

Wedded Bride 1171

Chapter 1171 Shaken Awake From A Sweet Dream

The elevator arrived with a "ding" and everyone tried to rush into it to run away from the scene which was about to unfold. They called out to Sheryl and Isla, "The elevator is here. We are leaving now.

Bye!"

Others echoed, "Yes, it's time for us to go." They were trying to avoid the embarrassing situation. The elevator was overloaded and some of them couldn't get in. They decided to take the stairs rather than wait for the next elevator. Sheryl watched their ridiculous show without saying a word.

Rachel saw everything from her booth, and she smiled proudly. This was the kind of effect that she wanted to see.

But she wanted Sheryl to witness this with her own eyes. She wanted to destroy her happiness and her trust in Charles. Thinking about Sheryl's reaction when she saw them together, she couldn't hide her smile.

"Charles, how do you feel right now?" asked Rachel gently. She acted innocent, as she slowly gave him a massage. She added, "Is this pressure okay with you? I learned this method while I was filming the traditional Chinese medicine movie a long time ago. It was written in the script that this massage to

the chest would dispel the effects of alcohol. I'm not sure if it's effective or not. Do you feel any better?"

"It doesn't work," said Charles coldly. After they entered the booth, Rachel asked him to lie down

because that would spark wild theories in people when they saw them. It would have been more

effective to the development of her plan. But Charles wouldn't listen to her and sat on the sofa instead.

She was annoyed that he had not cooperated with her. Besides, she even had some difficulty having

him stay in the booth with her.

"That's how this massage works. You won't feel any immediate effect after the massage, but it's the

most harmless treatment for your body," said Rachel in a convincing tone. She wanted Charles to stay

in the booth as long as possible so that more people, especially Sheryl, could see them in the same

room, being intimate with each other. 'My poor Sheryl, how would you feel when you see this?' Rachel

thought and smirked happily.

There was music playing in the booth. The combination of the dull light and the soft music gave off an

aura of romance.

It was not possible to hear what they were talking about from outside the booth, but from Rachel's

smiling face, it would be evident to anyone that she was really enjoying her time with Charles.

She was so close to him that it looked like he was holding her in his arms. He did not reject her at all.

Isla was about to rush into the room to catch his cheating on Sheryl, but at that very moment, when she stepped out towards the booth, she was pulled back by Sheryl very quickly.

"Isla, don't enter that box!" Sheryl requested. Sheryl was pretty thin and always looked so weak. Isla wondered how she had such explosive strength to pull her back like that!

"Sher, do you understand the situation here? Why won't you let me in? He is inside this booth! With another woman! That malicious woman!" said Isla disappointingly. Isla had thought that Sheryl would be the first one to confront those shameless people because it was her right to do so. But Sheryl chose to stay outside the booth.

"Isla, please don't let me lose the last of my dignity! I beg you not to go in there, please! I don't want to see her swaggering before me. I don't even want to talk to them!" said Sheryl in a bleak voice. She was shivering, desperately pulling Isla back. She clung onto Isla's hands as if she was clinging onto a floating wood as she was drowning. Isla was providing her with immense comfort just by staying by her side.

Isla didn't want to stimulate Sheryl anymore, so she held her tightly and comforted her. She said, "Don't be afraid, Sher. Whenever and wherever you need me, I will always be there for you. I will never leave your side." She felt sorry for Sheryl. She was a very good friend, a great mother and a loyal wife. Why would Charles make her suffer this way?

"Then, leave with me. I don't want to stay here any longer, not even for another second. It makes me sick to even think about them," said Sheryl firmly. Her breath was shallow and her heart was heavy.

She felt like she was about to pass out any second now. She might lose her head if she stayed there a minute longer.

She felt like she would suffocate to death. She kept wondering why her beloved husband would stay with the woman who wanted to set her up and embarrass her in front of the whole city.

And Charles knew very well that Rachel was the one who wanted her to lose her reputation. He knew that she was an evil woman! Even after knowing everything about her, he still allowed her to sit next to him in such a flirty manner.

What was he thinking? Did he still love Rachel? Sheryl did not want to know the answer to that.

"Okay, let's go. Don't think about them anymore," Isla agreed. She thought that Sheryl might feel better if she left the place soon. Isla could not bear to see Sheryl's saddened face, so she changed her mind temporarily. After all, Sheryl's happiness was the most important thing to her. It was not the proper time to show up in front of them.

Sheryl and Isla had to wait near the box for the elevator to come. Sheryl tried her best not to look at them, not even a glance. But she could feel Rachel's challenging look. She knew that Rachel had been paying attention to her ever since she had arrived near the booth.

But Rachel was not satisfied by Sheryl's pale face, she wanted her to suffer more! She sat closer to Charles and lowered her head. From where Sheryl stood, it looked like they were kissing.

She was so close to breaking down. Her world was collapsing.

It took forever for the elevator to come. When it finally arrived, she got in quickly, as if it could protect her from all harm. She tried not to look at what they were doing in the box, or she would be disturbed.

Rachel was so delighted to see that Sheryl was defeated and had fled. She finally had her revenge. If

Sheryl didn't exist, she would be Charles' lover. It was all Sheryl's fault.

"Rachel, what are you looking at?" asked Charles. He was ready to go back to his own booth.

He had wanted to figure out whether Lance had had any part to play in the plot against Sheryl. That was why he had agreed to go to Rachel's booth with her. He also wanted to know if Lance would come looking for him since he hadn't been back in a long time.

If Lance came looking for him, it would prove that Lance had nothing to do with Rachel's ploys.

But what he had not expected was Sheryl's involvement in all this. If he had known that Sheryl was at Lavender Bar that night, he would not have chosen this method to sound out Lance's and Rachel's intentions. The last thing he wanted was to break Sheryl's heart.

"I wasn't looking at anything, Charles. I just noticed that we forgot to close the door. Would you wait a minute? I'll close it so that no one sees you in my booth." She hid the truth that Sheryl and Isla had been right outside for a while. Anyway, they had already taken the elevator downstairs. She had nothing to worry about.

It would be great if her passionate massages could remind him of their past and they could have a chance to spend this night together. After all, she had been longing for this for such a long time.

"No need for that," Charles refused without a second thought. Rachel did not expect Charles to be so

alert. He got up to leave. "It's getting late. I should go home."

It had been a while since he had come to her booth. During this time, no one had tried to look for him.

He had his answers. He figured that Rachel and Lance were trying to cover up something. As for

Rachel, he had seen through her plan when she said she was going to close the door.

He had no reason to force himself to stay with her any longer.

"Charles, you are drunk and I have not finished the massage yet. If we stop here, our efforts would be

wasted. Why don't you let me finish it?" she demanded. She had tried so hard to get him stay there

with her. She would try everything to stop him from leaving.

"Our efforts would be wasted?" Charles said in a mocking tone. His expression changed. He asked

indifferently, "Rachel, are you afraid that the efforts you put into this massaging would be wasted, or are

you actually afraid that you will gain nothing from the efforts you have made tonight?"

"Charles, I am afraid I don't know what you are talking about," Rachel said, slightly panicking. She was

afraid that he would guess her real purpose. She pretended to have not done anything wrong.

"You don't know? Why don't you ask your partner, Lance? Rachel, don't take me for a fool. I did drink a

lot, but I'm not drunk! I know exactly where I am, and it is pretty obvious what you are trying to do."

Since he got the answers he was looking for from her actions, he didn't want to continue giving her

hope. He knew what she had done to Sheryl. He wanted her to go through the same pain Sheryl had

suffered.

A woman so vicious deserved it.

"Charles... I... I don't know what you mean. I don't follow you." She pretended as if she knew nothing

about Lance's plan. She thought that if she played innocent, Charles might be fooled.

"Get out of the room, right now! You don't need me to say that again, do you?" Charles demanded. He

was disgusted by her so much that he did not want to continue talking to her. She looked so miserable

and pitiable, but all her misery was caused by her own conduct. Nobody would show any pity for her.

All her pitiable looks were just some kind of pretension to Charles.

"I... I did not do anything wrong! How can you treat me like this?" She was unwilling to accept that

Charles had seen through everything.

She did not understand why she had to lose him again when she had nearly won his heart. Rachel was

shaken awake from her sweet dreams!

Chapter 1172 You're Disgusting Me

"What? Are you implying that you did nothing? Rachel, don't play innocent. You're disgusting me, you

know that?" Charles accused Rachel, whose face was pale as a ghost. "I am telling you that I won't

spare you another look in this lifetime, which is what you deserve. I did all of this just because I was

curious what you were going to do. I can honestly say that I am utterly sick of you," he added.

"It seems like I am a loose woman in your eyes. I can't believe that I was stupid enough to trust you! I

thought that you'd discover I am indeed a good girl, and who knows, perhaps I even thought that you'd

find it in your heart to accept me," Rachel replied with a hurtful look on her face. 'Why is he so mean to

me? Did I do something wrong to him? Was it something I did? How can he hate me so much?' Rachel

screamed inwardly.

"You're a good girl? Seriously? I have never even noticed a single good quality in you!" Charles shot

back coldly. The hostility towards Rachel continued to rise in his heart. 'She is a really good actress.

She's almost like a lead actress in a film, a master at playing an innocent woman, ' he thought

scornfully.

Unfortunately, her acting wasn't going to work on him.

He was well acquainted with the woman in front of him. Since he had been fooled by her twice before, he had no reason to trust her now whatsoever.

As he finished talking, he strode towards the door slowly.

Rachel had confusion all over her face as she stared at Charles' receding figure. Without turning around to face her once more, he stormed out of the booth. He wanted to get away from her and return home to be with his wife, Sheryl.

As he arrived home, he noticed that all the lights were already off and that it was silent in the house.

Assuming Sheryl was already asleep, he sneaked into their bedroom without making a sound. He didn't want to wake her.

As he looked at the sleeping beauty in the bed, he reminded himself just how lucky he was to have Sheryl as his wife. He felt so content, in fact, that his bad mood vanished altogether immediately.

After taking a shower, he got onto the bed. He drank a lot during the evening, which caused him to have a headache. Nevertheless, nothing could possibly affect his pleasant mood at that moment.

Thinking about the upset look on Rachel's face brought him great satisfaction. He swore to himself to

make anyone who dared to bully Sheryl or affected her in a negative way, pay the price.

A touch of warm light filtered through the curtain the following morning and woke Sheryl up. She slowly

blinked her eyes open, turned over in the bed and fixed her eyes on the man lying next to her.

He only came back home past one o'clock in the morning, hence why he was still fast asleep.

When Charles came back home, she was awake. However, she refrained from opening her eyes, as

she wasn't in the mood to talk to him.

The scene of him and Rachel sitting together and having a conversation last night lingered in her mind.

She kept recalling to herself about the many things they could've said to one another in the booth.

Apart from just talking, she didn't dare to think about other intimate acts the two could've possibly

engaged in.

She couldn't even gather up the courage to ask Charles where he had been last night. All he said to

Sheryl, was that he had a business appointment. 'Was he really talking about business with Rachel?'

she wondered.

She couldn't think about it any longer, for if she did, her imagination would run wild.

When Charles opened the door, she was lying in bed and unable to sleep. He sneaked into the room

without making a sound, all in the attempt to refrain from waking up his lovely wife. Everything he had done was out of pure love. Nevertheless, Sheryl thought that he was mindful about waking her up, simply because he felt guilty.

She even heard him taking a shower, while she lay in the bed waiting to fall asleep. Even though Charles came back late, Sheryl was the one that failed to get a good night's rest.

Charles really did have a wonderful day. He was really drowsy and had drunk too much the previous day. However, falling asleep with Sheryl by his side, was all he needed to end his day well. Above all else, he was also quite pleased with himself for humiliating Rachel, making sure that Lance would continue to work with his company.

Sheryl gazed at the handsome man, who was asleep beside her. 'He has long eyelashes and an incredibly attractive, well-shaped face. I love this man very much. He is the love of my life. But why would he want to ruin this? Why is he staying up at all hours of the night and having an affair with Rachel? I don't understand, ' she mused.

Considering whether she hated Charles, she discovered that she indeed didn't have an answer. She

was in a complicated, indescribable mood, which made her feel sad and rather depressed.

'Since I can't fall back asleep, I should probably get up,' she thought.

After getting dressed, it was still early and she had a lot of time to herself before she had to start work.

Having nothing to do, she considered an unusual thought. She thought about going jogging.

She realized that she had never gone for a morning run before.

It wasn't that she wasn't keen on sports, but rather that she had always been very busy living her life.

She never really had the time to exercise before.

However, now she finally had time to work on herself and do the things she wanted to do, which was a good thing because she was in such a bad mood.

She recognized that it was impossible for any person to have and maintain it all. She started to ask herself whether she was being too hard on Charles. Perhaps she even thought that she should have given him the benefit of the doubt. After all, wasn't that what marriage was all about?

'Am I overthinking last night too much?

He is my husband, but he is spending time with my enemy. It's a matter of principle. I can't let this go,' she brooded.

The more she mused, the bigger her headache got. She was unable to think of a solution and shook her head to get rid of her unpleasant thoughts. 'I think it's best that I go out. Even if I don't run, I can still go for a walk to breathe in some fresh air, ' she thought.

As Sheryl was just about to leave the room, Charles woke up. "Sheryl, why are you up so early?" he asked curiously.

Sheryl didn't reply to him. All she wanted was to escape from his presence to clear her mind.

"What's the matter with you, Sher? I am talking to you. Why are you so quiet?" Charles continued.

Sheryl's indifferent attitude caught him by surprise. The couple hadn't fought for a long time, which made him wonder why she was sulking.

'When I returned home last night, Sheryl was already fast asleep. We didn't argue over anything. So, why is she treating me like this now?' Charles' mind was full of doubts.

"I was quite bored at home and had nothing else to do, so I wanted to go out," Sheryl replied before hurrying to the door, trying to run away from his questions

She then slammed the door without saying another word.

Charles was no fool and he knew his wife quite well. He could sense that she was angry at him, but he didn't know why.

Recalling the bad vibe he received from Rachel last night, he felt rattled. Wasting no time, he immediately called Sheryl. After calling a few times and her not answering, he stopped for a moment.

'What's going on?' he wondered.

He then continued to call her up, but still couldn't get a hold of her.

'That's not good. I need to go find her, ' he thought.

He jumped out of the bed, got dressed and hurriedly dashed downstairs. The sight of Sheryl's handbag caught his attention. He picked it up and found the car keys still inside. 'She said that she was going out but she didn't take her car or handbag? It means that she couldn't go far, ' he analyzed.

He intended to look for her around his house. 'Where on earth would she go? I have no idea, ' he thought.

At that moment, Charles was engulfed with anxiety.

He couldn't figure out what was going on. Nevertheless, he had only one thought in mind and that was to go find Sheryl.

Chapter 1173 What Are You Trying To Say

After circling around Dream Garden several times, Charles finally found Sheryl jogging along the sidewalk. He heaved a sigh of relief.

Sheryl showed no signs of showing down, so he quickened his pace to a quick jog and caught up with her. "What's going on, Sher? Is there anything you're unhappy about? Did you get into trouble?

Whatever it is, please tell me and I'll help you solve it," he said quickly, taking long strides in order to be able to keep up with her. He still thought that Sheryl was facing some difficulties and just didn't want to trouble him.

But Sheryl ignored him and just continued jogging, not even bothering to look his way. Charles felt as though he was talking to a robot.

"Sher, what's wrong?" Charles asked again, puzzled.

He had lost count of how many times he had asked her that question. He felt as if he had asked that question more times this morning than he had throughout their entire marriage.

Sheryl continued to ignore him, which only made him worry even more.

Finally, he sped up and stood right in front of her, blocking her path. Sheryl had no choice but to

acknowledge his presence. She came to a stop, glaring at him. He asked again for the umpteenth time,

"Sher, what's the matter with you? Didn't you hear me talking to you?"

Sheryl's behavior was puzzling and scary at the same time. She wasn't angry, she wasn't stressed, and

she wasn't scared—she was just different. It was as if she weren't his wife but just someone wearing

her body. He had no clue what was going on and how to talk to her.

"Get out my way. I want to jog," Sheryl said in a distant, cold tone. It was as if she was talking to a

complete stranger. Those few short words made it clear that she didn't want Charles anywhere near

her.

"Since when do you exercise?" Charles questioned, as he reluctantly moved out of her way to let her

resume her jogging. All of a sudden, he felt like the person in front of him was truly a stranger. He had

no idea what was running through her mind and why she was so worked up. He was scared to ask her

any more questions in case he ticked her off even more. If she went back into her shell and refused to

talk to him, he would have no way at all to find out what was wrong.

"I have been neglecting my health for too long," Sheryl replied curtly. To be honest, she herself didn't

know what was wrong with her. Just a few moments ago, she hated Charles with every fiber in her

being. But when she saw Charles being so patient and persistent, she suddenly didn't have the heart to ignore him.

She couldn't bear to look at his face. She knew him well enough to know exactly what he was feeling just by his expression. Right now, it was a combination of puzzlement, disappointment, concern and also fear.

In fact, she wasn't annoyed by him following her and even his non-stop questioning.

At that moment, she realized just how much she loved Charles, to end up acting so crazy. Even though she knew that Charles was having an affair behind her back, she still refused to give up on him.

"Where did you go last night? I thought you had an office party," Charles probed. He thought that something unpleasant had happened during the party, something that she couldn't get off her mind, leaving her in a bad mood that lasted until today and made her act so weirdly.

"Yes. We had a party," Sheryl nodded as she continued jogging.

"Well...did you have a good time?" Charles tried to keep the conversation flowing. He lengthened his stride to keep up with Sheryl's jogging. He didn't know what other tactic he could use to make her talk.

Even if he only got short one-word answers, at least he could try to piece it together slowly.

"Charles Lu, what are you trying to say?" Sheryl came to an abrupt stop and glared right into his eyes.

If looks could kill, he would be dead by now.

All her pity had evaporated and was now replaced with boiling rage. Her heartbeat grew faster with the combination of the jogging and the fury burning in her heart.

'He must be feeling guilty about what he did. That's why he's suddenly being so sweet.

Either that or he must have figured out that I know about the affair. That's why he's acting this way to try and throw me off the scent. Under normal circumstances, he'll never ask this kind of question, ' she thought to herself.

The more she thought about it, the more hurt and wronged she felt.

"Don't get me wrong, honey. It's just that you're acting so weird. Something is definitely bothering you.

You know you can share anything with me, right? Even if you're in any trouble, we can figure it out

together," Charles said as he smiled at her gently and tried to reach for her hand. His words were

100% sincere, but he was worried that Sheryl would respond poorly to his words. He tried hard to hide

his anxiety.

He knew it was silly to be so worried, but a part of him was scared that Sheryl was in serious trouble.

What if the trouble was too big for them to fix?

"Don't be silly. I'm perfectly fine. Or are you hoping for me to be in trouble?" Sheryl snorted.

"Why would I wish for anything bad to happen to you?" Charles yelled in shock. He didn't understand why his wife would accuse him of such a thing. But now that he finally had an opportunity to really look at her, he detected a resentful look in her eyes. He had never seen such hatred in her eyes before and couldn't figure out what she blamed him for.

"Good to know. In that case, please get out of my way. I need to finish this round. I have to send the kids off to school in less than an hour," Sheryl said icily, looking straight into Charles' eyes again. She still couldn't detect any guilt in those familiar warm, brown eyes.

All she could see was a mixture of confusion and worry.

'Maybe he's worried about what I'll do now that I've learnt about his betrayal. Or he wants to figure out how much I know. But if that's the case, why would he be confused? He almost seems innocent, ' she mused. She just couldn't figure it out.

'Whatever. He's just being a man. Why should I puzzle my brains about this? I'm supposed to be forgetting, not thinking about it even more, ' she decided.

She nudged Charles out of the way and continued jogging, going slightly faster this time. He was about to follow her, before thinking better of it. It was no point trying to get any answers with Sheryl in this unhelpful mood.

'Since Sheryl refuses to talk to me, I'll just have to do some investigation on my own, ' he decided.

With that thought in mind, he stopped questioning her. He allowed her to complete her run but silently trailed behind her, escorting her all the way home. Even though she knew he was behind her the whole time, she didn't talk to him at all. As soon as they reached home, she immediately went to take a shower.

She firmly decided that Charles' actions that morning were just a futile attempt to ease his guilt.

After her shower, she came down to find that Clark and Shirley had finished their breakfast.

Nancy still hadn't come to work yet, so in the meantime Melissa had taken her place by fulfilling the typical grandmother duties and responsibilities.

Sheryl hadn't forced or even asked Melissa to do any of these things. It was all part of Melissa's

manipulative plan. She was just putting up a performance for the sake of her son. In order to get Leila out early, she had to suck up to her son by pretending to be a good grandmother to the children.

It didn't hurt that she genuinely did adore her grandchildren just like any proud grandmother.

She held no grudge against the children at all. It was only Sheryl that she couldn't stand.

She loved cooking for her grandchildren. She made sure they always had nutritious meals so that they could grow tall and strong. Watching them enjoy her cooking while seeing them grow in front of her eyes was a great source of joy to Melissa.

She often fantasized about the bright future she had planned for the kids after she succeeded in kicking Sheryl out of the house. 'They will be running around every day, calling me Grandma and keeping me away from boredom. It will just be me, them and their father. Hopefully I can also get Leila to be a perfect daughter-in-law and also a good wife for Charles, ' she dreamed happily.

"Thank you for feeding the kids, Mom. You really shouldn't have troubled yourself. You can get some rest, I'll take them to school now," Sheryl said to Melissa politely. Even though she still didn't fully trust Melissa, Sheryl was grateful that she took such good care of her children.

The other day when Sheryl had gone to fetch Melissa from the hotel, they hadn't gotten along at all.

Melissa had been unkind to Sheryl and the latter had snapped back. Neither of them had gotten over the hurtful words they had said to each other. Nevertheless, they had an unspoken agreement not to mention anything to Charles. It was none of his business and there was nothing he could do to fix it even if he did know about it.

Melissa did not dare to give Sheryl a hard time due to her warning. When Sheryl observed how well Melissa treated the kids, she slightly regretted her harsh words towards her that day.

"Thank you, Sheryl. Drive carefully and take good care of the kids," Melissa answered in a suspiciously cheerful tone. She hadn't intended to be so nice. In fact, she hadn't planned to even respond to Sheryl's words. But she had spotted Charles coming down the stairs and immediately put on her loving mother-in-law act, even managing to smile warmly at Sheryl.

Sheryl was initially thunderstruck by Melissa's friendly response. But when Charles came into her line of sight, she knew immediately that Melissa had ulterior motives.

Chapter 1174 Can't Run Away From It

After Sheryl realized that Melissa was doing all this to please her son, her guilt eventually dissipated.

'She is only acting in front of Charles. She is not doing this out of love for my children. Why should I be

sorry for her?' she mentally sneered.

"I am going to drive Clark and Shirley to school," Sheryl nonchalantly informed them. Then she led the two kids out of the house without hesitation.

'Both the mother and son are disgusting. I have to get those miserable things out of my mind if I want to stay with them, ' she thought.

"What's the matter with you, Mommy? You look upset," Clark probed as soon as they got into the car.

"I'm fine, honey," Sheryl casually replied as she started the engine, and drove straight towards the kindergarten. She could always hide negative emotions successfully when Clark was around. But today, she had forgotten to keep her facial expressions in check.

"Mommy, don't lie to me. When you talked to Grandma, you never looked at Daddy. But he was staring at you. Did you have a fight with Daddy?" Clark prompted gently, refusing to believe her.

He was a sensitive kid, and he paid much attention to his mother. Since he was such a keen observer that nothing could escape his notice.

As a result, Sheryl could never manage to deceive his shrewd son.

"No. Your daddy and I are good. It is just that I did not sleep well last night. And I felt like I was too tired to speak," she explained. She attempted to make up a story to convince Clark, but she didn't know that her son had a nose for a lie. The little boy could sense that her mother was lying.

"Mommy, people have both good days and bad days. I hope you not only share pleasant things with me but also the sad ones. This way, you won't have to suffer alone. What do you think?" Clark offered with a resolute look in his big eyes.

And it sounded like he was confessing his love to someone dear to him.

Glad having such a considerate son, Sheryl felt like the luckiest mother in the world.

"My good boy! From this moment on, I will tell you if I have a problem. That is a promise," Sheryl sobbed. Clark's sweet statement melted her heart. She tried hard to prevent her tears from welling up.

"Mommy, did you have a fight with Daddy? Will you get a divorce? I don't want that," Shirley broke in with a worried look. She had no idea what was going on between her parents. But she had this notion that if a couple often argued with each other, they would end up with a breakup.

It meant that the two would get divorced.

She hated to see her parents getting a divorce. If that would be the case, she could no longer live with

her mother and father together.

"Don't worry, Shirley. That will never happen. Daddy loves Mommy so much, and so does Mommy. The two will be together forever." Clark assured his sister.

It never crossed his mind that his parents would break up. 'I know Daddy too well. He loves Mommy with all his heart. He would rather get himself killed than leave Mommy and live with another woman,' he mused.

The children's exchange of words made Sheryl lost in her own thoughts. 'Will Charles really break up with me? Will he spend the rest of his life living with me?'

In the past, she would have them answered positively. But after what she had witnessed last night, she felt unsure. Remembering her husband with Rachel in the room, she suddenly thought that she knew nothing about Charles.

She even wondered what was on his mind when he smiled at her affectionately.

'When he said he loved me, did he think about me or Rachel?' she doubted.

This cruel question kept spinning on her mind. It kept on haunting her that she couldn't run away from

it. Even though she wanted to, she had to face it.

'I had no choice but to live with it, ' she sighed with resignation.

But Clark was like a wise elder. He expressed his opinion to both his sister and mother that his father would never ever leave his mother.

Sheryl was rendered speechless.

Besides, she had no heart to upset her children with reality.

"Well, we're running late. You guys got to get inside," Sheryl urged. Not knowing what to say to her kids, she had decided to drop the conversation. Facing her adorable children, she tried changing the topic.

"Will you pick us up when our classes are over?" Shirley asked with concern.

Even though she was not an observer like Clark, she had a sharp instinct. She could sense that something was going on between her parents, considering that her mother didn't answer her questions.

That made her a little anxious.

"Don't worry, sweetie. I will pick you up," Sheryl reassured, as she squatted down and fondled her little cheeks.

"Is that so? Oh yeah, Mommy is the best! I will be here waiting for you after school, Mommy. Don't forget to take us home," Shirley gushed, smiling from ear to ear. When she heard a positive reply from Sheryl, she believed that her parents were as good as before.

Clark was also hopeful that his parents would live happily. This way, his family would not split up, and he could be with his parents forever.

Divorcing Charles did not sit well with Sheryl either. 'Seems like I don't have any say in this matter. It's really up to Charles.

Or perhaps it is up to Rachel's decision. It's either she leaves Charles or ruins my family. Once she sets her mind on getting him back, will he choose Rachel? I have no idea, ' Sheryl brooded, feeling totally downhearted.

Since she couldn't figure it out, she felt helpless. And she was confused more than ever if she should continue to stick to that issue. "Well, you guys, you're going to be late. Hurry up!" Sheryl urged.

"Got it," Shirley responded meekly. With a sweet smile, the little girl headed towards the gate cheerfully.

But Clark remained where he was, watching Sheryl closely. Then he pleaded, "Mommy, I have to get

going. But as soon as we get home, you must tell me what bothers you."

He was fully aware that there was something wrong because his mother would not be acting that way.

Sheryl simply nodded to avoid arguing with him, knowing her son did not believe when she said she was all right.

"Okay, I will. Go to class first. I will share it with you at home when I pick you up in the evening," she agreed.

Noting the sincerity in the way his mother looked at him, he believed her words. With a nod, he turned around and walked towards Shirley.

It usually took her less than half an hour to drive from the kindergarten to her company. Glancing at her watch, Sheryl realized that she only had about thirty minutes left before her work hours. She should hurry up to make it.

Chapter 1175 Lose The Man You Love

Not only did Sheryl not have much time to think about Charles' cheating, she also didn't want to think about it. Striding towards her car, she hurried inside, started the engine and drove straight to Cloud Advertising Company.

She was slightly late when she arrived at the company building, so she parked her car quickly and headed towards the entrance. The moment she stepped inside, she froze as a thought came to her. 'All of my employees saw Charles and Rachel last night. They might gossip about this behind my back. Or they might exaggerate what happened and share it with others.'

This was an unsettling thought, but since there was nothing she could do about the past, she decided to face it bravely. So she mustered up some courage, took a deep breath and entered the company.

The minute she stepped through the door, Isla pulled her into a corner and whispered in a low voice,

"We need to talk, Sher."

"What's up, Isla?" Sheryl asked curiously, observing her stern expression. She had no idea what Isla wanted from her, but sensed that it was something serious.

"Just follow me," Isla said bluntly as she walked towards her office.

After Sheryl followed her inside, Isla closed the door behind her, the stern look on her face fading slightly. Analyzing her boss from head to toe, she inquired in a sincere, earnest tone, "How were you and Charles last night?"

Finally understanding what Isla wanted to talk to her about, Sheryl heaved a long breath. 'I thought

there had been a serious problem with the company.'

She breathed a huge sigh of relief.

"You didn't mention what you saw at the bar last night to Charles, did you?" Isla queried, her eyes

dilated with worry. When Isla saw how calm Sheryl was, her pity turned to anger.

"What else could I do, Isla?" Sheryl replied quietly, hoping that she could understand. She didn't want to lose Charles.

"What are you afraid of? He is the one to blame, not you. Now that he's made this mistake, he should bear the responsibility. Why suffer alone? You should let him know," Isla replied, her voice full of emotion. She didn't understand what Sheryl was thinking.

'She must be out of her mind. She saw her husband fool around with another woman. How could she endure that?' Isla internally screamed.

"What if he doesn't admit it when I bring it up? What will I do then?" Sheryl snapped back.

She was certain that Charles would deny his affair. 'If he wanted to confess, he would have mentioned it this morning when he realized I was mad at him. But he didn't.

He didn't even look guilty.

Perhaps he doesn't think he did anything wrong. Men like cheating on their wives, especially successful men, ' Sheryl brooded with bitterness.

"Even if he refuses to admit it, you should still talk to him about this. He thinks he can keep you in the dark forever. But the fact is everyone already knows he's a cheater," Isla voiced her opinion, trying to convince Sheryl.

"How about I talk to him? The more I think about this, the more upset I get. Even if he wanted to date someone else, he shouldn't have chosen Rachel," Isla seethed. She hated seeing Sheryl being treated so poorly.

"No, I don't think that's a good idea," Sheryl replied reluctantly, not wanting anyone to get involved in this. Her plan was to wait for Charles to confess to her one day.

In her opinion, if Charles still cared about her, he would eventually tell her the truth. If he didn't, it would

mean that he didn't love her anymore.

Isla decided not to push Sheryl further. Holding back her anger, she said calmly, "Charles is your

husband and you have two kids together. You should let him know. If anything, he would stop seeing Rachel for the sake of Clark and Shirley. What do you say?"

The children were Isla's greatest concern. 'If Charles has really fallen for Rachel, she will do anything in her power to ruin Sheryl's family.

In the end, Clark and Shirley would be the victims, ' she thought to herself sadly.

"Don't worry. I will talk to him another day," Sheryl reassured. Isla couldn't tell if Sheryl was being truthful or if she just wanted the conversation to end.

"Will you? If he doesn't confess today, he definitely won't confess tomorrow or the day after. He'd be an idiot to ever confess to you," Isla responded passively, not agreeing with Sheryl's idea whatsoever.

'Sheryl didn't even catch him with Rachel, after all.

She doesn't have any proof. Why would Charles admit to cheating?' she ruminated.

To set Isla's mind at rest, Sheryl declared decidedly, "Just relax. I'll settle this properly. I won't let Rachel ruin my family."

"Oh, Sher, what am I going to do with you?" Isla asked resignedly, exhaling in frustration.

"Come on, Isla, give me some credit. I know what I'm doing." Sheryl smiled weakly, and then added,

"We have a lot of work to do. Let's get going."

Work was the only thing that could distract her right now, and

Isla's concern for her personal life was becoming a burden.

She didn't want to think about what had happened and didn't know how to handle this crisis in her marriage.

'Does Charles have any feelings for me at all? Does he still love me or not? What's going on with him and Rachel?' So many questions were racing through her mind.

She was more eager than anyone to know whether Charles truly had an affair, but she couldn't gather enough courage to confront him about it.

And since she didn't know how to mention it to him, Sheryl decided to let time solve the issue for her.

"Work, work, you only know work. When you finally make your fortune, you'll find that you've lost the man you love!" Isla complained loudly. But after spitting out the words, she regretted them instantly realizing that they were quite harsh.

Isla, however, had meant exactly what she said. She didn't want to see Sheryl live in remorse after

losing her husband.

Sheryl was a considerate

and sensitive woman, so she knew that Isla hadn't meant any harm.

"Who cares? I have you anyway. As long as you stand by my side, I will fear nothing!" Sheryl joked

playfully, smiling warmly at her confidant. As she gazed at her friend, Sheryl sank into deep thought.

'I'm not lying. Isla is very important to me. No one can take her place in my heart.'

Chapter 1176 I Need To See You Right Now

No matter what had happened, Sheryl thought that she still had to move on. She had no idea when

Charles would explain to her the kind of relationship he shared with Rachel. Nevertheless, she had no

choice but to let nature take its course.

She was unwilling to face the cruel fact that Charles had an affair. That would be too much to bear.

'If I simply let go of this matter and stop even thinking of mentioning it to Charles, perhaps we can get

through this. But hell no! It looks more like I am deceiving myself, ' she struggled inside. She was

definitely torn.

Unlike Sheryl, who had chosen silence, Charles decided to find out the reason for his wife sulking to

help her out.

And he knew who he should turn to for assistance.

Wasting no time, Charles checked his phone contacts and soon dialed a number. Isla, who at that time had just stepped into her house, was stunned as she stared at the caller ID. Still bewildered, she accepted the call after a few seconds.

"Hello, Mr. Lu?" Isla answered, surprised and puzzled.

"Hi, Isla. When do you have time? I have something to ask you," Charles began curtly. This was the way he spoke. He always cut straight to the point.

"Alright, Mr. Lu! Now that you want to see me, how would I dare to say no?" She agreed in a tone of sarcasm. She was absolutely clueless as to why Charles suddenly wanted to meet her. But she had a gut feeling that it had something to do with what had happened between him and Rachel at the bar that night.

Isla was now determined to interrogate Charles and to figure out the relationship between him and Rachel. However, she had reluctantly given up that thought when she recalled that Sheryl forbade her to confront Charles. She didn't want to upset her best friend.

'Perhaps it is just Sheryl's point of view, and not necessarily represent how Charles perceives the whole thing. What if Charles wants to talk openly about that?' she mused.

"Please tell me the place and time, Mr. Lu," Isla prompted. Obviously, the way she communicated with Charles had changed. Convinced that he had cheated on her best friend, she was furiously mad at him.

Although she tried so hard to control her disgust towards him, her voice still carried anger and disdain.

"How about we meet at the coffee shop near Cloud Advertising Company in an hour?" Charles casually suggested, ignoring her harsh tone.

"Fine," Isla replied briefly.

She resolved to force Charles to admit his unfaithful behaviors and to teach him a lesson for Sheryl's sake.

"Honey, I need to go out right now," Isla hastily informed Aron. Still clutching her handbag, she spun on her heels and hurried back to the front door.

"Where are you going, Isla?" Aron asked, startled.

"Cloud Advertising Company! I got a thing to deal with. See you later," Isla yelled back at her husband as she had already walked a distance from their house.

Charles was seated at a table near the window when Isla arrived sometime later.

As his back was facing the entrance door, he didn't see her coming. He was in a trance when he was jolted back to his senses by the sound of the voice of an usher greeting a guest. Checking the time, he mused that his guest should be here in any minute. And as if by instinct, he turned around and saw a woman approaching him.

Isla headed straight to where he was and settled herself in the seat opposite him. "You wanted to see me, so here I am. Now tell me, why did you invite me here?" she demanded.

"Isla, actually I need you to do me a favor," Charles stated clearly in a matter-of-fact tone of voice.

"Well, I'm flattered. But you are a president of a big company, I don't think I could be of any help," Isla quipped.

"I find it weird that both of you are acting kind of strange lately. Sheryl is indifferent to me, and so are you. Did I do anything wrong to you?" Charles blurted out his doubts.

"Mr. Lu, are you kidding me? How come you know nothing of your own mistake?" Isla snapped with a fake laugh. She was rendered speechless. 'Turns out Charles is such a shameless guy. Why didn't I

know his true colors before?

He is having an affair. All of my subordinates saw him making out with another woman. Now, he does not only refuse to admit it but even dares act innocent.

I try hard not to ask him what he did behind Sheryl's back, but he is playing dumb and asking me what is going on, ' she pondered furiously.

"I don't remember doing anything that would upset you," Charles responded, looking puzzled. He was totally clueless. No matter how hard he forced himself to think, he couldn't find the connection between Sheryl's and Isla's boiling anger towards him to what had happened that night at Lavender Bar. He only aimed to humiliate Rachel, after all.

Since he was definitely caught unaware, it would never cross his mind that Sheryl and her employees had seen him with Rachel at the booth at that time. What was worse, they had misunderstood that he was cheating on his wife.

Hearing Charles sound unapologetic made Isla feel infuriated all the more. She was so annoyed that she almost blurted out what she had seen that night. Fortunately, she was able to hold herself in check the moment she opened her mouth. She happened to recall Sheryl's words. 'What if he doesn't admit

when I bring it up? What am I going to do at that time?'

If she were in Sheryl's place, and she had discovered that her husband was having an affair, she would let him know and would teach him a hard lesson. However, this was Sheryl's matter, not hers.

Sheryl had the right to choose how to settle this problem. Or it was more likely that she was trying to protect her family from falling apart.

Isla was against the idea of Sheryl playing dumb about her husband's cheating. But she agreed that it might be the best solution if Charles was really in love with Rachel.

'If Sher would not mention it to Charles, perhaps they could live together. As long as he still has feelings for Sher, and he loves his children, he will not resort to divorce her.

And if Sher chooses to let it go, then the chance that they can move on is highly probable.

But if Sher brought it up, Charles might get angry. When that happens, Sher might lose everything, '

Isla ruminated.

After weighing it over, Isla chose to remain silent. 'Now that Sher is intending to wait for Charles to confess, I should respect her decision. Who knows, Sher might figure out whether her husband

deserves her or not, ' she decided.

"Oh yeah, you're right, Mr. Lu. You did nothing wrong. If there isn't anything else, then I should be going," Isla uttered in a sullen tone before she rose from her seat and stormed out of the cafe.

Charles was left alone, trapped in his musings. As he mulled it over, he speculated that Rachel or Holley had set him up.

'It must be their doing. Otherwise, Sher and Isla would not be so mad at me, ' he assumed.

'I should meet Rachel and ask her what she has done, ' he decided.

The longer he thought about it, the more shameless he found Rachel was.

'This woman tried to put Sher down several times. I already taught her a lesson, but she didn't learn from it. If she indeed pushed my buttons, I would not spare her, ' he swore.

He gave Rachel a call. The minute he got through to her, he seethed with anger and huffed, "No matter where you are, I need to see you right now."

Chapter 1177 I Will Not Spare You

Charles frowned and wondered how Rachel turned into such a crafty and evil woman. When they were still together back then, she was completely different. She was a sensible, kind girl in his eyes. Now, however, he wondered if she was just a fake before, and that this was really her true nature. He had a

bad expression of her.

There was nothing left inside of Charles but hatred for Rachel.

"Hello, Mr. Lu. What's the occasion? Why did you want to see me in such a hurry?" Rachel asked in a sweet voice. His call didn't surprise her. Judging by the anger in his voice, she guessed that Charles and Sheryl had a big fight, and that he wanted to talk about it with her. This thought overjoyed Rachel that she answered the call immediately.

She even started to imagine the happy life that she and Charles would have after he and Sheryl got divorced.

However, Rachel's playful coy and flirtation only enraged him more. "Let me make myself clear. I do not want to see you, but I have no choice at the very moment, so get your ass over here right away!" he demanded brashly without even considering her feelings.

Still in a flirting and sweet tone, Rachel replied, "Fine. Since you invite me, then I will be there. Please, tell me where you are, so I can be on my way." Even though Charles had yelled and insulted her, she still wasn't fazed or even mad about it. Her mood was just too good to be overcome.

Since Charles had no intention of going anywhere else, he told her to come to the cafe and ended the call without waiting for her response.

Charles heaved a furious breath before drinking the coffee in one gulp. The anger had overwhelmed him, making him yell at the waitress for another refill.

His attitude broke the tranquil and warm atmosphere of the cafe. It also drew the attention of most guests. When they turned to look at his direction, they were surprised and miffed to find out where the raging noise came from. At that moment, Charles became aware of his rude behavior, but he was still fuming, rendering him having no mood to apologize.

As the other people in the cafe landed their eyes on Charles, they immediately withdrew their curious glances and started to whisper and talk to their companions as if nothing happened.

They all had one thing in mind, and that was that they couldn't afford and dare to mess with Charles.

Once they showed how annoyed and scornful they were to his rude behavior, they might just get themselves into more trouble. This man was powerful, wealthy, and influential enough to be able to change their fates and play god after all.

No one in the cafe had the guts to get on such a bigshot's bad side, not to mention that the stone-cold

president was in a really bad mood. So they ignored him as if he wasn't a bother at all.

Upon hearing Charles' order, the waitress got a cup of coffee immediately, and wasted no time as she made her way to deliver the refill to the irritated man. She carefully placed the cup in front of him with respect and fear of making a wrong move. As the man had no other request, she scampered off with the empty cup and felt like she could finally breathe.

Meanwhile, after Charles had hung up the phone, Rachel immediately called Holley in the intercom.

"See me at my office right now," she instructed.

Since Holley worked in the company as well, it was convenient for Rachel to contact her.

"Right away," Holley replied as she sensed the urgency in Rachel's voice. She rushed out of her office, leaving her unfinished work behind, and left for Rachel's.

Rachel's secretary opened the door for her, and as soon as the door closed behind her, Holley asked,

"What's up?"

Smiling from ear to ear, Rachel was beaming when Holley found her. "I have some good news to share with you."

Holley walked closer and sat on the chair in front of Rachel. "What is it?" she asked, pretending to look curious. She guessed that the good news had something to do with Charles or his wife for it was the only thing they were working hard for.

Rachel looked at Holley and knew that she should fill her in as well for they were a team. She gushed, "I got a call from Charles, and he sounded very upset. I'm pretty sure that Sheryl must have snapped at him for what she had seen that night. That's most probably why he is so angry."

Holley furrowed her eyebrows slightly. "Charles called up you just because he wanted to tell you that he was upset? Is that all?" she asked in doubt. 'If Charles is really mad at someone, he will not just make a call to vent out his anger. There must be more that he had said to her, ' Holley thought.

"Of course not. He said he wanted to see me right now. He didn't tell me why, but I guess he will teach me a lesson. Anyway, I think I should go see him. What do you think?" she asked with a frown on her face as she considered her options. Then again, for Rachel, she didn't care what he was going to do to her. She wanted to see his face again, and no matter what Holley voiced out, she would still go.

"Well, of course, you should go, Ms. Bai. This way, you can spend more time with him, and he might remember his feelings for you. Besides, he won't lay a hand on you for you are a woman," Holley

replied. She then gave her boss a meaningful smile before she added, "Since he won't lay a finger on you, you can do anything you want."

Rachel misinterpreted her words, making her feel frustrated. She heaved a sigh, and in a disappointed tone, she said, "I don't think I can manage to seduce Charles. Well, you know him, he will not..."

She had assumed that Holley was suggesting that she should seduce Charles and have an intimate sex with him.

Holley immediately reminded, "Ms. Bai, it doesn't matter whether or not you can sleep with him. You just need to convince Sheryl that her husband fools around with you." Standing up, Holley straightened her clothes and said decisively, "Let's go, Ms. Bai. You will do all the acting, and I will take care of the pictures. We can make a good team to make Sheryl suffer."

"Great idea. Even if Charles scolds me, I will still meet him," Rachel replied with a hearty laugh.

She imagined how heartbroken Sheryl would look once she handed the pictures of her and Charles' intimate behaviors to her. She was satisfied and happy by the thought.

"We should really get going, Ms. Bai. Oh, wait. I forgot. I should disguise myself first. Otherwise,

Charles will recognize me when I enter the scene. I won't be able to do my part if he does," Holley said.

Rachel nodded, "Right." Before they headed for the coffee shop, both of them stopped by at a store where Holley bought sunglasses that covered half of her face and a black baseball cap. After that, they went straight to their rendezvous. Rachel went in first.

As soon as she entered the cafe, she looked around and spotted Charles, sitting alone at a table by the window. A sly smile slowly appeared on her face as she went straight to him. "I apologize for being late, Mr. Lu. I was stuck in traffic. I hope I haven't kept you waiting for so long," Rachel said as she took a seat next to Charles.

Charles had been here ever since Isla had left, so he had been waiting long. He ignored this thought as the anger filled up inside him once again after seeing and hearing Rachel. In a harsh voice, he shot back, "I asked you here, because I wanted to ask you something. No need to explain what took you so long."

Rachel pouted and with a pitiful look, she explained, "What's wrong, Mr. Lu? I just wanted to express my guilt for keeping you waiting." As she said this, she stretched her hand and attempted to reach for his.

Charles looked at her as her eyes flashed with sincerity and regret, while her voice carried sincerity and earnestness. Then again, Charles wasn't easy to fool, and this act enraged him more. Because of the frustration inside of him, he didn't realize that Rachel was already aiming to touch his hand. As soon as her hand landed on his, Holley immediately took a picture.

"What are you doing?" Charles shouted at her as he angrily withdrew his hand. He looked at her with intimidation, and if looks could kill, Rachel would have been dead on the spot. Charles hated being touched, especially by this vile woman. Charles' nose started to flare as he threatened, "Rachel, I am warning you. You better stay away from Sheryl from now on, because once I find out that you said anything or did anything to her just to ruin our relationship, I am warning you, Rachel, I will not spare you."

Chapter 1178 Give Me A Hug

"Charles, what are you talking about? I never went anywhere near Sheryl, let alone talk to her to try splitting you up. This is just Sheryl's trick," Rachel defended herself. She initially assumed that Charles and Sheryl had gotten into a fight at home.

'But according to what Charles has said, it doesn't look like they had a big fight. Moreover, Sheryl must

have told him that I bullied her, ' she thought in disdain.

She didn't expect that Sheryl would remain so calm after she had witnessed her and Charles at the bar that night. She thought things would be more interesting than this.

Although the plan hadn't gone as expected, Rachel was still pleased with the result. Charles was peeved, which meant that Sheryl had complained to him.

That must have had a bad influence on their relationship, she guessed.

"Why in the world would Sher try to set you up? I know you very well. Old habits die hard, I guess.

Three years have passed, but you haven't changed one bit. You can fool others with your act, but not me," Charles retorted, casting her a scornful glance.

"So that's how you think of me. I did some bad things three years ago, but it doesn't mean that I'm still the same! People change, you know? I have realized that I was wrong. That's why I came back and tried to approach you. I wanted to make amends with you, not break up you and Sheryl," Rachel explained, as she squeezed a few teardrops.

Thanks to her former profession as an actress, she could burst into tears any time.

"You approached me because you wanted to make up for your mistakes? Is that why you abducted my

children and set up my wife? Have you no shame? If you continue this charade, you will pay the price for it one day," Charles said, his eyes fuming in rage. Initially, Charles had only meant to lecture her and let her go.

But Rachel had pushed his buttons this time. He didn't want to waste time talking to the hypocritical woman anymore. He was going to put her down and make her lose everything that she held dear if she crossed the line again.

'She involved my children in that mess and she will pay for it, ' he decided.

"I admit that I was wrong and I am willing to pay for the mistakes I had made three years ago. But I swear that I had nothing to do with your children's abduction. Duncan was behind that. The police has already closed that case. It's fine if you don't believe me, but at least you should trust the police,"

Rachel expounded instantly, her heart skipping a beat as Charles mentioned the kidnapping incident.

"Whether I believe the police or not is my business. But I will never trust you. Now, let's talk about the kidnapping. You think you have gotten away with it just because the case is settled, don't you? What if I ask the police to reopen the case? Perhaps they might find new evidence," Charles said menacingly.

Rachel was fully aware of what Charles was capable of. 'He isn't joking, ' she thought in fear.

That was the last thing Rachel wanted.

"Charles, you've got it wrong. I wasn't involved in the..." Rachel's voice trailed off. Charles' intimidation

scared the hell out of her. 'If the police reopens the case, I will end up in the suspects list. And if

Duncan changes his mind and rats me out, I will be in big trouble, ' she mused.

"Shut up! I didn't ask you here to hear your explanation. Just keep this in mind—don't ever come

anywhere near Sher or me again," Charles concluded with a threat. After giving her one last menacing

glare, he stood up and strode towards the entrance.

Rachel ran after him and stopped behind him. With fake sincerity written all over her face, she shouted,

"Wait, Charles. I think I should make it clear to you. I had nothing to do with your kids' abduction. You're

misunderstanding me."

Ignoring Rachel, Charles kept walking. After taking another two steps, he slowed down and took a step

backwards. He turned to her and said in a warning tone, "If you dare say anything to Sher to ruin our

relationship, I will have the police retrace the kidnapping case. If you don't believe me, you can go

ahead and try your luck."

He knew Rachel. 'She tried to break my family apart once, and she will do it again, ' he thought.

To prevent that from happening, he had no other choice but to scare her with this threat.

He knew what Rachel feared the most, and he had ways to make her yield.

"Charles, I...I..." Rachel stammered. But his threat hadn't really worked on her as he had expected. She was occupied by one thought and that was to let Holley take more intimate pictures of her and Charles.

To get what she wanted, she decided to play innocent and touch his soft side.

"I was wrong and I know it. I swear that I will never get you into trouble again. Charles, do you know?

I've never stopped loving you. I see you in my dreams and I think of you all the time. I came back to Y

City because I wanted to see you," Rachel confessed with fake tears as she drew closer to Charles.

She stopped when she could finally reach and touch Charles' face. As she figured that he was running

out of patience and was about to walk away, she quickly threw her arms around him in a hug. "Charles,

I will do whatever you ask of me. I will stay away from Sheryl and you. Please just give me a hug, won't you?" she pleaded.

"Keep your hands off me!" He was taken aback by her actions. Out of instinct, he pushed her back.

Caught off guard, Rachel tumbled backwards, lost her balance and collapsed to the floor.

"Argh!" she screamed as she hit the floor.

This time, she wasn't acting. The fall really hurt. Even Holley, who was hiding in a corner, had heard the loud thump.

"If you ever touch me again, you will suffer more than this," Charles snorted as he turned around and left the cafe.

He didn't bother to help Rachel, leaving her to pick herself up.

She was furious. Embarrassed, she lifted herself from the floor. Staring at his receding figure, she declared through gnashed teeth, "Let's wait and see, Charles!"

Chapter 1179 You're The Boss

"Ms. Bai, are you okay?" Holley walked up to Rachel as she watched Charles drive away in his car.

"Holley, did you get all the pictures?" Rachel asked gravely. She didn't care about whether she had injuries or not. At that particular moment, she was only interested in the photos that Holley took.

"Certainly. You can rest assured. The photos are clear and I bet you'll be pleased with them. With those pictures, you can make up your story without having to worry that someone won't believe it," Holley assured Rachel as she put the camera in front of her. After Rachel browsed through the pictures, her

mood switched from bad to good instantly.

"Well, then...I think it's about time we return to Tarsan Corporation!" she proposed.

Both of the women got into the car and immediately drove back to Tarsan Corporation. Holley was the driver, while Rachel was in the passenger seat. On their way there, Rachel grew impatient as her sidekick failed to mention the pictures, which made her feel uneasy. "So, when do you propose that we should meet Sheryl and show her the photos, Holley?" she inquired.

"Wait...Don't be in such a hurry. We need to be patient. After all, Sheryl is having a hard time. She is very upset and if we show her these pictures, she might dispose of them out of anger. I think it's best we show them to her at a point when she is over her current feelings," Holley suggested.

With a twisted expression on her face, Holley continued, "Ms. Bai, you must have no idea how terrible it feels to have one's healed wounds reopened. However, Sheryl will understand soon."

"Okay, that's fine. We can wait," Rachel replied with an evil smile.

Thinking about what Holley said, she agreed that she wanted Sheryl's suffering to be prolonged. Thus, she was willing to wait for the perfect moment.

"I will first review these pictures," Rachel murmured with a beaming smile. Taking the video camera out of her handbag, she started looking through the photos. 'I have to admit, Holley is an expert photographer. She didn't even capture Charles' face, so no one can see his expression, ' she praised inside.

Rachel knew that people had endless imaginations. Even though Charles' facial expression couldn't be seen in the pictures, the happy and affectionate look on Rachel's face displayed that she was in love with him and that they were having an affair.

When Charles returned home, Sheryl had already finished taking a relaxing bath.

Heading upstairs immediately, he sneaked into the bedroom and found his wife already dressed in her pajamas. "You're home early, Sher," Charles grinned, trying to suck up to his wife.

"What? No, I'm not. You're just later than usual," Sheryl shot back coldly, avoiding eye contact with her loving husband. Judging by her expression, she didn't seem interested in talking to Charles at all.

Watching her roam around the room, he lowered his head and glanced at his wristwatch to check the time. It turned out that over three hours had passed since he got off from work. "Oh, yeah, I came home a little bit later today," he said embarrassingly, as he scratched his head.

He then hurried over to Sheryl's side and leaned in for a kiss, which was supported by his seductively flattering smile. "Sher, I promise I will try to come home early from now on, okay?"

"Well, you don't have to promise me that, because it's none of my business. I'm going to bed. Are you going to sleep now or not? If not, please, just leave me alone. I am tired," Sheryl responded coldly

before walking away from her husband's invitation. She forced herself to be as mean as she could to

Charles, as she was afraid that her heart might be too soft and that she would be eager to forgive him.

That was the only reason why she was in a rush to wrap up the conversation. She wasn't about to give

Charles any chance to be sweet with her, nor please her.

Charles felt disheartened by his wife's response. He wanted to explain something to her, but he didn't

know how to free himself from his current feelings. He recalled that he didn't have anything to do with

Rachel.

Since he wasn't sure about whether Rachel had said anything to Sheryl, he couldn't possibly risk

bringing up her name or even rectify any misunderstandings. 'If I ask Sher about what Rachel said to

her, she might suspect me. She might even think that I have something intimate to do with Rachel.

Perhaps she would become even more upset and frustrated with me, ' he analyzed.

"Well, okay...Since you're sleepy, you should go and get some rest. I will join you later. I won't disturb you while you sleep," Charles said fondly.

"Hmm, fine." Sheryl nodded, as she went to bed by herself and fell asleep.

The next morning, a ray of sunlight shone through the curtain. Sheryl slowly opened her eyes, her thoughts welcoming the new day. Since she had run into Charles and Rachel at the bar, she repeated to herself to refrain from thinking or dreaming about the scene as she did nearly every night. 'If I didn't dream about it, I wouldn't have indulged myself in having sex with Charles last night, ' Sheryl thought.

Sheryl got up first and Charles followed. The couple got dressed around the same time. As Sheryl was about to leave the bedroom, he offered, "I want to drop the children off at school today, Sher."

Charles had two reasons for wanting to take Clark and Shirley to school. The first reason was that he knew that Sheryl had a lot of work to do at her office. Secondly, he recalled that she hadn't slept well lately.

"Fine, then I will go straight to work," Sheryl agreed with a nod. 'Since he offered, I should let him be. If someone dares to bully our daughter at school, he would be able to teach them a lesson. He is their

father after all, ' she thought.

"See you at home later then," Charles said.

Sheryl drove straight to the Cloud Advertising Company where there were many tasks and people waiting for her to deal with.

Seeing Sheryl arrive, Isla came out of her office and walked over to her. "Sher," she addressed.

"What's up, Isla?" Sheryl inquired as she looked up at her dearest friend.

"I'm fine. I just wanted to check on you. How are things between you and Charles?" Isla replied.

Isla didn't really want to make small talk with Sheryl. Instead, she wanted to know whether Charles had mentioned his meeting Rachel to Sheryl.

"We are the same as we were before," Sheryl replied flatly. When she responding to her friend, there was a trace of depression in her eyes that Isla noticed immediately.

"Jeez!" Isla didn't know what else to say.

'We are grown-ups now. Once we make a choice, we are permitted to take responsibility for it, along with the consequences that come with it. Perhaps Sher made the right decision. She let it go this time,

so they could move on with their lives. A good example is a man that decides to start a business. There is no expectation about making a fortune or going broke because of his bold decision to start his own business. However, there's still a lot of responsibility that he needs to bear, ' she pondered.

"What are you trying to say?" Sheryl asked with a frown.

"Well, nothing. Sher, you need to keep your eyes open and stay positive. Sometimes things might be more complicated than they look. Do you understand?" Isla consoled her friend. She didn't know how to convince Sheryl. She only picked up on bad vibes coming from Sheryl.

'At this point, Sheryl should remain careful. She can't afford to make a mistake now, especially not after everything that happened. Otherwise, she might lose everything this time around, ' she thought worriedly.

"I see. Come on, let's get back to work," Sheryl urged. She didn't want to talk about her husband's cheating, nor make any further comments.

"Fine. Of course. You're the boss and I will listen to you. I will pay attention to nothing but work," Isla responded resignedly.

Chapter 1180 I Am Not A Pushover

Sheryl laughed heartily. She had been so depressed lately and had been feeling that there was so

much burden placed on her. She never thought that she would be able to laugh genuinely at a time like this. However, she did, and it was all because of Isla.

"What are you laughing about?" Isla pouted. She looked at Sheryl, pretending to be angry, but she was glad to hear the sound of her laughter.

"Nothing. You are right, we should get to work," Sheryl said, shaking her head with a smile.

"Yes, we should. Let's set aside all this nonsense. Oh, Sheryl! I just remembered, we had a new client who wanted us to plan an opening ceremony. What happened to him? He never came back and he hasn't contacted us either," Isla said.

She quickly shifted her focus to work.

The topic was changed so swiftly that Sheryl couldn't catch up with her at first. She thought for a moment and then answered, "Are you talking about that new company? The company is still in its beginning phase. I suppose that's why they have not come back to us yet."

The new client that Isla was talking about was a young entrepreneur. He had started a company with some of his friends. And he had wanted to draw some public attention by letting Cloud Advertising

Company plan an opening ceremony of the company.

But the opening ceremony had been postponed several times.

If Isla had not mentioned them, Sheryl would have completely forgotten about them.

"Yes, I remember. It was some new venture established by a few newly-graduated college students.

They wanted to establish a technological company or something like that," Isla recalled.

"Yes, they called it Lansh Technology. But those people are definitely acting strange. Although they had

arranged an opening ceremony and set the date, they have postponed the it again and again. They

might be in some sort of trouble," said Sheryl.

"That makes sense. I will check with them and find out if they still want us to plan the ceremony or not,"

Isla responded, nodding her head decisively. She put the issue onto her memo.

"All right. You deal with Lansh Technology and I will deal with the other clients who are almost up for

payment," Sheryl said, looking at her list of clients.

"Okay, let's get started. And I will stop talking about the other things, because I know that you won't

listen anyway," Isla said as she shrugged her shoulders. She gave Sheryl a wide smile and left her

office.

Sheryl knew what Isla was implying, but she did not deny it because she knew that whatever Isla said, she said it for her good. She never doubted it. She knew that Isla did everything for her sake, no matter what she said.

Sheryl shook her head, trying to clear all the annoying thoughts out of her head. She calmed herself down by taking a deep breath, hoping that it would help her focus on her work. After she slowly breathed out, she continued to focus on her work.

At that moment, her phone rang. Sheryl saw the caller ID, and it was Rachel calling.

She had earlier saved this number in her phone as 'the president of Tarsan Company' when Tarsan Corporation was doing business with Cloud Advertising Company.

She had put in a lot of effort trying to get a hold of this number.

But only after that wine party had she found out that the president of Tarsan Corporation was actually

Rachel. So Sheryl changed the name on her phone from "Tarsan Corporation's CEO" to "Rachel."

'Why on earth is this woman calling me now?' Sheryl asked herself, staring at her name on the phone.

As the phone kept ringing, Sheryl felt incredibly nervous because Isla was not there with her at that

moment. She did not know what to do. She stared at the phone, with a lot of questions in her mind.

'Should I pick up the phone? Should I just ignore it?' Sheryl kept asking herself, not able to decide.

At that night in Lavender Bar, Sheryl had seen such immense provocation in Rachel's eyes. And Sheryl

still remembered clearly the time when she had received that phone call. She was so afraid that after

she had picked up her call, she would never get Charles back and that they would fall apart forever.

Although Clark had once told her that Charles would never leave her, Sheryl was still so afraid.

However sure Clark was, he was still only a three-year-old kid who didn't know how the world worked.

She didn't think that Clark really understood what was on his father's mind.

The phone was still ringing. Rachel was persistent. Sheryl did not want to pick up the phone at all, but

she couldn't resist her curiosity. She struggled for some time and finally picked it up.

"Sheryl, I haven't seen you in a long time. Do you miss me?" Rachel's voice came from the other end

and pierced Sheryl's mind like an arrow. She was so familiar with the voice and never wanted to hear it.

In the past, she just did not want to respond to any of Rachel's taunting, but now, she hated her words

so much that it was like a curse echoing in her mind all the time.

"Sheryl, are you too excited to hear my voice that you don't even know what to say?" Rachel asked

provocatively. She knew that she had a trump card which could destroy Sheryl completely. She was

looking forward to seeing the expression on Sheryl's face when she played her card.

"What do you want?" Sheryl asked, annoyed. She tried to keep calm, hoping to cover her anxiety.

She was aware that Rachel was calling to provoke her. 'It's laughable. I've seen everything and I

already know what has happened between them. But I'm still hiding from the reality, trying to deny it by

ignoring the truth, ' Sheryl laughed at herself.

'I thought if I denied the truth, it would just disappear. I was so naive. I understand now. What has

happened will never change even if I choose to ignore it.'

Her thoughts had come true. Although she tried to ignore it, reality came back to hit her like a brick in

the face!

"Sheryl, we've known each other for a long time now. We are old friends, aren't we? You don't have to

keep this distance from me. I just want to talk to my good friend. Do you have time for a meal or a

coffee?" asked Rachel. She felt so satisfied to hear Sheryl's angry voice.

"No, I don't have any time to waste on you," Sheryl refused firmly. 'I don't want to see her. What on

earth is there for us to talk about?!" "Rachel, I don't care what you are up to, but remember that your arrogance will be your downfall," Sheryl warned.

This was her response to Rachel for everything that had happened after her return to Y City.

'She better not think of me as a pushover. I don't want to argue with her only because I don't wish to prolong this useless conversation, not because I don't have the guts to challenge her. If she does not learn to control her arrogance, I will make her pay for what she has done to me so far!' Sheryl thought to herself.

"Sheryl, don't refuse my invitation so hastily. I just sent you an email. How about you read that mail first and then make your decision about whether you want to see me or not?" Rachel smirked.