because the processing time was long so the price was high. Indeed, the scarf was really nice and smooth to touch.

“Try it on to see if it looks nice,” Nina yelled.

Amanda smiled and said, “Alright.”

She felt comfortable while putting on the scarf as the fabric was so soft on her skin.

“Nice,” Nina said with a smile.

She looked herself in the mirror and nodded, "I like it too."

"Wrap it up for me." She took off the scarf and handed it to the promoter.

The promoter took it over and walked to the front desk. Amanda followed the promoter and took out her wallet.

"Miss, that man has already paid for it."

Amanda looked up.

Joan was looking at her, "I will give it as a present for you."

"But..."

"You help me take care of Nina. Just treat it as a token of appreciation." Joan said.

Amanda felt embarrassed, "I didn't take care of her anyway."

"You taught her how to draw."

Amanda was speechless.

"Well, thank you."

"You're welcome."

“Put it on,” Nina spoke.

Amanda took the scarf out of the box and draped it around her shoulder.

Nina moved Joan’s head so that he was looking at Amanda, “Look, daddy, does she look nice?”

Joan’s gaze fell on Amanda. She was indeed as beautiful as the first time he had met her. In fact, she had inherited all the good qualities from her parents with a delicate face as well as fair skin.

However, it was just that she was less happy than before, not as bright and happy when they had first met each other.

“Daddy, daddy, say something.” Nina pulled and shook Joan’s clothes.

Joan regained his sense and said, “Nice.”

Nina laughed.

Payne was shopping with her best friend outside the glass window. Suddenly, they saw the three was talking and laughing through the window.

“Hey, isn’t that Joan? Who is the woman next to him? Is she his girlfriend? She seems to be a foreigner.” Payne’s friend saw them too.

“She is not his girlfriend. She just stays with him for accommodation!” Payne glared at her best friend.

“But they do seem quite close. Joan is known to be serious and indifferent. Now, he is shopping with a

woman. Do you think that's normal?" Payne's friend continued, "Staying with him for accommodation? Did Joan tell you that? Do you believe that too?"

Payne frowned, "What do you mean?"

"I mean their relationship wasn't that simple," Payne's best friend said.

Payne clenched her fist, "Joan won't lie to me."

She rushed into the store after saying that. _____

Chapter 968 So Rude

The promoter handed the card back to Joan but it was snatched by Payne. She glanced at the scarf on Amanda's shoulder and then looked at Joan, "Did you pay for this?"

Joan frowned as she barged into the store abruptly, "Why are you here?"

"I'm asking you. Why did you buy her something?" Payne's aggressive manner was like a wife questioning her husband for having a secret affair with another woman.

Joan took the card from her hand, "Do I have to ask your permission to buy something for anybody?"

Payne was speechless.

Amanda felt that she had made her misunderstand and caused trouble for Joan. She wanted to help Joan explain, "Oh, Joan and I are just ordinary friends."

Payne glared at her, "Don't lie to me."

"I'm not lying to you. I'm already married." Amanda tried her best to explain.

Although she was divorced, still she had married before. She did not want to bring trouble to Joan for accommodating at his home.

Payne was speechless all of a sudden.

"Oh, sorry I..."

Joan carried Nina up and held Amanda's hand. He gave Payne a cold look, "I hate you to interfere in my life. Don't come to my house again in the future."

He brought them out of the store after saying that.

Payne chased after him, "I didn't mean to."

Joan turned around and glared at her, "I hope you behave well like a woman. I won't like you even if you keep pestering me like this."

Payne was dumbfounded.

Joan was initially in a good mood but ended up being infuriated by Payne throughout the outing.

Nina sighed gently.

Amanda patted her head, "Don't sigh easily at such a young age."

"Daddy is attracting such an unwanted encounter because he is not married yet," Nina said.

Amanda was surprised, "You even know the phrase 'unwanted encounter'?"

This phrase was taught to Nina by Dolores. Since Payne had been pestering Joan, Nina was complaining her in front of Dolores and Dolores just simply described her with the phrase.

So, Nina remembered it.

Their plan for the trip came to the end at noon after being disturbed by Payne.

Amanda felt that she had caused trouble to Joan, "Today, I have caused trouble to you and let her misunderstand you."

"It's not your problem." Joan shook his head helplessly.

It was not the first time that Payne had been like this. She would be extremely wary whenever a female appeared around him.

"It bothers me." Joan could not get rid of such a pestering woman.

Amanda gave him an idea, "Just hurry up and find the right one to marry. Won't that solve it?"

"Do you have a happy marriage?" Joan still asked anyway, "I saw you when you came to meet your parents last time."

He knew that she was married too.

He knew it from Dolores.

He heard it once Matthew and Dolores were talking about her past. They did not mention anything else after seeing him.

He expected she had a happy marriage as she was able to smile blissfully at that time. But now, her smile had changed and was not that blissful anymore.

Amanda lowered her eyes, "Quite good."

"But I don't see that you're happy," Joan said.

Amanda looked up, "Is it that obvious?"

She thought carefully as she had hidden her emotion quite on purpose. 'How can he still notice it?'

Joan said, "I feel it."

“Why don’t you get married?” Amanda switched the topic of discussion deliberately. She did not want to talk about herself, so she brought the conversation back to him.

“Didn’t meet the right one.” Joan said honestly, “My parents are very affectionate and I wish to be like them.”

Amanda also talked about her parents, “My parents are very affectionate too.”

Joan smiled, “I know.”

Amanda looked ahead, “Once, I have longed to experience the same relationship as my parents.”

However, she failed to do so.

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She got herself upset and was overwhelmed with grief.

Joan looked at her quietly and saw a flicker of sadness in her eyes, “Did he betray you?”

Amanda smiled bitterly, “Not really. I thought it was love but it was just wishful thinking on my part.”

He was just taking revenge.

“What are you planning to do?”

“We got divorced a long time ago.” Amanda pretended to be relaxed and joked, “My eyes weren’t sharp before.”

Joan was surprised suddenly. ‘Is she divorced?’

“Sir.” At that moment, Sally came over and told him that somebody had called him. He got up, “I go and answer the call.”

Amanda smiled, “Go ahead.”

Joan got up and went in.

Amanda took a sip of water on the table. This place was surrounded by greenery, especially those tropical plants that were very pleasing to see.

She strolled along the river nearby where small boats passed by. In the past, these boats used to sell a lot of vegetables and fruits along the river bank. But now, fewer people were living here, so there were no more vendors.

Many houses were built on the river since there were many rivers in Thailand.

The scenery is quite impressive.

She was so indulged in the beautiful scenery that she did not notice somebody was following her behind. The person was about to reach out and push her down the river.

However, that pair of evil hands were grabbed by another person in the nick of time. Payne was shocked, "Joan..."

Amanda turned around when she heard the noise.

She saw them and seemed to realize what was going on just by looking at their posture. Then, she stood behind Joan.

Joan's gaze was serious, "I think it's time for me to visit your father."

Payne shook her head, "Don't."

Joan removed her, "You can be arrogant and willful. But it's a matter of your personality when you try to harm people. Don't be so rude again if you don't want me to find your father."

"I won't. I was just trying to make fun of her." Payne was not intending to push her as she was just a bit playful at that moment. She just wanted to prank Amanda when she saw Amanda alone by the river.

Joan frowned, "Is it alright if I throw you into the river?"

"No way," Payne said immediately.

"I was just joking, why not?"

"There're snakes in the river. I'm scared." Payne pouted while reaching out to grab his arm, "Joan..."

Joan moved her hand away, "If you're scared, how about the others?"

Payne was speechless.

She kept quiet as she was scolded by him.

“Go back now,” Joan commanded her.

“I don’t.” Payne refused willfully.

“Whatever.” Joan grabbed Amanda’s wrist and pulled her to leave that place after saying that.

Amanda wanted to withdraw her hand instinctively at the moment Joan touched her. However, Joan’s grip was very tight.

She had no choice but to follow his pace.

When they reached the backyard, Joan instructed his maid and servant at home, “Don’t let Payne in again.”

He let go of Amanda’s wrist as he spoke.

Amanda put her hands behind her back immediately.

She took a step backwards to keep a distance from him.

Joan only recalled that he had just grabbed her wrist when he saw her movement.

He was perplexed while his fingers curled slowly as if he could still vaguely feel the warmth on her skin.

"I'm sorry. I..."

He tried to explain that he had not done it on purpose.

"It's alright." Amanda just did not like to have excessive contact with him. After all, men and women were still different.

"I have just got an invitation call. Ms. Nelson, can I invite you to attend with me?" _____ Chapter 969 A Smart Cookie

"Hmm..."

It was when Amanda just wanted to decline his invitation as she felt uncomfortable accompanying him in public.

"Just promise my daddy. He has even healed your injury and let you stay with us." Nina appeared from nowhere at this moment.

Joan looked at her and seemed to be waiting for her answer.

After Nina had said that, it was difficult for her to decline as it would be impolite. She could not be unconcerned about it as he had indeed helped her before.

She looked at Nina. 'Is this little kid's brain of an adult?'

'Is she a kid?'

She looked similar to her brother who was like a little adult since young.

"Say yes. Won't you really even help my daddy with that?" Nina continued saying.

Amanda was speechless.

"I'm not saying no..."

"Then you mean yes."

Nina pulled Joan happily before Amanda could finish speaking, "Daddy, daddy, she said yes."

Joan knew that Amanda was not promising him, but he did not give her a chance to decline, "Thank you."

Amanda was speechless.

She agreed with both of them.

"Alright." She was forced to agree.

It was not that she wanted to decline Joan as she would help him with other things. However, she was going to accompany him to attend a dinner. This would make people easily misunderstand their relationship when she was beside him in public.

“Yeah, I’m so happy.” Nina jumped cheerfully and yelled, “Sally, Sally, hurry up and bring two basins.”

Amanda felt that she was overjoyed, “Nina, why do you need two basins?”

Nina laughed, “We didn’t have fun out today and we even missed the Water Festival. It’s too bad, so you have to play with me.”

Sally took two small plastic basins. Nina dropped one on the floor and held the other in her hand. She filled half of the basin with water from the pool, “Ready...Go...”

There was a splash.

As she just said, a basin of water was splashed towards Amanda and Amanda’s clothes were instantly wet.

Amanda was speechless.

Joan was speechless as well.

Both of them thought in their minds at the same time. ‘Is this kid serious?’

“Come and splash me. Come and splash me.” Nina started filling up the basin with water again. Meanwhile, she kept giving Joan a wink to join in.

Joan stood still in place, “Nina, are your eyes uncomfortable?”

Why was she winking?

Nina was speechless.

She rolled her eyes as her dad was really clumsy.

She had come out with so many ideas just to help him marry a wife. However, he was stupid enough to ask her if her eyes were uncomfortable.

She splashed a basin of water onto Joan and thought in her mind. ‘You better wake up!’

Both Amanda and Joan got wet while Nina was laughing over there joyfully.

Amanda was speechless.

Joan was speechless too.

Both of them felt that this kid’s laughter was so irritating at the same time.

Then, they went to get the basin on the floor. They looked up at each other as their hands rested on the basin at the same moment.

Both of them wanted to give in. So, they withdrew their hands at the same time.

Nina was speechless.

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Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

Her daddy was really stupid.

She could not help him even she had created so many opportunities for him.

Nina laughed, "Look at the way you guys are drenched."

Amanda was speechless.

This kid learnt quite many words but her laughter was really irritating.

"Teach her a lesson." Joan handed the basin to Amanda.

She looked at Joan and hesitated for two seconds. Then, she reached out and take the basin, "I will take revenge for you."

After taking over the basin, she filled the basin with water and splashed at Nina. Immediately, Nina's body was soaked through as well.

Nina was speechless.

“Wait for it.” Nina filled up the basin with water and splashed it again.

Amanda did not stop splashing too. Then, both of them splashed at each other.

Joan who was standing at the side also got wet.

Soon, he went into the house and took a basin to join them.

Haha...

Ah...

Ew...

It was like the actual Water Festival. The three of them were drenched.

Nina was bullied by them, so she conceded, “Don’t play anymore. Stop...”

“No!” Amanda continued splashing at her.

Nina was speechless.

In the end, she ran away as she could not cope with them.

Amanda smiled while looking at her back.

At this moment, she did not have any worries in her mind and was laughing from the bottom of her heart.

Such a smile was the same as Joan had seen her smile for the first time. He was mesmerized by her blissful smile.

“This kid is just a smart cookie.” Amanda laughed helplessly.

Joan regained his sense when he heard Amanda speaking, “She is a...”

Before he could utter the words “clever kid”, he vaguely noticed Amanda’s delicate body and skin through her wet clothes.

She exposed her collarbone and there were crystal water droplets on it. She looked simply alluring.

He turned his head away quickly as his ears became hot.

Amanda realized what was going on. She lowered her head and noticed her own look now.

She frowned and dropped the basin onto the ground. She put her hands on her chest while she was so embarrassed at the moment.

Was she in this look when she was splashing just now?

Joan went inside and got a bath towel. He handed it to her as he looked away.

Amanda took the bath towel and draped it around her body. She lowered her eyes and said, “Thank you.”

Joan said unnaturally, "Go in and take a shower."

Both of them did not look at each other while speaking.

Amanda replied "alright" softly. Then, she turned around and went into the house.

Joan just stood still in place and stared at Amanda's back.

Amanda's pace was getting even faster. She seemed to feel somebody gazing at her.

However, she did not dare to turn back.

Chapter 970 Beauty Is in The Eye of The Beholder

When Amanda entered the house, Nina was standing in the living room. Sally had just helped her to the bathroom. Amanda took a shower and put on clean clothes.

Her hair was still slightly wet as she just wiped her hair with a dry towel and did not blow it with a hairdryer. At this moment, she was blinking her big eyes while looking towards the doorway.

Joan walked in.

His clothes were soaking wet too. He looked strong and attractive while exposing his muscles vaguely.

Nina had already been familiar with it as she had seen the upper part of daddy's body naked before.

She was more concerned about something else at this moment.

"Daddy." Nina blocked his way, "Why didn't you play with her a little longer?"

It was not easy for her to create such an opportunity.

Joan was speechless.

After all, should he and she splash water onto each other?

“Hey, her leg is fine and she is about to leave. You don’t have a chance anymore if you don’t seize it properly.” Nina was worried.

She started giving him a lecture, “Think about it, there will only be two of us again for dinner if she is gone. How lonely would it be?”

“You don’t want her to leave just because you’re afraid of having a lonely dinner, aren’t you?” Joan frowned.

Wasn’t it because she liked Amanda?

“There’s more than that of course. She is also pretty. She will tell me stories and cuddle me until I fall asleep. She is like my mum. If both of you get together, I will have a daddy and a mum as well.” Nina rambled on but she seemed to miss the main point.

“Nina, don’t you like her and that’s why you wanted her to stay?” Joan asked.

“I like her of course. Don’t you like her too?” Nina asked in return.

Joan was dumbfounded.

Did he like her?

He did not seem to hate her...quite enjoyed getting along with her.

Was that kind of liking?

“Daddy, this is your last chance. You don’t have any chance left if you miss it.” Nina exclaimed in dismay.

Joan patted her head, “Children should not bother adults’ business.”

Nina pouted, “Just relying on yourself, you will be alone for the rest of your life.”

Joan was speechless.

This kid was really smart but mischievous!

Joan went out after having lunch, leaving Amanda and Nina at home.

Nina was helpless as she felt that Joan was an idiot. Amanda was going to leave soon but he still went out and did not know to win Amanda’s heart.

Amanda was booking a flight ticket online while sitting on a sofa.

She was going to leave tomorrow after accompanying Joan to the dinner tonight.

Nina approached her, "What are you doing?"

Amanda had already booked the flight ticket. She put her phone down and reached out to hug Nina. She was going to leave and would not see this smart cookie anymore.

Nina blinked her eyes and asked, "Do you think my daddy is good?"

Amanda said without hesitation, "He is a kind person."

Nina continued looking at her but then Amanda did not make any other remarks.

Nina was speechless.

"Don't you like my daddy?" Nina asked in anticipation. She added as she was afraid Amanda might misunderstand, "The kind of love between a man and a woman."

Amanda was speechless.

'What is this kid's brain full of?'

'She even knows about the love relationship between a man and a woman?'

"Say something." Nina kept demanding answers.

Joan was coming in with a box and he heard the question asked by Nina. He stopped at the doorway as he somehow wanted to know how did Amanda feel about him.

He stood still and wanted to hear Amanda's answer.

Amanda looked at Nina and shook her head, "Your daddy is good but I don't like him."

Nina could no longer sit still, "Why?"

Joan was very disappointed at the doorway.

"No reason." Amanda was about to get up when Nina pulled her, "Tell me why."

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Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

At such a young age, she was so stubborn to find out the reason.

Amanda did not want to deal with her relationship anymore after getting along with Stanford. She did not dare to try a new relationship.

Since she had not been with Stanford for the whole year, she just wanted to take revenge on Stanford and did not want to deal with her relationship.

She was afraid that her sincerity was just a daydream after all.

She once hoped to have a sweet relationship with the right person, enjoying a blissful life until death.

She would not have such anticipation in the future.

With a broken heart, she did not dare to fall in love with anybody else.

However, she could not say these words to such a small kid. Amanda thought for a while as she had to give Nina a reason, "Nina, your daddy and I aren't suitable."

"Why aren't you suitable? You're pretty while my daddy is handsome. It's a perfect match."

"That's just the surface." Amanda caressed her head, "There's nothing to do with appearance when two people get along. As a saying goes, beauty is in the eye of the beholder. If you like somebody, you will find them good-looking no matter how beautiful or ugly they look."

"What do you mean by 'beholder'?" Nina asked.

Amanda explained patiently, "A beholder means a person who sees and observes somebody."

"But I have never met the beauty, so how does the beauty concern me whether she looks beautiful or ugly?" Nina said.

Amanda was speechless.

Had she been explaining so long for nothing?

"I know you're beautiful." Nina smiled, "Why don't you like my daddy?"

Amanda was speechless.

She thought about it and gave a simple reason, "Nina, your daddy and I aren't suitable because we have different experiences. Your daddy hasn't liked anybody yet, but I have liked somebody before."

Nina stood on tiptoes, "Did you fall in love with somebody?"

Initially, Amanda wanted to say that she had loved somebody in the past.

However, she wanted Nina to give up the idea of matching them. So, she said purposely, "Yes, I fall in love with somebody."

Nina was extremely depressed as she looked like a deflated ball.

Joan was gloomy at the doorway.

"Sir." Sally came over with some fruit and greeted Joan at the doorway.

Nina and Amanda looked at the doorway immediately when they heard Sally's voice.

Joan stepped in and replied "yes" softly.

"Daddy," Nina shouted.

Joan placed the box on the table. Then, he carried Nina and kissed her cheek, "Let Sally bring you to get some sugar apples in the backyard since they're ripe, okay?"

Nina nodded, "Okay."

Sally came over and took Nina to the backyard.

Nina yelled, "Let's go and get a basket."

Sally let her take a small bamboo basket to the backyard.

Joan sat down on the sofa opposite.

He wanted to say something to Amanda but did not know how to start a conversation. Both of them remained silent for a while.

The sudden silence was a bit awkward.

Amanda broke the silence first and simply found a topic, "What's inside this box?"

"A dress."

She raised her eyes.

Joan said, "It's for you."

Amanda immediately understood that it should be a formal dress required for the dinner.

"Hmm..." Joan stammered.

He pondered as he still did not know how to express himself.

He intended to comfort Amanda but he did not know how to comfort her.

Amanda saw his clumsy look and could not help but feel amused.

“Straight to the point,” She spoke. _____ Convenient Marriage: Mr. Nelson's Love Trap
Chapter 971 Fate Brings People Together No Matter How Far Apart They May Be

She had been here for a few days so she roughly knew about Joan's personality. He was aloof and an idealist. As his parents had a happy marriage, he aspired to have a similarly happy marriage life.

He was the kind of person who would never settle for it before he met the person he liked.

He was kind-hearted but he never said it with his mouth, but via practical actions.

The way he looked without his uniform gave the impression of being a tender gentleman.

He was a very good man.

The way he was nervous at this moment and did not know how to start the conversation was cute.

“When I came in just now, I heard what you said to Nina,” Joan spoke after quite a while.

Amanda froze for a moment and then looked at him, confused. 'What is he trying to say?'

"Do you love your ex-husband very much? You can't get him out of your mind?" Joan asked.

It was a question, but more like he was feeling her out.

Amanda was silent for a few seconds, trying to understand why he had such a question. 'It should be because of the words she replied to Nina.'

"I don't love him." It was a very firm tone. Her love was buried long ago in his words when he told her to divorce and burnt to ashes in that fire, "I told Nina that there is someone I like in my mind and it's just because I don't want her to fix me up with you."

Hearing the words 'don't love', Joan's eyebrows were raised with a trace of unconcealed happiness. But when he heard the latter part of the sentence, that happiness dissipated again, "So, her action of fixing you up with me has bothered you, is it?"

"No," Amanda hurriedly explained. She knew clearly in her mind that Joan was a good person.

Joan was an innocent person who had not yet dated a woman until now. Whereas, she had married and divorced. The difference between their love relationship backgrounds was too great.

She said to Nina that it was inappropriate because she wanted to tell her that she was a divorced woman and was not the right woman for Joan.

This would make her feel that she had ruined the purity in Joan.

She felt that the woman who was compatible with Joan should be a woman like him, with clean love relationship background, innocent and kind-hearted.

She knew she had none of these.

She also did not dare to tarnish this beauty.

“I was just afraid I’d bring you trouble. I’m a divorcee. I’m the benefitted party to be rumoured to have love affairs with you,” she said with a smile.

Joan smiled. His eyes were shining brightly like the bright stars of the night.

“Mr. Morton, what kind of women do you like?” Amanda suddenly asked.

Joan looked at her, “A woman who is innocent, likes to smile and looks very pleasant when smiling.”

Amanda asked again, “Is there a requirement for looks?”

Joan shook his head.

“Then I’ll definitely introduce the right one to you when I meet one,” Amanda said with a smile.

She was being serious. 'Joan is already twenty-nine-year-old but he hasn't been in love with anyone. This is a great loss for him. He should date a wonderful person at his best age to leave a good memory for himself. So, when he is old, he can sit back-to-back with the person he loves and talks about his stories in the past.'

Joan was speechless.

He thought Amanda had feelings for him but surprisingly, it turned out that...

It turned out that she wanted to introduce another woman to him.

"I don't like deliberate arrangements," he said.

Amanda thought he was really serious. 'Is he believing in fate or believing in destiny?'

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6 Uncommon Tips For Building A Healthy Relationship

'It's true though. They revere Buddhism so much.'

She said, "There is an old saying in my hometown that says, 'Fate brings people together no matter how apart they may be, otherwise, they can't know each other even if they're face to face.'"

"What does that mean?"

"It means that people who are destined to meet you will meet you even at a distance and people who

aren't destined to meet you will not meet you even if they're in front of you."

"Are we also considered like that?" Joan looked her in the eye and asked.

A sentence inexplicably popped up in her mind. 'Does he like me?'

She was startled at the thought. Shocked, she then realized that she must be being narcissistic and delusional.

Her facial expression portrayed that she was lost for a moment. She quickly curled into a smile, "Not really."

As she said, she stood up, "I'm a little sleepy. I want to take a nap."

Her behaviour was more like subconsciously evading the question.

"Okay," Joan responded.

Amanda strode towards her room and kept feeling that Joan was watching her. So, she quickened her paces.

After she returned to her room and closed the door, she shook her head vigorously, trying to shake off all those messy thoughts.

'Joan has everything he wants, how is it possible that he will fall in love with a divorced woman like her?'

She slapped her face. 'It must all be an illusion.'

She went to the bed and lay down. She must have hallucinated after not resting well in an unfamiliar place for the past few days.

'Yes, I'm no longer a little girl. It's a shame to have such thoughts.'

She lay on the bed for a while and really fell asleep after a moment.

Joan was sitting in the living room alone and gazing in the direction of Amanda's bedroom.

'She seemed to be avoiding my gaze just now.'

'Was she afraid?'

"Dad." Nina ran in while holding a couple of cherimoyas.

Joan regained his presence of mind and smiled at Nina.

"Try this, its taste is really good."

Sally stopped her from handing the fruit to Joan, "I'll go to wash and cut it before I give it to you, sir."

Nina looked at the cherimoyas in her hand. It seemed that it was not very tasty to eat it directly. So, she put the fruit into the bamboo basket and instructed, "Don't mix these with the ones in the basket."

"Sure. These are so big. I won't be confused," said Sally.

Nina smiled and crawled into Joan's arms, "Those were specifically picked by me for you. You can taste

the sweetness later.”

Joan opened her hand, “So dirty.”

“Haha,” Nina giggled, “I forgot to wash my hands.”

Joan carried her in his arms and went to wash her hands.

Amanda who was sleeping like a log dreamt.

Chapter 972 No Offence

She dreamt that she was tied up and unable to move, and was thrown into a vigorously burning fire.

She desperately screamed for help but she could not make any sound.

She was frightened and frantic with terror.

Nina who had washed her hands asked Joan what Amanda was doing.

Joan said she was sleeping.

“I’ll go to take a look.”

“No.” Joan refused, “You might wake her up.”

“I’ll just take a glance. I won’t wake her up. You can follow me if you are worried,” Nina said while tugging at him.

While Joan was hesitating, Nina added, “She is already asleep. She won’t know.”

After finishing her words, she pulled Joan and walked to the bedroom, regardless of his consent.

Joan was speechless.

The door of the room was gently opened. Nina made a shushing gesture to Joan.

Joan was speechless.

He was pulled by Nina to the bed. Amanda was curling up. It was an insecure sleeping position. Many beads of sweat were formed on her head.

It looked like she was in agony.

Nina frowned. ‘Is she feeling hot?’

‘But this room isn’t hot.’

‘Why is she sweating so much?’

Amanda who was struggling in her dream saw a person's figure through the firelight. She could not see the person's face and could only see it was a very slender figure.

She desperately tried to grab him and was shouting with all her strength, "Save me...save me..."

Nina blinked, "What is she saying?"

Joan realized that she might be having a nightmare. He reached out and gently patted her shoulder, "Ms. Nelson."

"Save me..."

She saw the person walking over. His appearance slowly became clear. She reached out to grab him...

Out of the blue, she opened her eyes and was gasping. She woke up from her dream.

What she saw was Joan's handsome face with well-defined features. He was looking at her with concern at this moment.

She became slightly more awake.

"Did you have a nightmare?" Joan asked with concern.

Amanda sat up and found that her hand was surprisingly gripping Joan's arm. She panicked and withdrew her hand, "I'm sorry, I..."

"It's okay." Joan went to get a handkerchief and handed it to her, "Wipe your sweat."

Amanda took it and clutched it in her hand. She was still not recovered from the shock of the dream. For so long, she had never had such a dream.

The scene in the dream was so real.

It was so real that she could still feel the burning pain of fire on her body now.

Seeing her not moving, Joan reached out to wipe the sweat from her forehead. Just as his fingers touched her forehead, Amanda jerked back abruptly.

She was shocked due to this sudden touch.

Joan's hand stayed in mid-air.

They looked at each other and were slightly at a loss for words.

The atmosphere became subtle at once.

Joan withdrew his hand and apologized for his subconscious abrupt behaviour, "Sorry, no offence."

"It's okay." Amanda regained her presence of mind, turned her head and wiped the sweat on her forehead. Her movements were a bit chaotic and she was inexplicably panicky. As to what she was panicking about, she herself was not sure either.

"I've picked the fruit. Sally went to wash it. You get up and eat some," Nina said.

Amanda looked at Nina, deliberately avoiding meeting Joan's eyes and said, "Okay."

Nina smiled, "Then I'll wait for you outside."

After saying that, she ran out with her short legs.

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Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

The room was left with Joan and Amanda.

The two of them were speechless.

A different kind of emotion was spreading.

Neither spoke as if they knew what to say.

It was also as if they were deliberately avoiding it.

"Well..."

"You..."

Both spoke and stopped speaking at the same time.

“After you...”

“After you...”

Again, it was a simultaneous action.

Amanda broke this deadlock and smiled dryly, “Nina is really cute.”

She simply found a topic.

Joan’s expression looked abnormal and he nodded.

‘Buzz’. At this time, Amanda’s phone rang. She went to take the phone, “I’ll pick up the call.”

Joan nodded, turned around and walked out.

The call was from Casimir.

“You aren’t in City B anymore?”

“Yes,” Amanda answered.

“No wonder I didn’t find you.”

“When did you come back?” she asked.

“I just came back to proceed with the resignation.”

Amanda seemed to sense the melancholy in his words, “Why?”

“My mother found out I was looking for him and forbade me to return to the country.”

“Then you...”

“Don’t say it again. I think she really doesn’t want to bring it up. Her attitude is very firm. I don’t want to worry her due to this matter.”

Amanda would not force him to do something like this.

“I’ll go to see you when I have the chance,” Amanda said.

“Okay.”

The two of them hung up after saying a few more words. She put the phone down and zoned out for a moment.

She vaguely felt that Casimir’s mother and Abbott might have had some kind of entanglement in the past. ‘Otherwise, why is she so afraid to let Casimir go to find his father.’

But now, Casimir had already decided so she could not say anything else. ‘Let it be.’

Abbott had a family now. It was not a bad thing that he did not know about this matter.

She put on her shoes and walked out.

Sally finished cutting the fruit. Nina gave a piece to Joan. When she saw her walk out, she shouted, "Come here quickly to taste this. This was picked by me."

Amanda smiled, "Will the ones you picked be sweet?"

"That's for sure," Nina responded.

Amanda sat on the sofa and took a piece.

She bit it. The fruit flesh was soft and sweet.

"The one Nina picked is sweeter than the one sold outside."

Nina laughed happily, revealing a row of neat and white small teeth.

This child always liked to smile. This made people who looked at her happy and unconsciously smile either.

When Joan saw Amanda's lips curling into a smile, he also smiled. He reached out to move the strands of hair she had messed up in her sleep to the part behind her ears. Chapter 973 Stick for Etiquette

Amanda instinctively avoided as such a demeanour was too intimate.

Joan was not embarrassed. He said, "Your hair is messy."

She reached out and tidied up her messed hair. She sagged her eyes and said, "Thanks."

Nina looked at Amanda and then at Joan. Her lips curled into a smile. She then happily ate the cherimoya. When she saw the exquisite box on the table, she asked, "Dad, what's inside this box?"

"Clothes," Joan answered.

"For whom?" she asked again.

Joan said it was for Amanda. Nina pulled Amanda, "Open it to take a look."

Amanda said uncomfortably, "It's better not to look at it."

"You'll have to wear it, why don't you wear it first to see if it fits. You won't have a chance to change it later." Nina pulled her, "Take a look please."

Amanda had no choice but to take off the cover of the box. There was a black fabric dress lying inside.

Its style could not be determined by just looking at it but one could see that the fabric was special. It was made of pure black cloth but there were hidden dark patterns. In any place where there was a light, it would reflect extremely dazzling light.

“Try it on.” Nina reached out her small hand and touched it, “It’s so smooth.”

Amanda lightly flicked her forehead, “Kid, it’s better to be good.”

“Am I not being good?” Nina blinked.

“You’re hyperactive. You should be a quiet little girl,” Amanda said deliberately.

Nina was speechless.

She moved into Joan’s arms and complained to Joan, “Dad, look at her. She isn’t cute at all.”

Amanda was speechless.

Joan turned to look at Amanda.

She promptly looked down at the dress in the box, intentionally avoiding meeting his eyes.

“You put it on. It’s 5 p.m. now. We’re going out at 6.30 p.m.” Joan knew she was avoiding him, “Let Sally help you.”

After saying that, he said to Sally, "You help Ms. Nelson to take the clothes to the room."

Sally came over to get the clothes. Amanda said, "I'll go in first then."

She got up and never looked at Joan.

Joan pursed his lips, probably knowing why she avoided him like this.

He let out a light sigh.

"Dad, why did you sigh?" Nina raised her head.

Joan carried her, "Let's go to feed the fish."

Nina said joyfully, "Okay."

The fish were kept in a pit that was dug out of stone. It was an irregular rectangle with aquatic inside. Several cute fish were swimming happily in it.

Nina brought fish food, threw fish food into it one by one while lying on the edge.

Joan, however, was not paying attention to this. He looked up in the direction of Amanda's room in the house.

Inside the house.

Amanda changed into the dress.

It fitted exceptionally well as if it was tailored to her. It outlined her shapely physique to perfection.

Sally who was standing aside said in the Thai language, "It fits you really well."

Amanda smiled as it did fit, "Sally, you can go to do your thing. You aren't needed here."

"But..."

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"It's fine. I can do it myself."

Sally nodded, "Alright then."

She walked out.

Amanda sat down in front of the dressing table and simply primped herself. 'Wearing such formal clothes, not only it's inappropriate to not wear make-up, but it's also rude.'

Thus, not to embarrass Joan, she had to make herself look good too.

Sally came out and walked to the courtyard. She saw them at the fish pond and walked over, "Ms. Nelson said she could do it herself."

Joan nodded. He quickly thought of something else and said, "Sally, come with me."

Sally said, "Yes."

Joan went into the house and went upstairs. He went into the treasury, which had accumulated the wealth of several generations. Gold, diamonds, all kinds of expensive jewellery, land and property, and deeds to the store were laid out in stacks.

Gold, silver and luxurious jewellery were packed in boxes.

He opened a box placed on the top, took out a red velvet box from it and then handed it to Sally, "Give this to Ms. Nelson."

Sally raised her eyes to look at Joan, "Isn't this Madam's favourite jewellery before she passed away?"

Sally's mother was the personal maid of Joan's mother. She was now old and recuperating at home. When she was at a very young age, she often came to this mansion. Joan's mother was kind and treated the maids very generously.

The maids who stayed were all in awe of and loyal to the Morton family.

She had seen Joan's mother wearing this set of jewellery before and heard her mother say that Madam was very fond of it.

Joan did not explain anything but simply said indifferently, "Bring this to her."

Sally nodded, "Yes."

She knew there must be a certain reason that Joan did this.

Joan closed the door. This place used to use a lock but now, technology had developed so high-tech anti-theft technologies were utilized, such as face recognition, fingerprint recognition and Morse code. Ordinary people could not enter.

That set of jewellery was indeed left by his mother when she was alive. To be exact, it was an heirloom symbol that symbolized the identity of every mistress of the Morton family.

It was passed down from this grandmother to his mother.

His mother kept it very carefully.

It was rarely worn and only for important occasions.

Joan's mother passed early and could not watch him getting married and having children. Before she passed, she told him to give this set of jewellery to the person he liked.

Before that, he stuck for etiquette as Amanda was already married. He did not show any feelings for her but now, he knew that she was divorced.

He felt he could chase her.

In the room, Amanda wore delicate make-up. Without make-up, she was like a natural and refreshing lotus while with make-up, her innocence had a touch of charm.

Sally knocked on the door. After Amanda let her come in, she opened the door and came in. She handed over the set of jewellery she was holding.

“What is this?” Amanda asked.

Sally opened the box. Amanda saw a set of blue diamond necklaces with exquisite workmanship and high-quality material.

There were seven pieces of jewellery in the set. The big ones included a necklace, a bracelet and the small ones included a pair of earrings, a ring, a pin and a hair clasp.

The quality of the diamonds was top-grade. The blue colour was evenly distributed and each piece of jewellery had the same quality.

A large diamond of good quality with high brightness and rare colour was nonsuch. If it fulfilled these characteristics and could still be combined with the others with almost no difference in terms of quality to put together as a set of jewellery, it was even rarer.

The huge blue diamond on the necklace was about the same size as the pink one she had. However, hers was alone.

This blue one was different as it was surrounded by small and large accessories, making it a magnificent and valuable set of jewellery.

Although Amanda had been around, she felt that it was inappropriate to wear such precious jewellery of others. She had a small necklace that could serve as an embellishment. Such kind was too grand.

Sally placed the box on the table, carefully took off the necklace and put it on Amanda’s neck. Sally thought since Joan had her bring it to Amanda, he must have wanted her to put it on. _____

Chapter 974 How Come He Appears Here

Amanda did not even have the time to refuse.

Sally said, "It looks good."

She looked in the mirror. Having such a sparkling diamond on a black dress, its dazzling brilliance was accentuated even more.

"Wow." Nina ran in at some point and exclaimed when she saw how beautiful Amanda was. She walked over and when she saw the necklace around her neck, she said, "I told you, my dad has a house full of jewellery and he can take care of you well. Now you see it isn't a lie, right?"

Joan once took her in so she had seen the house full of jewellery.

Amanda sighed slightly. 'She doesn't know what should she do to this child anymore. No matter what she said, this child would always forget and then continue to fix her up with Joan.'

"Why do you come in? You don't want to feed the fish anymore?" Sally asked her.

Only then did Nina remember what she was here for.

She hurriedly said to Amanda, "It's almost time. I'm here to call you, Dad is waiting for you."

Sally helped Amanda, "Let me help you put these on."

Whilst Amanda was hesitating, Nina said, "Put it on. It looks good."

She glanced at Nina in the mirror, compromised and let Sally put on for her. After all, she was going to a banquet with Joan. According to the domestic language, it was to make the man look good. It was not good for her to be too shabby and putting this marquis in disgrace.

After everything was packed up, she got up and walked out of the room.

Both Nina and Sally followed her.

Joan also changed his clothes. It was not western clothes but a neat military uniform. When his handsome face was expressionless, it displayed a fearful seriousness.

His slender and tall figure looked heroic and he was not smiling. All these highlighted his heroic appearance.

He was standing in the doorway and instructing the driver to do something.

"Dad."

Nina's voice made him turn his head to look in the direction of the house.

Amanda was standing not far from him. Her figure was tall and lithe while her manner was dignified and elegant, "Sorry for keeping you waiting."

Joan gazed at her.

Her seaweed-like black curly hair slid down her chest. Her skin was smooth and her eyes were beautiful. When she was smiling, her brows revealed an indescribable charm. She was like a first bloomed peony flower, gorgeous but not coquettish, bewitching but not vulgar when she was dressed in the strapless black thigh-high slit dress. The attractive white fine legs which were occasionally hidden and displayed in the black dress were silently alluring.

Joan withdrew his gaze and the hand behind his back was gently clenched. His tone was not as natural and indifferent as usual, "The driver is ready, let's go."

Amanda walked over.

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As Soon As You Hear About Love You Start Screaming At Out Loud?

Joan opened the car door and escorted her to the car with his arm. After Amanda sat nicely, he got in the car from another side.

Nina who was standing in the doorway waved her hand at them.

Amanda waved her hand at her also.

Soon, the car was driven away.

The car moved out of the courtyard and to the road. Through the glass, Amanda saw George walking from the house in front of her. That house was her parents' mansion.

'These aren't important. The important part is how come he appears here?'

"Stop the car," Amanda blurted out. She was afraid that George's appearance was because of Stanford.

The driver brought the car to a halt.

Based on where she was staring at, Joan also looked out the car window and saw a man.

His heart twitched. 'Is this her ex-husband?'

Thinking about this possibility, he turned to look at Amanda.

"Do you know him?"

He asked tentatively.

Amanda did not deny it, "Yes, but we aren't close. Let's go."

The driver restarted the car engine.

At this time, George saw Amanda in the car. His eyes widened abruptly as he shouted, "Amanda."

As he said, he ran over. But even if he could run fast, he could not be faster than the car.

"Amanda," George chased after the car and shouted.

Amanda saw it but she did not call the driver to stop.

Amanda felt the reason why George would appear here was very likely because of Stanford.

Otherwise, he would not have found this place.

When she thought of that man, her palms felt clammy.

Joan looked at her expression that was not as relaxed as before. He was worried inwardly, "Is he...your ex-husband?"

Chapter 975 Matter of Necessity

Amanda was a bit out of focus. She said huh when she heard his voice.

The fact that she was distracted made Joan feel even more certain that the man he just saw was her ex-husband.

'Since she's so disturbed, does it mean she still cares about him?'

Amanda calmed down and her lips curled into a faint smile, "What did you just say?"

Joan said, "Nothing."

"Okay." Amanda did not pay much attention. Her mind was still disturbed due to George's appearance.

She was not fantasizing about Stanford but did not want her life to be disturbed again. George had found her here so she was afraid that he would disturb her parents.

She pressed her brow and took a deep breath.

The originally good atmosphere was disrupted by George's sudden appearance. The two of them did not utter a word along the way.

The unique scenery of Thailand could be seen outside the car window. But, no one appreciated it.

After a while, the car stopped in front of an extremely luxurious palace.

The palace was resplendent and glorious with the continuation of the Buddhist kind of architecture. Its style and Joan's mansion had a similarity. Both were deeply historical.

The car stopped. The driver came down to open the door for Joan.

Joan bent his body and walked over to another side to open the door for Amanda.

She looked up at Joan, "What is this place?"

"The Grand Palace".

The Grand Palace was a place where the royal family lived.

The banquet today was nominally the birthday party held by the King of Thailand for his beloved daughter. But in fact, it was meant to find a suitable husband for the princess.

Among the men invited today, one-third of them were valued by the king and potentially to be chosen as his son-in-law.

Among them, the King was most interested in Joan Morton and Otto Prescott. These were the most popular aristocrats and most importantly, they controlled military power.

The King of Thailand was the Head of State, the supreme commander of three armed forces and the patron of Buddhism and all religions. The King exercised legislative, executive and judicial powers through the Parliament, the Cabinet and the Courts respectively.

The members of the House of Senate of the Parliament were appointed directly by the King. Although the Prime Minister of Thailand was democratically elected by the people, it had to be signed by the King. Whenever the Prime Minister saw the King or the royal family, he had to kneel.

From a practical point of view, military power was the actual supreme power of a country. The King had the supreme military power from a constitutional point of view. But in reality, the military power was mainly in the hands of the top brass of the military forces.

The previous old King controlled the military by his seniority and prestige but even so, Thailand had had many military coups.

Now, the King was also trying to control the top brass who held military power. The best way was to turn these people into his family.

“Joan.” Payne was in a red dress. She also looked charming and attractive after getting dolled up. She walked over quickly with a smile on her face. When she saw the person who was about to go out of the car was Amanda, her smile slowly froze, “Why do you bring her here?”

It was a questioning tone.

Joan did not bother her and reached out his hand to Amanda.

Amanda put her hand into Joan’s palm.

They looked at each other. Joan held her hand and helped her out.

At this moment, Payne’s eyes widened so much that her eyes nearly popped out. She said wilfully, “Joan, do you believe I’ll commit suicide in front of you?”

Joan said coldly, “It’s your freedom to die or live.”

“You...” Payne stomped her foot in anger.

“Payne!” A scolding voice sounded behind her.

Otto walked over and pulled his younger sister, "How can you be wilful like this?"

As he spoke, he looked at Amanda and sized up her. He actually understood why his younger sister was in a foul mood. The matter that Payne liked Joan was not a secret. All the family members knew it and hoped they would really get married. But, Joan was not interested in his younger sister.

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Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

Joan was well-known for his stubbornness and obstinacy although he was a gentleman. No one could force him to do things that he did not want to.

Payne's family members all advised her to give up and find a suitable person to marry but she was not willing to.

"Who is this?" Otto looked at Joan and asked with a smile.

"Amanda Nelson, Ms. Nelson, my good friend." After saying this, he introduced the two of them to Amanda.

"This is Otto Prescott." Immediately after that, he introduced Payne, "Payne Prescott. Both of them are marquis's children."

Payne's father was a marquis, the same title as Joan.

Hereditary titles were inheritable. Because Payne's father was still alive, Otto had not yet inherited the title.

Nonetheless, he was also holding an important position in the military.

The King also believed he would do well.

However, the most preferred one was still Joan. He not only held the military power, was with the marquis title but also with high prestige although there were not many people in his family.

His ancestors were all great talents who were deeply admired by people.

Amanda nodded slightly. Her lips curled into an elegant faint smile. She did not say a word.

She was not good at speaking the Thai language. She could understand as Joan spoke English when introducing them.

In order to avoid the inability to communicate, she chose to speak less.

Payne did not know the significance of the jewellery on Amanda's body but Otto did. He sighed for his younger sister inwardly and said to Joan, "I'm afraid your relationships aren't as simple as friends, right?"

Joan did not explain anything and just smiled. Such a smile was like acknowledging Amanda's identity.

Amanda did not quite understand. She thought they were just exchanging pleasantries. She was standing quietly at the side.

"It's getting late. Let's go in." Both of them made a gentlemanly gesture which meant 'after you'.

Payne was unhappy about it and was still glaring at Amanda. Otto pulled her and warned in a low voice,

“Don’t be disobedient.”

“But...”

“It’s okay for you to be wilful in usual but what is the occasion today?” Otto chided.

Payne was very afraid of her elder brother. Although she was reluctant, she obediently shut her mouth and walked in arm in arm with her elder brother.

“Let’s go in too,” Joan said softly.

Amanda said, “Alright.”

She locked Joan’s arm in hers. After being inspected at the entrance, they walked into the courtyard and underwent a second inspection before they entered the banquet venue successfully.

Joan whispered, “You don’t need to do anything. Just lock my arm in yours tightly.”

He actually did not really wish to bring Amanda over for fear of causing her trouble. However, he knew the King’s mind. If he did not have a woman, the King would definitely betroth the princess to him.

That was not what he wanted.

Although he was unwilling, he also could only bring her out. This was truly a matter of necessity.

But, Amanda did not know this. She just simply thought that Joan needed a female companion.

All the people who came today were powerful in high society, mostly young people. After all, it was meant for choosing a spouse for the princess. Therefore, the elders did not come to attend.

When attending the royal banquet, regardless of men or women, everyone was dressed in an extremely formal manner. Women were even dressed to kill. The Thai clothing was commonly made of shiny silk-cut clothes and the people loved lace. It looked very cute but slightly lacked the sexiness that women should have.

Among all the women there, only Amanda was from a foreign nation. She looked calm and her demeanour was elegant. When walking, her black thigh-high slit dress would occasionally reveal her pair of white slender legs, which made her sexier.

She was the most striking woman at the banquet today, not only because of her own charm but also because she was standing beside Joan. _____ Chapter 976 Want To Make A Fool Out of Her

Joan was well respected by the leaders of the society. Although he had a title of nobility, his credibility and abilities were well accepted. He was very detailed in his personal and business affairs.

Everyone in his age would have several girlfriends but he did not.

Once, there were some rumours that Nina was his illegitimate child. Thereafter, someone who knew the truth about his adoption spoke up and the rumours went away.

In fact, most of them knew that the rumors were fabricated but they just wanted this squeaky clean man to be tainted.

He had always been alone and now he brought a woman to such a grand event, naturally, this drew

much attention. Some came forward to greet Joan just to find out who Amanda was.

“Tonight’s event is so important, don’t you think that it’s inappropriate for you to bring a foreigner?” A man said but he kept looking towards Amanda.

Joan was calm as usual and unfazed, “Isn’t this a family banquet?”

A Royal family dinner was still a family dinner and not a State event. So, he could bring anyone he wished.

The man chuckled, “Everyone thought that you had no interests in women. Perhaps you only liked foreigners.”

Amanda did not understand what he was saying but from the man’s expression, she knew that what he said was not polite. She could even sense Joan tensed up. She quickly smiled beautifully and said tenderly to Joan, “I’m thirsty, shall we head over there?”

Joan acknowledged and excused himself to the man and brought her towards a table nearby. The table was elaborately decorated with fresh flowers and had an extensive spread of pastries, wine, and drinks. The entire dining hall was beautifully decorated.

Joan was intelligent and knew that Amanda did it on purpose and asked, “Didn’t you say that you can’t understand the Thai language?”

“Yes, I don’t understand,” Amanda replied honestly.

Joan was puzzled, "Then just now why did you..."

Amanda smiled mischievously, "I don't understand the language but I understand body language."

Joan was speechless. Then was she able to figure out his feelings?

"Lord Morton." A beautiful woman walked over wearing a traditional Thai noble gown. Though she maintained herself very well, it was clear that she was their elder. She was the only elder at tonight's banquet. She was the King's concubine Saranya and was a top beauty when she was young. Now she was still elegant and dignified.

The King instructed her to hold this banquet and specially instructed her to pay attention to Joan. The King wanted her to create opportunities for Joan and the princess to interact and if possible, steer them towards marriage.

Naturally, she was keen to carry out this task properly but today Joan had brought a lady along which caught her off guard. What should she do?

She pondered for a while and then decided to find out about their relationship. After all, she had never heard of him having a girlfriend or he was fond of anyone.

"I'm so surprised that you brought such a beautiful lady here tonight. Who is she to you? Why haven't I heard you mention her and why haven't we met?"

Joan replied, "She is a regular friend."

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“Oh really?” Saranya was obviously doubtful and she looked towards Amanda and her jewellery.

“As far as I know, this is the Mortons' Mansion era treasure and I heard that only the Lady of Mortons' Mansion can wear them. Are you lying to me that you are just normal friends?” Saranya continued her smile with her distinctive Thai people features.

Amanda's features were also very prominent but were more demure and daintier.

Joan persisted, “We're just friends.” He wanted her to give up on setting him up with the princess and also get Amanda out of her sight and reduce the attention on Amanda.

However, he also knew that as soon as Amanda was brought by him to this banquet, she would never escape from public scrutiny. He felt apologetic towards Amanda.

Saranya raised her eyebrows and remarked, “Oh, then she's our guest. There are several ladies there who would like to know her. Shall we have her go over there to mingle?” She was still trying to push her agenda.

Joan respectfully rejected, “She doesn't understand the Thai language and could not communicate with you all.”

Now, from Saranya's expression, she was clearly upset and said, “She's so beautiful so she should be able to play the piano.” The more Joan resisted, the more Saranya wanted to make a fool out of Amanda, “If she doesn't know anything, then how is she worthy of standing beside you and attend the princess's banquet?”

Joan narrowed his eyes.

Amanda tugged Joan's sleeve and asked softly, "Does she want me to play the piano?" She noticed Saranya pointing to a piano on the stage as if she wanted Amanda to play it.

Joan clenched his fists and said, "Yes..."

"Then I'll do it," Amanda replied before Joan said anything else. She knew that Saranya did it on purpose and if she did not play the piano, Joan and Saranya would continue to bicker. She did not want to cause any trouble for Joan.

She walked over to the piano elegantly.

She learned to play the piano in second grade because of Dolores. Once she heard Dolores play the piano and immediately fell in love with it. She persisted with this till when she was in University. So, she had about ten years of experience playing the piano. It was not a difficult task for her to do. What was more important was she could not let Joan down.

She elegantly sat in front of the piano and positioned her long slender fingers gently on the keys. Regardless of whether they understood her, she spoke in mandarin, "Today I'll perform for you a piano version of 'The cloud seeks the moon'."

She composes herself and then commenced with the piano piece. Very soon, she was engrossed in the music as her body, arms and fingers flowed along with the melodious music. The music was captivating and drew everyone's hearts towards her.

Joan knew that she could draw but did not know that she could play the piano so well. He was fixated on her. All eyes were on Amanda.

Soon, the music ended and Amanda bowed gently. Joan walked over to her and reached out his hand. Amanda placed her hand on his palm and he guided her off the stage.

Joan then said to the crowd, "This is a present for the princess."

Saranya walked over and looked at Amanda not expecting her to be so talented. She had wanted to make her look bad but unexpectedly it backfired. She did not believe that Amanda was so talented so she continued, "There will be a ballroom waltz. Shall you grace us with a solo dance when the ball begins?" _Chapter 977 Personal Issues

Payne stood not far off and ran over when she heard what Saranya said and remarked, "Your highness, let me have the opening dance. I danced since I was a child."

Amanda became the talk of the evening with her piano performance and everyone thought that Saranya did it on purpose to showcase her. So Payne quickly ran over to offer herself.

Saranya looked at Payne and pondered to herself if this woman had any problems.

Payne totally did not know Saranya's intentions but noticed Saranya's gloomy expression. So she naturally thought that she had interfered with Saranya's plans to highlight Amanda and said, "I can dance really well, at least much better than her." Payne pointed to Amanda. Payne was very eager and self-confident.

"I also feel that Payne is very suitable," Joan said.

Saranya smiled and said, "I still prefer her."

“She had hurt her ankle and just recovered. So I’m afraid that she could not dance.” Joan continued to recommend Payne, “Payne is a royalty so she is more suited to perform for the princess.”

Saranya was speechless.

Payne nodded and said gleefully, “Yes, I’m more suitable. She’s a foreigner. How could a foreigner perform for the princess during her birthday banquet?”

“Then let her dance.” The princess walked over at this point. She wore a beautiful yellow gown with Otto beside her.

Saranya turned to look at Otto and started to frown.

“Your highness.” Saranya did a respectful bow.

According to Royal protocol, the princess’s status was higher than the concubine.

Thailand still had a system of monarchy. The princess born by the queen had a status that was above the concubines. The King’s concubines were like the mistresses of the rich in the olden times. These mistresses had a very low status in the household. Thus, the Royal concubine had the lowest royalty status.

Hence, Saranya could not say anything against the princess and Payne performed the opening dance of the ball.

Saranya spoke briefly to the princess and then left.

The princess inquired from Joan about Amanda's identity and Joan maintained that they were friends.

The princess smiled, "Don't worry, I won't pick you." The princess' appearance was regular and her complexion was darker than usual. Her character was lively, bubbly and was very intelligent. She knew why Joan brought Amanda to the banquet.

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She turned to look at Otto and said, "The King would be satisfied with him."

After all, Otto was one of the backups who the King had agreed to. The Princess seemed to indicate her choice.

Otto also desired to marry the Princess so their fondness for each other developed over time.

"I had always treated you as my elder brother." The Princess chuckled.

The Princess's mother and Joan's mother were very good friends so the Princess had met with Joan very often since they were young. However, they grew apart after the death of Joan's mother. But she always remembered the times they were together as kids and cherished those times.

"She's great, you must cherish her." She turned to leave.

Otto glared at his sister Payne but Payne did not know that she had interfered with Saranya's plans but Otto knew. He was worried that she would cause further trouble and pulled her away.

“What’s the purpose of this banquet?” Amanda asked. Though she did not understand their conversation, she noticed that something important was happening right in front of her.

“The Princess’s birthday.”

“Then why did you bring me here? Are you worried that the Princess would take a liking for you?” Amanda said her deduction.

Joan answered truthfully, “Yes, I’m sorry.”

Amanda chuckled, “It’s okay.”

She walked over to the table to drink a glass of juice.

Joan walked over to her and asked, “Aren’t you angry?”

Amanda shook her head, “I’m just helping you.”

The ball began and most began to dance but Joan brought Amanda to somewhere quiet. He had never told Amanda his personal affairs. This was the first time he felt like sharing his personal affairs with someone else. _____

Chapter 978 He Regretted

He was willing to share his personal affairs because he was caught up in the moment. A person who was used to keeping to himself would take a while to open up to others, even if he wished to.

Since he was born to this family, he had the responsibility to protect the family's honor. Many times it was not up to him. He had too much at stake which was linked to the social circle in which he was in.

"Heartfelt thanks." Joan sincerely expressed his gratitude towards Amanda. He had caused her significant problems by asking her out today.

Amanda understood his predicament and did not mind. She suddenly asked, "If you had a choice, would you wish to be born in the same family?"

Joan did not hesitate, "Of course." He did not care about what the family gave him other than warmth and love.

Amanda smiled. She understood Joan's feelings. This family gave him love and warmth. At the same time, it also brought him the network that he had no choice but to interact with.

She then smiled at Joan and said, "I empathize with you." The way she smiled was beautiful with those crescent-shaped eyes.

The banquet ended at around eleven o'clock. During the ball, Otto kept dancing with the Princess. Both of them did not leave each other's side for the entire evening. It was very likely that Otto would be married to the Princess. In fact, the likelihood was around ninety percent.

Apart from Otto and the Princess, the admirer of Payne was also present and spoke to her the entire night. As a result, she had no time to pester Joan.

This banquet was conducted relatively smoothly, apart from that minor episode with Saranya.

All appeared to be fine until they were at the entrance of the house and then another incident happened.

George was unable to get to the person he wanted to see and did not leave. He was there waiting for her.

When George spotted the car he saw in the afternoon, he came out of the bushes and ran over to block the car. The headlights blinded him and he could not see the person in the car. However, he was certain that Amanda was inside as he remembered the license plate number.

“Amanda, I need to speak to you.” George yelled as he stretched out both of his hands and made it clear that he would not budge if Amanda did not get out of the car.

Inside the car, Amanda started to frown when she saw who was standing in front of the car.

Joan hesitated and then asked, “Do you want me to clear things up with him?”

Amanda shook her head, “Forget it, I’ll explain to him by myself.”

Joan pursed his lips and remained silent.

Amanda got out of the car and said before closing the door, “Please go back first.”

The driver looked back and drove off only when Joan said so.

After the car drove off, Amanda walked over to George. George frowned as he stared at the car and asked, "Who was that man?"

Amanda did not reply but asked calmly, "Why did you look for me?"

George persisted, "Who the hell is that man?" He came to help Stanford get her back. Now that he saw Amanda with another man, he must find out who this man was, otherwise how could he answer to Stanford?

"These are none of your business. I'm asking you why are you here?" Amanda was calm and cold, "You may leave if it had something to do with Stanford. I have nothing to say to you regarding him. If you're here for some personal matters, then out with it."

"Of course I'm here because of my brother. His leg is injured, otherwise, I would not be here to look for you. He is still very concerned about you. I wish that you could give him a chance. He did something wrong but he could change. Please forgive him."

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"If these are what you wanted to say, then you had. Please leave." Amanda started to walk towards the courtyard. In George's anxiousness, he rushed forward and grabbed her arm, and said, "Are you that heartless towards my brother?"

Amanda flung off his hand and felt amused by his actions, "We had divorced and have nothing to do with each other."

"You can remarry even after a divorce." George felt that they were once a married couple and could get

back together.

“Impossible, not in this life!” She was insistent.

George was in disbelief and asked, “Why?” Before Amanda could answer, he pointed towards the courtyard and asked again, “Because of that man just now? You found someone else so soon?”

In George’s impression, Amanda had always been someone who was deeply in love with Stanford. He found it hard to accept that she was now so determined to have nothing to do with his brother.

“How could you? My brother loves you!” George grabbed Amanda’s arm again and said, “How could you change your heart?”

“Release me!” Amanda tried to shake free.

George persisted for the answer, “Why? Why?”

“It has nothing to do with you regardless of why. Now release me immediately!” Amanda was now frustrated by his harassment.

“I won’t release you before you explain clearly to me.” George stubbornly persisted, “What’s the reason? I don’t believe that you don’t love my brother. I knew that you loved him very much.”

Amanda was so angry that she became calm and then laughed sarcastically, “Yes, once I did love him, otherwise I would not get married to him. Then I wish to ask you how much do you know about what he did to me?”

George was stumped.

“Do you know that I nearly died?” She asked.

George replied, “I know. The fire was covered in the news and it was reported that you died in the fire. But now you are alive and I’m pleasantly surprised.”

“Very well, then I’ll ask you again. Do you know why we had a divorce?”

George shook his head.

“It was Stanford who wanted it,” Amanda said.

George was speechless.

“Did he love me? He got close to me, married me, all because of revenge. He made use of my feelings and my love for him. In the end, do you know that I almost died because of him? I was pregnant when he wanted the divorce. He did not give me a chance. Do you know how determined he was? George, I don’t know why your relationship with him had improved so suddenly for you to come so far to persuade me for reconciliation. I just want to ask you if you had been used and lied to, would you forgive that person?”

George was quiet. He did not know a good portion of what Amanda said. He thought that Stanford had married her out of love. He also thought that their relationship had soured which led to the divorce. He did not expect things to be so complicated. It was totally unexpected.

He needed some time to think about what he would do if something like this happened to him. But then, he snapped back to his senses and remembered what he was there for.

“My brother definitely regrets now,” George said. _____ Chapter 979 Don’t Be Agitated

Amanda scoffed and said, "Regret? What use is his regret if I had died?"

George was stumped by all her questions and stammered, "But... but, you both were once in love..."

Amanda felt that it was ridiculously amusing. Had she not said enough?

"George, are you a fool, or are you trying to act like a fool to me? Yes, I once loved him but he used me for his schemes. Now I no longer have any feelings towards him. That's why from then on there is no longer love between us." She had to suppress her anger to get these words out.

George understood what Amanda meant. However, he came to attempt to convince Amanda to reconcile with his brother. Hence he had to use another point of view. No one would forgive Stanford if things were considered from Amanda's angle.

The only option was to say that Stanford made a mistake and now he regretted his mistake and was willing to change. Everyone deserved a second chance.

"Please give my brother another chance. He's injured and misses you. Can you go and see him?" George pleaded.

Amanda sternly refused, "Impossible! Go away!"

"Can't you visit him on the count of me coming all this way to look for you?" George pleaded again. There would still be a chance for Stanford if she was willing to visit him.

"Please leave." Amanda turned to walk towards the courtyard.

George became agitated and said, "What will it take for you to give my brother a chance?"

“All his regrets cannot take away my pain and bring back my child! Why should I forgive him? And you’d better leave now or I will scream for help!” Amanda was at the limit of her tolerance. There was no need for any more explanations.

Joan was standing nearby observing their interaction. He did not intend to eavesdrop on Amanda’s personal affairs. He was just worried that she would be hurt. He walked over when he saw George grabbing her arm.

Joan spoke sternly to George, “Please leave immediately.”

George looked at Joan, sized him up, and then asked, “Who are you? How are you involved with my sister-in-law?”

He became agitated and pointed to Amanda while saying to Joan, “Let me tell you, she’s my brother’s woman. You’d better stay away from her or I will come for you!”

Joan was stunned. All along he thought that George was Amanda’s ex-husband. When he heard George say that she was his sister-in-law, he finally understood.

He was secretly relieved as he was worried that Amanda’s ex-husband would pester her and even more worried that she would agree to a reconciliation. Thank goodness this was not the case.

He softly said to Amanda, “Go ahead into the house. I will settle this.”

Amanda looked at George and said definitively, “There is no longer anything between Stanford and me. Please leave.” After saying this, she thanked Joan and walked into the house.

George panicked, “Amanda...”

“Please leave now or I will summon my men.” Joan interrupted and blocked George from taking another step closer to the house.

“Don’t think that I don’t know why you interrupted me. You like my sister-in-law?” He asked but he was certain of it and continued, “Otherwise you would not stop me.”

“Ms. Nelson is single. Is there anything wrong for me to pursue her?” Joan asked.

“You...” George was furious, “Don’t you dare!” Amanda was his brother’s woman and no one could touch her.

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“I warn you. You’d better look elsewhere.” George warned.

Joan was very calm but what he said was very authoritative, “Let me advise you to behave yourself or I will make sure that your trip over will be a one-way trip.”

George was speechless. Suddenly he realized that Joan meant what he said.

Joan walked up the steps and saw Amanda standing at the top of the stairs. George spoke so loudly just now, surely she had heard him!

“Don’t take what he said seriously.” Joan said to test her.

Amanda calmly replied, "What he said was right."

That relationship had ended because what she experienced demanded that she give up the relationship. She could not forget it all because it did happen to her.

She looked at Joan and said, "I had already booked my air ticket. I had helped you and I am very glad to be able to know you... and Nina." Nina had gone to bed at this hour.

Joan's heart sank when he heard that she wanted to leave. He involuntarily clenched his fists.

"You've already decided?" He wanted to hide his unease but what he said betrayed his feelings. Of course, she had since she already bought the tickets.

Amanda smiled, "Yes, thanks for your hospitality over these few days."

Joan pursed his lips and wanted to speak but did not know what to say. He had no reasons to make her stay.

"What time is your flight. I'll send you off." Joan said.

"Four o'clock in the afternoon." She said and then she remembered, "Oh, this is for you..." She removed the necklace around her neck.

"This..." Joan stammered, "I want you to have it."

Amanda removed it, "This is too expensive. I can't accept it without any reasons."

She turned to enter the house to replace the necklace in its case.

George remained outside and became even more flustered. His sister-in-law was about to be snatched by another man. He needed to inform Stanford so that he can think of something.

It was already late in the night. Stanford woke up after a bad dream and could not fall asleep thereafter. George called and Stanford saw his cell phone blinking and ringing away but he was calm and had no intention of answering it.

On the other end, George was panicking and repeatedly called Stanford. Stanford was frustrated by the endless calls and finally answered.

“Were you asleep?” George thought that he just woke up. He knew that it was already late in the night.

“What’s up?” Stanford calmly asked.

“Listen, but don’t be agitated.” _____ Chapter 980 Real or Not

Stanford frowned but did not say a word. He was waiting for George to elaborate.

George was choosing his words carefully. Just as Stanford was running out of patience, George finally said, “Bro, I’m in Thailand.”

“What are you doing there for?” Stanford realized something and continued, “Who made you go over?”

“I’m trying to help you. I went to look for Amanda.” George sat pathetically under a streetlamp.

Stanford started to grip the cellphone tightly and started to become anxious while waiting for him to update him on Amanda's situation.

"She met a man in Thailand with some significant social status. They went out tonight and Amanda was dressed up beautifully. I feel that they are ..." He hesitated and continued, "They could be socializing."

Stanford narrowed his eyes and pondered wasn't Nina with her? Since when did she have a Thai man?

"If you wish to reconcile with her, you'd better act quickly. Amanda is very determined. It would be difficult if you want to pursue her again." George raised his head to look at the courtyard and the house was still lit. George then said, "Amanda is staying in that man's house."

Stanford's heart sank and felt as if a vice was clamping down on his chest.

"In my opinion, he is a formidable opponent. You'd better be careful." George began to unload his thoughts without consideration for Stanford's feelings, "Additionally, when together with Amanda, they actually look great for..." "

The call was cut off before he finished. Now he realized that he had misspoken. George wanted to call Stanford to explain himself but the line was busy.

George slapped himself. He should not have said that Joan and Amanda looked great together. He should consider how Stanford felt. Even if he thought that they looked good together, he should only support Stanford. What he just said must have angered Stanford.

George was upset and paced up and down while making calls. It was already very late and he should look for a hotel to stay. Now he managed to call Stanford but it was not answered. Stanford must be angry.

He wanted to call Atwood but realized the time and decided to call him in the morning.

In the house.

Amanda placed the necklace back into its case and returned it to Joan. She already planned to leave tomorrow and she should return the necklace to him now. She did not want to risk losing it or damaging it.

Joan stood by the Koi pond and stared at the fish. He was in a daze and his thoughts started to wander.

Amanda approached him without him noticing and said, "It's late, aren't you going to sleep?"

Joan came to his senses and turned to see her. She had already changed her clothes into something casual. Amanda handed the necklace case to him and said, "Here you go, the necklace."

Joan did not accept it immediately and said, "Actually, I really wanted to ..."

"Then..." She interrupted Joan and looked into the pond and asked, "What fish is this?"

Joan did not let her change the topic and said, "This necklace was given to my mother by my grandmother. Before she passed away, she told me to give it to someone I love. I wish to give this necklace to you."

Amanda's expression froze. Joan had been very direct and clear in what he meant. Amanda did not know

how she should respond.

“Joan...”

Now Joan interrupted her, “I heard that this was made in the last century by a European craftsman. Now its design is not so fashionable but it witnessed our family’s rise to glory.”

“It’s too precious. I can’t accept it.” She then placed it at the edge of the pond and thanked Joan, “Thank you for your hospitality over these few days.” She turned to leave.

Joan asked, “Can you give me a reason?”

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Amanda paused and replied, “I am a woman who had been hurt. It can also be said that I am someone who had experienced life and death. If I did not experience these, I would certainly be moved if a person like you proposed to me. However, now I no longer desire to be in a relationship. I am thankful that you find me worthy of you.” She walked off after saying these.

Joan became felt miserable seeing her walk away. He wanted to say something else but Amanda avoided him by going back to her room and locking her door, not giving him any more chance to communicate with her.

In the morning...

Amanda had already packed her things and received a call from Joshua.

Joshua asked, "When are you coming back? Your brother is getting married soon."

Amanda replied, "I'll arrive tomorrow night if all goes well."

"You've decided on your journey?" Joshua asked again.

"Yes, I wanted to take the morning flight but it was sold out so I bought the afternoon flight. It would be late in the night when I arrive home."

"Okay, give me a call and I'll go and pick you up," Joshua said.

"Okay," Amanda replied.

"This time there should be no other surprises, right?" Joshua said. He was at the Dragon Square in C city standing in front of a famous dessert shop.

"No," Amanda replied.

"Okay, I'll wait for you."

"Okay."

After hanging up, he pointed to the dessert display and said, "Strawberry cake, chestnut crisp, and cranberry cookie, one each. Please wrap them up."

"Okay." The attendant opened the display cabinet and placed the desserts into a box.

His fiancée had starved herself over these few days so that she would look good for her wedding photos. He knew that she liked the desserts at this shop so he came specially to buy some for her.

While waiting for the desserts to be boxed up, he heard his fiancée's voice and he walked over in the direction of the voice.

At the waiting area...

Bonnie came to buy some desserts and stood at the display for a while. She would need to take her wedding photos in a few days. She was craving these desserts but she forced herself to resist as she did not want to put on any weight. Just as she was hesitating, she met two of her college friends.

They sat down to catch up and one of them noticed the ring on her finger and asked, "Are you married?"

Bonnie placed the glass of water down and tried to cover up the ring, "Soon."

Tiffany Young who loved to compare saw her behavior and guessed that the ring must be a fake. She joked sarcastically, "Wow, that's a big rock. Is it real or not?" On saying this, she stretched out her hand and said, "Mine cost tens of thousands of dollars and was given to me by my boyfriend. If yours is real, then it should easily cost hundreds of thousands."

Bonnie had always been someone who did not like to show off. In college, her grades were very good and she was very beautiful. Thus, she had many admirers and the other girls were envious and jealous of her.

Bonnie never told her friends about her parents and everyone thought that she was just a girl from an ordinary family.

Tiffany then intentionally said, "Let me have a look. I can tell if it's real or a fake." _____

Chapter 981 He's So Young

Bonnie covered the ring on her finger. She evaded it deliberately just now because she didn't want Tiffany to see it.

She had known Tiffany's competitive nature when she was at school, which was why she put her hand under the table.

Her hesitation became a sign of weakness in Tiffany's eyes. The more reluctant she was, the more confident she was that the ring was a fake.

"Show it to me. Who's your boyfriend? Is he getting a hundred dollars of high imitation to cajole you? We're all classmates and I'm doing it for your own good."

Tiffany stretched out her hand, not resting until she gave it a look.

Bonnie stretched out her hand helplessly.

It was a diamond-shaped white diamond with the highest level of brilliance, and it was enormous.

It was much larger than the one on Tiffany's hand, and it looked brighter than hers too.

"Who's your boyfriend? Giving you a fake ring?" Tiffany determined that it was fake, "I'm telling you, my

boyfriend is a department manager at JK Group, and he's in contact with all the upper-class people."

She looked at the diamond ring on her hand, "Look, this ring cost him a month's salary."

She was just bragging about her boyfriend's several million annual salaries.

"He also said he had a business dinner with the president of JK Group tonight. By the way, Bonnie, what does your fiancé do?"

"He's..."

"I have to say, you hide quite well. We don't even know you have a boyfriend and now you are getting married. Why didn't you choose a good one to marry? Marriage is a lifetime event. You will lose out if you meet a liar, isn't it? As the saying goes, marriage is a second life for a woman. You couldn't choose for your first life, but you can choose for your own marriage. You marry a person who gives you a fake wedding ring. Your future is so worrying."

Bonnie pursed her lips, "I have been arranged for marriage with him since childhood..."

"Whoa, this is a new era now. Were you born in ancient times for still having that kind of arrangement?" Tiffany scoffed.

"That's right. There's no such thing nowadays." Another classmate, who had always been good with Tiffany, was naturally on her side too. She started to help out after Tiffany had talked so much.

Bonnie didn't explain, "I still have things to do. I'll leave now."

Tiffany pulled her back, "Why leaving so soon? We're old classmates, let's have some chats. By the way, the desserts here are delicious but expensive. If you want to eat anything, I'll treat you."

"Bonnie." Joshua walked in.

He couldn't bear it anymore.

He thought to himself, 'Where on earth is this woman from? Is this how she talks to people?'

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Furthermore, his fiancée was only to be bullied by him but not others!

Bonnie stood up, "Why are you here?"

Joshua took her into his arms, "To buy some things."

After that, he looked at Tiffany, "What's your boyfriend's name?"

Tiffany smiled, "Hamilton Dunn."

He knew the company's senior staff very well, "We don't have this person in our company."

He was telling the truth.

“You’d better check if he’s lying to you.” He said as he pulled out a business card and placed it on the table, “This is my business card. And this.”

He clasped Amanda into his arms, “My fiancée, JK Group’s future boss’s wife.”

After saying that, he walked out with his arm around Bonnie, passing by the counter, and the waiter handed over the wrapped cake, “Your cake.”

Joshua reached out and took it over.

“You bought this?” Bonnie asked him as she looked up.

“Yes.” Joshua smiled, “Don’t you like the desserts here?”

Bonnie nodded, “Yes, I do.”

“I saw that you ate too little recently, so I came to buy it specially for you.”

Walking out of the dessert shop, Joshua pulled open the car door for her.

Inside the dessert shop, Tiffany opened her mouth wide in surprise when she saw a limited blue edition Lamborghini parked by the roadside through the glass window.

The classmate next to her picked up the business card and read the name on it, “Joshua Lennon.”

Looking again at the luxury car he was driving, she said to Tiffany, "It seems he's not lying. He's really the boss of JK Group."

She gulped, "But he's so young."

Chapter 982 What's True

Tiffany didn't say a word, staring at the luxury car outside that was about to disappear from view with her eyes wide open.

The classmate next to her continued, "Do you think she holds a grudge?"

Tiffany said, "It's just a misunderstanding. What does she have to hold a grudge against? Besides, I didn't break the law. What can she do to me?"

Inside the car.

"How did you get those friends?" Joshua frowned slightly.

Bonnie said, "I don't know them well. I met them by chance just now."

She turned her head to look over, "Are you angry?"

"What do I have to be angry about?" Joshua said deliberately, "My sister will come over tonight. How about you go with me to pick her up?"

Bonnie nodded, "Okay."

She knew all about Amanda from the conversation between Joshua and the elders.

She didn't ask much.

"Here you go." Joshua put the cake he bought into her arms, "Have some."

Bonnie looked at the cake in the box and asked, "What if I turn fat after eating it?"

"It's alright. It's comfortable to hug if you turn chubby." Joshua chuckled.

"Stop it." Bonnie lowered her eyes, smiling inside, yet she pretended to be angry on the surface.

Soon the car stopped.

They were at their newly purchased house. The custom-made furniture had arrived and needed Bonnie to see how they should be placed.

Bonnie was still holding the unfinished cake after getting out of the car. She had eaten three pieces but just left the last bite, and she really couldn't eat it anymore. She walked to Joshua, "Open your mouth."

Joshua was stunned.

"What for?"

“Open your mouth,” Bonnie said petulantly.

Joshua alertly and slowly opened his mouth. She then grabbed the chance and quickly shoved the piece of cake in her hand into his mouth while saying, “I really can’t eat anymore. You eat it for me.”

Joshua looked at her, swallowed the cake and then stretched out his arms to take her into his arms, “You sneaky.”

Bonnie pushed him, “Can you be a bit normal when we’re at the outside?”

“Hey, isn’t it the time for you to run after me?” Joshua trolled her intentionally.

Before he came to City C and Boyce was not promoted and transferred away from other cities, they used to be at the same primary school. Bonnie would always follow him no matter where he went.

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Later, when he came to City C, the two of them separated.

However, they still had feelings for each other.

Joshua had always doted on her like his real sister.

He didn’t know if he was in love with her or just taking her as his family. But anyway, he didn’t repulse it, and he liked the feeling of spending time with her.

Bonnie shyly pushed him away and ran inside. She had many embarrassing stories when she was a child. When she heard that she was arranged marriage with him since she was a child, she was naive and always said, "I want to be your bride when I grow up." Now that she had grown up, she felt shy when Joshua mentioned her past, remembering what she had said as a child.

Joshua ran in after her.

Inside the house, Theresa was instructing the workers to arrange the furniture. When she saw Bonnie come in, she said with a smile, "You're just in time. How do you think?"

After Joshua had come to City C, Theresa and Armand had always taken care of him and they had an excellent relationship.

Now that he was getting married, Theresa and Armand were even busier and more attentive than his own parents.

They had come over early in the morning to help set up the new room with the new furniture.

Bonnie smiled, "It looks great."

Theresa sighed. Her appearance didn't change much, but there were wrinkles on her face. Even if she hadn't had any children, her figure had also significantly changed. Plus, after Armand's grandma died, Armand took good care of her too. She lived a comfortable life and looked in good shape, "Time flies and you're all getting married soon."

"You have said this many times." Joshua walked over and put his arm around her shoulders, "Afraid that you're getting old? Don't worry, Mr. Bernie is all over you, and he won't abandon you when he's old."

"Nonsense." Theresa turned around and glared at him.

Joshua laughed, "I was wrong, don't be mad. It will make you look old."

Theresa raised her hand just to hit him, but he ran away first, "Mind your image. The way you hit and glare someone is not elegant."

Joshua was cheerful and lively. Although he had left his parents early, he had grown up in the care of everyone. Theresa and Armand had no children, and they had treated him as their own child. He was also Boyce's son-in-law. So they were good to him from the bottom of their hearts.

Boyce had also taught him a lot, and he was able to stand on his own at such young age.

"When will you be mature? You're about to get married though." Theresa placed the cushions on the sofa and shook her head, looking at him helplessly. Suddenly she thought of something and looked up and Joshua, saying earnestly, "When is Amanda coming?"

She sighed again as she said, "Your mom is not in good health and she is still angry with your dad because of her matter. Since you're getting married, she can come back now. Everything could be done was done and the matter was over too but she still didn't come back. It's so worrying."

Speaking of Amanda, Joshua also restrained his feelings, "I'll pick her up at the airport tonight."

"Really? She's finally coming back to face us?" Theresa asked excitedly.

"It's true."

"What's true?" Armand was on the first floor with gloves on his hands, as if he was moving something. He stepped down the stairs as he took them off. ___ Chapter 983 She Was Not Alone

"I'm asking you guys. Why aren't you talking?" Armand put the gloves he took off onto the table.

Theresa walked over and whispered, "Amanda is coming back."

Armand froze for a moment, then said, "That's good. She comes back proves that she is willing to face us. All the unhappy things have finally been over,"

Theresa patted Armand on the dust that had fallen onto his clothes when he was moving things just now and whispered to him, "Joshua and Bonnie are here. They can now take over and instruct the workers. Let's go back."

She had her own ideas. On the one hand, she didn't want to disturb the two in setting up their new room, and on the other, she wanted to go back and tell Matthew and Dolores that Amanda was coming back.

Armand didn't understand and said, "Joshua is getting married. His own parents are not caring for him, then we should care for him, isn't it?"

Theresa was unhappy hearing that, "Did you buy this house? Did you pay for the wedding? How is it that they are not caring about him?"

"What's the point of just paying it? You have to put your heart into it, isn't it?" Armand gave Joshua a look, a look like I loved you the most.

Joshua smiled but didn't say anything.

Theresa ignored Armand and said goodbye to the two children before leaving.

Armand saw that and hurriedly caught up with her, "Wait for me."

Theresa continued to ignore him.

"Hey, why are you angry with me again? Just go if you want to leave, how come you get angry about that?" Armand spoke nicely to her.

Theresa gave him a stern look with total contempt.

Armand wrapped his arm around her shoulder, "Let's go and have something to eat before we go back."

"No," Theresa said icily.

"Why?" Armand hugged her even tighter. It was indeed funny and heart-warming seeing Armand still looked like this at this age.

He was indeed a good husband, too, to put aside his pride and please his wife.

"I'm not hungry."

"Then you can company me to eat some."

“You go on your own.”

“Forget it. I won’t eat either.” Armand pitifully opened the car door and let her go in first.

Theresa sat in the car, “I’ll make it for you when we get back.”

A smile immediately appeared on Armand’s face as he ran to the front and got into the driver’s seat.

The car soon came to a halt.

This was the house they bought after Armand’s grandma had passed away. It was far from the city, but it was quiet and big too, with a dozen rooms upstairs and downstairs and a big yard.

When they bought it, they chose this big house, considering that Joshua was here and they were afraid of not having enough place to live when they all came over together.

Now that Armand didn’t run the company anymore and it was wholly passed over to Joshua to manage it, he had been idle and usually followed Theresa around. The clothing shop was Theresa’s business, and she had been running it for a long time, and it was doing quite well. Armand was now her chauffeur and bodyguard, following her all the time.

When Theresa got out of the car and headed for the house, she told the man beside her, “Go wash some vegetables and I’ll cook you noodles.”

After saying that, she went towards Dolores’s room.

Armand stood in the living room and asked, “Aren’t you the one cooking for me? Why do I still have to wash the vegetables?”

“Then you do it yourself.” Theresa replied to him.

Armand was speechless.

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He might as well not have asked.

Knock, knock.

Theresa knocked on the door when she reached the door.

She knocked again, seeing that no one opened, but still no response.

‘What’s going on?’

Theresa twisted the handle to push open the door, but there was no one inside at all. Armand then ran over, “By the way, I forgot to tell you. They said they had to go out today and they wouldn’t be home.”

“Why didn’t you say earlier?” Theresa closed the door behind her and walked over. Armand looked at her with a pitiful look, “I had forgotten it, didn’t I?”

Theresa headed to the kitchen and asked, “Did they say going anywhere or doing what?”

“They seem to have gone to visit Jessica and Kevin. Kevin’s not in good shape, and the doctor said that he would only make it until year-end.” Armand followed into the kitchen, took the vegetables out of the fridge and put them in the washing sink, “All of us have to go through this when we get old.”

Theresa leaned against the edge of the counter and looked at him, “What are you lamenting about again?”

“I’m telling the truth.” Armand looked up, “Do you think that Kevin would have survived this long if he hadn’t been with Jessica and taken care of by her?”

“What do you mean? Didn’t Kevin take care of Jessica too? They were supporting each other.”

“Hey, I didn’t say anything either.” Armand smiled, “Can we also live to be ninety like them?”

“You can live to be a hundred.” Theresa lifted the pot lid, and the water inside was boiling. She took out the noodles and put them into the water.

“I live as long as you live.” Armand put the washed vegetables into the basket.

“Why do you still look like this?” He was like this when he was young and still like this now.

It hadn’t changed at all.

Armand didn’t care about it.

Joshua and Bonnie went to the airport for pick-up. Bonnie asked on the way, “Your sister is back. Will your brother come back?”

“I didn’t get in touch with him,” Joshua said.

Of course, he was hoping that everyone could come back and take the opportunity to have a reunion.

However, he understood that the nature of Andrew’s work was extraordinary.

Bonnie nodded, “He just looks like your dad.”

Joshua turned his head to look at her, “You mean I don’t look like my dad?”

“You’ve stayed with Mr. Bernie for a long time, and your nature is quite similar to his,” Bonnie commented.

Joshua didn’t say anything. He was indeed the more cheerful type in nature.

When they arrived at the airport, it wasn’t the time yet, so they went to the waiting room to sit and wait.

They both went to the exit when they heard the information about the landing flight.

There were many people at the exit. Joshua was tall enough to scan the crowd, and finally, he saw it.

And yet.

He saw that she was not alone. Chapter 984 I Don’t Mind Even If You’ve Married

A man was accompanying her.

He had seen this man before, living in a mansion not far from his parents.

He was so puzzled at the moment.

'Why would they be together?'

"Did you find her?" Bonnie was still looking around, tugging at his sleeve with her hand.

Joshua narrowed his eyes, "Yes."

"Where..." Before she could finish her words, she saw two people coming this way. She and Joshua had previously gone to Thailand to see Dolores and Matthew and seemingly had seen the man beside Amanda.

"Isn't that man your parents' neighbour in Thailand? How come he's with your sister?" Bonnie frowned slightly and guessed, "Could it be that your sister and him..."

"Impossible!" Joshua interrupted Bonnie before she could finish her words.

After all, Amanda was hurt in a relationship, and how could she start a new relationship so soon?

Bonnie looked up at him. She didn't mean anything else but just said out what she thought of it.

Joshua looked at her. He didn't mean to be mean to her either. He just didn't like this speculation of hers, "I didn't mean it."

"I know." Bonnie held his arm.

When Amanda saw them, she paused for a moment before walking over quickly, "Jos, Bonnie."

Initially, Joshua wanted to hug her, but he froze in place when she called him.

Bonnie walked over to hug her and said, "You've finally come back."

Amanda's eyes turned red suddenly, sniffing and controlling her feelings, "You are my family, of course, I have to come back."

"We missed you and we're worried about you, We're all happy to see you well now."

"Well, this is not the place to talk." Joshua interrupted them, casting his eyes on Joan who was holding the luggage, "Sis, aren't you going to introduce him to us?"

He knew Joan. However, he wanted to see why Joan was with Amanda at the moment.

It dawned on Amanda that Joan had come along with her too.

Amanda didn't hide from him and said, "Stanford went over there to look for me. So I asked Joan to pretend my boyfriend for a while to get rid of his pestering. And we came back here together to convince him."

"Oh." Joshua smiled and greeted Joan, "Welcome back."

Joan nodded, "I heard you're getting married. Congratulations."

"Let's go then." Joshua took the suitcase from Joan, "I'll take it."

Joan gave it to him.

In the car, Joshua asked Bonnie to book a hotel for Joan.

Hearing this, Joan said, "No need. I've already booked it."

"You've helped my sister and so you're my friend and my guest too. We should be the ones to entertain you. I'll treat you to dinner tomorrow then." Joshua said.

"Your sister and I are friends. No problem."

"We still have to show you our appreciation," Amanda said. Joshua looked at Amanda through the rear-view mirror, raising the corner of his lips.

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6 Uncommon Tips For Building A Healthy Relationship

He knew what Amanda was thinking from the way she treated Joan.

Bonnie turned her head to look at him. It seemed that he couldn't accept Amanda having a new relationship.

But Amanda was still so young, and she would still need a man around her. She couldn't just be single for the rest of her life.

She couldn't understand Joshua.

However, it was not good to say anything now.

Joan was expressionless. He could see that Joshua seemed excluding him to be with Amanda.

"Which hotel did you book?" Joshua asked.

Joan said the hotel's name.

Joshua nodded and headed in that direction.

They didn't talk much along the way. After about twenty minutes, the car stopped at the entrance of the

hotel. Amanda also followed and got out, "Wait for me. I'll drop off Joan."

Joshua nodded.

Joan didn't let Amanda send him off, "It's late and you should go home early to rest."

"I'll walk you up." Amanda insisted.

She felt that Joan had come all the way here because of her, so she should give him a lift.

Joan looked at her for a moment in silence and turned around to head to the hotel.

Amanda walked up to him, "Thank you for relieving me."

Joan pursed his lips. She had thanked him many times before.

Joan reported his information when they got to the front desk. After the registration, the receptionist handed over the key card, and Joan took it over.

The two got on the lift.

They walked to the room when they reached their floor.

Amanda didn't go forward and said to him, "I'll go then."

Joan paused in opening the door and turned around to look at her, "I can see that your ex-husband still seems to have feelings for you. Will you forgive him?"

“No.”

“You don’t love him anymore?”

“Yes.”

“I think he’ll come back to you later. He might have come with us this time if I hadn’t had to do this.”

He had gotten someone from the airline to deliberately not sell tickets to Stanford. And he also used his powers to get the local police to stop him for whatever reasons.

This was why Stanford couldn’t come back with them. However, it could only slow him down for a while, and he would still come back for Amanda.

“I think you should start a new relationship to make him let go completely. I don’t mind if you’ve been married...”Chapter 985 Tasted the Bitter Fruit

“I mind.” Amanda interrupted him and apologized again for her rudeness in interrupting him, “I’m sorry. I...”

“No need to explain. I understand.” Joan didn’t want her to embarrass herself and said, “I am willing to be your shield for the time being.”

After saying that and not giving Amanda any time to refuse, he turned around and went into the room, leaving her standing alone there.

She lowered her eyes and still didn't knock on the door at last. She then walked over to the lift and went down. Outside the hotel, since Bonnie and Joshua were inside the car only, she then said, "I think Joan is quite good. Your dad has also praised him."

Suddenly, Joshua turned around and narrowed his eyes, "What do you mean?"

'Why saying this?'

"I think that Amanda is still young..."

Joshua widened his eyes, and his face turned gloomy. Bonnie realized that he was angry and hurriedly shut her mouth. She looked out of the window to avoid his sight.

"Bonnie." Joshua calmed himself down before speaking, "Don't say that again."

He reached out to take Bonnie into his arms and clasped her shoulders tight, with his palms rubbing back and forth on her shoulder, pondering for a moment before speaking, "Besides myself, I can't guarantee that other men can do the same as me for not hurting you. Amanda had been hurt before for not knowing each other's personalities in depth. I would rather she be single and I'll just raise her when she gets old."

Bonnie knew that he was concerned about Amanda.

"I misspoke just now."

“No, I know you said that for the good of Amanda too, right?” He lowered his head.

Bonnie raised her head to meet his gaze, “Of course, she is your sister, and I wish her well too. You’re right, it’s hard to guarantee someone to have a good personality without knowing his temperament in depth. I agree with what you said.”

Joshua cupped her cheek, “Bonnie, you’re so sweet.”

“It hurts.” Bonnie pouted in his arms, pushing back against his hands petulantly. Joshua leaned over and pressed his lips to her cheek that had just been pinched red by him, asking in a low voice, “Does it still hurt?”

Bonnie huddled up, “We’re outside.”

“It’s okay.”

The two were so mushy that they didn’t notice Amanda had already walked over.

The car window glass was plastered with black film, and so the outside couldn’t see the inside of the car at all. Amanda didn’t know they were having fun, opening the door only to see the two were hugging each other. She quickly closed the car door and turned her back, “You guys continue. I didn’t see anything.”

Bonnie blushed, feeling shy and embarrassed. She pushed Joshua hard and whispered, “It’s all your fault.”

Joshua laughed, “It’s okay. Amanda won’t laugh at you.”

Bonnie felt even more embarrassed after he said that. She frowned, "You're really nasty."

"Then why do you still marry me?" After saying that, he shouted towards the car window, "Amanda, get in. It's getting late and we should go back."

Bonnie glared at him angrily.

Amanda opened the car door and got in, patting Joshua's shoulder, "Don't bully Bonnie."

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Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

Joshua feigned an angry look and looked back at her, emphasizing, "I'm your brother, having the same bloodline as you. How can you treat me like this? You're so ruthless."

Amanda said, "Although you are my brother, I stand for Bonnie unconditionally. You can't bully her, but she can bully you."

Joshua was speechless.

Bonnie smiled and turned to Amanda, saying petulantly, "You're the best to me."

She reached out for a hug. Amanda then hugged her helplessly and warmly, "Jos will be in your care from now on."

Joshua was speechless.

He knew she was just caring for him, but calling him that way made him sick.

“Amanda, I’ve grown up. Can you don’t call me that?” Joshua protested.

“But I’m used to it. You’ve been called that since you were a kid. Moreover, I’m not the only one who calls you that, everyone does.”

“But everyone has changed it a long time ago, and you’re the only one who still calls me that.”

“I’ll try not to call you that, okay?”

“That’s more like it.”

The atmosphere was relaxed, with them joking and laughing. However, the closer they got to their place, the more nervous Amanda looked.

Her hands were clenched together helplessly.

It had been a year that everyone had gone along with her, considered her feelings, and cared for her secretly. They didn’t dare to appear in front of her, making her feel uncomfortable.

She had tasted the bitter fruits of her caprice back then.

She regretted it.

She had hurt her parents and also let those who cared for her worry.

It was all because of her stubbornness back then.

Since young, she was the apple of her father's eye, doting on her and satisfying her with almost anything she wanted, even her marriage compromised in her stubbornness.

Thinking about it, it was all of her own makings.

Now that she had to face them, she felt ashamed to see them.

Inside the vehicle fell silent for a moment, and the relaxed atmosphere was gone.

Amanda asked, "Are Mum and Dad here?"

"Well, they went to see grandma and granduncle during the day. Mum doesn't look too good, as if granduncle's illness had gotten her down." Chapter 986 Empathize

Bonnie took Amanda's arm, "Amanda, let's go in."

Joshua was taking the luggage behind them.

Amanda nodded, "Let's go."

They walked into the house and turned on the lights in the living room. The room instantly brightened with a click sound.

Amanda said, "You guys go to bed. I'll go check on mom and dad."

She knew that Dolores and Matthew must still be awake this night.

Joshua said, "Alright."

He put the luggage into Amanda's room, then went to the second floor with Bonnie.

Bonnie was worried about Amanda, "Could Amanda..."

"She can handle it, don't worry," Joshua told her to go back to her room and sleep.

She stood at the door of her room and said, "Watch out for the movement downstairs."

Joshua's room was the one that was more inside. Although the two were about to get married, they only kissed and did not have any intimate relations.

Joshua thought that it was irresponsible behaviour to have premarital sex with Bonnie.

While Bonnie thought that a woman was not reserved if she had an intimate relationship with a man before marriage. Even if everyone had recognized their relationship, and the two had adored each other, they were always in with a tacit understanding not to contact intimately.

That was why the two slept in separate rooms and did not live together even though they were about to get married.

Joshua said, "Okay, you go to bed hurriedly."

Bonnie nodded and went into her room.

Joshua sighed after Bonnie closed the door, and he took a glance at the downstairs. He did not interfere with Amanda and went back to his room.

At downstairs, Amanda stood in the same place for a while and adjusted her emotions. It was the first time that she did not meet her parents for a year. Although she knew their current situation from Joshua and saw the photos of their lives, she still overcame with emotion within herself.

No matter how old she was, she was still a kid in the eyes of her parents.

At this moment, she also had the timid emotion of not daring to face her elders because she did something wrong.

However, she knew that she had been wayward once, and she could not be wayward again to make her parents worried about her.

She screwed up her courage and walked toward her parents' room.

When she reached the door, she took a deep breath before raising her hand and knocking on the door.

However, nobody opened the door.

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Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

She said in a low voice, "Dad, mom, I'm back."

In the room diagonally opposite, Armand and Theresa were still awake. Armand sat up in bed instantly when he heard Amanda's voice that he was always thinking of.

Theresa was relatively calm compared to Armand, but it was only on the surface. Her heart tightened when she heard Amanda's voice.

Theresa had watched Amanda grow to womanhood and treated her as her child. Amanda had been through a trial of death this time. Everyone was worried about her and felt heartache to see that. Amanda returned completely unscathed, but Theresa knew it was only on the surface. Amanda had a broken heart now.

Theresa had suffered similar hurt and had been through a trial of death when she was young, so she understood how Amanda felt at this moment.

The more the person experienced personally, the more heartache the person could feel. Theresa could empathize with Amanda's suffers.

The tears came into her eyes unconsciously.

Armand poured her a glass of water and asked in a soft voice, "What's wrong?"

She took the glass of water from him and shook her head, "Nothing."

Armand held her hand, "It's all in the past."

He knew that Theresa might have thought of the past again.

Theresa had suffered a lot in the past.

Theresa became infertile and could never be a mother because of him. It was his lifetime of regret. He envied Boyce and Matthew when he saw them had their own children, and he felt only envious.

Armand felt blessed when Theresa could forgive him and gave him a chance to have the same today and forever with Theresa. Armand cherished the present, and he more cherished having such a peaceful life with Theresa.

When Elizabeth was alive, she passed in and out of sober, and sometimes she would make a scene.

Theresa had tolerated with her for the sake of Armand. Armand and Theresa just had a few years of peaceful life after Elizabeth passed away.

Theresa suddenly raised her head, "Have you ever been angry with me?"

She gave Armand the long face many times because of past affairs. She even accused him and snubbed him.

Armand understood her feelings, so he had no dissatisfaction about it.

“Lie down,” Armand patted her on the shoulder.

Theresa sighed, “Finally, everything is over.”

Amanda was willing to go back home and face them, proving that she had let go of the past, which was a good thing.

Amanda was outside of the room and knocked on the door twice, but nobody responded to her. She raised her hand to hold and twist the door handle and opened the door.

Chapter 987 Don't Go

The room was dark, and there was a dark figure behind the door. Amanda could see the face of the dark figure with the light of the living room diffused into the room.

She tightened her hand that was holding the door handle. She thought she was tough enough to face her parents calmly. However, when she really saw them, the emotions involuntarily welled up in her heart. She sobbed, “Dad.”

Matthew did not want to blame her for anything. Amanda would be mature and grow up after she had this experience.

“Dad, I was wrong,” Amanda hurled herself into Matthew's arms. She did not want to cry in front of her parents at first, but she could not control her emotions.

She could not control herself. Memories of her sadness and bitterness this year came flooding back like a movie replayed in her mind. It was so clear and profound.

Matthew patted her on the back and said in a low voice, “It's my bad.”

The biggest mistake of his life was trusting Stanford. He was confident that Amanda's outstanding would make Stanford fall in love with her. However, he had made such a big mistake.

“No, it was my own choice,” Amanda wiped her face.

She could not blame anyone. She was willing to admit her mistakes and also to bear the consequences. Moreover, she did not want her parents to blame themselves.

Matthew raised his hand to wipe the tears left in the corners of her eyes. He was grateful within himself that Amanda was alright.

Dolores sat on the side of the bed and faced the window while her back to the door. She was in ordinary cloth instead of pyjamas, so did Matthew. It seemed that they did not sleep at all and had been waiting for her.

Matthew and Dolores did not open the door immediately after hearing the knock on the door because they blamed themselves for not protecting Amanda well. They hesitated to open the door because they did not dare to face Amanda and were afraid they could not control their emotions when they saw Amanda.

Amanda looked at the figure sitting on the side of the bed that was concealed in the darkness. Although she could not see it clearly, she could vaguely see Dolores's slightly trembled shoulder.

Amanda went over, stood at the side of the bed, and sobbed, "Mom."

Dolores did not respond to her because others would know she was crying if she opened her mouth.

Dolores felt heartache because her daughter had suffered so much.

However, she did not want Amanda to know how she felt at this moment.

Amanda wound her arms around Dolores and wanted to say sorry to her, but she did not say it out because it was useless to say something at this moment.

They embraced each other, warmed each other, and cried out loud together. It was the only way they could vent out the sadness and bitterness.

Upstairs, Bonnie did not sleep and thought that nobody could fall asleep tonight. She got up from the bed and opened the door of Joshua's bedroom.

The light of his room did not light up. However, the curtain had not drawn, and the light from the streetlamp diffused into the room. It made the room a little brightening.

She held a pillow and stood at the door, "I can't fall asleep."

Joshua also did not sleep. He noticed the movement at the door. He saw her with the help of the light, "You can count sheep to sleep."

"I can't sleep even if I counted sheep," Bonnie showed coquetry.

Joshua moved a little over inside and left the half of the bed empty to give way to Bonnie, "Come here, I'll put you to sleep."

Bonnie ran over to the bed with her pillow, lifted the covers, got in the bed. She did not want the pillow anymore and directly threw it to the foot of the bed. Joshua's arm pillowed Bonnie.

Joshua patted her on the back, "Sleep, baby, sleep..."

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

Bonnie covered his mouth, "I'm not a baby, but you are. I still want to call you Jos today."

Bonnie thought that it was indeed funny that she still called him Jos when he had grown up.

She laughed out loud at the thought.

It had touched a sore spot of Joshua and said sternly, "Don't call me that."

"You're being called Jos since you were a kid. Everyone also called you..."

Bonnie did not finish her words, but Joshua covered her mouth like she covered his. However, Bonnie used her hand to cover his mouth, while Joshua used his lips to cover hers.

Soon the two kissed passionately together and embraced each other.

Joshua and Bonnie were about the same age, and they were young. They kissed so passionately and naturally would have a desire to have sex with one another. The two put out the flames of passion in time and let go of each other.

Both of them were lying on the bed.

They breathed deeply.

After a while, both of them calmed down. Joshua looked at the ceiling and said, "You came into my room at midnight. Don't you afraid that I can't control myself?"

"I trust you," Bonnie said with great certainty.

Joshua could not help but smile, "I don't trust myself."

"But I trust you," Bonnie turned her side and put her arms around him, "Do you think Amanda will cry when she sees dad and mom?"

"I don't know," Joshua patted her, "It's late now, let's sleep."

"I don't know what's wrong today. I don't feel sleepy," Bonnie looked at him, "Are you sleepy?"

Joshua said, "I can't sleep as well."

Tonight was bounded to be a sleepless night.

"Then why do you still ask me to sleep?" Bonnie complained.

Joshua smiled, reached out to stroke her hair, and said, "Aren't you afraid of the elders seeing you go out of my room in the morning?"

Bonnie's parents had educated Bonnie to be virtuous. Bonnie usually would never do anything deviant with the presence of elders.

She was also kind and obedient to elders.

Bonnie sat up from the bed instantly, "I want to see if you're asleep. I'll go back to my room now."

She just wanted to accompany Joshua, who would have something on his mind tonight. After all, it was Amanda, his elder sister, who had been through an accident. He must have been overwhelmed with emotions and glad that Amanda returned home unscathed.

Bonnie wanted to be by his side at this time.

She picked up her pillow and was about to leave, but Joshua tugged at the hem of her pyjamas, "Don't go

Bonnie turned her head and looked at him, "What are you doing?"

Joshua did not say anything, tugged at the hem of her pyjamas, and did not let go of it. He did not say what he wanted, and Bonnie thought he acted like a spoiled child.

Bonnie crouched down and shook her hem, "Stop it."

"Stay with me for a while," Joshua raised his head and smiled. He was afraid she did not agree to stay with him, so he tugged at her hem again. He looked like a child who did not grow up.

Bonnie felt helpless and amused and said, "Alright."

She put down the pillow and laid on the bed again. Joshua put his arms around her and talked to her about his childhood, and then they fell asleep.

When Joshua woke up, he was alone in the room and did not know when Bonnie left.

He got up from the bed, washed up, and went downstairs.

Everybody was already up.

Amanda and Bonnie were in the kitchen to prepare breakfast while Armand was watering flowers on the balcony.

"Where's everyone? Where did they all go?" Joshua asked while walked to downstairs.

Armand turned his head to look at him, "You've got up. Bonnie and Amanda are in the kitchen."

"I'm asking about my dad and mom."

"Dolores and Theresa went for a walk. The two should have something to discuss. As for Matthew, he went out early in the morning, and I'm not sure what's his purpose," Armand put down the watering can and walked over to him, "When are you going to pick up your parents-in-law?"

Joshua poured a glass of water, sat on the sofa with his legs crossed, "There's still some time for it. I've phone contacted them, and they said they'll come over themselves and don't need us to pick them up. They said I'm just taking the trouble if I do that."

Armand sat on the sofa and looked at him, "You parents-in-law are very good to you."

Then he lamented, "It will be better if your brother could also come back home."

"I've called Noah, and he said it was temporarily unable to contact Andrew, but he always got in contacted with him."

Noah and Dolores were cousins, so the younger generation called him uncle Noah.

"Hey, you're the only child of the three children who did not make your parents worry," Armand said.

Amanda had just experienced such a miserable matter while Andrew's job was peculiar and dangerous.

Dolores wanted to pray for the safety of her children, so she set up a shrine in Thailand. She would pray

in the morning and evening.

If people believed, God was there. Otherwise, God was not. Dolores wanted to take comfort from praying.

“Armand, what did you just say?” Amanda walked out of the kitchen.

Her eyes were still a little red. Everyone knew she must have cried, but nobody asked her about that.

They knew everything thoroughly within themselves.

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Armand smiled, “You have sharp ears. I was talking in the living room, and you could hear it in the kitchen. Have you eavesdropping?”

“You said it loudly, and I've no eavesdropped,” Amanda looked at Joshua, “Go help Bonnie. I'm going to call mom and Theresa for breakfast.”

Joshua got up from the sofa, “Okay.”

“You're a good man, knows to love your wife,” Armand said with a smile, and Joshua turned his head and looked at him, “You're a good model for me.”

Armand laughed.

Theresa and Dolores were outside of the house. The two said they wanted to walk for a while, but actually, they wanted to talk secretly without the presence of Amanda.

They talked about Joshua's wedding and Amanda's matter. They were afraid that Amanda would be upset since she still had a knot in her heart.

Theresa and Dolores still wanted to say something, but they stopped talking when they saw Amanda walking over to them, "Breakfast is ready. Let's go in and eat."

"Okay," Theresa smiled. She did not ask about what happened to her last night and did not mention a word about her matters.

It was like the incident of Stanford had not happened.

Amanda walked over and took Dolores's arm. She said with a tone of guiltiness, "Mom didn't have a good sleep last night."

They did not sleep last night.

Dolores held Amanda's hand in her hand and did not say anything because no words were necessary.

They entered the house. The breakfast was already on the table. Everyone sat at the table, and they were in with a tacit understanding to not mention the matters of Amanda and Stanford.

"Was my dad going out early in the morning?" Joshua put a glass of milk in front of Dolores.

Dolores said to him, "He went out to meet someone."

“Who is it?” Joshua asked.

“Joan.”

Matthew knew that Amanda was taken care of by Joan when she was in Thailand. The two of them were already familiar with each other. So they made an appointment with Joan for breakfast in the morning since Joan was in the country.

They had breakfast in the restaurant of the hotel where Joan was staying.

“Thank you so much for taking care of my daughter.”

They sat in the window seat of the hotel restaurant. Joan had the same imposing aura as young Matthew. His charm did not suppress by Matthew, who was sitting opposite him.

“I should be the one to thank you,” Joan said after a moment of silence, “If it isn't for your help last time, I wouldn't have been able to get through it safely.”

The Morton family not only had a large fortune accumulated for many generations, and they also had a family business. However, Joan focused on politics. Although he was still able to handle the company matters, there were some times he would make mistakes.

However, the trouble last time was not a mistake he made, and it was his political opponent who set him up. With the help of Matthew, Joan could keep the business and get out of trouble.____ Chapter 989
Tonight at Eight O'clock

Joan honestly explained he went to the country to Matthew, and he also told him what happened in Thailand before, “I think he'll soon be able to get out of it.”

Joan was worried that Stanford would go to Amanda.

Although Matthew was not in Thailand at that time, he knew what had happened between Amanda and Stanford.

Joan said straightforwardly, "I hope you could intervene personally in this."

Joan wanted Matthew to intervene in this to let Stanford give up on Amanda.

There was an expression in Matthew that Joan could not read, and he seemed to think about what Joan had just said, but he refused to talk to Joan about Amanda's private matters. Even if Joan knew it, Matthew did not want to talk about what had happened before.

Joan also realized that he might have put his foot in it. After all, it was their family matter, and it concerned Matthew's daughter's matter. Matthew certainly did not want to talk with people about his daughter's private life.

He said apologetically, "Sorry, I..."

Matthew raised his hand and gestured he did not need to say anything.

Joan knew that Matthew might not want to continue the topic, so he talked about his own company. Joan did not like to do business, but he was the only heir of the family. He had to bear all the burdens alone.

He studied in military college, so he seemed to have no great facility to manage the business. Before this, he had hired a person, who was top personnel in business management, to handle the company affairs. However, the person was involved in the last incident, and Joan could no longer have the person to handle the company business. So he had nobody to take care of the company business.

He knew Matthew's background, so he wanted Matthew to give himself an idea or recommend someone to himself.

Joan thought that the family business was part of the family. So he had the responsibility to protect and run the business left by his ancestors.

“The project that Mr. Baron had a joint venture in country D was very successful. You've got a lot of top personnel around you, Mr. Nelson,” Joan said.

Abbott had been working for Matthew for so many years. Otherwise, Matthew would not be rest assured to leave everything about the company to Abbott to handle.

As time went by, Abbott was also getting more and more tactful and ran the company well.

Although Matthew did not care about the company matters anymore, he still paid attention to the big projects that the company followed up.

Indeed, they had performed the project well last time, and both sides got a high rate of return.

Joan hoped to learn some skills to do business from Matthew, and he also wanted to ask for advice on the things he encountered in business management. So the time passed unknowingly after the talk.

Joshua went to the company, while Bonnie and Amanda went to the mall. They went to buy some things that were needed for the wedding. Bonnie had not bought the things that women should prepare for the wedding. It just happened that Amanda returned home this time, so Bonnie wanted to take Amanda out for relaxation.

Amanda was Joshua's elder sister, and she spoiled Bonnie so much since Bonnie was her future younger sister-in-law.

A driver, who was good at fighting, followed behind the two.

He could help them carry their things and also protect them.

“Aren't you buying the things you need for the wedding? How come all the things you bought are for Jos?”

They shopped a lot, but basically, all Bonnie bought was for Joshua.

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Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

“I think it's suitable for him,” Bonnie smiled.

Amanda also smiled and felt happy for her brother within.

She could tell that Bonnie was always thinking of Joshua.

"I need to go to the bathroom. You continue to shop, and I'll come back to you later," Amanda said.

Bonnie said yes.

Amanda sat on the chair in the mall to rest for a while after going to the bathroom. She felt a little hurt on her legs since she had walked a lot.

She massaged her calves.

When she got up to find Bonnie, a dark shadow appeared in front of her. She raised her head and saw Stanford standing in front of her.

Instinctively, she took a step backwards.

Stanford saw her simple action and felt like a thorn in the heart.

She used to like to pester him so much, and she just wanted to stay away from him when she saw him now.

"Let's talk," Stanford looked at her calmly and said.

"What do we have to talk about? I've made it clear that we have no more relation. I think you've seen that I have a boyfriend, Joan. You have seen him, haven't you?" Amanda tried hard to suppress her emotions, "Stanford, the Stanford I knew is proud and noble. When did you become like to pester someone?"

Stanford did not care what she said, and he even showed a little humility, "I just want to talk to you properly."

“Sure, go ahead,” Amanda did not want him to appear in front of her again, so she said in a compromising manner, “How about you disappear from my life after we talk?”

Amanda agreed to talk to Stanford because she did not want him to appear in front of her parents. They would remind of what had happened before if they saw him.

Amanda did not want the people around her to worry and hurt again because of what happened to her.

Joshua would beat him to death if he knew that Stanford had come to City C.

Stanford clenched her hands that were settling at his side, a little by little into fists, “Okay, but I'll choose the place.”

Amanda said with a sarcastic and contemptuous tone, “Every dog has his day, Stanford.”

“I'll wait for you at Room 806, Double Tree Hotel, tonight at eight,” he turned around and left after saying that.

Amanda stood on the same spot and looked at the back that she chased after in the past. Her expression was no longer passionate and left only frosty.

“Amanda,” Bonnie ran over to her. _____ Chapter 990 Sadder but Wiser

“Amanda, who was the person you talked to just now?” Bonnie was in a store and looked for the bedding needed for the wedding. She saw Amanda was talking to someone from afar through the glass. Someone blocked her view at that time, so Bonnie could not see clearly. She realized that there was no one else except Amanda when she ran over to Amanda.

“Nothing, let's go, let's continue shopping. What should I give you since you're getting married?”
Amanda took Bonnie to continue to go shopping.

Bonnie did not give it up and turned to look back. She had seen someone there.

How could the person disappear?

Did she see it wrong? Bonnie thought with doubt.

“Come on, let's go to that store,” Amanda took her to a women's clothing store and deliberately talked to her, “I'll buy you some clothes.”

Bonnie smiled and asked, “As my wedding gift?”

“Of course not,” Amanda looked at her, “You're marrying Jos, and of course, I have to give you the best and most valuable thing as your wedding present.”

Bonnie joked, “Theresa and mom will buy me presents, and you'll buy me too. By then, will I become a rich woman?”

“You're already a rich woman, okay? What is Jos' belongs to you.”

“It seems to be like this.”

The two talked and laughed, and Bonnie seemed to forget that she seemed to see Amanda talking to someone.

After shopping, they went to watch a movie before going home.

Amanda did not go home with Bonnie, and she told Bonnie that she was going to meet a friend. Amanda purposely went to the movie after shopping because she wanted to delay the time until the evening. So she could find an excuse not to go home.

Bonnie also did not think much about it, and she went home with the driver.

After separating from Bonnie, Amanda found that it was not time yet. She walked alone in the busy streets of City C. It was getting dark, and there were more pedestrians on the streets.

There was someone selling toys on the roadside. Children would tug at their parents to buy toys. The street was full of worldliness.

A hipster was standing at the bridge with a guitar in his arms. He wore a little longer hair and glasses, and he sang a poem with a low, emotional voice.

“Hearing of you from afar, so I set out a long journey.

I've felt the wind blow that you've felt and does it count as a hug.

I've walked on the road you've walked, and does it consider an encounter.

I only like you, from the beginning to the end, earnestly and cowardly.

I still like you as the sun rises, day and night.

I still like you as clouds drift ninety thousand miles, never rest.

I still like you as the stars smash on the Earth, till death do us part.

I still like you as the breeze blows into my heart, limp and numb.

I still like you as the wind once starts its trip and never comes back.”

Amanda unknowingly had stopped long ago, listened carefully to the hipster chanting each verse that was slightly sad and aesthetic. She came into tears and wiped the tears at the corners of her eyes. Amanda took twenty dollars out of her wallet and bent over, and wanted to put it into the guitar case. However, there was a person who first put twenty dollars into the guitar case. She raised her head and met a pair of deep eyes. He was also looking at her at this moment.

It was as if time had been put temporarily on hold. Amanda and Stanford did not react for a long time, and they spaced out. After a while, Amanda was the first who came back to her senses. She put the money into the case and got up.

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Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

Stanford looked at her, “Let's walk together?”

Amanda raised her hand to glance at her wristwatch and said distantly, "It's not yet eight o'clock."

"I'll treat you to dinner," Stanford said with an assured tone, "You haven't eaten yet, right?"

"I've eaten," Amanda looked indifferent to keep people away.

Stanford did not talk anymore and just followed behind Amanda as she walked away.

"Don't follow me," she looked right back at him.

Stanford said calmly, "I'm also going this way."

Amanda directly turned back, "Don't you tell me that you're also going to take the same path..."

Before Amanda finished her words, Stanford dragged her into his arms and held her tight, "I'm sorry."

Amanda pounded him like crazy, "I don't want your apology. You owed me a life!"

Stanford did not move and let her vent her feelings out. After a long time, Amanda began tired, "Let go of me."

She said icily, "I'll look down on you even more if you do like this. Are you don't dare to take responsibility for what you've done?"

"If everything could start over, I want to be the first person to meet you and the first person to fall in love with you."

Stanford said in a low voice. The most wrong thing he had done in his life was not to face his mind honestly.

Stanford could personally feel the pain she had suffered from because he had experienced it all.

He did not want to justify himself since he really did wrong.

Stanford did not need sympathy or compassion from others. He just wanted to get Amanda back in earnest.

He wanted to cherish the person for the rest of his life.

“Y-you're my only family.”

Amanda did not want to listen to this. She turned her head and looked at the river. A gentle breeze blew through Amanda's hair.

She still throbbed within herself, not because of Stanford, but for her past flaming passion.

She got through it sadder but wiser.

She was incredibly sober-minded.

She raised her hand and glanced at the time, “It's eight now. What's the matter?”

She said with a perfunctory tone.

Stanford calmed down and said, "Accompany me to dinner."

"I only agreed to talk to you," Amanda said sternly.

"That's part of the talking."

Chapter 991 My Preference has Changed

Amanda can't outspoke him, she could only leave a statement coldly. "Please remember our agreement, finish what you want to say, and never appear in front of me again."

Stanford looked down to conceal his gloomy look. He agreed very softly. "Let's go."

Amanda didn't respond, but followed him.

Stanford walked into a restaurant. Amanda didn't have too many expressions on her face, and she looked very indifferent.

Joan had just finished meeting a friend and he saw them after the gathering was over.

However, at this time, Stanford also saw him, and they stopped at the same time.

Amanda looked slightly surprised. As she just wanted to say hello to Joan, Joan spoke. He was talking to Stanford, "I didn't expect you'll come here so soon."

Then he pulled Amanda to his side.

Amanda quickly reacted, she took Joan's arm, looked up and smiled. She spoke very intimately, as if she knew why Joan was there. "So this is the hotel you mentioned about eating with friends?"

She was only guessing. She acted purposefully just to let Stanford know she was close to Joan.

However, the fact was that Joan was only there to see his friends. Since he knew Amanda was acting at the moment, he said, "Yeah, it's already over."

"Mr. James is inviting me to a dinner, why don't you come along too?" Amanda looked at him and said.

Joan immediately nodded knowingly and looked at Stanford. "It seems that Mr. James still doesn't want to give up on my girlfriend."

Stanford's eyes moved away from Amanda's hands which were holding Joan's arm and he met Joan's eyes. He didn't believe that Joan was Amanda's boyfriend, even if they both said so.

Without saying anything, he walked into a private room. After taking a seat, he asked the waiter to give Joan the menu. "Mr. Morton, you are a guest who comes from a long way. You can order the dishes."

In Thailand, Stanford had basically understood Joan's personal background. He used to be afraid because Joan was brilliant, but he believed Amanda more. Even if she hated him, she would not fall in love with others so quickly.

Joan took the menu handed over by the waiter. He spoke the local language very well, but he didn't know much about the language's writing system. Moreover, there was no picture on the menu. He couldn't tell what dishes were on the menu.

He frowned slightly. Amanda leaned over and whispered, "I'll help you."

"Just these two, the signature dishes here, which can't be eaten in other restaurants."

Joan nodded. Amanda ordered some more authentic local food. Knowing that Joan was a Thai, she wanted to let him try local food when he came to her country. "These are some more famous dishes. Try having a taste on them later, if you like them, we'll come back next time."

Stanford who was sitting opposite them heard Amanda's words and he clasped his hands tightly under the table.

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Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

Joan looked down. Amanda was very close to him and he could smell her faint perfume. The fragrance was so refreshing and enjoyable. He pointed at a dish of golden silkworm chrysalis. "What is this?"

Amanda's face slightly froze. "These are silkworm chrysalises."

The waiter who was standing at the side introduced, "It has high nutritional value. Silkworm pupa is rich in protein, a variety of amino acids and vitamins. It is a good tonic. You can try it."

Joan got it. In short, it was a very nutritious dish. He said to Amanda, "Shall we order one more of this?"

Amanda nodded and said to the waiter, "Give us one but with a better appearance. I don't want to see its original look."

She was worried that Joan could not eat it without special processing.

The original appearance of the silkworm chrysalis is neither ugly nor terrible, but she solely didn't like the appearance of the silkworm chrysalis.

The waiter smiled. "I see. You are not the first guest to have such a request."

After ordering, the waiter asked, "Anything else?"

Stanford added another dish, which Amanda liked to eat before, and then said, "That's all."

Amanda heard it, but she pretended she didn't hear it, and she deliberately talked to Joan instead. "Come with me to see my parents later."

Joan's heart suddenly leapt, and he soon became calm. He realized that Amanda was deliberately saying that to Stanford who was sitting opposite. He almost took it seriously. Fortunately, he went clearheaded quickly and replied, "OK."

Amanda was really amused by Joan's expression just now, he looked a little silly, and also---cute.

'Is there a kind of pain, that is, watching your loved one being with others, but you can't stop it?'

After a while, several waiters brought up the dishes. The waiter who was responsible to take orders just

now put the last dishes added by Stanford in front of him.

"These dishes are that lady's favourite. Please put them in front of her."

The waiter nodded and brought the dishes to Amanda. Amanda stopped the waiter. "My preference has changed, please give it to him."

Joan immediately looked towards Amanda. He didn't know what she liked to eat.

Amanda looked at Joan. "I like Thai food, please cook it for me in the future."

Joan immediately nodded and agreed. _____ Chapter 992 Fate Doesn't Matter Sooner or Later

When all the dishes were ready, the waiters all withdrew from the private room. Amanda said, "If you have anything you want to say, please say it now."

Stanford didn't look up as he said, "I told you I want to talk to you alone."

He didn't want to see Amanda being so close and intimate to Joan.

"But I don't want to meet my ex-husband alone behind my boyfriend's back. If you have anything, just say it in front of my boyfriend, so as not to let him misunderstand me. I cherish him now."

She looked at Joan and said affectionately, "I was foolish before, but I'm glad I still had the chance to meet him."

Although she was staring at Joan, her words meant something else, and they both knew it.

Yet at the moment, Joan spoke out his real thought, "Fate doesn't matter sooner or later."

He actually wanted to say that he didn't care about her marriage at all.

Knowing that Joan was serious, Amanda immediately turned her head away and refused to look straight into his eyes.

It seemed that this meal was no longer a meal. They all had their own thoughts in mind and the food seemed tasteless.

Joan picked up the silkworm chrysalis introduced by the waiter. After special treatment, he couldn't see its original appearance. It was made very exquisite by the cook and looked very appetizing. He put it onto Amanda's plate. "You're too skinny."

The waiter said it was very nutritious. She could eat more.

"She can't eat this. The protein content is too high, she'll be allergic to it," Stanford reminded him.

Joan immediately took it back, but Amanda stopped him and said to him, "That was before, I'm not allergic now."

She took it and put it into her mouth. She ate it and looked at Stanford. "Don't you think you know me very well. In fact, I have changed a long time ago."

Then she picked up another and put it into her mouth.

Stanford only looked at her silently. "Is it worth risking your own health?"

"If you can stay away from me, I'll be in spectacular health."

Amanda said indifferently.

Stanford looked at her for several seconds. "We'll meet alone next time."

Then he stood up and walked out of the private room.

Amanda shouted at him, "I really don't want to see you again."

Stanford's leg froze for a moment and he stepped out.

Amanda and Joan were left in the private room. After being silent for a moment, Joan apologized. "I have no idea that..."

"It's okay, let's leave too." Amanda pretended that nothing had happened, and Joan nodded silently.

The bill had been paid by Stanford. They went out of the restaurant. Joan looked around and didn't find a

drugstore. "I'll take you back."

Amanda shook her head. "I can go by myself."

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

There were many people at home. If Joan sends her back, they may misunderstand later.

She didn't know that Joan and Matthew had met each other.

Joan stopped a car. After getting in, Joan didn't send Amanda home but asked the driver to go to the drugstore.

The driver said, "I know there is a drugstore near here."

"Thank you," Joan said.

Sitting in the car, Amanda already had allergic reactions. Her face and body itched. However, at this time, the car had stopped at the drugstore's entrance. Joan paid the fare, helped Amanda get off, and let her sit by the fountain to wait for him.

Amanda nodded.

Joan went to the drugstore to buy medicine and water. He opened the medicine box, took out the medicine and handed it to her, as well as water.

Amanda took it over, put the medicine into her mouth and swallowed it with water.

Joan sat and waited.

Both of them did not speak and only sat there quietly.

After a while, Amanda felt that her physical discomfort had gradually disappeared. She stood up and Joan asked her, "Is it better now?"

Amanda replied, "Yeah, I'm all right now."

They walked along the street. Joan pondered for a moment and said, "He left on purpose just now, didn't he?"

Amanda looked at him. "Who do you mean?"

"Mr. James." Joan had to admit that he didn't know Amanda as well as Stanford. They had been married for three years and had a certain understanding of each other's living habits and characters, but his understanding of Amanda was basically empty, and he felt extremely lost in his heart.

"He knew you did that on purpose, he knew you'll be uncomfortable. He's afraid that if he stays there, you'll endure it and try your best not to show it, that's why he left. Your allergy has never changed."

Amanda said blandly, "That was before."

'Even if it doesn't change, it doesn't mean anything.'

"I have to thank you for today too." Amanda stopped. "I'll take you back to the hotel."

"You don't have to thank me all the time." Joan glanced at the city he was unfamiliar with. "Could you walk with me?"

Amanda said, "Sure, there are still many places worth seeing here."

She took Joan to an old building, which was repaired by the government and adorned with belt-like lamps. At night, the lamps would light up giving off amazing auras, which were very ornamental.

The building's original appearance could not be seen if one doesn't come closer at night because its original colour was concealed by the lights.

There was a busy street at the gate. Many people set up stalls to sell things.

They went in and passed by a plaque. Joan stopped. _____

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!