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Emma, covering herself with the quilt, heard what they said clearly. 'It must have been that damn Ella! She's always trying to retaliate against me.' Her voice was neither loud nor low, but all people could hear it.

Speaking of retaliation, no one would think it was overstated. Especially after the farce between them at the hotel last night.

Ella, as Samuel's wife, was likely to make Emma suffer.

"How did she know that?" Samuel looked at Anna coldly.

Anna told Samuel what happened when she ordered lunch. She didn't believe Ella would do that. However, the evidences all pointed towards her.

It was not a big deal, but it couldn't be ignored. Emma was fine. Now it all boiled down to what Samuel would do next.

Samuel walked to the bedside calmly, trying to pull off Emma's quilt.

Emma grasped the quilt tightly, "Go away. I don't want you to see me like this!"

"Emma." Hearing Samuel's voice, Emma seemed to calm down.

She uncovered her eyes slowly. Her forehead was covered with red spots.

"Samuel." Felt wronged, Emma was in tears.

"How are you?" There was not a trace of love in his words. He was not showing any sign of care or gentleness as Emma would expect of him.

She covered her head again, "Go! I won't forgive Ella." Emma was convinced that it was Ella.

Samuel looked at her and didn't say anything, "Have a good rest. I'll bear all your expenses."

He would bear all expenses. Everyone knew what Samuel meant instantly.

He was defending Ella. It was not important whether Ella did it or not. The point was he would solve it quietly before this thing got out.

Emma was pissed off. Regardless of the rash on her face, she lifted up the quilt and sat up, "Samuel, you are really so in love with Ella? Even if she hurt me, you still choose to ignore it?"

Hearing what she said, Samuel stopped at the door. But he just stopped for a second. Soon he said without looking back, "She is my wife. Of course I love her."

Emma caught the loophole in his words immediately, "So you love her out of a sense of duty or love?"

After she said that, the ward became quiet again. The hotel manager had already slipped away.

Anna and Catherine took a look at each other and left the ward.

Samuel and Emma were left alone in the ward. Samuel said coldly, "This is not important."

"It's not important to you, but it's very important to me." Emma looked at his back and bit her lower lip tightly. She took a deep breath and continued, "If it is the former, I'll be very happy. Samuel..."

She hoped that it was the former. Because it meant that she would still have a chance.

Samuel looked sullen. He said, "Have a good rest." Then he left the ward.

After talking to Emma's attending physician and making sure she was fine, he drove to the company.

He felt distressed on his way. When he returned to the office, Ella was taking a nap in the lounge.

As soon as he opened the door, Ella woke up, "Samuel, how is Emma?" She was asking after Emma's condition out of sheer concerns for Samuel, because she knew that if something bad happened to Emma, Samuel's company would be in trouble.

Samuel stared at her face, from which he saw care and anxiety.

She cared about her love rival? Why was she anxious?

"The doctor has put her on a drip. The rash will clear slowly." He told the truth.

Ella sighed with relief. It was good to hear that. Samuel wouldn't suffer then.

"Well, how did it happen?" She got out of bed and went to fetch a bottle of water for Samuel.

Samuel shook his head and didn't answer her, "Don't you hate Emma for what happened last night?" Samuel wondered whether she wanted to retaliate against Emma after she saw Emma flirted with him?

Ella stopped unscrewing the lid of the purified water. Why did Samuel ask that? Did he care about what she thought?

With a sweet smile, Ella unscrewed the lid of the purified water, handed it to Samuel and pouted slightly, "I do hate her. Didn't I tell you that?"

Samuel looked at her hand holding his arm. He was surprised to see Ella being so straight forward about hating Emma.

Did she do that?

His sudden silence made Ella anxious, "Samuel, are you upset that I hate her?" She let go of Samuel's arm and asked.

Samuel thought of Emma in hospital and said, "It's unnecessary to retaliate against someone you hate." He didn't like scheming girls. He hoped that Ella was not such a person.

It was unnecessary? What did Samuel mean? She asked tentatively, "Is it possible that Emma got allergic because the hotel chef added pepper to the dish?"

Hearing what she asked, Samuel screwed the lid of the purified water without drinking it, "No, someone did it purposely. The specific person remains to be investigated."

Someone did it purposely? Ella was not stupid. She looked at the unusual expression on Samuel's face, "You think I did it?" On second thought, she was the most likely suspect among all the people in the room.

She was upset, because she hoped that Samuel could trust her.

"Was it you? If that is the case, you should go to the hospital to apologize to Emma."

The consequence of this thing was not very serious. He could forgive her if she apologized to Emma.

He didn't force Ella to do that, but Ella thought it sounded harsh.

"I didn't!" For the first time, Ella talked to Samuel loud.

Samuel looked at Ella, who seemed to be getting angry. He might have misunderstood her, "It's okay. It's good that you didn't do that. I hate deception above all things. I trust you." He would never deceive her, and she couldn't deceive him, either.

If one day he found out that she was lying to him, he didn't know what he would do.

He held her in his arms and patted her back gently.

At this moment, Ella was anxious. Samuel said that he hated deception above all things. She... What could she do? She must keep that thing secret from him.

The lounge was quiet. Neither of them spoke again.

After a long time, "Samuel..." Ella said softly. Her voice softened Samuel's heart.

"Yes?" He looked down at Ella in his arms.

"If someone deceives you... I mean if that was true, what will you do to her?" She didn't dare to look at his eyes, but asked in a tentative manner.

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Samuel answered her without hesitation, "Then she will not have my trust her whole life, and I will not have further contact with her in the future." As long as he figured out who lied to him, he wouldn't contact with him or her anymore.

Ella shuddered with chills at Samuel's suddenly serious tone. What should she do? What could she do? Should she tell him what happened that night?

No she should not, or else Samuel would think less of her.

Ella breathed in deeply. Armored with all her former acting talents, she raised her head again, giggled and asked, "What if I lied to you?"

She almost suffocated in anxiety but still forced a naughty smile.

Samuel listened to her. What if she lied to him? He thought for a while. "It depends. If it's not serious, then..." He whispered a few words to her ear. Ella laughed with shyness. Samuel was flirting with her again!

"What if it was serious?" She asked. Climbing into his bed, bearing his baby and marrying him... It was actually serious...

Samuel looked her into the eye since she stuck to the topic. "Have you hid anything from me?" Did she do something to Emma?

"Of course not!"

Ella stood up straight, pretending a righteous look on her face.

Samuel could not help but laugh at her response, "If it was serious... just think about what will happen meeting a top lawyer in court." He spoke casually, for he had never thought of what he would do if she cheated on him.

It reminded Ella of the phrase online, "If you are in love with a lawyer, be prepared to lose everything including your underpants when you divorce."

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She started to panic, holding Samuel's waist tightly. Should she confess?

Maybe it was a good idea to tell him everything. After all, leniency to those who confess, severity to those who resist? "Sam, I..."

When she just began, Samuel's phone buzzed. Ella had to stop and wait.

"Hello, Mr William." Samuel answered the phone, walked to his office room and started to work.

Ella sat onto the sofa in frustration, with no idea what to do.

Night fell. Samuel was still busy with work, so Ella's confession was nipped in the bud.

In the night, Samuel took Ella to the hospital.

Emma was getting better. The rash on her face was half dissipated. She was sitting on the hospital bed, reading some document.

When she saw Samuel come in, she was delighted, but when she saw Ella with him, the delight faded away. Ella put a fruit basket on her bedside table.

"Emma, you might have misunderstood Ella." Samuel's protective attitude made the two girls filled with different feelings.

"Misunderstood?" Emma sneered, "So, Miss Leonard, you went out for a while, and the dish was served. Why don't you explain that?" She fixed her eyes on Ella.

Samuel didn't want his wife to get blamed for something she didn't do. So he brought Ella here with him to explain what happened.

When Emma asked, he also looked at Ella, waiting for her to explain.

"What's there to explain? I just went to the ladies room." Did she look like such a pushover? Emma was determined to frame her?

Emma gave a sardonic look to Ella's indifferent face, "Miss Leonard, there was a toilet in the room. Why did you have to go out?" It was so hateful that the monitoring area only covered to where she took a turn, and what she did after couldn't be found in the surveillance video.

"There was only a unisex toilet. I am not used to it." She always went to ladies room when she dined in restaurants.

But, did her explanation sound lame?

"Samuel, do you believe that?" Emma looked at the man standing silently aside.

Samuel nodded, "I do." When he went to party with Ella and Eason before, he never saw Ella use the unisex toilet.

Emma was almost mad, "Since Mr. Lowell is so protective of Mrs. Lowell. I have nothing else to ask. Please get out."

Emma was disappointed in Samuel.

Ella couldn't stay calm, either, for Emma was slandering and doubting her all the time, "Miss Reynolds, if you don't have any solid evidence, you'd better not question me again. If you keep doing this, it will be the crime of defamation." Having been at the law firm for some time, Ella had learned a lot about legal cases she didn't know before.

Samuel took hold of Ella and went out of the room, "Miss Reynolds, it doesn't make sense. We will not talk about it anymore."

At the end of the sentence, Catherine just went in from the outside.

When she saw Samuel and Ella, she gave Ella a ferocious stare. "Mr. Lowell, the waiter who served the dish has confessed. Does Miss Leonard still want to argue? "

Confess? Ella frowned. These two sisters must have joined to give her a hard time.

Catherine took out a voice recorder from her handbag, and turned it on. A male voice started, "A woman gave me a thousand dollar today. She asked me to put chili in the dish. I didn't agree, but she threatened me... I had no choice but to obey."

"How does she look like?" Asked a man.

"She... was wearing a blue coat, long hair over her shoulders. I then saw her go into the ladies room." The voice recorder was turned off.

Ella's mind went blank. All she could feel was a rush of fire in her body.

She grabbed the recorder from Catherine's hand and slammed it against the wall. The recorder broke.

Catherine was supposed to be angry, but she held her temper at the thought that Samuel had already heard it.

Samuel just watched the scene and kept silent.

Ella stared at Catherine and then Emma, "You played hard to gang up to set me up."

"What are you talking about? The evidence is in front of you. There's nothing you can argue about." Catherine lowered her head to pick up the broken recorder on the ground so she could hide her feelings.

Emma also assisted her at the right time, "Sam, is it worth to protect such a calculating woman?"

After hearing that, Ella smiled faintly. She looked at the man who had no expression on his face, and walked over.

She only cared about his opinion now, and nothing else mattered. "Sam, do you believe me?"

The room was quiet again. Everyone was waiting for Samuel's reply.

"You asked me today what would happen if you deceived me. Were you referring to this?" He has always believed in evidence, and now Catherine brought evidence...

Did he mean to believe the two sisters? Ella felt her heart ache.

She really wanted to fly into a temper, but the man in front of her was Sam, she could not...

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Ella took a deep breath and looked at Catherine: "Bring the waiter here. I want to confront him in person." She could not simply let them wrong her like that.

If this time she let Emma and Catherine get away with it, then there would be a second and a third time, till finally Samuel no longer believed in her.

Catherine put down the broken recording device onto the table and scornfully looked at Ella: "You have scared him away. The last time we found him, he was just hurrying towards the train station. I think only you can tell where he is now!"

Ella could not help but clap her hands for Catherine and then she raised her arm and slapped her in the face: "Smack!" The force was so strong that Catherine's face turned to the other side. She was utterly shocked.

"Come here." Samuel took Ella by the hands and pulled her towards his side. She apparently had lost control of herself. What if Catherine sues her for assault?

Catherine charged herself towards Ella but Samuel pulled Ella away in time. Catherine did not manage to get her.

"Sam, how could you bully my sister like this?" Emma got out of the ward bed and confronted Samuel with anger.

It was quite intense in the ward now. They were facing each other like two opposing teams.

Samuel cast a cold glance at the restless Catherine and thought to himself that as long as he was present, no one should ever hurt Ella.

"You come here now and apologize to Emma." He pulled Ella out from behind him and addressed her as if she was a mischievous child.

"Why should I apologize to her?" Ella's unruliness made Samuel's head ache.

He put his arm around her shoulder and said: "You apologize when you are in the wrong!" He did not wish to stay here any longer. He just wanted to solve the issue and leave asap.

Ella was not sure whether to feel happy or sad about Samuel's attitude.

If she really did what she was accused of, Samuel's attitude would actually move her.

But the truth was, she didn't do it! "I did nothing wrong, I refuse to apologize." It was obvious that she should not apologize for something she did not do!

Emma and Catherine, these two women were her enemies! From now on, she would not let them bully her anymore! She would not let that happen again!

"Ella!" His tone was now harsh but he still sounded like a father educating a young child.

Emma was clear now that Samuel did not want to pin any blame on Ella at all. Even if he admitted that Ella was in the wrong, he would probably let her get away with a simple apology.

"I don't accept her apology!" Emma uttered her refusal.

Samuel really hated staying here and wasting time. When he was about to say something, Ella made her move.

She reached towards Emma and scratched her face with her nails.

"Ah!" Emma shrieked in pain and Catherine quickly stepped up to check her wounds.

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Samuel was speechless. What was wrong with his wife? How come she turned into a cat like that? "Ella, apologize to Emma now." Samuel's tone was now extremely cold.

Ella threw away Samuel's hand and dashed out of the ward. There was no way in hell she would apologize!

Samuel rubbed his painful temples as he watched Ella storm out. Then he turned around and said to the other two women: "I am sorry. I do apologize on behalf of my wife. Emma, you'd better dress your wound. I will cover all the medical expenses."

Then he left the ward and chased after Ella who was long gone.

"Sis. "This Ella was pushing it too far. She actually scratched your face!" Catherine looked at the tiny wound on Emma's face and exclaimed in an exaggerated way.

Emma rubbed her painful face and pressed the button to call for a doctor and some professional help.

She quickly restored her calmness and sat down on the ward bed. She said in a peaceful voice: "This Ella wench, I will not forgive her."

What crossed her most was Samuel's attitude. It was obvious that he was protecting her all the time. What spell did Ella cast that made the righteous Samuel blindly favor her all the time?

"Sis, you are such a push-over. Ella was already walking over you and yet you acted like nothing have happened." Catherine's tone sounded quite anxious. Emma raised her eyes and cast a glance at her direction.

"How come you hate Ella more than I do?" "Did you two have some issues before?"

Catherine realized she was over-reacting, so she took a deep breath to cover up her anxiety: "I don't like her because she was standing in the way of your happiness. Moreover, when she was an intern with me, she was overbearing."

Her explanation made Emma less confused.

A nurse walked in with a medical trolley. She used medical alcohol to clean Emma's wound.

"Ouch..." "Go easy!" Emma unhappily scolded the nurse.

This was an exclusive ward and the patients reside here were all sort of VIP. The nurse apologetically cleaned her would and said: "I am sorry but please bear with me."

"Sis, let's charge that wench with physical assault" She would not reach inner peace if she could not get rid of Ella.

"Don't over-estimate yourself!" Emma was enduring the sharp pain from her face. She controlled herself from slugging off her cousin. She found Catherine was not clever enough to figure out the current situation.

No doubt Catherine was a skilled professional lawyer. However, If it were not for Emma, Catherine would not have been able to secure her job in Samuel's firm.

Catherine bit on her bottom lip and said: "But sis..." "Are you implying that Samuel will always fawn over her?" Yes, this was the only possibility.

"Of course." In the meantime, the nurse tidied up the scene and walked out of the ward.

Emma put the folder onto the table and continued: "Samuel's capability was outstanding and Ella is his legally-wedded wife, do you seriously think he will let you sue his wife and win the case?" Besides, all these are irrelevant to the feelings.

Catherine stopped talking. She was a little bit daft when compared with her cousin.

The ward went quiet. The two women no longer talked as they both had something on their minds.

Since her feet was not hurt, when she rushed out, she took a cab and left.

When Samuel reached the road side, she was already out of sight.

He tried to reach her via mobile phone but she turned off her phone already. Samuel was so angry that he almost wanted to give up on her. When her beautifully little face came to his mind, Samuel could not just sit aside and do nothing.

He returned to their apartment and it was dark inside. It seemed she had not yet returned home.

Then there must be only one possibility: she went to the Lowell villa instead.

Samuel quickly dialed Melody's number: "What's up, granny?" He sent his greetings first.

"It's you! How rarely you call me!" Melody replied with sarcasm.

Samuel sat on the sofa with mixed feelings: "Granny, how's Jerry?" He missed his son as well.

"Your son was playing."

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"Well! "Is my wife with you now?"

Melody was delighted to hear that Samuel referred Ella as his wife. However, she replied: "No. What's going on?" "Did you have a fallout?"

"No." "Everything is fine. She mentioned that she was going to visit Jerry at your place. I thought she already arrived." Samuel made something up and was being evasive on this topic.

He continued to dial Ella's number but still had no luck.

Just then, his phone went off. The caller was Harry.

"Harry, what's up? You miss me?" He answered the phone in a teasing tone. Meanwhile he made up his mind that he was going to search for his wife.

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"I miss my wife" said Harry. This kind of conversation always confused Samuel. Why would he call him when he missed his own wife?

Before Samuel could even have a chance to speak, Harry complained to him disapprovingly: "When I just found my wife, yours had already asked her out." She had left him alone again.

Oh. Now Samuel was feeling more relieved.

"Where did they go? I'll go right now and pick up my wife. I need to speak with her!" He now got up from his chair where he was sitting and left the apartment.

Harry told him about the place where the two had planned on going. Samuel frowned for a bit, got in the car and firmly pressed his foot on the accelerator and drove to where he said.

On his way there, when he passed by a shopping mall, Samuel pondered for a moment at the sight of it, parked his car on the side of the road and entered one of its shops.

Ten Minutes Later

He put a small black leather box into one of his pockets and started to drive again to where his wife was.

At the Twilight Bar.

The two women sat in a quiet corner of the bar.

They ordered two cocktails and started chatting with one another.

"So, what's up?" asked one of them. Lola took a sip of her cocktail and curiously looked at the woman gulping her drink on the other side of the table.

Ella drank half a glass of cocktail breathlessly and only after put the glass down on the table and started speaking: "Lola, do you know how suffocating it can be to be with a man who doesn't love you?" Ella started to unburden herself of her secrets.

"But I saw that the two of you were just fine the other day" replied Lola. Samuel had just bought her a mansion, and this was only just two days ago. What had happened between them in the meanwhile?

Ella drank the other half of the cocktail and ordered the waiter to bring her another one.

She admired Lola so much and the vitality she evoked with her red, blushing cheeks. "It was because of his ex-girlfriend, and something also happened, too..." Ella told her friend the whole story.

Lola was confused. "Didn't Samuel show that he loved you and trusted you by buying you that house? What are you now so angry about?" Samuel sounded to be better than her Harry. He absolutely trusted his ex-girlfriend at that time.

But she wouldn't believe that. She would go back and "torture" him a little more tonight.

By now, Ella had finished two cocktails, but was still sober. She waved her hand and then shrugged it off in the air: "If he did trust me, he wouldn't force me to apologize."

She was too fixated on her cocktail that she didn't notice someone was standing just behind her. But

Lola saw him and quickly winked at her to stop. But Ella didn't understand her warning, and kept on talking.

"Samuel doesn't believe me. Do you know how much I want to punch him in the face? If he was not the one I love, I would not only beat up that Catherine and Emma, but also punch him straight too!"

"Do you know how much I can't stand him anymore? Just because I like him, and I do like him, every day, in front of him, I behave like I'm his timid sheep."

"Do you know how bitter that feels? So many times I was this close to flipping the table and walking straight out the door. But I let it all pass and go just for him."

"Holy shit, it feels like I'm going to explode some of these days! And I'm afraid that I'll start beating all of them up if everything keeps going more worse."

"Why, Lola? Why are you also kicking me and blaming me? You know what? That Emma just wanted to make up with Sam. She even tried to seduce Sam at the hotel we were. When I first saw them kissing, I really wanted to stab them... an adulterous husband and a filthy whore. But I had to leave just with my wounded heart..."

Samuel raised his thick eyebrows when he heard what Ella had just said. Was this little woman finally showing her true character?

"I am so miserable! Do you see now what I had to sacrifice for love?"

"I see." A sudden male voice was heard around them, but Ella didn't take notice of it.

"Of course! It's too damn hard for me! Lola, you do understand me a lot." Ella cheerfully took hold of Lola's hands on the bar table, looking at her with affectionate eyes filled with care.

Lola was, indeed, a little embarrassed now. She pulled out a hand and pointed at the man behind her: "Your husband."

"My husband? Don't even mention him. He must be in the hospital now, making out with that Emma whore. And poor Lola has to listen to the even poorer Ella complaining about everything wrong in her life." Damn, how sad she was!

A diamond glittered in the light of the bar, and then she saw a huge diamond flung in front of her face.

"Lola? A diamond... It's raining diamonds out here!" Ella patted Lola's hand again with cheerfulness. Lola took a look at the flush on Ella's face, and then helplessly rubbed on her forehead. It was obvious that Ella was now totally wasted by the cocktails she had drank!

"That wasn't a diamond that fell from the sky...Your husband gave it to you."

After Lola told her about the diamond, a man's voice whispered to Ella's ear: "Your husband bought a diamond ring for you, do you like it?"

When Ella heard Samuel's voice again, she now finally reacted. She sobered up a little, and stood up from the place she was sitting in the corner.

This time she saw Samuel holding a diamond ring, standing next to her.

"Heh, heh, Sam..." Spoke Ella with embarrassment. What did she just say earlier! Did she speak ill of her dear Sam?

Samuel took her by her hand and put the diamond ring on her finger. Ella looked at him, shocked: "Hon, are you still angry at me?" Speaking these words, she felt a kiss fell on her thin white hand.

Ella almost burst into tears with joy and shook her head in disbelief.

A ring, a diamond ring... Oh my...Her dear Sam just gave her a diamond ring... Ella sobbed, threw herself into Samuel's arms, and began to cry.

Lola just sat there, discreetly covered her mouth with her hands, and laughed at them. She spoke with some pretended discontent to her: "Ella, so now you've asked me out to see your public display of affection."

Samuel smiled at this too. He held the sobbing little woman in his arms and turned to Lola: "Thanks a lot, sister. I'll take you back now to your love nest, right back into the loving arms of Mr. Lewis."

Lola rolled her eyes as she heard these words. "No, thanks, I can go home myself, " she replied. But a tall and distinguished man appeared in her sight even before her words ended.

With a deep sigh, she began to wonder since when had Harry begun to be so clingy.

She had been out for only less than an hour, and here he was again, out looking for her.

"All right, all right, don't cry." Samuel comforted the sobbing little woman in his arms a little, took out a tissue from the table and handed it to her.

Ella wiped away the tears and finally stopped crying.

"Hon." However loud the music in the bar was, it still couldn't cover up Harry's gentle voice..

Lola waved at Harry: "Hello to you too, Boss Lewis."

"You naughty girl!" replied Harry. Harry held Lola tight in his arms, and laid a kiss on her gentle lips.

Ella was stunned by this scene of public love show and kept her eyes on them with interest. At the glance of this scene, Samuel was very dissatisfied to see Ella gazing at Lola and Harry instead of him. He forced her back to look at him.

"Let's go home. And let's talk more to each other at home."

Ella nodded sluggishly. If her Sam said they had to go home, they would go home.

"See you later, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis." Samuel waved at them, and then left the bar, holding Ella tight in his arms.

Harry and Lola stayed there for a while. Soon, Lola couldn't stand anymore the glances that Harry was receiving from all the women nearby and they left the bar.

In the Apartment

Samuel pressed Ella down on the sofa, nipped her nose and asked: "Do you like the ring?" He asked about the ring on her finger that he had just bought for her as a surprise.

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Alcohol had now dulled Ella's senses. She giggled like stupid: "I like it...But I like my Samuel more." She was so happy and reassured now! Her Samuel had bought her a diamond ring!

She was so excited! What should she do now?

"Are you still mad at me?" She was holding his neck tight in her arms. Ella promptly shook her head.

Her Samuel was so handsome. She couldn't help but kissing his thin, gentle lips.

This little woman. Didn't she have the patience at least to let him ask her a couple of questions? Samuel didn't notice that a gleam of love that came into her eyes.

Needless to say, they spent the whole romantic night together.

At the crack of dawn, Samuel carried Ella from the living room to the bathroom and into the hot tub, and simply washed her body. After that they fell asleep in each other's arms.

Later on, in the morning, Ella turned over comfortably in the bed and prepared to go back to sleep.

The room was too quiet. When she opened her eyes she found out that she was alone in the bedroom. Samuel had already got up. She found the alarm clock near the bedside table, and it was now half past nine.

Ella quickly got up from bed at once. Today was the day that Samuel would represent Emma's company in court. The trial must have already started, but at that time she was still at home, sleeping.

Ella smacked her forehead in frustration. Why didn't Samuel wake her up?

Nevertheless, that Emma woman would certainly be there. She thought that she would better go directly to the company.

She noticed the diamond ring on her finger and remembered what had happened last night.

With a smile on her face, she stroked the ring back and forth. So last night wasn't a dream after all.

After she washed herself quickly, Ella stood in front of the dresser, looking at the hickeys Samuel left on her neck. Ella flushed as she saw them. She opened a closet to take out a silk scarf to cover the traces of last night's love.

When Ella arrived at the company, Anna followed Samuel to the courtroom. Today, Samuel didn't assign any work to Ella, so she went to the library straight after she videochatted with Melody and her son.

When she arrived, there were very few people in the library. Ella found a few books about case studies, picked a quiet corner in the library, sat down and started reading.

Ella hadn't slept that well last night. Soon she began to feel drowsy.

She didn't even notice when someone sat down opposite of her.

Ella suddenly woke up as the book fell from her hand to the ground. When she picked up the book, she then saw the man that was seated in front of her.

"Hello, Miss Leonard" spoke the man.

Ella looked puzzled at the man that spoke to her. She remembered that his name was Rake. But, wasn't he a lawyer? Why did he always come to read here?

"Hello." Ella replied formally, stood up and prepared to leave.

Drake smiled when he noticed that she was trying to avoid him; "So, Miss Leonard hasn't been a bit worried that Mr. Lowell represented his ex-girlfriend at court?" As he expected, Ella stopped.

Her tone became more severe: "Whatever is to worry about? There are so many people out there. Perchance they will do something out of line in public?" Who the hell was this man? She could feel that he was trying to approach her on purpose and with an interest in mind.

Ella searched her memory, but couldn't remember his full name. She was certain that she only had met him here, in the law office, and was certain she hadn't seen him anywhere before.

"Indeed, but it's so unfair for Miss Lowell that Mr. Leonard should fight with fervor for his ex-girlfriend's case."

Ella was not stupid to misunderstand that this guy was trying to alienate Samuel from her.

"Who are you?" She looked back at him, eyes fixed on his. He certainly didn't look like a nice person at all, keeping a sinister grin on his face.

Drake didn't mind at all that Ella had already known his intention. He stood up from the chair he was sitting in and spoke: "Emma's birthday is coming up soon. As I know, every year, on the 25th day of the 9th lunar month, Samuel used to take her to the University of Finances in Uthana I wonder if Samuel will take her ...this year." He paused deliberately for a moment and then left.

But this was enough for Ella to understand what he meant with those words.

It was funny that Emma shared the same date of birth as her. She took out of her purse her phone, opened the calendar and counted the exact days remaining. It was only two dozen days away.

This would be her first birthday celebration since her marriage to Samuel. Whom would he be with on that date? Ella wasn't too hopeful.

And there was an even sadder thing that she thought of. Perhaps Samuel didn't even remember her birthday.

She had to admit to herself that the man's words did have an effect on her.

Even though she knew that he did it on purpose just to annoy her, she still couldn't get it out of her mind.

At Noon

All Samuel's cases were the focus of the media.

And this one, too. He was so famous, that all of his clients had to make an appointment half a year in advance if they wanted Samuel to defend them at court.

But this particular case was an exception. It was favored and inserted specially into his schedule. So when Samuel and Emma appeared, the journalists besieged them at once with questions.

Samuel was also a public figure in the country and had been photographed by nosy journalists before, when he was in a relationship with Emma.

But now he was married to Ella, and all of this was watched by the eyes of the public.

So, in their questions, no one paid any attention to the progress of the case Emma was in. Instead, they dug for juicy news about the two of them. Questions were coming from left and right.

"Mr. Lowell, how did you feel when you walked into the court with your ex-girlfriend?"

"Miss Reynolds, your company is in the United States. You have travelled a great distance to seek help from Mr. Lowell. Is there something we don't know?"

"Mr. Lowell, it's said you undertook the case in advance because Miss Reynolds is your ex-girlfriend. Are you getting back together any soon?"

"Does Mrs. Lowell know anything about it?"

"It's said that you and Mrs. Lowell have never been seen together in public other than commuting to work together and business. Do you think the two of you have divorced in all but name?"

'It is said that Mrs. Melody is taking care of your son now. Does it mean that the child isn't a fruit of love? Don't you like your child, Mr. Lowell? And what about Mrs. Lowell, does she at least like the child?'

...

One sharp question after another. All were the questions coming from nowhere and with no basis to them whatsoever., Samuel's indifferent face turned colder and colder with indignation.

He stopped and looked at a female reporter who mentioned the child in her question. "By the looks of your age, you must be a mother of several children. Don't you like your child?"

All eyes were now fixed on the female reporter, who was in her early twenties, and was, of course, completely unlikely to have given birth to any kids.

When Samuel spoke in that cold manner, the abashed reporter almost cried. She wasn't even married yet. Where was the baby from? She had nerves: "Mr. Lowell, as a lawyer, you must know the consequences of slander."

"Then do you know the consequences of slander and peeping into other's private life? Believe it or not, I can sue you right now," said Samuel, aggressively and ruthlessly.

The female reporter's eyes were now filled with tears. She sobbed and ran away from the scene.

The journalists had by now started to understand. Samuel was protecting his child.

So now they got another breakthrough: "Mr. Lowell, we now believe you really love your child. But you didn't say a thing in your wife's defense when we were talking about your wife. Does that mean you acquiesced?"

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"Yeah. Mr. Samuel, you don't seem to want to breathe a word about matters concerning your wife. Does this have something to do with Ms. Reynolds?"

...

Emma, who was next to Samuel, was completely silent. She was also expecting his answer now.

Samuel wouldn't even bother talking to the hateful media: " Why should I need to answer something out of thin air? The relationship between me and my wife is between only the two of us and it's our privacy. Your so-called media is openly and shamelessly snooping into others' privacy. Does this comply with your professional journalistic ethics?"

His reply further intensified the media's questions on the matter of his relationship to his wife.

"Mr. Samuel, are you red with anger since you are caught red-handed?"

"Yes, Mr. Samuel. Since you are a public figure, we're just asking the question out of a mutual concern."

Stopping before the car, he replied with calm: "I am a lawyer, not your wild entertainment! Please lay your attention on my work, and not on my life." Then he reached his car with his team, and then slowly rushed out of the crowd and left.

Not long after his leave, this video fired up on the internet and became viral.

All journalists bashed his actions and replies but didn't dare go too far with them, given his status of lawyer.

Netizens, however, gave strong support to his each and every move. They commented actively in the East Star News Official page.

"Mr. Samuel is right. He went to court for work and you journalists were clenching at his personal privacy. No professional ethics whatsoever!"

"I support Mr. Samuel to charge and drive into court all of these journalists!"

"To pick on a child that's only a few months old! Where are your ethics?"

"Good job, Mr. Samuel! That's rather impressive!"

"Samuel is so cool. I want to have a baby with him!"

...

Those journalists were trolled as being only good-for-nothing. All of them wanted to die when they read the comments.

Some journalists who had just reposted this news were also attacked by netizens. Therefore, they had to delete their microblogs.

Ella's Weibo was also dug out. She has never used Weibo since she quit the entertainment business.

It had been over a year since she had last used her weibo, but now it was dug up and tagged over and over again.

Netizens supporting Samuel made comments under her Weibo, wishing them happiness.

Ella was baffled because her cellphone was now ringing hundreds of thousands of times without end.

She eventually found out that it was because the long-ago closed Weibo account.

When she opened it again, she was surprised to see 999 private messages in her inbox. What happened?

Similar situations happened only when she was still an actress. Now that she had disappeared for over a year from the screen, what was the cause?

But by then she had already figured it out that, thanks to none-other than Samuel, she was being tagged again on Weibo.

Many people sent her private messages. Most of them were blessings, while others were just insults and abuses.

She finally understood what had really happened only after seeing the viral video.

Samuel in the video was in a black suit and a white shirt, standing confidently before the cameras.

Beside him was Emma with a professional smile. She wore makeup to cover her red rashes on her face. She was listening to journalists' questions, wearing the same expression.

However, Samuel's face turned freezing cold when he heard someone mentioning his son. She had never seen Samuel's face like that before.

How immoral these journalists were with their indecent questions! It was so disgusting to pry into other people's privacy.

"Look, we were happy! You could tell from my diamond ring" she thought.

Smirking, Ella took a photo of her diamond ring.

She also selected a picture of her son's during his tummy time and posted them altogether.

Now that they were so interested, she would give them a solid reply. Similar situations could thus be avoided to ease Samuel's burden with the case.

"Thank you for your attention. We are fine."

Ella suddenly flung herself in the public after nearly a two year break from social media.

Her microblog was like a smack straight in the face of those despicable journalists.

Many fans called on her to return back to the entertainment business. Although she wanted, she still needed to discuss this matter in detail with Samuel.

Lola also reposted her microblog and wrote "Mr. and Mrs. Lowell". Then she added three hearts following it.

Lola was busy with charity work recently and had established a good image in the public domain.

Reposting Ella's microblog, much more netizens saw it and sent their blessings to Ella.

While Ella was still absorbed in the weibo, Samuel came back to the office, followed by both by Emma and Anna.

Anna laid the documents she was carrying on the office table and then left.

"Sam, you are back." Ella was lying indifferently on the sofa. She jumped on Samuel as soon as she saw him enter.

Samuel took her and kissed her on the forehead, "Why didn't you rest at home today?" he asked. Instead of feeling fatigued, she looked energetic and full of life. Didn't he work hard enough already?

She let go off of Samuel's neck and he walked towards the office table. "How about tomorrow? I want to see our son tomorrow." She missed her little Jerry so much.

"Well, all right."

They acted like no one was watching, and this gave Emma an impulse to run dashing out the door.

Hatred was growing in her heart and she was tightly grasping her fists with anger.

Ella admitted that she did this on purpose in front of her. Who permitted that this woman would always impose herself on her husband? Darn it!

Samuel casually discussed official business with Emma. Ella felt bored and looked at them from aside.

Her cellphone was still ringing. She had to turn off the phone's notification sound when she reactivated the weibo.

Ella was absorbed in her chat with Lola, and Samuel asked Anna to arrange a lunch for Emma.

"Don't bother. I feel bored all by myself. May I have lunch with you?" She said this very smoothly and naturally. Ella was now confused. How thick-skinned this woman was

Was she asking for trouble?

Samuel glanced at Ella and asked her: "Honey, what do you think?"

... Emma now looked paler and paler. She closed her fists tightly again. How could he possibly hurt her like that!

Ella seemed worried and said: "Dear, I don't feel like eating when there are other people around."

Her words suddenly changed the air in the office.

Samuel gave her a reproachful look, but didn't say a word. His wife was always right.

Emma smiled with a slight broken heart. She no longer wanted to stay defiant: "Well, Samuel, I'll dine out alone then." Even Ella couldn't bear the wounded look on her face.

As expected, she clearly saw something in Samuel's eyes. But it disappeared soon enough. She wasn't sure whether it was sadness or pity.

Emma's response could easily led to people interpreting Ella's behavior as being unreasonable. And there was also Samuel's ambiguous emotion, which made Ella very uncomfortable.

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As she stood up, Emma overheard Ella asking Samuel : "Did you hear what I spoke to Lola last evening?" She did not know what she had said yesterday until she asked Lola again.

Recalling what she "backbit" on him yesterday, Samuel nodded with smile.

Ella flushed and felt a little more at ease. However, she felt glad that she didn't have to hide some of her feelings anymore.

She stood up from the couch, walked straight to Emma, pointed at Emma's nose tip and said to her: "Stop playing innocent. Haven't you recognized your position yet?"

What she said did not make Emma feel any more pain. But the big diamond ring put on Ella's finger was, indeed, a pain in her eyes.

At the first sight of the ring, which was a gift from Samuel to Ella, Emma could not restrain her tears any longer.

She did not mean to cry this time.

"Why are you crying? Did I bully you?" Ella looked domineering right then. It seemed that, indeed, she was bullying Emma.

On seeing this, Anna discreetly left the office.

And Samuel eyed Ella, half angry and half laughing. He sighed and stood up. "Enough, it's only lunch and, after all, why bother so much with this?"

Both ladies did not know to whom he talked to. But, in their eyes, he was talking to himself.

"Samuel, it's true, I am your ex. But how can you allow her to humiliate me like this?" Emma took a tissue out of her bag and wiped out her tears. Her eyes were red.

Humiliate her? Ella sneered. Who the hell was Emma? The director in the head office of the Channel International Magazine Company!

Ella had made her inquiries on Emma. Emma was an iron woman at work and was also particularly strong in her character.

How could Ella manage to humiliate an iron woman like her?

Emma was now just playing weak and innocent in front of Samuel. And by now, Ella wanted to scratch out her crying face.

"Are you saying that I am making a fuss out of nothing?" Ella was now so angry that she even glowered at Samuel.

Emma looked at Ella, and suddenly a thought came flying into her mind. She brewed and stirred her emotion for a while, and sobbed while speaking: "We were lovers way before he ever met you. If it were not for the fact that grandma objected to us being together, you would never get the ghost of a chance to be with him in your lifetime." Besides, Samuel always keeps his nose clean. How on Earth did you manage to get pregnant with him?"

This question was well-thought, and it was to be asked only when Samuel was around to hear it. She did not know how Ella had explained it to Samuel. But she had already made investigations on this matter and the truth was starting to take shape and surface.

Ella's confidence was destroyed by Emma's last question in an instant, and she even began starting to tremble a bit.

Samuel looked down, thinking, pondering on what he just heard. On the night of Harry's wedding, he was taken to the hotel by his driver.

How did Ella appear in his room that night? He had asked her about it in later times and she had replied that it was all a mere coincidence. They met in the hotel corridor that night and she was dragged by him into his room.

He was really drunk at that time. And he bought her story altogether.

He had never thought about it again since then. But thus happened already, and it was no use thinking about it anymore.

"We don't need to explain this aspect to you." Ella tried to stop her trembling. She looked away and could barely make eye contact with Emma.

Samuel massaged the spot between his eyebrows and shouted: "Enough! Emma, stop looking for trouble. The past is past. Let it go."

He was too busy working his legal matters to have the time to think of affairs like this.

Looking for trouble? Emma was bitterly disappointed. The man she had once known changed so fast.

Emma now gave a fierce stare to Ella, who was now relieved. She had handled her emotions with grace. She resumed her former elegant stance, and walked out of the office.

The office door was slammed behind her. Ella looked at Samuel who was obviously sad, and said: "Honey, I won't come to your office anymore before this case is closed. Is that alright? "

Samuel seemed to hear some of her unspoken words, and said: "No, I will keep my distance with her." He did not want his present life to be influenced by his former lover anymore.

Everything was now fine. He was completely satisfied with Ella and how things were turning out.

Ella slightly bit her lip, resisted the urge to cry, and nodded. How about telling him the truth right now?

"Big brother Simon..." Hardly had she called out his name when someone knocked at the door.

... ..

The lawyer David, who had been trained by Samuel, came in for him. Ella went to get two cups of water.

A cup of water served by Mrs. Lowell! David felt flattered: "Thank you so much, Mrs. Lowell."

"You are most welcomed" -

Her mind was clogged with the events that had just happened and could barely hear Anna calling out her name.

Anna had to get closer to her to be heard: "Ella, Ella..."

"Oh, oh?" Ella finally reacted: "What? What happened, Anna? "

Anna could not stop laughing when she saw the confusing look on Ella's face. But when she remembered of Ella's big brother, her smile vanished almost instantly. "Can you get in touch with Eason?"

"My big brother?" Ella was puzzled. She looked at Anna who seemed now to be angry. What had happened? "I haven't contacted my brother in almost a week."

When he was composing, Eason was unreachable. It wasn't strange at all to be out of touch with him even for a whole month.

Anna's face darkened, and replied: "Nothing" Such a jerk. He must be avoiding her.

"Anna, what happened really?" Ella was concerned. What was going on between her brother and Anna?

Anna looked at Ella, thinking about whether to tell her about it or not.

Eason was such a jerk wanting to play her. If he wanted to avoid seeing her, she would never concede to that!

Anna gnashed her teeth, took Ella to the front of french window nearby, and began: "Your big brother has deflowered and discarded me."

She knew that her big brother was a playboy, but she never expected to hear it coming from Anna's mouth.

Anna repeated when she saw the confusing look on Ella's face: " Your big brother has deflowered and discarded me." Damn Eason. She felt angry with herself when she recalled that night.

On the night of Chuck's wedding, something that should not have happened did happen in one of the hotel's rooms.

And on the next morning, Eason vanished to thin air and abandoned her.

She talked with Ella about it, hoping that her parents would find Eason. She had to be given an explanation.

Ella kept a hold of the handrail, stunningly looking at Anna, who was now more casual and calm. Eason and Anna... Slept together.

After a while, Ella started: "Anna, don't worry. He'll be sorry if he abandons you. I'm calling my father to get him back from France." Then she took her mobile phone out of her bag and started calling.

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Anna looked at Ella and remained speechless. Sister-in-laws? An abandonment crime? Abandonment referred to the crime relating to parents abandoning their children or children abandoning their parents or by not supporting them in any way.

Eason was at worst a rapist or a man who cheated on women's feelings.

But the goal she had in mind had now been accomplished, and she would leave the rest up to Ella.

Anna heard Ella get on the phone and exaggerating: "Dad! I've got something important to tell you!" After her phone call, she came back to the assistants' office.

Five Minutes Later

Ella grasped her phone in her hand and was running to Anna: "Ann! Ann! Oh! No! Sister! Sister!" Her disturbed voice made her words sound incoherent.

She took Anna by her hand and pulled her to a more private, discreet place where they could talk: "Mom said that dad had booked a plane ticket and that if you are pregnant, you must come to our home. My parents will be fully responsible for you. Oh! No! My brother will take this responsibility upon him!"

She was going to have a sister-in-law! Ella was so happy now!

Pregnant? An odd grimace struck on Anna. How could she be pregnant? She wasn't a child anymore, and she had definitely known how to take her morning after pills.

Anna had just wanted Eason to give her a reason for his leave. She wanted to ask why he was avoiding her now, and more than this, she wanted to know why he was avoiding her now.

She never thought of making Eason responsible for any of this, and now she just nodded absently to Ella's excited words.

Jenny visited their company in the afternoon.

Samuel was not there, and Ella was in the office, busy printing some documents for him.

When her mother was downstairs, she ran down the stairs to pick her up.

Ella settled Jenny into the office, went out, and called Anna in.

Anna looked confused when she saw the lady sitting in sofa, and even frightened when Jenny started to talk with her.

"Mom finally found you, my dear daughter!" She had been looking for her daughter-in-law for more than 30 years! Jenny was so excited that she almost cried out when she took Anna's hands, who was so pretty and capable in her eyes now.

Her son was finally getting married, and she could now finally be relieved of the burden of an unwed son.

Er.....r.... Ella and Anna watched the scene with slight awkwardness. "Mom, calm down a bit. You've frightened Ann."

Anna's hands were still held tight by Jenny: "Mrs. Bennet..." said Anna awkwardly. Eason's mother was so passionate about her. She was almost overwhelmed with emotion.

Jenny calmed down a little. She patted Anna's white little hands, and guaranteed her: "Ella told me what had happened between you and my son. If Eason dares to abandon you, I'll break his legs with my own hands!" While hearing her speak these words, Jenny started gnashing her teeth, Anna was confused when she saw that now Jenny was so serious. Wasn't this Eason a casanova? Did neither one of his previous lovers ever come back to him before her?

Or did Jenny react like all of the other women Eason had sex with?

Ella looked at her mother sitting on the couch, and thought of Viola. Why couldn't she meet a mother-in-law who liked her this much?

Jenny then started talking a lot to Anna. She reluctantly left the law firm after she had confessed to her tons of important things.

At night, Ella got a phone call from Samuel. Samuel told her that he would have a business dinner tonight, and that she would have to go back home alone, on her own.

She decided to get a good night's rest and visit their old house the following day and spend it with her son.

Samuel did not return home until nearly midnight. The bedroom door was strongly pushed open and Ella woke up.

She looked at the time. It was almost twelve o'clock now. Sitting up in bed, this time she noticed that Samuel was walking unsteadily and was off balance.

She could smell the wine on him a mile away. "Are you drunk?" Ella jumped out from the bed and held him in her arms.

When Samuel saw her, he immediately embraced her and kissed her gently on her lips.

The strong smell of wine made Ella a little uneasy. Oh, my god! He had drunk too much!

She pushed away the man that was now hugging her: "Sam, you're dead-drunk. I'll make you some soup to sober you up."

She helped Samuel to the bed laid him down on it, and then immediately went to the kitchen to get his soup ready.

When she came back, Samuel was lying on the bed, head askew, sleeping.

She put the soup on the table and gently nudged him, "Sam, wake up. Have some soup."

But by then she felt that she was pulled by a great force and staggered back into Samuel's arms. Samuel held her so tight.

"Emma..." he whispered. That name, when she heard it, was like a lightning bolt, and it stroke Ella like thunder in her ears.

She laid so stiff, rigid in his arms. She heard it right, what he said was... Emma.

So Emma still dwelt smowhere in the bottom of his heart. However hard he tried, he still could not forget her.

The room was now so quiet, and Samuel was sleeping like a baby. Ella didn't try to wake him up again.

Half an hour later, she pushed the man's arms away and calmly got out of bed. She took off his shoes and clothes, and then tried to push his whole body in bed.

It was a little past one o'clock in the morning after this toss and turn in bed. Ella went to the other side of the bed and lay down quietly with her back to Samuel.

When Samuel woke up the next morning, Ella wasn't beside him anymore.

The whole apartment was very quiet in the morning time, almost like it was empty. He rubbed his sore temples. He had met a few alcoholic partners last night and he had drunk too much, indeed.

He went out of the bedroom, looked around, and was sure enough no one was at home besides himself. Where was she?

He took out the phone to look at the time. It was already past 8 o'clock in the morning. He then tried calling Ella.

The call had been put through for a second, and then hung up. Samuel was a bit confused.

Did something happen last night? Then he called the office. The phone rang for a long while before someone finally picked it up.

It was Anna, not Ella. She told him that Ella hadn't arrived at the company today.

Ah, yes, he remembered now, Ella had told him that she would visit the old house today.

Samuel still felt a little dizzy. He had a brief wash in the bathroom to freshen up and then tried calling the old house.

He felt a little uneasy since he didn't know where she was.

Vivien answered the phone. Samuel was relieved when she told him that Ella was playing with their kid upstairs.

His naughty girl knew exactly how to make him worry. She didn't even tell him when and where she left.

Or... did he sleep too tight, too tight that she couldn't wake him up?

Samuel was so busy with the Channel case that he again didn't notice that there was something wrong with Ella.

It was only until three days later, when he returned to the empty apartment in the middle of the night, that Samuel started missing her presence. He then took out his cellphone and tried calling Ella several times. No answer.

By then realized something was wrong and started asking himself why Ella hadn't come back home for the past three days. She did not go to the company, either. But she knew that he was still working on the Channel case these days, and she seemed to be keen on keeping Emma away from him.

Why didn't she do anything all this time? She even allowed Emma to be with him for three whole days. Samuel wasn't that stupid to think that Ella had started to trust him.

He remembered sending her several WeChat messages in the last three days, but got no reply whatsoever. He thought that there must definitely be something wrong with Ella, and by now she was probably more than furious at him.

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Then why was she angry? She could not understand why she is acting like this. Samuel pondered about the other night before she was left. Perhaps it was because he drank too much alcohol? Maybe she does not like him when he drinks?

It couldn't be...

Samuel sent another Wechat message to Ella. He waited anxiously but she didn't reply.

So, Samuel did what he had to and made a call to Melody before seven the next morning.

"Darn, did you already forget how to make a phone call? Do you still think you were single, with no wife nor children? Know your responsibilities, Samuel." As the phone was put through, Melody scolded him from head to toe.

"Grandma, what happened?" Samuel looked at the empty apartment, feeling a bit uneasy and lonely.

"What happened? What did you do to make Ella angry?" Asked Melody in a disapproving tone.

A few days ago, Ella came back to their old house. She looked happy and was smiling but it looked a bit pretentious. Melody knew her very well and sensed something was wrong. She kept asking Ella if there was anything wrong, but Ella always tried to avoid the topic.

Samuel was more confused, "Put her on the phone, Grandma. She doesn't answer my messages." It was the first time a disagreement like this has happened between Ella and him, and he wanted to know the reason too. He wanted to fix this immediately. Every little moment without her is a torture.

After a while, he heard Melody talking to Ella. "Ella, this one is for you. Let me take care of the child first."

"Who is it, grandma?" Then he heard brisk footsteps. Someone took the phone, and hang up without saying anything.

..... Samuel looked at his phone, eyes widening in disbelief. His little woman had become bolder now. Not only did she not answer his phone call, but she also hung it up straight away. This is becoming surreal in a very bad way.

Samuel felt really uneasy. He decided to take it upon himself and left early that evening to visit Ella in the old house.

Jerry has not stopped crying right until dinnertime. Maybe he was that hungry. Ella anxiously fetched the milk powder, made the concoction, tested the temperature and fed the rubber nipple into Jerry's mouth. Jerry at once stopped crying.

Ella was relieved to see him happily drinking the milk. This little guy couldn't bear to be just a little bit hungry! But his smile and his cute smirks always take her pain and tiredness away.

She heard the door opened behind her. Ella didn't bother to look. "Grandma, he's hungry, and also looks a bit sleepy." Jerry almost fell asleep when he was drinking the milk, his eyes almost closing already.

But Melody didn't reply, and just walked to her.

"Grandma, he's got such a good appetite. He's been fed two or three times this already this afternoon.

He takes up lots of food and milk lately." She prepared two thirds of a bottle of milk every now and then, but Jerry seems not to have enough. Perhaps that was because he was a boy.

But the strange thing is Grandma did not even say a thing to reply to her. Ella looked back in confusion, and saw a tall, familiar figure.

Samuel appeared all of a sudden. Ella paused, but continued to hold her son in her arms. Her face remained expressionless. As if she had not seen him, she made it seem like she does not have any intention to talk to him.

At this moment, Samuel was so sure that his wife was angry. In the past, she would always approach him in a very cheerful and affectionate way.

"Hon." He sat down beside her, draping his arm over her shoulder.

Ella was feeding their child. She didn't shake off his hand, nor did she even respond with a simple nod.

In fact, all the anger that she tried so hard to repress has already been gone, and she didn't even feel upset.

Samuel did not hurry to ask what was the matter with her. He kissed her gently on the cheek and then squatted down in front of her and lovingly looked at the son in her arms.

Samuel squeezed her son's cute cheeks and felt all emotions come to him. Jerry opened his eyes when Samuel squatted down.

He was still drinking milk, slurping, his two big eyes rolling around, looking at his parents. Ella couldn't help kissing him on his cheek. He's so irresistibly cute.

And Samuel kissed him too on where she kissed.

Ella blushed at this sweet gesture. To hide her feelings, Ella put the milk bottle into Jerry's hands, and stood with Jerry in her arms.

She tried to walk away from Samuel.

With a few strides, Samuel stopped her from opening the door and took their son in his arms. "Wait for me here."

He took Jerry out of the bedroom, kissed him, and walked down the stairs.

Melody was pacing back and forth in the living room, trying to hear the couple's sentiments towards each other. Restless, she hurried to meet them when she saw Samuel brought Jerry down. "Why are you coming down so soon? Are both of you okay now?"

Samuel placed his son in his grandmother's arms. "Please take care of him for a while, Grandma. It's really uneasy when my son is there. I'll go back and talk to her." Then he turned back and went upstairs.

Melody looked worryingly, and urged him, "Do it nicely. Don't lose your temper."

"Sure, grandma." She knows that Samuel had a temper and he does not afford to get mad now.

In the bedroom

Ella was folding their son's newly dried clothes. She looked normal, but in fact, she was really nervous.

She was also so worried. She was overthinking so much lately.

The bedroom door quietly opened and she heard it being locked.

Samuel went to her, took the little garments of her son and laid them aside.

Pulling her into his arms, he kissed on her lips. He has been dying to do that for a while now.

However, Ella shoved him away. Then she sat beside her son's little crib, and continued folding his clothes.

Samuel touched his forehead in frustration. "What's the matter?" He half crouched down in front of her, and looked at her.

"Mr. Lowell, I will live with my son and raise him up by myself. I won't mess with you anymore, nor you with me." She wanted to end their relationship.

And it was also the first time that she called him Mr. Lowell. The formality almost took his hopes away. Samuel gently took their son's clothes away from her again and put them on the bed.

He brought her to her feet, holding her tightly. "You must tell me what I am convicted of before passing a sentence." Ella turned her face away, but he held her chin and made her look at him.

"What am I convicted of? What am I guilty of?" Ella smiled sarcastically, "Mr. Lowell, you are a top international lawyer. How dare I be so indiscreet as to demonstrate my crude skills in front of a master of the trade like you."

..... Samuel's patience was about to run out, "Out with it now. Or you will have to skip dinner tonight." Ella could read between the lines. She knew what he meant.

She blushed, but still remained a stubborn stance. "What now? So I'm not allowed to have even a morsel of food in Mr. Lowell's house? Are you that eager to kick me out?"

Samuel faked a straight face when he heard her cold words, "Ella, I'll give you a last chance."

Ella became more annoyed to see him become seemingly angry. How in the world could he be mad when this is his fault? She pushed him away. Samuel didn't expect that, falling directly onto the bed behind him.

Where did she get all that strength? Despite his shock, Samuel wore a playful smile on his face, "Well? Can't wait to take me to bed?" He liked that.

"Get out of here! Go out!" Exasperated, she grasped the pillow next to her and threw it on him.

Samuel grabbed the pillow and threw it on the floor. Then he took hold of her by the wrist and forcefull dragged her to bed.

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Then he rolled over and held her arms onto the bed so that she would not be able to move.

"Come on, what's wrong?" He was here to soothe her, but he... got used to having her. She has no come home for days. The apartment was lifeless and very uncomfortable.

Ella's eyes were filled with tears when she thought of what happened the other night. She looked into Samuel's eyes, "If you still like her...I won't be with you anymore." It's so damn hard to love someone. There will always be pain. It is always a risk to take.

Would Samuel know that her heart was in so much pain when she said that? She was so sad...

Tears ran down the corners of her eyes, and streamed down her smooth cheeks.

He kissed her gently on the corners of her eyes. Her tears tasted salty...but the thought of her consumed him. Emma had never cried when she was with him.

He has always thought that he liked strong women like Emma, But when he saw Ella's tears, he felt as if he did not have the heart to let her cry, nor did he dislike her. He just felt love.

He used to think that he would be very impatient in taking care of a delicate, crying woman.

But he found out he was wrong about that. Love makes you do things you haven't done before. He didn't feel irritated or impatient as he comforted her with everything he has.

And Ella just asked if he was still into Emma... He didn't know either, whether he still liked Emma. Maybe there was still a concern about her. All he knows is that he truly loves Ella.

"I have married you. You are my wife. I won't give up on you." He also thought at first that his marriage with Ella wouldn't last too long.

But now, he realized that he has loved the feeling of being with her. He is so much happier when he is with her.

He knew that she was always hiding her true colors from him. Maybe she was afraid that he would hate her real self, so she always tried to please him in every way she can.

She really didn't have to be so tired, because whatever her true character was, he would accept it. As long as she did not betray him or cheat him, he would treat her well and love her for the rest of their lives.

Ella shook her head, "I don't want a man holding me and thinking about other women, even calling her name."

He frowned at her words. Did he call Emma's name the night he was drunk? Oh, no. If that was true, he did not mean it.

If that was true, he could understand why she left without saying a word, her silent cold war with him, and that she said she wanted to quit...

"I'm sorry." He hugged her tightly and apologized.

Damn him for doing this to her.

Ella softened her stand when she heard his apology. It couldn't be helped, the person who fell in love first was always so humble and forgiving...

She might even feel low about herself, but couldn't help loving him.

In the quiet bedroom, the woman sobbed under her short breaths. Full of guilt, he held her tightly, apologizing to her again and again.

Ten minutes later, Ella was still crying. Samuel felt defeated. How come it's harder to pacify a woman than to fight hundreds of complicated lawsuits?

This would do. "I'm already getting ready for our wedding. How can you be my bride if you break and hurt your eyes by crying?" He wiped her teary eyes.

He said that to make her happy, but Ella cried even more. This is getting so difficult.

Her Samuel said he was preparing for their wedding. She was so happy. But she was also afraid that it might be too good to be true.

Samuel was stunned and was speechless for a while. How come she cried to that?

He changed his position, laid down beside her, took her in his arms, and asked anxiously, "Don't you want to marry me anymore?"

The woman rested her face in his arms and shook her head.

"Don't you want to marry me?" She already did.

She shook her head.

"Do you want to dump me?"

Ella shook her head again. Samuel rolled his eyes. A woman's heart was really hard to get. It's like looking for a needle at the bottom of the sea!

Three minutes later, Ella wiped her tears and sat up on the bed.

"Hubby, let's go downstairs."

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Samuel was impressed to see Ella looking completely normal with the exception of her reddish eyes.

Don't guess what a woman thinks; this phrase is so true! You guessed for nothing. What you thought was all wrong.

Samuel stood from the bed and led her to the door.

Ella paused, "Wait a minute, I have to wash my face." It would be strange to go downstairs like this.

Leaning on the door, he nodded and watched her enter the bathroom. Her curvy body getting the best out of him.

When they went back to the dining room, Vivien was already serving food on the table. Jerry had fallen asleep and was placed on a small bed they have prepared for him in the living room.

Melody looked at them with great concern when she saw them coming down together.

When she noticed Ella's eyes were red, she slapped at Samuel's arm, "You ungrateful little brat! How dare you bully your wife!" She would have shouted at Samuel only if her grandson is not sleeping.

Samuel stood his ground, motionless. Ella hurriedly pulled the angry Melody back, "Grandma, grandma, don't be angry. Samuel didn't bully me." Grandma was really nice to her! Just like her parents, Melody couldn't bear to see Ella hurt.

Looking at her granddaughter-in-law protecting her grandson in this way, Melody pointed at Samuel and said, "Look how thoughtful your wife is! Be more like her! Treat her nicely! You don't have any idea how lucky you are."

Samuel nodded cheerily and pulled Ella over by her shoulder, "As you command, grandma. And we will bring a great-granddaughter to you soon!" He wanted another daughter too.

Ella shyly tugged at the rim of his garments, and quietly protested, "How could you say that!"

Melody was satisfied, bursting into laughter, "That is my grandson. Good. I will forgive you this time. Come and have dinner." With that, she led Ella to the dining table.

Viola and Vincent were having a meeting some place in the city, so it was only them at home. The atmosphere was welcoming and it felt like home. And it was also the happiest time for Ella in this house. This was the first time that she has felt this happy and contented.

After dinner, the couple shopped in a nearby mall, taking their son with them.

Ella has been spending too little time with her son, so she bought him a lot of things to make up for it.

Samuel pretended to be a little bit sad because all he carried was all his son's stuff. He called back the little woman, pushing the shopping cart in front of him. "Ella."

"Yes?" She stopped and questioningly looked back at him.

Samuel walked to her, "You have two men by your side, and you have bought so many things for the little one who can't even walk...Where's mine?" He got nothing!

Oh! Ella got it now. "You've thrown away all the ties I bought for you last time... I'm afraid that you do not like my gifts..." In fact, she wanted to spoil him with many presents. But she has become so hesitant now. She does not know what he feels.

The expression on her face was so appealing that it made Samuel blush a little. "I won't do it anymore." He sincerely promised. Grandma is right. He is so lucky to have her.