

## **Wedded Bride 1211**

### Chapter 1211 Lose Consciousness

Nick started to lose consciousness. When he thought he might die there, he heard quick footsteps approaching him.

Trying to pull himself together, he blinked his eyes and looked towards the direction of the noise.

It was Nick's assistant Bob Liu. When he had gotten the call from his boss, he hurried out of his house and took a taxi to the company. As soon as he had gotten out of the cab, he ran to the underground parking. As he approached Nick's car, he caught sight of his boss curled up on the floor.

Bob felt sorry for the young man. Yesterday, he had advised Nick to pay attention to his health and get some rest. Yet, his boss clearly hadn't followed his suggestion.

Bob Liu thought back to earlier that day. Before getting off work, he entered Nick's office and asked him whether he needed him to work overtime. His boss told him to go home to spend more time with his wife and child because he had been working extra hours for several days now.

Nick had always been nice to others but strict with himself.

As he thought of that, Bob Liu's nose twitched and tears were built up in his eyes.

"Are you okay, Mr. Ge?" the assistant inquired. He helped the young lad up, opened the door and

settled him in the back seat.

"Bob, please take me to the hospital. My stomach really hurts..." Nick's voice trailed off as he continued to pant.

Upon hearing this, the assistant flew into a panic.

Nick had just gone through cardiac surgery, so Bob Liu was immediately concerned when he mentioned having pain. 'Would he get through this?' he thought to himself.

Without saying anything, Bob Liu jumped into the driver's seat and drove out of the underground parking lot.

It was 3 o'clock in the morning when they finally arrived at the hospital.

Stopping the car, Bob Liu opened the car door and helped Nick walk into the hospital.

When a doctor on duty saw the pair, he instructed paramedics to take Nick to the emergency room.

The door closed behind Nick and the paramedics, leaving Bob Liu alone. Fixing his eyes on the door anxiously, he prayed for Nick.

Half an hour later, the paramedics emerged through the door, pushing Nick on a stretcher.

Bob Liu ran to Nick's side, looking him over. 'He looks pale, but at least his eyes are open. I'm glad to see that, ' Bob Liu thought.

"How is he, sir?" Bob Liu asked the physician on duty.

"The patient is stable and out of danger. Fortunately, you brought him here right away. He just had an operation, so he's pretty weak, and needs to get some rest," the doctor explained calmly. Adjusting his glasses, the doctor sighed and added, "If he doesn't take care of his health, he will likely get worse."

Hearing this, Bob Liu looked worriedly down at Nick. 'He must've heard what the doctor said. I hope he takes the doctor's advice and takes time to recover, ' he mused.

Bob Liu thanked the doctor, and helped the paramedics push his boss on a stretcher toward his ward.

It was 5:30 in the morning when they finally got to the room.

Streaks of early sunlight slanted through the windows in the ward. Now that he knew Nick was out of danger, Bob Liu's mind was finally at ease. In fact, he was quite drowsy.

Looking over at his boss, Bob Liu noticed that he was sound asleep. So he put his arms on the edge of the bed, rested his head on them and quickly dozed off.

In his dream, Bob Liu heard someone calling his name. Disoriented, he opened his eyes and found

Nick looking at him.

Bob Liu quickly sat up straight, rubbed his eyes and said, "Good morning, Mr. Ge."

"Bob, go home and get some rest," Nick said weakly, noticing the heavy bags under Bob's eyes. He

was extremely grateful that he had brought him to the hospital.

Bob Liu agreed, but then something dawned on him. With a frown, he asked, "Who will take care of you

after I leave?"

"Don't worry. I talked to a nurse who said someone would come by to attend to me. You can go home

and get some sleep. I'll call you in the afternoon if I need anything," he replied with a slight smile.

"Mr. Ge," Bob Liu said hesitantly. After a short pause, he blurted out his thoughts, "Please take good

care of yourself and don't bury yourself in work without taking a break. You should take the doctor's

advice. The better you get, the better our company will be under your leadership."

"I know. Thank you, Bob. I have learned my lesson," Nick responded as he flashed his assistant a

warm smile. "I'll be fine and will look after myself. Thank you for taking me to the hospital. You must be

very tired. Please go home and get some rest."

Bob Liu nodded at his boss and headed for the door.

Watching his assistant leave the ward, Nick frowned.

He had almost died yesterday and had learnt an important lesson: cherish life. When you were alive, everything was possible. But, if you lost your life, you could never achieve your dreams or goals.

So, Nick decided to leave his work aside for now and get some more rest. He was sure that he could do his job better after he fully recovered.

In the following days, Nick basically had the same schedule. Apart from sleeping in the ward, he went to the garden to take a walk and chat with his fellow patients.

Although he led a monotonous life, he didn't think of it as dull. On the contrary, he enjoyed living such a simple, tranquil life.

On one particular day, Nick ran into Sheryl as he was strolling through the garden.

Sheryl was quite surprised at the sight of Nick.

She had come to buy some medicine for a cold and didn't expect to encounter Nick in the hospital again. 'It has only been a few days since Nick was discharged. Why is he here?' she wondered.

"What's going on with you, Nick?" Sheryl inquired as she paused.

Sensing the surprised look in her eyes, Nick walked up to her with a bright smile and said, "What a coincidence! We meet again."

"What's the matter with you? Are you experiencing side effects from the surgery?" she asked with a worried look.

"No," Nick replied, shaking his head. With a bitter smile, he said honestly, "It's truly all my fault."

"What? What do you mean?" Sheryl asked, more perplexed.

Nick led Sheryl to a stone bench by the edge of the flower bed. After they sat down, Nick fixed his eyes on Sheryl, and began to share what had happened to him.

He had no intention of keeping her in the dark. After all, she had saved his life and he had developed some feelings for her. No matter how deeply he adored her, he knew he had to keep it to himself. It wasn't only because she was married, but he had nothing. He wasn't ready to be in a relationship with anyone.

Since she hadn't been to her office, Sheryl was in her causal attire. Her white T-shirt was tucked into her jeans and her hair was in a high pony-tail, making her look younger, energetic, and very attractive.

Chapter 1212 Afraid of Being Forgotten

Sheryl caught Nick's eyes. She was dressed in a casual outfit that made her look younger than she really was. In his eyes, she was attractive and beautiful. In fact, it was natural for men to be attracted by her appearance. Nick wasn't any different.

Nick's stare lingered on Sheryl as if his eyes were locked on her bound by some magic spell. Sheryl still didn't notice the obvious affection in Nick's eyes, but a nurse did. Moments ago, she was walking towards them with a bright smile on her face and excited to see Nick again. However, as she was approaching them, she saw how Nick looked at Sheryl. She stopped as disappointment and pain flooded her.

She immediately changed her direction and hid in a corner where they couldn't see her. She stood frozen like a tree as she watched how Nick affectionately looked at Sheryl. She felt her heart start to break inside of her. Her fists clenched as she bit her lower lip in attempt to keep herself from crying. Still, her tears betrayed her, and she couldn't keep watching anymore. The nurse turned and walked away with warm tears flowing down her cheeks and her heart torn into pieces.

Sheryl was still oblivious of Nick's stare; all she felt at that moment was guilt. After Nick told her as to why he was in the hospital, she couldn't help but feel the impulse to lecture him.

Even though it was undeniable how important work was, health was still the foundation of working effectively and should be given utmost priority. Thinking about this made Sheryl's eyebrows furrow into a frown. She turned to Nick and blamed him for ignoring his health. "How many times do we have to remind you to take more rest and keep yourself from stress? Nick, you work too hard. The doctor warned you already, and I believe that Isla and I have done our jobs of reminding you as well, but where did it all go? It just went in one ear and out the other. When will you listen? If you keep working so crazily and rashly, let me tell you, we won't be there to take care of you when you fall ill again."

Sheryl crossed her arms. Her voice implied that she was angry. Although she appreciated Nick's dedication and hard work, work still couldn't be finished or done well once health was being neglected. Health was still necessary for long cooperation. Her pretending to be angry was also to show him her attitude when it came to situations like this.

No matter how Sheryl nagged at Nick, it didn't annoy him even the tiniest bit. Instead, he could only feel concern coming from Sheryl, making a thread of warmth flow into his heart.

At that moment, he remembered what his partner did the last time he was hospitalized. His partner ran



away with all their money without even leaving him some behind—not even a tiny bit of concern. That was why after that, he had sworn to himself that he would not trust anyone again. He had worked hard and made great contributions to their investments, but what did he get in return?

He got nothing but deception and betrayal, and the feeling of being stupid enough to trust deceivers.

From then on, he had made up his mind that it was much better to deceive and to betray than be the one deceived and betrayed.

It wasn't the first time he had felt being left behind with nothing. He became an orphan at a young age, and never did he enjoyed his childhood. It was full of pain and neglect. If only he had parents, then he would have experienced the feeling of being happy. Then, like a light by the end of a long, dark tunnel, he met Sheryl and Isla. It was the first time he had felt the affection and care that existed only between family members. They were like elder sisters to him, who showed him kindness and compassion. For the first time, he felt he wasn't alone in this cruel world. He looked at Sheryl with a warm feeling inside of him and knew that she was only angry at him because she was concerned about his well-being.

At that moment, he decided to change his mindset. He promised to himself that he would prove himself by making achievements and showing off his talent without stepping on anyone else. He would work

hard and live well for the two sisters who treated him as if he was their younger brother—as if he was their family.

'I will stop living my life as if it was trash, as if I was useless. I will make great achievements and dream big dreams.

I will be successful like the others, and most importantly, I will start to learn how to be happy, ' he thought to himself.

With a bright smile on his face, Nick turned to Sheryl and said in a solemn voice, "Sher, thank you so much. I really mean it."

This reaction surprised Sheryl. Even though they had known each other for quite a time now, and his behavior and actions hinted that he was difficult to get along with, she just shrugged it off and never minded it. They still got along quite well, but it was rare to see Nick as serious as this.

Sheryl just nodded and once more never minded Nick's sudden seriousness. She then replied shortly, "Don't mention it. Anyway, how is the project going?"

Nick's face immediately lit up in excitement at Sheryl's question. He had been dedicating himself on

this project for a long while now, and it wasn't until recently that he finally figured something out. It was something that was worth celebrating about.

'As soon as I recover and leave the hospital, I will treat Isla and Sheryl to a dinner, because thanks to them, I have gotten myself out from rock bottom and through the difficult times. Moreover, although I still won't be able to return the huge fees right away, I will surely pay them back soon. As long as my project is finished, investors will soon be lining up and be eager to pay for it, and I will have enough money by then, ' he thought in delight.

Nick opened his mouth to tell Sheryl his plans, but decided against it—it was better to keep it as a secret and surprise them soon after he was released from the hospital.

Instead, Nick smiled and said, "The project is going well. My blood, sweat, and tears will pay off soon."

Sheryl nodded, feeling happy for Nick. "That's great. No pain, no gain. There are times wherein gains will be a little late, and that's when our patience will be tested."

Sheryl and Nick stayed there and conversed about work and other random things and insights. As the sun started to set, Sheryl bid goodbye to Nick and asked him to go back to his room so that he could rest.

Nick agreed even though he still wanted to talk to Sheryl. Besides, it was indeed growing late, and he didn't want to keep Sheryl long. After bidding goodbye and thanking her once more, Nick walked back towards his ward. As he was on his way back, he happened to see the nurse, Cassie.

It was nearly noon, and there were only a few people in the hospital, and fewer people walking by the very hallway. Nick caught sight of her and remembered how she had taken care of him for a whole night.

Although he had her phone number, he never called her or sent a message to her once. If he hadn't seen her in the hallway, he would have forgotten about her completely.

As he looked at the nurse, he was trying to come up with words to start a conversation. However, Nick was not good at talking with other people, especially with strangers. It was difficult for him to start a conversation, let alone greet her.

He was lost in his thoughts that he didn't immediately notice how Cassie hastily walked towards him.

Nick's thoughts were interrupted as soon as the nurse stopped in front of him, making him freeze on the spot. Her eyes were quite swollen and red, overflowing with tenderness and concern. In a sweet

and low voice, she asked, "Hello, Nick. I heard from my colleague that you are in the hospital. What's wrong? What happened?"

As she stared at her, uneasiness crept inside of him. Nick started to feel uncomfortable to the point that he would have run away already if not for his control. He remembered about the jest Isla and Sheryl had said before, making him nervous. The last thing he would like to do was to develop any relationship with this nurse.

In a polite manner, Nick replied, "I am okay, but thank you for your concern."

Cassie's eyes darkened, but she quickly hid it, making it look like it hadn't happened at all. She felt dejected inside, but she kept her calm and composed outside. At that moment, she knew that this handsome man in front of her had no feelings for her. His nervousness was obvious, and he even said nothing but a perfunctory reply. 'I'm afraid that he has forgotten about me.

Besides, I only looked after him for one night. We are not relatives, nor are we friends or acquaintances. We don't even know each other before that day. I'm just a nurse, and plus, I am not that beautiful. It's understandable that he doesn't like me, ' she thought.

Even though she knew that she had to accept that painful truth, it was still easier said than done. Her

broken heart still couldn't accept it.

She was certain that she had developed feelings for this man. After he left the hospital, all she could think about was the night they spent together. It was not a special night, but for her, it meant more than just work. She looked after him the way that any nurse would treat her patient but a little bit more. Besides, they didn't talk anything quite personal. They only conversed about common topics such as the work, the weather, and other random small things. However, for no reason at all, she fell in love with him.

She thought about him and even called after him in her thoughts several times and wished that she would get a call from him. She thought about him as soon as she woke up and before she slept.

Several days had passed, and her phone still didn't receive anything from him.

There were also times when she would feel overwhelmed by sadness and disappointment for not seeing him. Maybe they would meet in the hospital. Maybe he would feel ill and go see a doctor, and she would see him again. Whatever the reason was, anything was better than waiting in vain and not getting to see him again.

The nurse even checked his profile from the medical files for his phone number. She had saved the number and tried to dial his number several times to call him, but she couldn't make herself click the call button. Her trembling hands betrayed her, and none of the calls she attempted were ever made.

Even though she memorized the number by heart, she still didn't have any guts to call him.

'Why?' She kept asking herself why she couldn't, or why he didn't call her. Her mind was filled with whys and question marks.

However, she knew deep in her heart that the reason she wasn't able to do it was that she wasn't brave enough and confident enough to make the first move.

She was a woman, and she believed that men should be the one who made the first move and who should be the one confessing first. She had a few past relationships with men, and all of them made the first move, so she felt like that begging for a man's love was shameless as a woman.

Moreover, she thought that Nick didn't have any feelings for her and wouldn't love her, because as they spent that night together, there was not even a slightest indication of his affection for her.

He never called her even though she didn't as well. She did not dare to call him, because she felt like it was an absolute disgrace and a loss of dignity as a woman. She would rather drown herself in sadness

than be shameless to beg for a man's love.

She thought about how God always made people suffer. However, before she was about to give up entirely after waiting for days in vain, to her surprise, Nick appeared once more in the hospital she was working in. She felt like it was a miracle, and another chance for her to redeem herself.

As soon as she learned from her colleague that Nick was back in the hospital, she was filled with joy and excitement. She started searching for him in every ward and hallway, but as she caught sight of him, her smile dropped. Her heart couldn't help but break into pieces as she watched the man she loved look at someone else the way she looked at him.

Chapter 1213 Something Is Going On

'The way Nick stared at Sheryl...it was as if he was in love with her. Has he ever looked at me that way?

No...no, he hasn't, ' Cassie mulled over the thought with bitterness.

Moments passed but Cassie stood still, staring at Nick in silence. She was so immersed in her own thoughts that no one could break her out of the trance.

Although Nick had no idea what was on the nurse's mind, her stare made him feel uneasy. As her



staring passed the point of his embarrassment, he broke the silence. "Well...I should return to my ward," he said.

"I'll walk you there." Cassie blurted the offer without a second thought, finally snapping out of her trance.

When she realized what she just said, she got rather flustered. Regaining her composure, she explained with a slight smile, "It's time for me to make my rounds, so we can walk to your ward together."

Wordlessly, Nick nodded in agreement.

The walk to the ward was a quiet one. Not knowing how to approach a girl who might have had a thing for him, Nick remained silent—clearly, he had no dating experience.

Perhaps, just as Isla and Sheryl said, he was pretending to be distant and indifferent as a way to protect himself. When it came to such matters, the two girls saw him more clearly than he himself did—he was a simple man when it came to romantic relationships.

Since being with Nick made her nervous, Cassie also remained silent—she had no idea how to start a conversation. At that moment, her feelings were all jumbled.

As the two reached the ward, Nick gave Cassie a nod goodbye before stepping inside.

Cassie was about to take a step inside the ward herself when something made her stop; her eyes fell on Nick's straight back and a wry smile flickered across her lips.

'It's clear that he isn't interested in me. What's worse, he probably finds me annoying because I keep trying to get close to him. I don't think it's a good idea for me to enter the room...' she told herself, trying to settle her heart.

In spite of that, she was glued to her spot, feeling reluctant to leave. After a moment, she finally turned around and walked away.

Instead of heading back to her office, she went straight to Nick's attending physician.

Standing in front of Ricky Wang's office door, she knocked thrice.

"Come in, please," a voice resounded from inside the office.

Hearing this, she pushed the door open and grinned, "Why aren't you taking a break? It's lunchtime."

When he raised his head and saw Cassie with a grin, he showed no surprise on his face before

pointing to what was on his desk. "You must be hungry. How did you know I have snacks?" he said

amiably.

The physician's statement left her stunned. When her eyes fell on what he was pointing at, an exquisitely packaged box of cookies came into her view. 'Well...that looks really good...' she remarked in her head.

Ricky Wang was known for always sharing delicious food with the nurses. Since he implied that she could have some if she wanted, she walked up to the desk and took one out of the box before sitting herself down on the sofa. Although in front of Nick, her demeanor turned shy and timid, Cassie was a rather outgoing girl. Since she was on good terms with Ricky Wang, she could act comfortably around him.

Having worked in the hospital for several years, Cassie got on well with most of the doctors and nurses there—it was how she so quickly found out that Ricky Wang was in charge of Nick.

Relishing in the delicious cookie, she stole glances at Ricky Wang occasionally. Noticing that he finished his work at hand, she got another cookie and approached him. She handed it to the doctor and said cheekily, "How about you have some, Ricky? It's really good."

"No, thanks. I'm too old to be having those sweets. It's only good for you young guys. You can eat

whatever you want," he refused, shaking his head.

The old gentleman's words earned an roll of eyes from Cassie. "You're not old at all. Do you want to know what the nurses think of you?"

"Is it something good or bad? Somehow, I have a feeling it's bad.

Never mind. Go ahead," Ricky Wang responded with a fake frown as he crossed his arms over his chest.

Amused by the physician's reaction, she laughed and said, "Don't get us wrong. To us, you're a role model."

The compliment struck him speechless. After a moment, he opened his mouth. "I can take that as praise, I guess?" he asked, still uncertain.

"Of course. We know that you work hard and that you're a nice person. Many even say that the other doctors should learn from you..." And before Cassie could make more flattering remarks, the doctor stopped her abruptly.

"Hold on..." A thought came to him. "Cassie, did you come here because you need my help with

something?"

Gaping at the physician, she asked in confusion, "How did you know? Can you see the future?"

"Oh, please. I see right through your little tricks.

Tell me, what can I do for you?" he replied casually.

"Here's the thing," Cassie started with a flattering smile. "Nick was the last patient I attended to. I'd like to know his current condition."

The situation finally clicking, Ricky gave her a meaningful look as he teased her, "Ah...so I guess you're close to him? Otherwise, you wouldn't have wasted your valuable lunch break to come here and inquire about his condition."

His direct remark made Cassie blush. Lowering her head, she bashfully murmured, "You think too much. He and I are just friends..."

"I got it though, didn't I? I have to admit—you're a good judge of character. I think quite highly of the young lad. I advise you to make a move on him as soon as possible. He's a nice guy," Ricky said with a laugh.

"Ricky...stop making fun of me. Please tell me how he's doing. Is he experiencing side effects from the

surgery? Will he be okay?" inquired Cassie worriedly.

Shaking his head, he replied, "Don't worry. He's fine. He just pushed himself too much and upset his stomach. Fortunately, he was sent here just in time and got immediate treatment."

"Is that so?" she mumbled, the worry evident in her expression. 'How could he get so caught up with work without taking care of himself? What was he thinking? Doesn't he care about his own health?' she exclaimed in her head.

"It's good for young people to work hard, but he shouldn't have pushed himself that way. His health should be a priority," the old doctor sighed.

"Yes, you're right. I'll talk to him about that."

Flashing a bright smile, she said in a sincere yet impish tone, "Thank you for telling me this. And for the delicious cookies, of course. I've got to go. I'll see you around." Of course, Cassie left the office only after sticking her tongue out at the doctor mischievously.

Watching her retreating figure, Ricky Wang shook his head with a resigned smile.

'With all these frisky young nurses, there hasn't been a dull day working here, ' he thought in

amusement.

As Cassie left the office, an idea came to her.

Immediately after seeing Ricky Wang, she went off to find the head nurse and requested to take an advanced annual leave. Since the young nurse was friends with her, the head nurse didn't consider the request rude and gave her consent instantly.

Cheerfully, Cassie ran to the breakroom and changed into her own clothes. After she grabbed her handbag, she headed straight for the exit, ready to go home.

In her haste to leave, she bumped into a colleague. Apologizing quickly, she intended to continue heading for the exit when the nurse held her arm and asked with an expression of concern, "Did you know that Nick Ge is in the hospital now, Cassie?"

Impatient to get home, she curtly replied, "Yes, I did."

"Is that so?" the other nurse muttered, staring at Cassie with curious eyes. 'What's wrong with her?

She's been absentminded these days...often mentioning Nick's name. Now that he's here, why is she acting so composed?

Something must be going on, I guess, ' she thought.

## Chapter 1214 Comfortable With The Male Nursing Assistant

Grabbing Cassie's arm, the nurse was about to say something. Breaking out of the nurse's grip, Cassie ran towards the exit of the hospital.

"There's something I need to do urgently. I have to leave. I will catch up with you later," Cassie shouted loudly as she headed straight for the gate.

Shaking her head at Cassie's retreating figure, the nurse sighed heavily. The nurse determined to figure out what was going on between her and the patient the moment Cassie returned to the hospital.

At the hospital.

Nick was having lunch which his nursing assistant had brought him. The food was really bad. Besides that, he also had no appetite, which only made it worse. He only managed to take a few small bites.

After finishing the meal, he took a long deserving nap. Noticing that the patient dozed off, the nursing assistant left the ward as he thought that he finally had time to take a break.

Over an hour later, he woke up. With nothing to do, he started playing on his phone in bed.

In fact, Nick could get out of bed and walk around on his own. However, since he was still weak, he wouldn't be able to go too far or do physical labor work. That was exactly why he needed a nursing



assistant to help him move around and bring him water and food.

Before Nick was admitted to the hospital, he was caught up in his work. Nevertheless, he now felt a little stressed since he had nothing to do.

After he spent some time reading the news on his phone, he put his phone aside and sat up straight.

Just as he was about to get out of his bed to take a walk, the door was suddenly pushed open.

Nick didn't look at the door, as he wasn't expecting anyone but his nursing assistant. He quickly said, "I don't need your help right now. You can continue with whatever you were doing."

"Nick!"

A familiar and excited female voice graced his ears.

Nick recognized the girl's voice immediately. He was stunned, as he was well aware who it was. He looked towards the door and found Cassie standing there.

At the sight of the girl smiling at him, Nick withdrew his gaze from her face. His eyes then fell on the thermos food jar in her hand.

She walked up to his bed and gently placed the food jar on his bedside table. Without saying a word, she opened it and filled a bowl of chicken soup.

Taken aback, Nick just stared at her. Looking at the thermos food jar, he speculated that there was food inside. He also drew the conclusion that Cassie prepared it for him. Even though he had foreseen her intention, he still felt extremely nervous.

Before he had the chance to react, Cassie turned towards him and handed him the bowl of soup.

"Here, please have some soup. It's good for your health," she cooed, staring at the patient with her soft and endearing eyes.

Nick's hand shook slightly. He was nervous and even felt his heart skipping a beat. Despite that, he didn't show his true feelings on his face.

Looking at the handsome young man, she couldn't help but let out a laugh. From the moment she had entered the room, she could tell he felt uncomfortable. "Why are you acting so strange? You're not afraid that I poisoned the food, are you?" she cracked a joke, fixing her eyes on him.

Embarrassed by her question, he dropped his gaze to avoid eye contact with her. It was no secret that Cassie made him ridiculously uncomfortable. He was completely oblivious about what to do next.

"Oh, just take it. I have a relative who was ill in the hospital. I made her some soup. So, I thought of you

and brought you some. Don't think too much of it," Cassie persuaded.

Upon hearing this, Nick had no reason but to accept the meal. He scratched his hair and took the bowl from her.

The soup looked good and had a pleasant smell. Just by smelling it, he knew it would taste good.

Besides, he hadn't eaten much during lunchtime. He was indeed very hungry, so he quickly drank up the soup.

'That is the most delicious chicken soup I have ever had. She must have added some special herbs to the soup. Otherwise, it wouldn't have tasted this good,' he remarked to himself.

He wanted to ask her for the recipe, as he was curious about which herbs she had used to prepare it.

He wanted to cook it at home himself. He opened his mouth and then swallowed his question.

Noticing that the patient was ill at ease, Cassie immediately changed the topic to interrupt the awkward atmosphere. "I absolutely love to cook! I added some bay leaves which gave it a subtle flavor to improve the taste of the soup. What do you think? It's good, right?" she hinted.

Nick's answer was an assuring nod. He then added sincerely, "Yes, it was really good. I enjoyed it."

His positive answer pleased Cassie. She stole him a quick glance bashfully and blurted out, "Well, if

you really like it, I can make it for you every day."

'What did she just say?' he exclaimed in his head. He was taken aback by her words. 'I don't even

know her that well. We aren't even friends yet, which means that it is inappropriate for me to accept her

kindness,' he thought, overwhelmed by her warmth.

He was indeed so tensed up that his voice started to falter. With a rattled expression pondering on his

face, he stammered, "N-No, thanks, Cassie. I am well aware that you nurses have a lot of work to do.

Please go take care of your duties. I can handle myself. Please..."

Before Nick could even finish his sentence, Cassie interrupted abruptly. "No, I will be responsible for

you and attend to you from now on. So, you can rest assured. I will do a far better job than your former

nursing assistant did," she announced confidently.

Hearing that she was his new nursing assistant, he was shocked. 'What? When did I get a new nursing

assistant? Why didn't anyone tell me?' he was baffled.

"So, here's the thing. I went to the head nurse to take annual leave and happened to notice that your

nursing assistant had a lot of things to do, so he wasn't going to be able to attend to you anyway. So, I

volunteered to take his place to look after you. I hope that it's fine with you," Cassie explained

nervously as she detected the uncertainty on his face.

She had made this decision impulsively. In fact, she even lied about his former nursing assistant not

having the time to fulfill his duties. The truth was, she begged the nursing assistant and even bribed

him with cash. That was the only reason why she was able to look after Nick.

Cassie wasn't about to let Nick know the deal she had made with the nursing assistant. All she wanted

to do was spend more time with him and ensure that he was okay.

Nick was unhappy with the arrangement. 'I guess this is fine. I mean, it doesn't really matter who takes

care of me.

However, I don't want Cassie to be that one, ' he mulled.

He felt baffled and had no idea why he felt so uncomfortable with Cassie taking care of him. He didn't

even want to figure it out for himself. 'I have no feelings for her whatsoever and I don't deserve her

being so nice to me, ' he told himself.

"Uh, Cassie...I appreciate your kindness, but... It's nothing personal, but I feel more comfortable with a

male nursing assistant. So..." Nick came up with a valid excuse to turn down her offer.

Cassie had expected that he would turn her down. With a casual smile, she responded, "I understand.

However, there is no male nursing assistant available. I am afraid that you don't have any other choice."

Nick's eyes widened with shock. 'Oh, you have to be kidding me! How could this be? Is it even possible that there isn't any male nursing assistant available to take care of me?' he wondered in disbelief.

Looking at Cassie, he saw an earnest look on her face and started to believe her. After all, it was impossible for him to find a nurse to figure out whether Cassie was lying or not.

He hesitated for a while, his expression showcasing his stress. Out of options, he decided that he had to accept it.

'This will be fine...Unlike last time, I don't have to stay here for too long anyway. I'm sure I can be discharged from the hospital within a couple of days. I can do that, right?' he comforted himself.

He nodded at Cassie in approval.

Chapter 1215 We're Out Of Options

However, for Nick the company he got that evening was rather best-be-avoided and embarrassing for him; all the more because he was not even expecting this impromptu rendezvous.

The evening went by as usual. Nick frittered through the time watching the sky as it changed into a beautiful pallet of colors at the dusk—ultimately blending it all into a peaceful star-studded black night sky. Soon, it was dinnertime. Nick got down from his bed and walked to the restroom. When he came out, he spotted Cassie standing in the ward waiting for him with an insulated lunch box in her hand. 'She has brought me dinner. I remember this lunch box. She brought me the chicken soup in it. She must have cooked dinner for me, ' he speculated inside.

He heaved a deep and suppressed sigh. He approached the bed and sat down on its edge pretending to be oblivious of the fact that Cassie cooked dinner for him. He remained quiet as Cassie took the food out from the lunch box and set the food on the table in front of him.

"You're going to eat steamed pork ribs and steamed fish for dinner. Light food is good for your recovery..." Cassie smiled as she piled the food on the dinner plate and served it to Nick.

Nick remained silent observing those dishes. 'It turns out my assumption is true.

It looks more like a home-made meal than the take-out food sold outside or which I ate from the canteen before, ' he introspected. It was light food, but the smell was tempting. Nick began to feel

hungry at the sight of the delectable in front of him. The moment, the food was set in front of him, he did not even look up at Cassie for a single moment. All he wanted to do was dig in and he did so.

He relished each and every bite of the home cooked food. When Cassie saw the satisfied look on his face as he ate the food, a soothing smile broke on her face. She watched him intently. Although she didn't utter a word, her gaze was soft and obsessive as if she was confessing her love to him through her eyes.

No matter how much Nick might have liked the food prepared by Cassie, the lovelorn look on her face made him uncomfortable. In fact, he tried hard to resist his impulse to throw Cassie out of the ward.

Enjoying the palatable food, he kept telling himself, 'It's okay. Cassie is my nursing assistant. She is just doing her job.

I will pay an extra salary for those meals after I am discharged from the hospital.'

He avoided eye contact with Cassie as much as he could and took deep breathes to calm himself down slowly.

After dinner, as Cassie was clearing the table, Nick got out of the bed silently and walked out of the ward. Cassie hastened to clear the table and followed right after him. Nick walked out of his ward and



came to the garden area. Cassie walked right beside him.

In fact, Nick had refused her to keep him company, but she insisted on escorting him. She said that she was afraid to let him walk alone in the evening.

Since Cassie persisted, he just allowed her to follow him.

It was a starry night and the garden was enveloped by tranquility. The expansive ground in front of the medical ward was washed by moonlight. A few patients were taking a stroll on the pavement line with low height manicured bushes on both sides. On one side you could see the hospital ward and on the other side the well-maintained garden area. Everything seemed to be in perfect harmony. There was a peaceful silence except for some frogs croaking and sometimes the grasshoppers chirping from here and there. Their presence made the night more beautiful.

Cassie was in a good mood. She smiled inwardly as she thought, 'He ate the food I made for him and he loved it. Although he is still indifferent to me, I yearn for nothing as long as he doesn't push me away.'

She was thrilled and overjoyed at the thought that she was going to spend several days with Nick alone

and he would eat the food she made for him.

As she imagined the wonderful moments of her and Nick, a familiar voice came from ahead abruptly.

"Hey, Cassie. Didn't you ask our head nurse for leave? What are you doing here?"

Cassie snapped out of her reverie. Surprised, she raised her head and saw Fanny who was standing across the lawn grinning at her with a playful expression.

A dash of embarrassment flashed across her face. As she detected a touch of teasing in her voice, she surmised that her colleague must have caught sight of Nick beside her.

"Wow, look who is here. Well, I see. He is Nick Ge, isn't he?" Fanny went on in a raised voice as she cast a glance at the awkward Nick deliberately.

With a tensed look, Cassie winked at her, dashed forward and pulled her aside.

"What are you doing, Fanny? Can you do me a favor? Please stop making fun of me and walk away quietly. If you do, I will not forget your kindness," Cassie whispered in a pleading voice.

Fanny chuckled. Turning around to steal a glance at Nick who was standing behind her, she pretended to whine, "Be honest with me. Did you plan to take care of Nick when I told you that he has been re-admitted to the hospital? How could you keep it from me? Are we still friends or not?"

Cassie flashed a bitter smile. 'I was running out of time at that time. Had I known that I would have met her like this, I would have told her about my plan, ' she thought.

As Fanny saw the troubled look on Cassie's face, she decided to let her go. She turned around and saw no sign of Nick over there. Turning to her colleague, she asked in surprise, "Where is he?"

"What?"

Cassie rasped as she turned around.

It turned out that Nick had already vanished into thin air.

'What happened?

Did he sneak away because of what Fanny said?' she wondered.

Cassie stood motionless, with a frown on her face as her eyes roved around the hospital campus to catch the slightest hint that could indicate which way Nick had gone. It was really heartbreaking for her to find Nick slip away from her side in this way.

"What a shy guy!"

Fanny remarked, bursting into laughter. But Cassie could not return with the same enthusiasm.

In the president's office of Tarsan Corporation

"Are you sure we are still going to Lance, Ms. Bai? Last time we went over there, we had waited in the conference room for the whole afternoon, but he didn't show up," Holley inquired with a frown as she looked at Rachel who was fixing her make-up.

"Do you have a better idea? We can't just sit here and do nothing. Lance is our last hope. After all, he is a big shot in Y City. If he refuses to work with us, Tarsan Corporation will go bankrupt!" Rachel snapped gruffly. She was also upset about being blown off by Lance. But even though she was annoyed at him, she still intended to turn to Lance for help.

She didn't think she had any other choice.

"Ms. Bai, perhaps we can turn to someone else for help. I don't think we can trust Lance," Holley voiced out her opinion. Considering that Lance had refused to meet her and Rachel, she concluded that Lance had chosen to support Charles. She was aware that Lance had agreed to work with Rachel simply because he wanted to have sex with Rachel.

'Men are ruled by their hormones and they just want to get laid, ' Holley thought.

"Shut up! Don't forget it was your idea to butter them up. Besides, apart from Lance, who can help us?"

Dustin or some other person? I don't think so," Rachel bellowed at Holley.

She could only vent out her anger on her.

Holley was rendered speechless. She didn't know how to retort.

'She has a point. Lance can't be trusted. But no one can help Tarason Corporation except him. After all,

he is the second most influential figure in Y City after Charles, ' she mused.

"We have run out of options. We have to try our luck. If you don't want to go with me, you can pack up your things and quit your job. Even if you are not there with me, I can help my company through this!"

Rachel declared as she threw Holley a stern look.

"Ms. Bai, you are getting me wrong. I will not leave you and you know that. We will work together to pull

Sheryl down..." Holley hurried to explain. 'When could I stop sucking up to this difficult woman?' she

sighed. Of course, Rachel was the last straw of support for her to come up on her feet once again and

she could not afford to offend her.

"Just stop it now. I will not be fooled by your sweet words anymore. You've made so many promises to

me. But have you ever kept one?" Rachel snorted. Evidently, the alliance between Rachel and Holley

seemed to be falling apart. However, Holley had her own vested interest to patch up with Rachel.

"You're right. I have reflected on the events in the recent past a lot these days. And I feel that we have to stand together with each other all the more because of that. Otherwise, how could we teach Sheryl a lesson?" Holley followed with a flattering smile. "You have a point. We do have no other choice. Please wait a minute. I will fix my make-up and then we can go together. I have confidence that we will meet him today!"

Upon hearing Holley's words, Rachel heaved a sigh and calmed down. She remained silent as a mark of compliance with Holley's suggestion.

Chapter 1216 Arrogance

After uttering those words, Holley went straight to the bathroom to reapply her makeup. There was no one inside when she entered.

"Damn it!" she exclaimed. Staying in the empty bathroom, Holley was able to release her suppressed emotions. Her hatred against Rachel amplified not because she lost her temper without specific reasons, but in fact, she had neither competence nor constructive ideas.

She continued to curse while she paced back and forth. When she finally stopped walking, she hit the

mirror heavily as she continued to express her annoyance. Unfortunately, unlike the usual mirrors, this one was strong and solid. The impact of each blow didn't even cause a scratch to its surface, but her hand was incredibly hurt.

"I am fucking done with it! When will it end?" Holley screamed at her reflection in the mirror. She turned

on the water tap, and washed her face while cursing.

She could still feel a part of her in heat with rage. She let the water flow and watched it run down the drain. After a long while, she finally calmed down. Holley brought out her makeup, reapplied it slowly, and left quietly once she was done.

Soon after she left, one of the doors in bathroom opened slowly. Lena Li, the receptionist, stepped out.

She turned to see that all the other cubicle doors were all slightly open. She heaved a sigh of relief since Holley was not aware of her presence. Otherwise, she must have been dismissed.

She had waited for a while to ensure nobody was around, and then shook her head and walked out of the bathroom. She came to Tarsan Corporation because of its reputation abroad. Never did she imagine what the management had done here. It was totally unbelievable!

'Is it the normal for the president to be dealing with such business? She seems to be a whining woman.

Is there any prospect following such a leader?'

Yet she had second thoughts. In fact, she had neither outstanding academic qualifications nor merits.

The reason why she was employed was because her beauty caught Duncan's eye and he selected her out of many average candidates.

Never mind. She didn't care how the leaders were like or if they were planning to take some revenge.

All she wanted was a job and a wage to support her living. It would be a waste of time to bother about other things that had little to do with herself.

When Holley and Rachel arrived at Silver Corporation, the receptionist, Lena was there. She saw them as soon as they entered the main entrance but she pretended to be busy. She took another glimpse at them when they were almost close and asked, "Ms. Bai, why are you here again? Mr. Zhan will not be available for you today since he has two meetings to attend later."

Holley was wronged yesterday by this receptionist, and now she was here acting so arrogant. To add to that stress, Holley still suffered from the rage accumulated from Rachel. As a result, she had nowhere to vent her feelings.



Even though they were experiencing a tough situation, it didn't mean that she had the right to humiliate her whenever she can!

Holley remained silent as she moved towards the receptionist. She slapped Lena hard across the face.

"You are a part of Silver Corporation and it's not my duty to punish you for your arrogance, but I could barely tolerate such a person like you!" she exclaimed.

"You... You!" Lena was taken by surprise. Never did she imagine that she would be hit at her workplace by someone intending to visit her boss.

"Do you have any problem?" Holley rolled her eyes and pretended to raise her hand for another blow.

Without influential connection, Lena was daunted by Holley's dominant manner, murmuring, "Why did you hit me?"

"If I hear one more word from your, believe it or not, I can do it again! How dare you act superior over me! You are no more than a receptionist. When I entered the society, you must be drooling in your classroom!" Holley glared at her, her eyes piercing to her soul. Lena lowered her head silently. It would be no use responding.

"Let's go. It's no use to argue with such person!" Watching this event, Rachel felt she needed to intervene. Since Holley already vented her rage on someone, now they could proceed to handle real business. This argument was a waste of time.

Lena did not attempt to raise her head as Holley and Rachel walked past reception and just headed towards the office.

They were still waiting for Lance, but this time was different from before. Last time, they were just sitting with nothing to do. Right now, they decided to make an elaborate plan.

'We need to take initiative, or it is merely time-consuming!'

Holley and Rachel had discussed a plan to ensure success this time. They have agreed that one of them should wander outside the conference room, while the other would make a phone call to Lance.

The plan was that while the phone rang, the person outside would take her chance to follow its sound and locate the phone owner. This way, it would be more convenient for them to track him down. Holley started to call Lance's phone.

It worked as expected. At the moment the phone started ringing, Rachel made her way walking from one door to another and listened if that was where the sound was coming from. By the time she

reached the third door, Rachel found where Lance was hidden. She made a sign to Holley to tell her that he was inside, then sneaked in Lance's office.

Rachel walked in. When Lance's assistant finally noticed her, it was too late. She had already welcomed herself in.

These days had also been tough for Lance. In order to avoid Rachel and maintain their relationship, he had to agree with Rachel to come to Silver Corporation, while he hid in his office, full of grievance.

He also wished to go out, but if a common acquaintance saw him and Rachel found out, he would be blocked by Rachel. Therefore, in a bid to shun such great embarrassment, he decided to stay at the office and saved his face.

Considering that he was a big name in Y City, his own reputation might be ruined if the leading businessmen in Y City knew about his affair with Rachel. More importantly, chances were that he could get in trouble when his wife found out!

"Lance, I knew you were here. Can we just sit down and have a small talk?" Looking at Rachel

breaking in, Lance was taken by surprise. His cellphone was in a silent mode for the sake of ignoring

her calls, hence, he also missed too many significant calls, leading to serious economic losses. He just switched his phone back to the normal mode in order to answer those phone calls.

Unfortunately, luck was on Rachel's side and she found him as soon as his phone started ringing again.

Mistake. It was a huge mistake. He saw this coming, but not today.

"Since you are already here, please sit down," he said calmly. He had no choice but to appear

extremely busy, paying full attention to the screen in front of him.

Chapter 1217 Whatever You Say

"Rachel, you know I've been swamped with work recently. I barely even have time for myself, I can't

even relax properly! Do you know how low-spirited I am right now?" Lance decided to start off by

playing nice. If he could get Rachel to listen to him, that would of course be best. But if she was too

stubborn to listen, he would have to take a more forcible approach.

To Lance, the most important thing was his own interests. He didn't give a damn about others.

"Hah!" Rachel burst into laughter. "Oh Mr. Zhan, I didn't know you were such a joker. I know you call all

the shots in the Silver Corporation. But since you're such a busy man and have no time, then maybe I

shouldn't be here talking to you right now. If you feel that I'm wasting your time, just let me know and I

will come back at a better time. In the meantime, I can't decide what to do with this video..." She let her

voice trail off, smirking.

"What video?" Lance had managed to maintain a calm and composed facade the whole time, but Rachel's words had him on guard. He wondered if Rachel had managed to record anything from the time when they were together. 'That must be it, ' he thought to himself. 'What other video could she threaten me with?'

"No, no, you focus on your work first. I'll come back some other time when you're less busy. Then we'll discuss the contents of the video." Rachel gave him a charming, innocent smile and turned to leave.

Rachel actually hadn't planned on using the video to blackmail Lance. Unfortunately it didn't seem like she had a choice. If she didn't use the video, she might not get Lance's help. Without it, Tarsan Corporation would be doomed. It was a risk she didn't want to take.

She was glad that she had recorded the whole thing. Otherwise, she would be totally helpless in this situation. At least now she had a backup plan.

"Rachel, wait! I can make some time for you right now. Have a seat and we can talk about it," Lance said quickly. He got up and walked over to Rachel. "Yes, I am very busy with work, but regardless of

how busy I am, it doesn't mean I'm willing to abandon you. Do you want to know what I have been working on recently?"

Rachel was highly aware of the effect of her earlier words on him. However, she was mature enough to drop the blackmail act. She didn't want Lance's help to be insincere because he was scared of her threats. She switched her tactics. Putting on a sweet smile, she turned to him and asked gently, "What are you so busy with? If you don't tell me, how will I know?" Her voice was warm and friendly and she even managed to fill her eyes with fake care and concern.

"I'm going to tell you right now. So please, have a seat and lend me your ears.

Rachel, I know that Tarsan Corporation is in a very precarious state right now. But you need to know that I don't have much power in Y City. Yes, I can make a few minor decisions here and there, but at the end of day, Charles always has the final say. I really want to help you, but with Charles standing in the way in almost every approach, it's a lot harder than it should be. Having said that, I need you trust me now that you know my situation. No matter how hard it is and what obstacles stand in the way, I will always have your back. Right now, all I can do is try to do some work behind the scenes to make things a bit easier for you. Doing this without any support will be a bit tricky, but I'll still do whatever I can."

Rachel didn't believe a single word he said. But since she had come here to ask for his help, she had to behave and remain polite. "So what you're saying is, you weren't avoiding me after all? And you were already working on saving Tarsan Corporation in private?"

"That's right. Rachel, you have to understand that with Charles around, I can't work openly. I can only do a few small things here and there. I'm now mediating with some companies, trying to persuade them to do business with Tarsan Corporation quietly. I know it won't help much in terms of competing with Shining Company, but at least it will help you make ends meet and avoid being in the red. Remember, I'm in the business line too. I know how dangerous it is to be losing money, especially for a big company like Tarsan Corporation. There's nothing more terrifying than being in debt!"

Lance spoke earnest and sincerely. He gave out a reassuring vibe, and seemed very convincing in showing his genuine affection for Rachel. He was even willing to risk his career for her!

"If that's what you say, then I'll admit, I may have misjudged you. How many companies have you managed to talk to, and how many of them are willing to help Tarsan Corporation?" Rachel didn't care about Lance's intentions and how genuine they were, all she wanted to know was if Tarsan Corporation

could somehow survive this mess.

She was dying to show Charles how much she had changed. She was no longer the spoiled girl who lived a happy-go-lucky life; she was now a grown woman who was willing to work hard to save her company. By proving that she was a different person, she hoped that Charles would look at her differently and pay more attention to her.

After all, there was nothing Charles valued more than perseverance and persistence.

At the very least, if the company managed to hold its own and break through the trade barrier despite Charles' obstruction and monopoly, it would prove her strength and determination. Even if he wasn't impressed, he might possibly develop some admiration and regard her with a slightly higher esteem.

As long as she had the opportunity to change her image in Charles' eyes, she wouldn't hesitate to do it, regardless of the cost. All was fair in love and war, and to win his affections, she had to show her strength.

Lance didn't answer immediately. He seemed to be choosing his words carefully. Finally he said, "I'm still working on finalizing things for you. Every move, every word is essential. These people are actually very timid and afraid of getting involved. But since I've spoken to them, they have to do something in



returns for my efforts. So can you give me some time? Just a few days. I'll do my best to get some business for Tarsan Corporation. If I fail to get any deals for you, I'll pass some of Silver Corporation's grey transactions to you. That should be enough to keep Tarsan Corporation alive for a while.

Lance was really going all out to pacify Rachel.

"Couldn't you just hand over the grey transactions right now? Why do we have to wait for the other companies to reject us?" Rachel wasn't a total idiot. She knew enough about business to know exactly what she wanted. She also knew that she had to fight hard to achieve her plans.

"Signing the contracts are no problem at all, but like I said, these are grey transactions. These are all shady deals as it is, we can't risk exposing them. We need to work carefully and plan out every move. If these deals are revealed, not only will Silver Corporation face legal issues, Tarsan Corporation will get dragged along as well. That's why we must be extra careful and wait for exactly the right time." Lance's serious expression and gentle persuasive tone gave Rachel second thoughts.

She couldn't tell if he was bluffing or not, but he had a very good point. She went over his words several times in her head and couldn't find anything suspicious. She had no choice but to trust him and

take his word for it.

"Very well, Mr. Zhan. I will follow whatever you say. But please, try to make it fast. When a company goes too long without any business, not only will the directors cause a scene, I fear the employees will also realize something is not right. And well, once I lose my prestige in front of the employees, there's not much that can be done to restore it in the future."

Chapter 1218 A Cunning Old Fox

Hoping that all he had just said was true, Rachel slowly raised her head and looked into his eyes.

Her expression was fascinating in Lance's view—he couldn't resist beautiful women all the time, after all. Since Rachel had dirt on him, he decided that he had to coax her before he took it away from her.

Otherwise, he would always be under her control.

"Rachel, you're so beautiful," said Lance with affection before he lowered his head and kissed her.

Instinctively, Rachel wanted to pull away. But for Tarsan Corporation's sake, she had to compromise.

Besides, it wasn't the first time that such a thing had happened—she had slept with several other men to get what she wanted. The thought helped her calm herself.

Thinking of it, Rachel closed her eyes and responded warmly to his kiss. She felt his most primitive desire and a thought came to her. How come Charles, as a man, was always so indifferent toward her?

While she was locked in the kiss, she wondered if Charles ever had any sexual desire for her, even a small bit.

If Charles was more like the men she used to date, maybe dealing with him wouldn't have been so difficult for her. But then again, if he was no different from other men, Rachel wouldn't love him so much.

In order to get the man she had her eyes set on, she let her youth waste away. Even so, she remained single, without a warm home to welcome her.

With these thoughts in Rachel's head, she felt wronged. As she tightly shut her eyes, she let Lance ravage her. God knew that as Lance had his way with her, in her mind, she was with Charles.

The only thing that could arouse her in that position was imagining she was with Charles.

Meanwhile, the employees outside were waiting to meet with Lance for business—they were all wondering why Rachel still hadn't come out of his office after an hour passed. Seeing that the door was locked, Holley was smart enough to realize what was going on in the office.

Although Holley had to wait in the conference room, she didn't mind one bit. After all, if Rachel could

deal with things on her own, then that meant Holley didn't have to use her own body to please the old bloke anymore.

Whether or not Rachel would be easily deceived and controlled by Lance wasn't important to Holley—she wasn't interested in it. All she wanted was to make Sheryl fall into hell.

After their love-making, Lance looked at Rachel's face earnestly and kindly. "Rachel, where are your videos? Can you give them to me? I really love you and I'll always help you...but it'll be good for you to leave the videos behind. You know that once these things get exposed, it'll be a big disaster for us."

"Did you sleep with me just to get the videos?"

Finally, Rachel understood Lance's real intentions and turned cold. She wasn't foolish enough to hand over the videos to him so easily.

"How could you say that? Please don't misunderstand me. I really love you and I want to help you. But those videos are just too important..."

With a smile, she interrupted him. "Please rest assured, Mr. Zhan. Clearly, I know they're important. I put them in a safe place—only I can access them. As long as we cooperate, no one will ever see them."

By the time Rachel stepped out of the office, it was already several hours later.

As for what had happened inside, Holley didn't want to ask or say anything about it.

In the meantime, Holley was almost dozing off in the conference room, fighting the drowsiness by killing time on her phone.

The walls of the conference room were translucent. Standing outside, Rachel knocked on the window, signaling Holley. "Let's go."

Finally, Rachel was able to turn around and walk toward the exit of Silver Corporation. Although Holley was immersed in what she was reading on her phone, she instantly kept it away and caught up with Rachel.

"How did it go?"

Although she didn't really want to ask her about it, they were allies. If she didn't say anything, it would seem a little impolite.

"So far, so good. You shouldn't doubt my ability," answered Rachel coldly. When Rachel recalled what

Lance had just done to her in the office, it made her feel sick to the stomach, but there was nothing she

could do.

As a woman, it was inevitable to experience such suffering. If that suffering could help her grow, she considered it a kind of harvest.

"That's good...but I wonder what method Lance uses. Do you need my help with anything?"

"I don't need any help except for one thing."

As she began to think of something, she glanced at Holley.

"Please continue."

"Do you remember how, when I was together with Lance, you took some photos and videos of us? I want you to send them to me. I can threaten Lance with them."

"You want to do it because you're afraid of how Lance says one thing but thinks another, don't you?"

In fact, Holley knew of Lance's hypocrisy and cunning very well. However, seeing Rachel's self-confident look, she didn't want to upstage her.

All she could do was pretend ignorance. Anyway, in Rachel's mind, when she couldn't do a certain thing, she already looked completely ignorant. It was no problem for her to pretend to be clueless.

"Lance is really a cunning old fox. If I hadn't told him about the pictures and videos just now, he

wouldn't help Tarsan Corporation. It was only later when he saw I wasn't giving in that he dared not do anything gutsy. He was afraid because I could make those things public."

The analysis was correct.

She knew very well that Lance avoided them at the beginning.

Chapter 1219 A Wedge Between Rachel And Holley

It didn't matter anymore. Whatever Lance was thinking, whether or not he meant what he said, as long as he could satisfy their needs while he acted in his own self-interest, everything would be fine.

"Fine, then. When I get back to the office, I'll get on it."

"Ms. Bai," Holley began to question, "are you sure that Lance will get scared of such a thing? Don't we need a backup plan?"

Just because Rachel didn't value the matter, it didn't mean that Holley didn't either. Especially at this crucial moment, Holley was obviously anxious—it was clear that not even a single mistake could be made if Tarsan Corporation really intended to get out of trouble. A single blunder could lead to an irreversible outcome.

"It'll be fine. First things first—once these materials are exposed, his wife should know immediately.

Since he's so afraid of his wife, he'll definitely be cautious."

In this case, Rachel was pretty sure of things. When she was still an entertainer at Silver Corporation,

the news that Lance was henpecked went viral around the circle like wildfire.

Nevertheless, Lance's wife played a big role in their plan—they had to rely on how much he valued her

since she made an indispensable contribution to his current status.

Though, it wasn't because his wife was a successful businesswoman, but because she came from a

well-established family. When Silver Corporation was first launched, Lance's father-in-law played a

crucial role in handling a wide range of connections.

Even when his father-in-law passed away, the shares his wife possessed were ten percent more than

Lance's. In other words, his wife was, in fact, the largest shareholder of the corporation in spite of

spending most of her years assisting her husband and raising their children at home.

The real reason why Lance had so much authority in the corporation was that he and his wife had a

close relationship—she trusted him wholeheartedly. Once the photos and videos were exposed to the

public, Lance would have troublesome days ahead of him.

Since Rachel found out about it, she knew that it was Lance's Achilles' heel. In order to survive, he



would do anything to protect himself from a scandal.

But Rachel ignored one thing—how could he await his doom without lifting a finger?

If Rachel could manipulate him so easily, he wouldn't have been able to develop Silver Corporation to such a successful business.

Rachel couldn't figure it out, but Holley had her own ideas about it. "Ms. Bai, in my humble opinion, no matter how powerful you are, we'd better stay on alert."

What Holley said wasn't really for Rachel's sake, but to help ensure that her efforts wouldn't go to waste.

"How do we keep alert?"

Clueless about how to fix the situation, she seemed confused.

"There's no need for you to worry about it. Just leave it to me."

It was clear to Holley that Rachel wasn't going to come up with any effective solutions soon.

"Sure, do as you like.

Some precaution is better than none," Rachel added with an air of irony.

In the past, Rachel was willing to believe in Holley—she knew the woman to be a clever problem-solver. However, after several failures, her respect for Holley faded away. It was hard to think that the woman could even make the slightest difference.

Even though Holley could hear the scorn in Rachel's words, she didn't pay it any mind. As long as there was a chance for her to reach her goal, whatever Rachel bore in her mind was none of her business.

Rachel and Holley assumed that they had their little victory. Meanwhile, Sheryl and Charles were faring rather well.

After work, Charles called up his wife. "Sher, has Mom mentioned Leila recently?"

With such a hectic schedule lately, Sheryl didn't have much time to stay at Dream Garden. In her absence, Sheryl and Melissa shared temporary peace from each other, even though Sheryl couldn't be sure if it was for the best or not.

"These days, no. I barely spend time at home except to sleep. She doesn't have the chance to talk about anything with me."

Sheryl's answer was quite straightforward, without any excuses.

"If she tells you anything, you must let me know. I will always be by your side to help you. But...I'm also

begging you. As long as Mom never mentions Leila again, please just let it go, okay?"

Sheryl couldn't remember how many times Charles had begged her to pardon Melissa, even when it was crystal clear that Sheryl was never the issue.

The one who was always stuck at a disadvantage was Sheryl because Melissa disliked her—she was the one who wanted Sheryl out of Dream Garden.

"Charles...I hope you know that it's not I who can't forgive her. She just wants to humiliate me over and over again."

"I know. What about this? Sher, you wait for me and I'll pick you up from work. Then, we can pick up Clark and Shirley from their kindergarten and have dinner together. Okay?"

Knowing that Sheryl was under a lot of pressure, he hoped to get her to unwind for a bit.

"Alright."

A thought came to Sheryl—the days that the four of them spent together were limited now that they had

no excuse to tell Melissa off. Eventually, they would have no choice but to leave.

"Great! Give me a minute. I'm heading for the underground garage. See you at the office soon."

It had been a while since the couple could spend some quality time with their kids, so Charles was glad to see Sheryl on the same page.

"See you later."

With that, Sheryl hung up the phone.

When Charles arrived at the company, Sheryl was already waiting at the gate.

"Why did you step out so early? Isn't it hot outside?" he smiled and asked, rolling down the car window.

"It's hot, but it's almost time for Clark and Shirley to get off school.

I'm afraid we'll be late," she said as she got into the car.

Chapter 1220 Eat Out

"Don't worry. We still have a lot of time," Charles assured his wife. Looking at Sheryl, he felt contented and happy. He rarely had time to be with her because of their busy schedules, but today would be different.

He started the car and drove for the kindergarten. It was a bright afternoon and a perfect time to spend with his family.

"What would you like to eat for dinner?" Charles inquired while driving.

"I don't know," she replied. "It would be better to ask Clark and Shirley what they want to eat." Since they had kids, they seldom spent time alone. They would usually bring their children along wherever they went. For the couple, as much as their children were a blessing, they could also be an annoyance sometimes.

At this point, Sheryl was basking in the happiness of eating out with their loving kids.

"Fine. It's up to you," Charles nodded, as a visible smile of joy climbed up the corners of his lips. As long as Sheryl was happy, he was okay with it.

"Do you think Mom will get angry if we get home late?" Sheryl couldn't hide the worry in her voice.

Whenever she mentioned Melissa, her heart grew heavy. Charles' mother was still hostile to her and wanted to kick her out of the Lu family. However, she couldn't do anything to her.

Melissa was a wound to Sheryl which would never be healed.

"Don't worry about it. It was my idea to take you out for dinner. Just come with me and enjoy the meal.

If Mom gets angry, you have me. I will explain to her. Besides, I don't think she will get upset about that.

Rest assured," Charles said in a determined tone as if it wasn't a big deal.

In fact, it was common for a family to eat out. But Melissa would not be pleased to see Charles take his

wife and children out for a meal without inviting her. What was worse, she would make it appear that

Charles had neglected her and then put the blame on Sheryl.

She was good at complicating things. So Sheryl was worried that Melissa would make a big deal out of

their eating out.

But since Charles said so, Sheryl thought there was no point in discussing it further. The woman who

found amusement on her every downfall was no other than Charles' closest kin after all, his own

mother.

Their mother-son relationship made it difficult for Charles to stand by Sheryl.

The fact was, Sheryl meant a lot to Charles and their relationship was solid and full of commitment.

However, he wouldn't blame his mother even though he knew of many terrible things that Melissa did to

his wife.

He always talked himself into believing that his mother was mean to others because she needed more

time to fit in his family. She had been in prison for fifteen years and had suffered a lot, after all. So he

tried to be more considerate of her.

Sheryl was aware of Charles' attitude towards his mother. That was why she decided to keep all the bad things that Melissa had done to her from him, even if she knew that Charles really loved her and wanted to protect her from harm. Instead, she always chose to only confide a small part of them so that Charles wouldn't have trouble believing those were his mother's doings.

Sheryl nodded her head, pretending to believe his assuring statement. She couldn't bear the thought of him being in a dilemma of siding either with his mother or his wife.

He was her beloved husband. Charles had always wanted to keep her happy. The last thing she wanted was to trouble him or hurt him.

They arrived at the gate of the kindergarten earlier than expected as the traffic was light. Classes were due to finish after another ten minutes.

Even so, a throng of people already gathered in front of the gate waiting for their children. It was easy to tell how much parents cared for their kids.

Most of parents came to the school ahead of time. And some indulgent grandparents arrived at the kindergarten earlier than that. They usually waited more than half an hour at the gate despite the

weather, as they enjoyed picking up their grandchildren.

No sooner had Clark and Shirley walked out of the gate than they spotted their parents among the crowd. "Daddy! Mommy!" they gushed sprinting in the direction of Charles and Sheryl. Their joy was beyond words when they saw their parents waiting for them. It was a rare scene for them to see Charles and Sheryl come together to pick them up.

The couple were both busy with their businesses, so their obedient kids seldom complained about that. They would be glad to have either of their parents pick them up.

"Daddy, Mommy, how come you are both here?" Shirley asked with a bright smile as she jumped cheerfully to meet them.

"Daddy and I are not busy today, baby. So here we are," Sheryl replied dotingly as she stooped down and stretched out her hands to embrace her loving kids. Both Clark and Shirley automatically reached out to hug her back.

"This is great! I hope you can both come and pick us up every day." Shirley blurted out her wish while laughing innocently.

However, it was just a little girl's beautiful vision of their future. Sheryl and Charles couldn't promise



that, and Clark also knew that was never going to happen.

"Whenever Daddy and I have time, we will pick you up together, I promise," Sheryl replied. She was afraid that a negative answer would break her little daughter's heart.

That was how things worked for them. Fantasy was better than reality. People sometimes chose to make up some kind of lies to protect the ones they cared for from getting hurt.

"I'm glad to hear that, Mommy," Shirley responded sweetly. The innocent three-year-old girl failed to realize that her mother didn't answer her question. Turning to her brother, she said "Come on, Clark" and raced with him to get inside the car.

Clark had been watching Shirley and Sheryl closely all this time and he tried his best not to interrupt.

Even if he was the same age as his sister, he was smart enough to know that it was impossible for both their parents to pick them up daily. However, he chose to keep his silence.

"Hurry up. We're going to take you out for dinner. What do you think?" Sheryl and Charles said in chorus.

"Great! What are we going to eat?" Shirley asked eagerly.

"We haven't decided yet. Any suggestions?"

"Well, how about we get pizza? I like that," Shirley suggested. Pizza had become her favorite food recently.

"Fine," Sheryl agreed. She was fine with anything as long as her children loved it. Turning her head in Clark's direction, she inquired, "Would you like to eat pizza too?"

"I'm cool with that," Clark immediately replied as he wasn't particular about food.

"Buckle up, guys. Let's go get some pizza!" Charles exclaimed in high spirits. His children giggled from the back seat. He started the engine and felt the overwhelming happiness that he craved the most.

'I'm with my wife and kids. They will get happy or upset because of my remarks. Only married people can know this kind of happiness, ' he thought.

Traffic was moderate but they barely noticed it. The kids had been singing a song they had learned in school the entire trip while he and Sheryl listened with their heads slightly nodding to its beat. It was already dark when the four arrived at the pizza parlor. However, bright neon lights blazed here and there, adding more charm to this sleepless city. Looking at the busy street, Sheryl was lost in her thoughts. She had fallen in love with Charles in this city.

Back then, she thought that things wouldn't work out between them. But it turned out that she was wrong. Her eyes fell on her children, each beaming their innocent and grateful smile at her, and she felt how lucky she was to not have given up on Charles.