

## **Wedded Bride 1141**

### Chapter 1141 Let Down His Guard

"Yes, I do." Warren didn't refuse because he didn't want all his efforts to go to waste.

"Take out the handcuffs, lock yourself, and throw the key away!" Duncan was getting to be more cautious than before.

Warren smiled and said, "You don't have to be so nervous. If we weren't intending on sparing you, my colleagues over there would have killed you. I just don't want to make this a big deal. I don't want to lose my job for losing the gun. Since this is my decision, there is absolutely no reason for me to deceive you."

"Cut the crap and do as I say." Duncan wasn't interested in what he had to say.

Although he felt that Warren wasn't lying, he couldn't afford to make any more mistakes now.

"Okay, I'll do as you say." Warren took out the handcuffs from his back pocket and threw the key to the handcuffs far away.

A moment later, they heard the key fall onto the ground. At the same time, Warren locked his hands tightly together. He raised his hand, shook it in front of Duncan and said, "Rest assured."

"Turn around and walk towards me."

"Okay." Warren frowned. He didn't expect that Duncan would be so cautious.

He couldn't see anything with his back to Duncan. There was no way he could tackle a man with a gun with his own hands cuffed.

He was pretty much a sitting duck in the current situation.

Despite his unwillingness, Warren did as he was asked.

"I will do whatever you want, but you must keep your promise as well. When you leave, you must leave the gun behind." Warren feared that Duncan might have caught his disappointed expression, so he used the same words to keep him calm.

"As long as you guarantee my safe escape, I will absolutely return your gun. You know, I can't leave Y City with this thing," Duncan said casually.

Warren was relieved. His response indicated that Duncan believed his proposal.

"Well, I believe you, and I hope you can believe me too," Warren nodded and walked slowly with his back to Duncan.

He walked slowly and glanced at Mark who was several dozen meters away.

Mark's expression didn't change at all. He was facing Duncan, so he couldn't show any emotion on his face.

But Warren smiled at Mark. The smile was as bright as the spring breeze in March, which worried Mark even more.

"Stop!" Duncan shouted and held Warren's neck tightly from behind. He said, "Don't move. Do as I say if you want to live. Got it?"

"Okay. As you can see, I am younger than you, my wife and children naturally need me more, so I will not take any risks. Just walk slowly and I will escort you out this way." Warren felt that the most effective way was to move him emotionally.

Although Duncan had said that Vivi was his mistress, it was undeniable that he was nice to her. He was probably a responsible man before all this happened. But this did not affect Warren's judgment on him.

There was a chance that he might feel sorry for his wife and children.

"Very well. Carry the suitcase and follow me." Duncan was pleased to hear that Warren was willing to fully cooperate. He pushed the suitcase forward and handed it to Warren once again.

"Okay." Warren took the suitcase. It was a little hard for him to push it because his hands were cuffed

together.

Although he was held close to Duncan, it was not easy to grab the gun from his hand in this position.

Since it didn't seem possible to break loose, he decided that it would be better if Duncan was taken away from his colleagues. Duncan might end up killing those innocent men by mistake if he brashly went for the gun without proper planning.

Since this was the result of Warren's negligence, it was up to him to end it on his own.

When he had come to this place, he had silently promised the leader and Sheryl that he would bring the children back safely. After all this mess, he was absolutely not allowed to make another fatal mistake.

"Don't follow me, or I'll kill him!" Every time Duncan took a step, Mark and the others followed him.

They were worried for Warren's safety.

Warren had joined the SWAT team only a few years back. Although he was young, he was full of enthusiasm and liked challenges. He always took on the most dangerous tasks. This time too.

It suddenly occurred to Mark that when he had first joined the SWAT team, he was young and fearless,

just like Warren was now.

"You should do as he says. I'm all right. Don't worry," Warren shouted at his colleagues.

On their way out, he casually glanced at the cabin in the innermost part of the underground garage.

The door of the cabin was locked.

He couldn't see what was inside the cabin. It was most strange that the abandoned villa was unlocked

everywhere, except for this one cabin.

Moreover, the lock looked new. It didn't seem to have been in the underground garage for a long time

at all. It seemed to be a new lock.

Warren suddenly remembered that Duncan had quietly stolen a few glances towards the direction of

the cabin earlier.

He made a bold judgment that the children were in that cabin.

They were now quite farther away from the room, and Mark could not see clearly what the expression

on Warren's face meant.

Chapter 1142 Retreat

Warren thought, 'If something bad happens to me and Mark doesn't connect the dots to the cabin, they

will retreat and it will be very difficult for them to find the children.

Moreover, we didn't hear any sound when we passed by the cabin just now. If the kids are really inside,

there are only two possibilities—they are either tied and gagged, or they are unconscious.

Neither of the possibilities is good.'

Warren quickly decided to change his strategy. He felt that he had to take a risk at this point, not for

anything else, but for the safety of the children.

"Duncan, where are you going?" Warren asked him, trying to divert his attention.

"Shut up. Stop talking!" Duncan yelled. He was wary of the whole situation and only wanted to get out

of here as soon as possible.

"I'm just trying to tell you that this direction is far from the road. If you trust me, I know a quicker path

which leads to the road," Warren said, pretending to be casual.

He made it sound like all he wanted was to get him out of here and retrieve his gun.

"Just follow me, and stop with your nonsense!" But Duncan was not influenced by Warren's words, and

insisted on following his own path.

Warren realized that his initial plan hadn't worked, so he switched his strategy. "Aw, be gentle. My wrist

hurts," Warren complained, feigning pain.

"I didn't touch your wrist! Stop with all these excuses. Just keep walking!" Duncan was starting to lose his patience with Warren.

"No, look at my wrist. My hands are locked together, and the suitcase is to my far right, but you are pulling me to the left. So I am hurt naturally from all the twisting and turning; my wrist is stuck!" Warren cried out and bowed his head down, just to prove what he had said was true. "Could you let me shift to a different side? Or carry the suitcase. There's fifty million inside this suitcase; it's too heavy!"

"Damn it! You really are a pain in the ass!" Duncan screamed, but after that, he looked down at Warren's wrist.

Warren wasn't lying, his wrists were indeed uncomfortable and had become red and swollen. But as a special force police, this kind of injury was trivial to him.

"Hurry up," Duncan said impatiently.

He let go of his grip on Warren's hands.

It was the chance Warren had been waiting for and he didn't lose a second. He immediately let go of the suitcase and quickly turned around. He first pinned Duncan to the ground and then quickly tried to

grab the gun in his hand.

Duncan was an adult in his forties. Although his reaction time was not as good as that of Warren's, he was still strong. And Warren's hands were tightly locked together. Even with his entire body pressed down against Duncan, it still wasn't an easy job to get a hold of the gun.

The others rushed towards the struggling pair, but they were still far away from them.

The situation was getting out of control. Duncan had his finger on the trigger and he started firing away fiercely. Warren couldn't get his hands on the gun anymore; all he could do was use his body strength to keep Duncan down to ensure that the bullets wouldn't hit him.

Bang! Bang! The gunshots were so loud that Sheryl and Charles, who had not yet found the underground garage, quickly ran towards the sound.

Duncan finally went completely out of control and fired shot after shot desperately. Fortunately, Warren had chosen the correct posture to hold him down. Although many shots were fired, none of them hit Warren.

"Aargh! Why are you doing this? Why?" Duncan shouted, shaking violently.



After the last bullet was fired, Duncan fully lost his head. He was like a beast who had gone berserk.

Warren didn't think that Duncan could have such strength; it was the last struggle of a desperate man.

The gun without bullets was of no use to him anymore. Duncan threw it aside and tried to get away from Warren.

By this time, Mark and the other men had arrived.

Warren thought that it would finally be over.

He took a long sigh of relief. But at that moment of relief, Duncan took the chance to squeeze out of Warren's control and quickly ran towards the cabin.

Warren sprang up from the ground and shouted to his teammates who were getting closer to him,

"Don't let him enter that cabin. The children are in there!

Shirley and Clark are in the cabin!"

Hearing his words, Mark quickly changed his direction and began to chase Duncan.

Mark saw that there was only one door in and out of the cabin, so his first reaction was to guard the door. "I'll watch the door, you guys block him!"

Duncan didn't have the gun anymore. It was only a matter of time before they caught him. But they had

to ensure the safety of the children first.

Duncan did not pay attention to anyone's voice; he could not hear any voice. The only thing on his mind was to get to the children. He could use them to bargain for his life.

After experiencing so many betrayal, he didn't want to put his trust on anyone else.

He knew that he could only rely on himself.

As the police started to close in on him, Duncan leaped into the cabin through a small hidden window behind it.

As soon as he got in, Duncan locked the window and shouted at the men outside, "All of you, retreat right now! Otherwise, I will kill these little children!"

"Duncan, if you kill them, you will be sentenced to death. There will be no escaping it. You should consider your options calmly," Warren shouted.

"Shut up! I don't believe you anymore! Retreat! If you don't leave in the next five minutes, I will kill one of these kids." Duncan was starting to become extremely vicious with paranoia.

"All right! We'll retreat!" Mark had no other choice but to comply.

Warren was reluctant. He gave a sharp look at Mark, asking for one last chance.

Mark refused at first, but when he looked at Warren's confident eyes, he nodded in agreement.

Duncan didn't have the gun. Even if he really wanted to kill the children, he wouldn't be able to do that in less than a few seconds. But if Warren could break in through the window which Duncan had locked shut, he would only need about three to five seconds to enter the cabin and contain the criminal.

Mark knew that Warren was experienced and extremely skillful. So he felt that Warren's idea was feasible and then informed the others to cooperate with him. They had the key to Warren's handcuff and quickly unlocked it, setting him free.

"We will retreat now. Don't hurt the children. As long as you keep the children safe, we will negotiate your demands," Mark shouted towards the cabin.

By the time Mark finished speaking, Warren had already done his warm-up. After a fast run-up, he broke the window and entered the cabin.

Chapter 1143 Everything Is Gonna Be Okay

Mark was worried whether Warren could successfully complete his mission this time, so he was in position outside the door in case things went south.

But Warren was an expert in combat, and he had the advantage of speed and power over a layman.

Now that Duncan didn't have a weapon, Warren could capture him quite easily. Their only worry was the safety of the children.

Bang! Warren broke the thin wood with his elbow. With one hand pressed against the window sill, he leapt and barged into the cabin.

His moves were smooth and he was inside the cabin in only a few seconds.

Without wasting any time, he swiftly inspected the whole room, analyzing its structure in case of any emergency.

The cabin was small and there was nothing much blocking his sight. So he immediately caught sight of Duncan who was holding Clark by his little neck tightly.

"S-stop..." Duncan sputtered in panic. Warren's intrusion infuriated him.

Duncan almost lost control of himself. Tensed and furious, he tightened his grip on the little boy's throat. Clark was tied to a chair with a scotch tape covering his mouth.

Clark wiggled, but didn't make a sound. Even if he hadn't been gagged, he couldn't have uttered a word with Duncan squishing his wind pipe.

His evil behavior enraged Warren. 'He threatened me with Vivi's life first. But she is an adult. Now, he dares to do the same to the kids. He really has become a monster, ' he thought, burning in rage.

Warren's movements were agile, and Duncan didn't have the slightest chance to defend himself.

Before he knew it, he was pressed against the floor with his arm firmly locked one over the other. "Did you really think that your threat will work on me again and again?" he asked with a sneer.

"I yielded to you earlier because we were in an open field and because you had a gun. But now, you are powerless and my team has you surrounded. If you dare try to escape, those fellows outside will shoot you dead. Understand? This is the end of the line for you."

He glared at the criminal and shouted out to the officers outside, "I got him. The children are safe."

Upon hearing this, Mark and his men went into action.

They were waiting to hear that the children were safe. That was their signal to move in.

It was a piece of cake for the SWAT team to break in. They kicked down the door with ease.

Warren heaved a breath of relief as he looked at his team and then at Duncan, who was now under his control. "Why didn't you just turn yourself in from the start? Why did you have to go through all this trouble? Now, you will have to spend the rest of your life in jail," he said flatly.

Duncan didn't respond. Perhaps he had regained his poise and realized how ridiculous his actions had been.

He used to be an executive of a foreign-owned enterprise with a comfortable life. But now, he was nothing but a petty criminal being arrested in a narrow space in the middle of nowhere.

He might really end up in jail for the rest of his life.

This was not the life that he had wanted. He had never seen this coming in his wildest nightmares. This was far from the future he had mapped out for himself.

But none of them were interested in what Duncan was thinking. They rushed to the two kids, who were bound to chairs.

"Are you all right? We have come to rescue you. Don't be afraid," Mark comforted them with a warm smile as he lifted their blindfolds and stroked their heads. He untied them gently.

Mark was in his late thirties and he was a carefree man. To Warren's surprise, it seemed like his leader had a soft side he hadn't seen before.

As Mark was comforting the kids, Sheryl and Charles found their way into the cabin.

At the door, they spotted their children tied to chairs. Their bound and gagged sight triggered Sheryl's tears.

She cried out, "Shirley, Clark! Are you okay? I am here! Mommy is here!" Her heart felt like it was being pricked by a million needles. 'I got them into this trouble. They suffered so much because of me, ' she blamed herself.

Mark had unbound Clark. Due to Duncan's hard grip, the boy had some trouble breathing normally and there were marks on his neck. Despite this, Clark tried to console his crying mother. "Mommy, please don't cry. See, Shirley and I are fine..." he struggled to say in his husky voice.

"Oh, my sweet boy..." Sheryl cried, embracing him. She held Clark tightly in her arms.

Charles rushed towards Shirley. Squatting down beside the terrified girl, he untied her slowly and asked with concern, "Are you okay, sweetie?"

Shirley shook her head as tears flowed down her red cheeks. When he removed the tape, she burst out crying. She threw her arms around her father's neck and wailed, "Daddy, I am so scared..."

"Don't be afraid, darling. I am right here with you. You are safe now," Charles pacified while patting her back lightly. When Shirley stopped crying, he picked her up and walked towards Sheryl. The four of

them were finally reunited.

"Take him away," the leader commanded in a stern tone. 'We finally got him. He will be tried in front of a

judge soon, ' he thought.

"Yes, sir!" Warren replied.

He handcuffed Duncan and handed him to his team.

"Please sir, I will give you the money! Please let me go. I will pay whatever you want. Please spare me

this time. I know I made a mistake and I really regret it," Duncan begged hysterically, looking at the officers.

When he had the kids as his prisoners, he was bossy and aggressive. But now, he looked like a desperate loser.

"Money?! How dare you! Do you think that money is yours? You extorted them. Does the law of this land mean nothing to you? How dare you try to bribe us?" Warren berated with contempt in his eyes.

"Take him away!"

"Wait!" Charles cut in abruptly, walking towards them. He asked Duncan, "Tell me why you did this.



Was this all your own idea or someone else's?"

"I'm under police custody. Do you think that I will tell you anything?" Duncan snapped at him with disgust. His pleas hadn't worked; he was furious.

'There is no way that I'm answering any of his questions, ' he thought.

"Mr. Lu, how about I take him to the station first? We will make him talk. I think the most important thing

for you to do right now is check on your children. We'll take care of the rest," the captain suggested politely. He didn't think Charles could get any information out of Duncan in this situation anyway.

But he understood Charles' doubts. 'This is all very fishy. I doubt whether Duncan had really planned out this whole kidnapping from the beginning.

After the initial blackmailing, he changed his mind and asked Sheryl and her husband for money. He even told Vivi where he was hiding. Considering all this blunder, I don't think it was his idea to organize this kidnapping, ' he analyzed with a frown.

Chapter 1144 What Do You Know

Duncan treated the whole thing as a mission that he needed to complete, instead of a children kidnapping case.

The police didn't know why he had to kidnap the kids and whether he had accomplices or not.

They could find the answers they were seeking only after investigating the case.

But it wasn't the same for Charles. Although he wasn't a hundred percent sure about the truth behind the kidnapping, he already knew the person behind the curtain.

There was only one other person whose position was higher than Duncan's at Tarsan Corporation.

'Rachel, ' he thought, as he gritted his teeth.

If this kidnapping was really planned by Rachel, the reason behind it was obvious. The worse Sheryl's situation was, the happier Rachel would be. She would be delighted to see these miserable things happen to Sheryl.

Seeing her suffering from pain was the only thing Rachel ever wanted.

'It isn't enough for her to just spread lies about Sheryl. She wants her to suffer, ' Charles thought to himself.

'And for that, she used our children.' Charles fumed in uncontrollable anger. But he didn't show any of it on his face.

"All right. We will wait till you finish your investigation. We will talk about this further after you have a clear picture about the case," said Charles. Although he had his own assumptions, it was not the right time to ask too many questions. The law had its own way of doing things. He respected the police and decided to let them do everything according to their standard procedures.

"Thank you for your understanding, Mr. Lu. If you hear anything else regarding this incident, please feel free to contact me anytime." The leader gave Charles a standard military salute and commanded his men to move out with Duncan.

"Sher, let's go back home with the kids," Charles said, picking up Shirley in his arms. This was not a good place for their children to stay. He knew that they should leave as soon as possible.

"Sure," Sheryl agreed. She felt the same way as her husband. She knew that her son and daughter had had a very difficult time in this place. She didn't want them to stay there any longer.

"Mom, Dad. I don't want to leave yet. Please wait for a minute. I need to do something here," said Clark.

Sheryl and Charles looked at him in surprise.

"Clark, what's the matter?" Sheryl and Charles asked at the same time in a worried tone.

"If you are worried about me, you can come with me," he said with a firm attitude.

"All right then. We'll all come along with you. What do you think?" Charles said, ruffling Clark's hair. He did not want to turn down his son's request.

However, he was determined to never let him or Shirley out of his sight again.

"Great!" Clark said with a wide grin, glad that his father did not refuse him.

"Clark, where do you want to go?" Sheryl asked again. Although Charles had decided to support Clark, she was still worried about his denial to leave this horrid place.

"Mom, don't ask so many questions. Just come with me and see for yourself. I promise, you will like it when you see it," said Clark. He was so confident that his eyes were shining like little stars. He did not look like a three-year-old kid anymore.

Clark was special. He was always so calm and mature, even under difficult circumstances, especially now, after he had just experienced such dangerous situations.

Sheryl was amazed by her little boy. She thought to herself, 'I am so lucky to have such a clever and sensible child like Clark, and I should be grateful for it. But I hope he doesn't grow up too soon. I wish

he could remain childish and innocent for a while longer. He might be happier that way.

I don't wish for him to grow into a powerful and successful man. I just hope that Clark and Shirley can be happy and safe throughout their lives.'

"All right, Clark. Mommy will come with you," Sheryl said softly.

Although no one knew what Clark was talking about, they followed him quietly.

They walked together, hand in hand, ready for anything that life was going to throw at them.

Sheryl did not want to think about what would happen once they went back to their daily lives or about what the teachers and students would say about Shirley and Clark when they went back to school.

She wanted to think about nothing but her children's safety and happiness. She wanted to see nothing but the smile on their beautiful faces.

'They might not be able to smile or laugh when we get back.

But they are at least safe with me now.

As long as they are with me, everything will be fine and anything is possible, ' Sheryl thought to herself.

Leading his family, Clark continued walking. After about ten minutes, he finally stopped. "Dad, look at that! What is that?"

Clark was pointing to a surveillance camera on the ceiling. The screen attached to it was showing the area where Clark and Shirley had been kidnapped.

"A surveillance camera?" Charles exclaimed.

"That is the place where Shirley and I were taken away from. When we were brought here, I took a look around carefully and found this camera. But the man who had kidnapped us didn't notice it," Clark said proudly.

"Really? Clark, you are such a clever boy! I'll check the surveillance video. Let's find out if the camera has recorded some valuable images or not," Charles said excitedly. If the camera had recorded the scene when the kids were kidnapped, they would have some important evidence against the kidnapper.

With this evidence, they would have an advantage.

"It must have recorded something. I also made him talk to me in front of the camera. I am pretty sure he was recorded even when he made the phone call to you to ask for money," Clark said. He was proud and confident at first, but as he concluded, he looked upset.

'Clark has been so amazing and has put in so much effort to get the criminal arrested. And his efforts

were not in vain. So why is he upset all of a sudden?' Charles thought, narrowing his eyebrows.

He asked, "You've found an important evidence for us, Clark. You are like a hero to us. Why are you unhappy?"

"Dad, I know that he asked money from you, and I know that..." Clark paused. He lowered his head in shame.

Charles immediately understood why Clark was upset. 'If he knows something already, then it is better to be honest with him. I don't owe anybody an explanation, but Clark is different. He is a clever boy. I think he will understand, ' Charles thought and made up his mind.

"Clark, what do you know?" Charles asked. He squatted down, looking at his son. He decided it was time to tell him everything.

Chapter 1145 Listen To Clark

Sheryl and Charles were aware that Clark was too sensible and intelligent for his age. They never had to worry about Shirley when Clark was around. And Clark never failed to surprise them. Especially during some crisis, the courage and sensitivity that the boy showed every time were commendable.

Charles gazed at Clark affectionately as he heard him speak. "Dad, I know why you didn't let me and

Shirley go to school and why Grandma wasn't home. I also know what made our workaholic mom avoid

going for work and stay with us at home instead," Clark spoke in a very low and polite manner looking up at his father. He had bottled up his observations all these days. Now that he met his parents after being saved from the kidnapper, he thought it was the right time to tell them about how he felt.

"So you knew all of this?" Charles asked, his eyes almost popping out. Sheryl was also taken aback by what her son said. Both of them stared at him with much admiration in their eyes.

"Yes, I knew all of this. At that time, Mommy always looked preoccupied and glum. So I didn't tell you," Clark confirmed and turned his face towards Sheryl.

"To be honest, I don't believe Mommy could ever do something as bad and demeaning as it was shown in the report I saw on my phone. She is so caring towards me, Shirley and you. How could she be like that?" he added. He looked quite miffed with all those false reports.

"So I never even thought of asking Mommy about this. I knew you believed in her. Now that you were willing to believe in her, I didn't see why I can't believe her. I even had faith in you. I had been waiting for you to help Mommy and prove the entire rumour to be false. I thought Mommy could have claimed the fact and proved her innocence. But unexpectedly I and Shirley got kidnapped.



I heard what he asked Mommy to do. So I became all the more clear and confirmed that Mommy had been set up. I knew Mommy was innocent, but I didn't know if others felt the same way. They must be convinced that Mommy was that kind of a bad person as she was described in news!"

"Turns out you knew about this, Clark," Charles remarked stroking his cheeks gently, as he surveyed his son from top to bottom. He wondered how his son could be so intelligent, sensitive and obedient at such a young age.

"Oh, yeah. I came to know about it long before, but I chose to believe Mommy," Clark stressed. Sheryl's heart melted to see the unflinching love and confidence Clark showed towards her. Her eyes welled up with happy tears as she heard him speak.

"But I know that others might not believe Mommy as I do. So I think the footage in this place might help you reveal the truth in front of everyone. What do you think, Daddy?" Clark advised with a firm look in his eyes.

Charles stared at his son with much amazement as Clark very explicitly analyzed and explained the entire situation. At the moment, a thought occurred to Charles that his son would turn out to be a better

adult than him.

"You're right, Clark. You are more considerate than me. I am proud of you," Charles praised with a bright smile, as his chest swelled.

He turned his gaze from his son to his wife and daughter. Both Sheryl and Shirley stared at Clark with appreciation.

Sheryl admired Clark's wit. More importantly, she was touched by the sensitivity Clark showed towards her. Her eyes were teary, and there was a soothing smile on her lips. No matter how much her enemies tried to pull her down, she would always emerge as a winner. And it was all because of the angelic kids she was blessed with.

"Thank you for your useful advice, Clark. Stay here with Mommy and Shirley, okay? I will go get the surveillance video," Charles said with a contented look.

"Got it, Daddy. I will protect my mom and my sister," Clark grinned and erected his spine like a responsible man of the family.

"That's my good son," Charles concluded as he ruffled Clark's hair fondly. As soon as he finished his statement, he glanced around the villa.

Considering that the control room was much likely to be in a porter's lodge, he decided to check that place first.

"Shirley, Clark, would you like to join Daddy? In this way, we all can be together while he looks for the video," Sheryl suggested, as she watched Charles running towards the porter's lodge. She found it rather boring to stay where they were and wait for her husband to return.

She thought it would be better to be with Charles. For Sheryl, the time they had just got over was too terrible to let any one of them be out of her sight even for a moment. She just could not bear the sight of Charles moving towards the porter's lodge all alone. She rather preferred that all four of them stay together wherever they went.

"That's good, Mommy!" Shirley nodded with excitement.

Clark being his sober self took a moment to consider the suggestion. After thinking for a while, Clark rubbed his chin and replied earnestly, "Okay. Even I promised to Daddy that I would protect you. But now that he is far from us, I think we should join him."

"Fine. We will listen to Clark," Sheryl concluded with a slight smile. The three headed down the

mountain hand in hand.

When they got inside the porter's lodge, Charles was looking for the video in front of an old computer.

"How did it go, Charles? Have you found it?"

Sheryl asked with a frown.

"Not yet. But I think I can find it. But this computer doesn't work. I am not sure if I can get it fixed and

get what we want," Charles replied with uncertainty. Obviously, he didn't know whether he could get the

computer repaired. There were several computers in that room. Identifying the one that could have the

footage was a task in itself. Charles found himself to be at his wit's end as he tried to think how he

could get the footage out from this electronic junk.

However, Clark was an optimist. He gazed on his confused father and tried to motivate him, "Daddy,

there are only a few computers in this abandoned place. Now that you think this one has the

information you want, you should have confidence in your judgment."

"Are you serious?" Charles asked. Charles gazed at the boy and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"Of course I am. Come on, Dad, be more optimistic. Besides, why would I lie to you?" Clark confirmed,

looking up to meet Charles' gaze. There was earnestness in his eyes.

The sincere, confident look in his eyes seemed to make people believe that everything was under his control. It gave people courage and strength.

"I'm glad to hear that. Now that you said so, I will believe your words," Charles concluded without a second thought. He carried the computer and placed it in his car trunk. With a smile, he said to his family, "Let's go home and find the truth."

"That's great. We can go home now!" the two kids exclaimed in excitement. The air was filled with joy as they giggled, and the parents joined in as well with a hearty laughter.

After a long time, the whole family was relaxed. The very mention of home brought a contented smile on their faces. After what happened to Shirley and Clark, home turned to a symbol of security and peace that they longed for.

Charles took the driver's seat, while Sheryl, Clark, and Shirley settled themselves in the back seats. As the car zoomed home-wards, Sheryl held both her kids close and drifted into her thoughts. The four of them had seldom been in a car together in this way.

Charles and Sheryl had been engaged in their work, so they barely took their children out.

As Charles drove into the gates of Dream Garden, he stopped his car in the driveway. The four walked into the house. Suddenly a weird feeling clouded their minds. The kids also became quiet. Charles and Sheryl frowned as they looked at each other. It was not until now that the couple thought of the maid. Nancy was there with the kids at home at the time of the abduction. They became worried about what might have happened to Nancy.

'But where is Nancy? Is she Duncan's compliance or the victim? I have no clue, ' Charles pondered.

Gary came down the stairs. Puzzled to see all the four of them coming in together, he asked, "Where have you all been? When I got home, I didn't see anyone of you. Even Nancy was not at home."

"When did you go out today, Grandpa? And when did you come back home?" Charles asked with a baffled look.

"I left home early in the morning and went fishing with my friends. I got home half an hour ago, but I could not see anyone inside," Gary replied candidly. The frown on Charles' and Sheryl's faces became stiffer and their minds were filled with all sorts of conflicting thoughts regarding Nancy. They had to find her by hook or by crook.

Chapter 1146 A Hospital Visit

"Did you find anything unusual when you got home?" Charles asked cautiously.

"Well, the living room was in a complete mess when I got home. The kids were gone, but their toys

were all over the place. No one had taken care of the mess. I got a little curious as to what Nancy was

doing at the time." Gary knew nothing about the kidnapping, so he couldn't have known what had

happened to Nancy. Seeing the mess, he was a little angry and irritated by Nancy's irresponsibility.

But Nancy was known to be a very hardworking servant. Usually, she would never leave a room messy,

with so many toys lying around everywhere. It was worrying as to why she had just left without putting

them away.

"That's okay, Grandpa. I will give her a call. She probably had something urgent to deal with." Charles

didn't want Gary to know anything about the kidnapping. He was too old to bear such horrifying news.

"Yes, you should ask her why she left the house in such a hurry." Gary knew that Nancy would never

be this careless, and that she must have had a reason of some sort.

"I will, Grandpa. You don't have to be worried about this. We are retiring to our bedroom," Charles said

with a warm smile, when he saw the concern on Gary's face.

"Okay, go ahead."

They quickly went to the bedroom and closed the door. As soon as they were inside, Clark couldn't help but ask, "Dad, is Nancy okay? I am a little worried about her. I feel that something terrible might have happened to her."

"Clark, when you were kidnapped in the morning, were you both home or outdoors?" Charles asked his son. Clark had always struck him as a careful and cautious child. If something had not been right with Nancy, he would have noticed it.

"Shirley and I were playing with toys in the living room, and at that time, several men burst into the house. They brought Nancy to the floor violently and then took us away! Their unexpected arrival shocked us all. When we were being taken, Nancy was lying on the floor. She looked like she was hurt."

He and Shirley had been through so many ups and downs since morning. But he remembered everything so clearly and was eager to tell every little detail to his father.

"So, Nancy was with you when the men barged into the house. Was she shocked to see them as well?"

Charles asked, finally getting a clear picture of what had happened to them in the morning.



"I suppose so," Clark said, nodding.

Sheryl quickly reached for her phone and dialed Nancy's number. After letting the phone ring for a

while, someone picked up at last. Sheryl immediately said, "Hello, Nancy?"

Sheryl's tone was full of concern.

"Are you Sheryl? Mrs. Lu, right?" a man's voice came through from the other side.

"Who are you? Where is Nancy?" Sheryl got suspicious. She had thought that Nancy had nothing to do

with this whole kidnapping. She hoped that Nancy was fine.

From Clark's words, she figured that Nancy was another victim in this kidnapping case. She hoped that

whoever was behind this hadn't gone after Nancy, to continue to threaten her and Charles. When she

had picked up the phone to call her, she had been hoping that Nancy would be unhurt.

However, no matter where Nancy was, it seemed that something bad had happened to her. Something

that was not supposed to happen had actually happened. But from Sheryl's judgement, it seemed that

the person who had answered her phone was not a bad guy. His tone sounded more worried and

irritated than Sheryl's.

"I am Nancy's son. My mother is at the hospital." The man's voice was calm, but clearly it contained

much anger. Sheryl felt that. He continued, "If I hadn't called my mother in the morning, she might have lost her life! Since she wasn't answering my calls, I realized that something must have happened and immediately headed to her workplace. When I arrived at Dream Garden and stepped into the house, I..."

"How is she now? Is she wounded badly?" Sheryl felt shivers running all through her body when she heard his words.

"Oh, so Mrs. Lu does know about the incident. So why didn't you take my mother to the hospital at once? What happened to her? Who did such a horrid thing to her? My mother hasn't gained consciousness yet. The doctor told me that she might stay in a coma forever. Is this the way how you rich people regard and treat ordinary people? Do you regard a servant's life as low and cheap as a dog's?" Clearly, Nancy's son was disappointed by Sheryl and her family. He couldn't understand why his mother had been so stubborn in devotedly working for such a ruthless family. If Nancy hadn't worked overtime, she wouldn't have wounded up like this.

"Though I can't explain to you right now about what had happened, it's not true that we don't care about

Nancy. I found out just now that Nancy might be hurt when I got home with my husband. Look, you have to tell us where she is. We will come over right away." Sheryl felt wronged, but she didn't care at all. She felt guilty that Nancy had gotten involved in this mess. Moreover, she was scared that Nancy's life might be in danger.

She felt that it was all her fault.

"We are at the General Hospital." The man's voice was calm once again. It was Sheryl's responsibility to take care of his mother. After all, she was injured inside her house. Moreover, the medical expenses might be huge. If Sheryl refused to pay the medical fee for Nancy, her family wouldn't be able to afford any further treatment.

Considering all this, Nancy's son felt that he should be polite to Sheryl. Besides, the way Sheryl had responded to the news of his mother's injury made him feel reassured.

But he didn't know how long it would take for his mother to wake up; it appeared like it would take a very long time.

"Charles, let's go! Nancy is at the General Hospital," Sheryl hurriedly said to Charles as she hung up.

"Okay! Shirley, Clark. Will you stay at home, or do you want to go to the hospital with us?" Charles should have asked his children to go to sleep since it was really late into the night. However, when he thought back to everything that had happened today, he was unwilling to leave his kids at home by themselves.

Even if the kids had the courage to stay at home, Charles and Sheryl were scared to let them stay!

But the kids hadn't recovered from the traumatic experience either. "Dad, please let us go with you.

Mom, don't leave us here. We are scared to stay home without you!" Shirley begged, her eyes full of fear.

"Okay, we'll go together! We won't leave you home alone!" Charles looked at his young daughter with a pang in his heart. He crouched down in front of her, patting her head with a smile. He hated that she had to go through such a horrible incident. He felt like he had failed her as a parent.

"Yes, let's go together to see our dear Nancy." Shirley's worried face broke into a smile at his father's words. There was no fear in her face anymore, like the look she had when they were in the underground garage. Shirley was feeling much better since she was now reunited with her parents.

However, Clark didn't look as joyful as his sister. He still looked worried and asked Sheryl, "Mom, is

Nancy all right?"

"Of course, she is. We will be seeing her soon. Don't worry." Though Sheryl had no idea how bad

Nancy's condition went, she didn't want the kids to worry too much.

When they arrived at the General Hospital, it was already nine o'clock in the evening.

When they spotted Sheryl, the medical staff in the hospital shed their unusual looks on her, which confused Sheryl. Then she heard one of the staff whispering, "Look! Isn't that the Lu family? And the woman there! Isn't she the one who is involved in the scandal? She had an affair with someone."

"Yes, that's her! How could she be so shameless? Mr. Lu is so rich and devoted to her. It's such a disgraceful thing to do to him. She even admitted publicly to her involvement with another man!

"

Sheryl had never expected that her confession to the reporters would have reached so far. She felt dejected to hear such words from the medical staff. She had intended to be open and honest to the public, but it looked like she had ruined her own reputation by lying on live television!

Chapter 1147 Is Hospital A Place For You To Gossip

Sheryl actually understood that the public would definitely misunderstand and even defame her after

she was forced to confess to the porn-photos scandal. But at this point, others' comments and opinions were not important to her at all. The most important thing was that she needed to visit Nancy.

If Nancy had truly gotten severely hurt due to the kidnapping, it would be very bad news.

"Is the hospital a place for you to gossip?" Charles spoke sharply to the people whispering around them. He couldn't bear the thought that someone wanted to slander Sheryl.

Maybe it was Charles's stern tone that scared the gossipers away. Those curious hospital staff immediately returned to focus on their job upon hearing Charles' words.

The patients who were bystanders also walked back to their wards after realizing there was nothing to expect.

"Excuse me, was a patient named Nancy sent here this afternoon? Which ward is she in now?"

Charles asked a nurse in a calm voice.

"Nancy? Is she the patient who is still unconscious?" Slightly surprised that the cold president would speak to her, the young nurse checked her files. "Yes,"

Charles nodded. "And which room is she in?"

"Room 302, the one on the corner to your right," the nurse replied after checking the patient record.

She felt very shy around Charles and could feel herself blushing uncontrollably.

The man standing in front of her was that famous president who was envied by many people. And he was talking to her of all people!

His wife had cheated on him and confessed to her affair at the live press conference. And now he was here talking to her. How lucky she was! Maybe if she performed well, he would notice her and maybe even fall in love with her.

If this happened, it would no doubt be the peak of her life.

"Hello? Hello? Can you hear me? They've already left," another nurse said, bringing her back to reality.

Shaking her head quickly to get her senses back, the nurse looked around hoping to spot Charles. To her surprise, she found that he was holding his wife's hand as they walked together toward the ward.

Merely judging from their backs, one could tell how much this cold president loved his wife.

The scene witnessed by these young nurses made all of them envy Sheryl.

But all they could do was to envy. It was clear they had no chance.

While the nurses were still green with envy, Sheryl and Charles had already arrived at the ward, which

was equipped with three beds. Nancy lay in the bed sandwiched between the other two, which were also occupied by patients.

The ward was very small. Nancy's son was already sitting with her and now, with Charles and Sheryl entering the ward, it was becoming quite packed. There was so little room that it would be difficult for anyone else to fit.

Seeing the family arrive, the man sitting beside Nancy's bed suddenly stood up and opened his mouth in an attempt to say something. But he finally gave up as he wasn't sure how to express his feelings.

On the one hand, he felt unhappy about how they chose to ignore Nancy's injury. On the other hand, his family had to depend on Charles and Sheryl in order to survive.

He felt so helpless.

"How is Nancy now?" Sheryl broke the awkward silence and asked about Nancy's condition.

"Mom has been unconscious all this time. The doctor has given her an injection, but it still hasn't worked. So we've just been trying to wait patiently," the man explained. After Brent's death, Nancy treated her nephew like her own son, and he began to call her "Mom" since then.

The man explained to Sheryl and Charles what the doctor had told him.



"Nancy, please wake up. It's Clark. Shirley and I are both safe now. We're right here with you," Clark

tried to waken Nancy. Seeing Nancy in the bed surrounded by tubes and various pieces of medical

equipment, Clark felt heart-broken. He couldn't hold back the tears from streaming down his cheeks.

It was Nancy who took care of the two kids. So they undoubtedly felt a deep connection to Nancy.

Of course Nancy didn't reply to Clark's words.

"Mr. Lu, now that you're here, I have something to talk to you," Nancy's nephew finally asked as he

rubbed his hands with hesitation.

"Go ahead," Charles prompted calmly, failing to make eye contact with the young man.

Charles had already assumed what he wanted to talk to him about.

After all Nancy got injured and went into a coma while working in his house. Her nephew must want to

ask for some sort of compensation.

Charles also knew this was a reasonable response, so he was willing to pay the money. But he just

didn't know how much Nancy's nephew would ask for. Would he demand an outrageous price?

No matter how Nancy got injured or what kind of person her nephew was, Charles learned from his

years of business experience that he must stay calm. Only when he was calm could he think about this matter clearly and fairly.

"Mr. Lu, as you know, we are just common people. We don't have much money to pay the medical bills for Mom..." Nancy's nephew began to speak, continuing to rub his hands nervously. His voice eventually trailed off as he became less emboldened.

But Charles just smiled at him gently. He could see now the kind of person the young man was. In a faint voice, Charles asked, "You are Nancy's son?"

"No. Actually, I'm her nephew. But after Brent's death, Aunt Nancy has treated me as her own son, and I began to call her 'Mom, '" the young man explained. "My name is Ben Jin."

"Don't worry. I will pay all the medical bills for Nancy. Moreover, we will pay you some compensation.

Although the compensation won't be much, it is a token of my regard. Also, this ward is in unfit condition. I will call up the director of the hospital in a bit and ask him to arrange a better ward for Nancy," Charles promised faintly.

This was wonderful news to Ben Jin. After all, Nancy was in coma and no one knew when she would wake up. He didn't know how much money he had to pay for Nancy's medical treatment. To be honest,

his family was not rich and wouldn't come close to being able to afford the pricey medical bills. His

house had been bought with a bank loan, so he had to pay the monthly mortgage. And he had to pay

his kid's tuition fees...

But this was life and life was often difficult. There was nothing that people like him could really do about

it.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Lu. Thank you." Ben Jin expressed his gratitude profusely and heaved a deep

sigh of relief. As long as Charles was willing to pay the medical bills, he could keep his head above

water.

"You're welcome, Ben. It is we who should apologize to you. I am so sorry that Nancy got injured while

working at Dream Garden," Charles responded apologetically.

"No, no, no. Mr. Lu, you don't need to apologize to me. As long as you are willing to pay..." His voice

trailed off. He was about to say that as long as Charles was willing to pay the bills, he had already done

him a huge favor. But before the words escaped his mouth, he hesitated, feeling slightly ashamed to

admit this.

Charles naturally knew what he was going to say and also understood his embarrassment. But he pretended not to know and instead took his phone out to call the director of the hospital.

Chapter 1148 What If Duncan Rats On Us

When the director of the hospital received Charles' call, he accepted his request immediately in a humble tone. It only took him a few minutes to come to Nancy's ward. "Mr. Lu, you didn't have to come here for such a trifle matter. I would have arranged everything for Nancy if you had just called me earlier," he addressed with a flattering smile.

He wasted no time trying to suck up to Charles.

"I asked you to prepare a better ward. Is it ready?" Charles cut to the chase, oblivious to his flattery.

"Rest assured, Mr. Lu. We have prepared the best VIP ward available and Nancy would be transferred to that room right away. Besides, I have our best medical team on stand by, and they will do a general check-up on her to figure out what had happened to her," the director beamed.

Then he told the medical team outside the ward, "Come in and meet Mr. Lu."

The team entered the ward instantly. With a smile, they bowed to Charles and greeted him in chorus,

"Good evening, Mr. Lu."

"If your only focus is on how to please others, then I have serious doubts about the future of your

hospital," Charles snapped in a defiant tone. Since some doctors and nurses had spoken ill of Sheryl, he was very upset with the medical workers of the hospital. The longer he looked at them, the more annoying he found them to be.

Charles' statement aroused the director's anxiety. He had no idea what was on the CEO's mind. If they ended up offending him, he knew that it would be a disaster for his hospital.

"What are you waiting for? Transfer the patient to the VIP ward!" Charles shouted at the confused medical team.

"Yes! Transfer the patient immediately. Hurry up!" the director urged, gesturing to his employees to take

quick action.

"Yes, Sir," they nodded as they approached Nancy's bed.

A few minutes later, Nancy had been transferred to the VIP room. After she had received a full check-up, Charles took Sheryl and the children back home. Before leaving, he gave Ben a sum of money which was more than enough for him to pay off his mortgage and lead a comfortable life.

When Ben saw the check, he burst into tears of joy.

He didn't know when Nancy would wake up. But he could solve all his financial problems with the money he had received.

The couple returned to Dream Garden. After Sheryl gave a bath to Clark and Shirley, the two kids fell asleep the moment they climbed onto bed. They had had a tough day and they were exhausted.

Sheryl left the children's room and retired to their bedroom. However, she didn't see Charles in there.

She went straight to the study and spotted her husband fixing the desktop monitor which he had brought from the Beauty Mountain Villa.

"It's late, Charles. Aren't you coming to bed?" Sheryl asked with knitted brows. She felt sorry for him as she watched him try his best to make the monitor work.

She knew that he couldn't tolerate all those fake videos and rumors about her, and that was why he was trying to fix the monitor at such an odd hour.

'Although he doesn't say anything out loud, it must have been a blow to him. After all, he is the CEO of Shining Company, the biggest enterprise of this city.

The rumors about me must have had a bad influence on him and the company, ' she mulled.

"You go to bed. I will join you later," Charles replied flatly. He gave Sheryl a quick glance and got back to work.

"Charles..." Sheryl opened her mouth to say something, but stopped short.

She didn't know how to bring up the topic. She wanted to comfort him. After some hesitation, she sighed and said, "All right then, good night."

"Good night." He didn't sense the hesitance in Sheryl's voice. All he wanted was to prove to the public that his wife hadn't cheated on him so that people would stop misunderstanding her.

He couldn't help but boil with anger at the thought of others defaming Sheryl and the sight of their scornful glances towards her. He couldn't stand others treating her like that. He felt like he was the one being bullied when others judged his wife.

'She is my woman. I can't let others treat her like this any longer, ' he decided.

Sheryl went back to their bedroom, took a shower and threw herself onto the bed. Lying in the king-sized bed, she shut her eyes attempting to get some sleep. A long time had passed, yet she still couldn't fall asleep. She had no idea what was waiting for her tomorrow.

While Sheryl and Charles were troubled by the rumors, Holley and Rachel gloated over it and

celebrated their victory in a fancy bar.

"Thank you, Holley. If you hadn't come up with this idea, I might have failed to frame Sheryl," Rachel said. After Charles and other reporters had left, she had gone to the place where the press conference had been held. She had to see the evidence which Charles had planned to show the media. And it had been true that he could have proved Sheryl's innocence with that evidence.

"Ms. Bai, please. I told you that I would help you. I keep my promises," Holley replied with a fake smile.

'Thanks to that idiot Duncan, everything has gone so smoothly, ' she snickered to herself.

But when she thought about Duncan, concerns crept up on her. With a worried look, she asked, "What if Duncan gives in and rats on us? What should we do?"

"Don't worry about that. Duncan has no guts to sell me out. He will keep our secrets for the sake of his son," Rachel assured her.

The moment she had learnt that Duncan had gotten arrested, she had bribed some officers and met him at the police station. Although they had a very short meeting, she had made herself pretty clear to him.



As long as Duncan kept his mouth shut about their involvement, she agreed to let Duncan enjoy retirement benefits like the other staff at Tarsan Corporation. She also promised him that she would let his son, who hadn't even passed his college, work at the headquarters of Tarsan Corporation while he was in prison.

Duncan had tried to help his son several times. His son was not only a loser in his educational qualifications, but also in his career. Duncan had used some of his connections to get him jobs in several companies, but he never worked anywhere for long. Either he hadn't liked his jobs and quit or he had gotten fired for his poor performance and negative attitude.

Duncan was worried about his son's future, but he couldn't do anything about it. When he had a talk with his son earlier, he had told him that he wanted to work in Tarsan Corporation.

Although Duncan was a manager in Tarsan Corporation at the time, he was still Rachel's employee.

Besides, Rachel had specifically declared that only well-educated, competent people had access to her company.

Considering his son's educational background, Rachel would never have allowed his son to work in her company. She hated it when her employees sought private gain through their position in her company.

## Chapter 1149 Isla's Explanation

Rachel's promise was a temptation that Duncan couldn't resist. He attached more importance to his son's future than money. It was a bribery he couldn't refuse.

Rachel filled in Holley about her visit to Duncan and their conversation. Having learnt about their deal,

Holley smiled in delight. 'Sheryl messed up my life. Now it's my turn.

This is just the beginning. I will take everything away from her, bit by bit, ' Holley resolved.

"I see. Congratulations, Ms. Bai. Once Duncan insists that you have nothing to do with the kidnapping, neither the police nor Charles can do anything to associate you or Tarsan Corporation to the incident,"

Holley said with a contented smile on her lips.

"I am really looking forward to seeing Sheryl make a fool of herself in the public eye. Wherever she goes, people will judge her and spread rumors about her."

"That's exactly what I want. She ruined my happiness. Now it's time for her to be miserable!" Rachel said with a loud laugh. She was in a good mood.

It had been a long time since she had had a good laugh.

She was very satisfied at how everything had turned out.

"Cheers!" Rachel toasted in high spirits as she raised her glass. 'What a day! What a memorable night!

I'm not going back home till I am drunk as hell, ' she screamed excitedly in her head.

"Cheers!" Holley echoed, laughing heartily as she raised her glass of wine.

They clinked their glasses, and the two grinned from ear to ear.

"Do you think Sheryl will go to her company tomorrow?" Holley asked after she had downed several glasses of wine.

"Who cares? But I don't think she will leave home for the next few days. She is not that stupid," Rachel said in a defiant tone.

"Hmm...I don't think so. Cloud Advertising Company is falling apart at the moment. If she doesn't show up, her company could be shut down permanently," Holley retorted, shaking her head. "I am sure she will go tomorrow."

She paused and looked at Rachel. "I was wondering if you'd like to join me and see something interesting tomorrow?" Holley asked in a mysterious tone.

"Sure, I'd love to. What is it?" Rachel asked curiously.

"You will have to wait until tomorrow to find out," Holley laughed without revealing the answer.

"I can't wait to see it," Rachel said, full of excitement.

It was not until past midnight that Sheryl had finally fallen asleep. She slept soundly and had good dreams. Only in her dreams could she forget about all those unpleasant things that were happening in her life.

While she was sleeping, Charles was still busy in his study fixing the monitor. Eventually, he fixed it and found the videos he was looking for.

Fixing his eyes on the screen, he went through the videos one by one and copied some relative clips which contained visuals of his children and the kidnapper.

It was a complex task going through each and every video.

But Charles didn't mind because he had a goal. He wanted to finish all of this as soon as possible. He was doing it for himself, Sheryl and their children. He stayed up the whole night.

When Sheryl woke up the next morning, she didn't see Charles in the room. So she headed for the study. To her surprise, he was still working on those videos. "Didn't you sleep at all last night, honey?"

Sheryl asked, concerned.

"Morning, sweetie. It's almost done," Charles said tenderly, rubbing his drowsy eye.

"You must be tired. Take a break and get some sleep," she urged with knitted brows. She felt her heart sink at how exhausted Charles looked.

"I'm fine. How come you are up so early?" he asked.

"I have been away from the company for a while now. Isla said that Cloud Advertising was in a dire crisis. I need to go back to work. Otherwise, all the staff will leave," Sheryl explained.

She wasn't certain if Charles would go along with her decision.

After what had happened at the press conference yesterday, Sheryl was in bigger trouble than before and people might say things in front of her.

"Are you sure?" Charles asked, looking at her. His reaction caught Sheryl by surprise. She had thought that he might try and stop her from leaving.

"Yes, I am. I can't stay home forever," Sheryl replied, determined to face the adversities.

After going through all this crisis, she learned a very important lesson. She decided not to care what others thought about her or spoke of her.

She hadn't done anything wrong, and her conscience was clear. Now that she could do nothing about

her awkward situation, she should learn to live with it and be strong.

At the moment, her family and career were the two things that she cared about most. Since she had gotten her children back, she planned to focus on solving her problems in her company. As for Melissa, she intended to deal with her later once she moved back home and got her into some new trouble.

The most important thing for her was to resolve the crisis her company was facing.

"Okay. Since you have decided to go, I won't stop you. I like your optimism, and it is when you face some crisis like this that you identify those people who you can truly trust. After all, only those who are loyal to you will stay in the company after what has happened," Charles said. He wanted her to go out and face the world this time. There was no use of hiding anymore.

Sheryl's emotions were complex. But in general, she was glad that Charles was being positive.

When Sheryl got to the company, there were only a few staff sitting in their respective seats, and they were not doing their jobs.

Some were doing their make-up, some were having breakfast and others were sleeping at their desks.

She stood at the entrance, her feet glued to the ground.

When Isla came out of her office, she saw the scene in front of her. Going ballistic, she chided, "Look at you! Do you have any idea what situation we are in right now?"

"You can't blame us, Isla. We want to work hard too, but our boss has disappointed us. What's the point of us doing our jobs? We are going to lose our jobs soon anyway," a two-faced female employee said in a plaintive tone as she walked towards Isla.

"What are you talking about? I don't want to hear this again or you will face the consequences," Isla warned in a loud voice. The girl's remark infuriated her beyond words.

"I don't care what others say. But I won't allow you to talk shit about Sher in this office. She was set up. She is not that kind of person," Isla defended her friend. As a matter of fact, she had been repeating those words to anyone she had come across in the last few days. But no matter what she said, no one believed her.

People only believed what they saw with their own eyes.

Chapter 1150 You Will Be The Next One

Once the image was tarnished, it took a long time to subside the ripple effect it had on business, clients, relationships, and life as a whole. Isla had been dealing with this both inside and outside the office ever since the debacle took place at the wine party. This morning was no different. The woman

said to Isla, "Isla, we all know that you have a good relationship with Ms. Xia, but you have to learn to think about your own good. We really appreciate your unflinching support towards Ms. Xia. But after what happened, it is extremely embarrassing to stay with her. Even Ms. Xia would be ashamed of herself throughout her life. It is not an intelligent thing to move on for your own betterment, is it?"

Isla preferred silence than an argument in this case. It had been quite some time that she had been dealing with this now. She had been addressing the employees time and again, counseling them to have faith in Sheryl. But what she encountered every time was some argument or advice for her to stay away from Sheryl.

The woman stopped for a while and then added, "Isla, even if you don't think about yourself, you should think about your daughter Amanda. She is still a girl. If you continue to support and be with Sheryl, Amanda will be laughed at by her classmates. You never know what repercussions that may have on her tender mind." Isla just passed a quick glance at her and heaved a sigh, speaking nothing at all.

Isla's silence gave the women more courage to speak. She thought Isla was paying attention to her



words. As she found Isla submerged in her thoughts, a sly smile appeared on her face. Thinking it to be the right time, she placed the trump card very slowly and tactfully. After remaining quiet for a moment or two, she said, "Isla, let me share the good news with you. The boss of the new company that I have joined said that he would double your annual salary if you agreed to join them! And he also said..."

Before she could finish her words, a tight slap landed on her cheek.

Smack!

The sound was very crisp and loud, reverberating through the office, astounding not only that woman but each and every employee. After this slap, the bustling office gradually became quiet.

"Now I understand, Ellie Sun. This is your current job. Your new boss asked you to join back to our company and poach me! This is what your prime KRA looks like in your new job. Am I right?" Isla narrowed her eyes to focus her gaze on Ellie Sun as if she would burn her into ashes if she could with her gaze.

"Isla... Isla, I was only speaking for your own good!" Ellie Sun braved Isla's wrath after overcoming the initial shock. This kind of a volatile reaction was the last thing that she had expected from Isla who was otherwise known to be an extremely considerate manager. She could not understand what she had

done to make her become so vicious towards her.

Ellie Sun looked back at Isla with a flabbergasted look. Going by her logic, there was nothing wrong in what she said. After the debacle at the Tarsan Group wine party, Cloud Advertising Company was no better than a sinking ship. What she had suggested to Isla would be mutually rewarding for her as well as the new company. And even if she did not wish to take the offer, she could have turned it down politely. What was there in it to become so ferocious?

Ellie Sun creased her brows and stared back at Isla while touching her just-slapped cheek tenderly.

Isla's eyes were literally popping out at this point as she said, "If you really want to be good for me, please don't say these things in Cloud Advertising Company. What this company means to me and more importantly, what Sheryl means to me are not unknown to you or anyone else in this office. Yet you choose to slander Sher in front of me? Even in public? Do you think I will spare you for doing that?"

Isla was fuming in anger as she spoke.

There was pin-drop silence in the entire office with only Isla's voice echoing in each and every corner.

All the employees dug their eyes into their respective computer screens; not a single person dared to

even move his or her eyes. Isla's voice echoed in their minds as well. Her stand was clear. And

everybody who felt otherwise could see their fate. It would be no better than Ellie Sun if not worse.

"Isla, don't take my goodwill for ill intent. Actually, even I don't want to come back and poach you. It's

just because the boss of the company I have joined wants you to work there..." Ellie Sun was usually

an adroit person; she never got into any confrontation with her colleagues.

Obviously, she had never dared to offend Isla who had a good relationship with the boss.

But today, Ellie Sun really felt very shameful. And she really thought what she said was not a bad thing

for Isla. After all, Sheryl was moving towards a downfall now. Did Isla really want to follow Sheryl for a

lifetime?

But Isla failed to understand the point. She even slapped Ellie Sun in front of so many people. It was

the first time for Ellie Sun to suffer this kind of humiliation.

Isla heaved a sigh and pressed the area between her two eyes in a manner as if she was speaking to a

thick-skulled idiot. Then she released her eyes and said with a disgusted look on her face, "Your boss

wants me to work there, which is his business. Whether I want to go there or not is my business. Does

this have anything to do with you? Ellie Sun, listen to me carefully. In your opinion, Cloud Advertising

Company may collapse and you want to quit. I understand that. We won't force you to stay. But that doesn't mean that everyone who is working for this company would want to find a new job like you. But why are you suggesting me quit? Who gave you the right to even think that you could advise me or any other loyal employee to leave this company? Do you now understand the reason behind my anger?"

After the slap, the anger in Isla's heart was also dissipated to some extent.

But just as Isla's temper cooled down, Ellie Sun turned red out of humiliation. She could feel sweat appearing on her forehead, and she could hardly hear the words uttered by Isla. All she could see was Isla's mouth and her limbs moving.

"OK, Isla, we all know that you just want to perform well in front of Sheryl. Do you think that if you do so, Charles will treat you differently? Don't be stupid. Sheryl had cuckolded him. Charles must hate her so much at the moment. If you still stand by her and help her, you'll be the next unlucky one!"

Ellie Sun's voice trembled as she spoke. She sounded somewhat hysterical. Even after speaking so much, she was still not satisfied. The sound and pain of the slap had perhaps shaken her to the core.

Ellie Sun continued, "Moreover, do you think that Sheryl will be grateful to you? She is having a hard

time to protect herself. She has no time to care about you!"

"Stop!" Isla screamed. She really didn't want to listen to her words anymore. Someone had ever told

her that never try to wake up someone pretending to be asleep. Now Isla understood that the ones she

couldn't wake up were not only those who were pretending to be asleep, but also those who were

daydreaming.

Isla thought in her mind, 'Does she really think if she jumps to a new company, her future will be

prosperous?

It takes a lot more than that to succeed. You need to be a kind, careful and loyal no matter where you

are or what kind of high position you are holding in the company. This is what Ellie Sun fails to

understand.

Otherwise, when the real problem arises or you really face the challenge, you will be vulnerable!"

"OK, now that you want to leave, just go out of here now! Anyway, you aren't the only person who left

Cloud Advertising Company in the last few days!" Since Isla couldn't change Ellie Sun's mind, she felt it

futile to share her opinion with her. If Ellie Sun really wanted to quit her job, just let her do that.

Sheryl had said that nothing forcibly done was going to be agreeable in this company. Now Isla thought

Sheryl was right. Even if now they were forced to stay in Cloud Advertising Company at the moment, they would not put their complete dedication towards their work.

"Okay, I just don't want to stay this company anymore! I'll leave right now! Isla Zhao, wait and see. Let's see whether you have a promising future in Cloud Advertising Company, or I achieve prosperity in my new company!" Ellie Sun glanced at Isla with a glare, and then walked towards the door, without looking back.

At the same time, Sheryl was standing outside the door, listening to the entire conversation between Isla and Ellie Sun.

The moment when the door was pushed open, Ellie Sun came face to face with Sheryl. They stared at each other for a moment, and then Sheryl moved aside making way for Ellie Sun to leave. Sheryl's face was calm without a single trace of remorse or regret.

Ellie Sun was startled to see Sheryl and felt a little awkward. She cast a glance at Sheryl, turned her face and left as quickly as she could.

Isla stared at Sheryl with astonishment.

"Sher, when did you come here?" Isla didn't expect Sheryl would appear in the company at this time.

She was rather startled to find her in the office. She thought that there was such a serious event just

the day before, Sheryl would have stayed at home for a while!

"Since whatever had to happen has happened already, I can't always hide myself at home. It's so

boring." Sheryl looked at Isla with a pleasant smile and said, "Isla, thank you."

Sheryl's spoke right from the core of her heart. She was really sincerely grateful to Isla. After all, had it

not been for Isla, Sheryl couldn't have imagined what kind of a mess Cloud Advertising Company could

have been right now.