

## **Wedded Bride 1261**

### Chapter 1261 Crazy Woman

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Then, the question remained, 'Who poisoned her?'

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Moreover, Nancy had nothing against Leila, why would she poison her without any reason at all?

Charles thought about it over and over again, but he still couldn't figure this case out.

All he knew was that regarding this case, he wouldn't call the police and could only investigate by

himself. Then again, his mother's safety was his primary concern. He would wait until Melissa woke up and prayed that his mother would be well and safe.

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"Why...What are you doing here? How about the kids?" Charles asked, his eyebrows furrowed into a frown.

Sheryl stopped in front of him and took her time to catch her breath. After a moment, she looked at him and replied, "Clark and Shirley are with Nancy. Don't worry about them. How—" Sheryl stopped and hesitated for a moment. She shook her negative thoughts away and continued, "How is Mom doing?"

Her eyes then fell on the closed door of the operating room. Her face dropped and turned pale.

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surgery."

Sheryl nodded slowly, not knowing how or what to respond, so she just stood beside Charles in silence.

Charles didn't talk any further either and just stared at the door.

Slowly, as the time passed by, the atmosphere between them became awkward and tense.

Sheryl wasn't sure whether Charles felt it too, so she quickly stole a glance at Charles. When she saw

how sullen his face was, her mood immediately plummeted.

She still wasn't sure whether Charles would blame her or not about Melissa's accident. After all, he

cared for his mother very much. Even though they had been separated for a long time, they were still,

in fact, mother and son, and no one could really top the love of a mother for her child and vice versa.

For sure, Charles would never just let go of this accident that easy.

Therefore, as soon as Melissa woke up, Sheryl knew she had no other choice but to admit her fault

whether or not she was responsible for it. If she defended herself in front of Charles, she knew this

situation would worsen. The latter was what Melissa had exactly expected, but she didn't know that

Sheryl was willing to lower her pride.

Still, Sheryl could remember clearly how Melissa fell down. As she fell down the stairs, Sheryl saw the

hostility and resolution in Melissa's eyes. Melissa had done it on purpose, because she was smirking back at Sheryl as she fell down the stairs.

'What a crazy woman!' Sheryl thought.

Melissa just placed herself in danger to set her up and ruin her in front of Charles. She didn't even care about her life at all. Sheryl couldn't imagine how ruthless and cold-blooded this woman could be.

Melissa had been tormenting her ever since she came back, but this situation was too much.

As for Leila, Sheryl thought that she was mad enough to risk her own life. Although Sheryl wasn't sure still how Leila got poisoned, all she knew was that Nancy and she were innocent, so it left the only possibility, which was that Leila poisoned herself.

Thinking about this sent a chill run down her spine.

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Charles' eyes lit up and immediately rushed over towards the doctor, while Sheryl followed him anxiously.

"Doctor, how is she? How's my mother?" Charles tried to look from behind the glass of the door of the

operating room to see if he would be able to see his mother.

The doctor fixed the bridge of his glasses to his nose and replied, "As of now, your mother is stable and out of critical danger. However, she had intracranial hemorrhage and blood clot in her head when she fell down. That's why we still have to wait before she returns her consciousness. I will have to advise you that she will need to stay in the hospital under observation for several days."

Sheryl heaved a deep breath. Although she was relieved that Melissa was out of immediate danger now, she was still worried about her, so she asked, "Is it serious?"

"Her head was the affected part, but since she's quite recovering, it is hard to tell whether or not it is serious. It is now up to her, and if she recovers well and has recuperated her mental health once she wakes up, then let's hope and pray for the best outcome. We will do our best to do our part. However, she may have an emotional instability more frequently than before. As her family, you must also be psychologically prepared," the doctor answered.

Sheryl looked at Charles and wondered if he was still going to ask anything, but she only saw overwhelming pain in his eyes.

She turned to the doctor once more and nodded, "Yes, we will. Thank you, doctor." The doctor then

bowed and walked away. Soon, the rest of his team went out of the operating room with Melissa on a gurney. Charles' eyes dropped when he saw his mother still unconscious.

He then walked beside the gurney while the staff wheeled the gurney to the patient room. Sheryl followed them.

Meanwhile, at the other end of the city, the colorful lights decorated beautifully around the whole city, illuminating the night.

Rachel looked at her watch. It was almost time for the planned date with Alan. Even though she was not willing to see this guy, she had no choice but to make it.

The meeting place was a fancy KTV downtown, which was a hub for rich people to gather and have fun. Rachel heaved a deep breath as she stood in front of the door after she was let in by a bouncer.

As soon as Rachel pushed open the door and entered, she immediately caught sight of Alan taking advantage of a girl sitting on his lap.

As a businesswoman, Rachel wasn't fazed and just rolled her eyes at them. She had seen this kind of scene for so many times now. However, she still couldn't help but feel angry and disgusted at the

thought that she might replace the girl pleasing Alan later.

She resisted the urge to turn around and leave and took some willpower to stop her real feelings from showing on her face. She gave out a smile and pretended to be overjoyed when Alan saw her. She waved at him and rushed over to him.

"Mr. Zhao, long time no see! It's been quite a while, isn't it? How are you doing recently? Oh my, you look great!" Rachel remarked and continued to fake her enthusiasm.

"Oh, Ms. Bai, you're so sweet! Why are you late though? Anyways, come. I already ordered wine for us, and as a punishment for you being late, you have to drink off this glass of wine!"

Alan smirked and stared at Rachel seductively, which for Rachel was extremely creepy under the flickering lights.

Rachel turned her gaze at the glass which was almost full to the brim and couldn't help but feel intimidated and anxious by the content. She knew it was too much for her, but she also knew that she had to bite the bullet.

"Sure, give it to me!" Alan handed her the glass. Rachel took it and chugged all of its content. She didn't show him any hint of unwillingness, because she didn't want to displease him for a trivial matter.

Afterwards, they started to talk about random things and drank in between. Luckily, Alan dismissed the girl on his lap and focused his attention on Rachel. After some time, Rachel felt that it was the right time, so she grabbed her opportunity and brought up the contract extension between their two companies. However, Alan did not reply. Instead, he took Rachel's hand and rubbed the back of her palm with his thumb.

"I'm sorry, dear. I can't make any decision right now concerning our cooperation. For me, the most important thing is your sincerity, Ms. Bai."

Alan raised his eyebrows and looked at Rachel with eyes like that of a predator to his prey.

Rachel got her wine glass from the table and took a sip before she moved closer to Alan.

"Tarsan Corporation is genuine towards our cooperation. I really appreciate it if you can give us an opportunity to prove it. For that, I'd like to give you a toast, Mr. Zhao."

Without waiting for a reply from Alan, Rachel raised her glass and drowned the contents until the last drop.

Alan grinned and applauded satisfactorily. "Wow, Ms. Bai, I admire your frankness. Well, I have to



admit that it will be interesting to cooperate with you. Don't worry. I will re-evaluate your company and reconsider our cooperation."

Rachel tried to hid her frustration after hearing Alan's reply. She had already sacrificed her dignity, and yet all he gave her in return was lip service.

Then again, she was not the type of person to give up that easily. She must nail down this cooperation extension at all costs!

Rachel smiled sweetly and leaned closer to Alan until she was almost wrapped around his arms.

"Mr. Zhao, I can assure you that there is not a single problem with my company. I know that we will

have a bright future together. I mean, we have been good partners for so many years, haven't we?

Besides, if you end our cooperation, how sure are you that you can find a replacement better than us?

So, why don't we just continue our cooperation, eh?"

Rachel opened her bag and took out a contract.

She placed it on the table with a pen on it and said, "Mr. Zhao, you see, I am sincere enough. I even

brought the contract with me. So why don't you just sign it now? After this procedure, why don't we

have fun somewhere else? What do you think?" Alan looked at her back. Her sexually suggestive

words had aroused something inside of him, especially how seductive she looked back at him.

This was the first time he had seen her like this. In the past, she always behaved like a queen, who was arrogant and proud, because her company was strong enough to stand alone.

However, right now, she even stooped so low to please him like a prostitute, which made the beast inside of him hungry and excited.

Alan raised his hand and touched Rachel's face, caressing her tender cheeks with his thumb. The delicate and soft texture made him thirsty. All he wanted to do right now was strip her off immediately.

He thought about it for a moment as he took his time caressing Rachel. As a matter of fact, this cooperation didn't matter too much for his company. Besides, Tarsan Corporation could still sustain operation. Now, to get Rachel, he knew what he had to do. He decided to sign the contract.

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#### Chapter 1263 Any Progress

The shock was overwhelming—Sheryl's hands were shaking as they held the chopsticks.

Upon hearing the sound, Charles put down his bowl and utensils, stood up and hurried to the bed.

Still lying in bed, Melissa woke up with great efforts to open her eyes, her face as white as a sheet of paper.

"Mom, it's me. How are you feeling right now?" Charles gently asked.

Seeing Charles standing in front her, Melissa was suddenly moved to tears. A crystal-clear tear rolled down her cheek and disappeared into the surface of her pillow.

"I never thought that...

I could ever survive and see you again." No longer able to hold back the sobs, Melissa sounded

extremely hoarse.

The sound of her cries rang in Charles' ears, letting him indulge in a state of both blues and stiffness.

Seeing his mother look so weak and moved made a combination of complex feelings surge from the bottom of his heart.

Meanwhile, Sheryl came by and stayed beside Charles. She softly asked, "Mom, are you hungry?

Would you like anything to eat? I can fetch you something if you want."

Hearing Sheryl's voice, Melissa suddenly raised her head and her sad eyes started glowing like burning torches.

"It's you!"

Her voice raising eagerly and her shaky fingers pointing at Sheryl, she accused, "Why...you dare show up here? I will never forgive you!"

With that, Melissa tried to support herself with two arms—she was visibly shaking, ready to fight against Sheryl.

The unexpected aggression made Sheryl back off instinctively. While Charles was ready to restrain his mother, he paused as he saw her look so weak that she fell down on the quilt crying bitterly.

Melissa's nearly crazy reaction made Sheryl's heart incredibly heavy.

Still, she had already predicted how Melissa would act after she woke up. Since the woman narrowly escaped death, how could she let Sheryl go so easily?

However, it was much to her surprise to receive a harsh accusation the very minute Melissa woke up—she didn't even let Sheryl have a word. How could she continue to stay in this ward?

As Sheryl's confusion deepened, Melissa's crying grew even louder. "My god, are you punishing me? I just got out of a dark and hopeless hell...but now an evil woman wanted to kill me. Are you trying to hasten my death? I'm not going to live anymore. Why are you saving my life, then? Why not just let me fall to my death? Even if I don't die now...someone will try to kill me soon."

Melissa's crying was loud and messy, like a child's. Even though she knew her words were nonsense, Sheryl couldn't defend herself. In fact, she couldn't do anything at all but stay where she stood and surrender to the crazy old woman.

Charles' face was as terrifying as a stormy day. After standing still for a moment, he turned to look at Sheryl with a subtle kind of burning in his eyes, like a flame.

At that moment, she knew that her beloved would ask her to leave the room.

"Sher, just go home. I'll take care of this."

As expected, Charles urged her to leave so he could deal with the situation himself.

The words made Sheryl's face turn pale. She guessed right—Charles would choose Melissa over her without any hesitation.

However, regardless of who was right or wrong, Melissa was injured. It was for that fact that Charles merely stood by his mother's side instead of analyzing the situation logically. Anyway, Sheryl had no evidence to prove that she was innocent and that Melissa set up the entire thing just to frame her.

"Alright, I'll go home. Please take care of Mom for me. Call me whenever you need anything." At that point, she felt her energy waning so she gave up the struggle to defend herself.

The reply she received was a mere nod. Charles' full attention was on his crying mother—he didn't spare a glance at Sheryl to bid her goodbye.

After a pause, Sheryl walked out of the ward with heavy steps.

The night sky seemed to be covered with a dark curtain, enveloping the whole world in still silence.

As Sheryl lay in bed, she couldn't fall asleep.

Her wandering thoughts filled her head but no practical solutions came to mind.

Clearly, Melissa was now openly against her. It was likely that she would take advantage of falling from the stairs as a way to demonstrate her resentment for her in front of Charles. In a worst-case scenario, she would succeed in persuading Charles to leave Sheryl forever.

It wasn't news to Sheryl that having her leave was exactly what Melissa wanted.

Then what was there to do?

Did she have to go along with Melissa's little tricks and allow herself to be kicked out of the home?

No, she would not surrender. It took her massive efforts to form the family she had with a loving father and two children. How could she ever bear to deprive her children of a parent again?

No matter if Melissa forgave her or not, she decided that she had to try. As long as there was even a chance that she could fix things, she would grin and endure whatever she had to.

After a sleepless night, Rachel returned home, exhausted.

As she grew sleepier and sleepier, her assistant kept calling in. Though Rachel wanted nothing more than to ignore the sound, she had to answer the call in case of an emergency.



"Hello, Ms. Bai. Several major clients just now decided to withdraw their capital from our company. We need you to follow up and handle this."

Even through the phone, she could hear the anxiety in the assistant's voice.

Rachel's sleepiness disappeared at the news as she sobered up

"Who is in charge of these clients? Why did anything happen suddenly?"

In a hurry, Rachel snatched her clothes and got dressed, getting ready to rush back to the office.

"Those clients were developed and maintained by Holley. They've always been entrusted to her. The reason they left this time may be because Holley was in prison."

The assistant was quick to reply but she was rather concerned about Rachel losing her temper. After all, Rachel's awful temper was a well-known secret in the company.

"Alright, I'll see. I'll be back in the office soon." With that, Rachel quickly hung up and rushed back to the company immediately.

Back in the office, Rachel contacted those who were in charge of withdrawing capital and pacified them temporarily to earn some time with them.

Unsurprisingly, they merely promised to take it into consideration and give her an official reply later on.

At this moment, Rachel realized her days would just get more difficult from then on. In such a situation, she couldn't come up with any better approach to raise funds except to take every step cautiously.

'Perhaps...' she thought, 'the turning point lies in Bernard.'

With that idea, she immediately phoned him.

"What did you find? Has there been any progress? Holley's having a rough time right now...I just don't want her to suffer anymore. We have to catch the murderer and let justice be done."

Chapter 1264 The Truth About Lance's Death

It had been a few days since Bernard hadn't heard from Rachel. He missed her voice so much.

"You called me just in time. I was about to send you something first. It's an audio record of the conversation between Miranda and her lover. They talked about the details and truth of Lance's death.

Miranda is the murderer."

On the other end of the line, Rachel was shocked. She had never expected that Bernard had found a surprisingly big evidence. In fact, she only wanted to take a shot when she first called him.

"Really? Send it to me!" Rachel exclaimed. A few minutes later, Bernard sent her the audio clip.

After she opened and listened to the voice recording, she found that the female voice in it was truly

Miranda's.

This audio record would not only save Holley, but also the whole company.

However, Rachel suddenly thought of something else.

What she really wanted to do was solve the company's issue. Thus, why didn't she find the quickest way to save her company?

If she chose to save Holley, Holley could help her reassure their clients and dissuade them from not investing. However, saving Holley required lots of effort. What was worse, this plan wasn't that efficient and did not guarantee perfect results.

After having thought about it for a while, Rachel decided to use the evidence's benefits to its maximum.

She made up her mind, and took action at once.

Her hand grabbed the mobile phone in her pocket and then dialed Lance's wife, who immediately picked up her call.

"Hello, is this Mrs. Zhan?"

When Miranda heard a woman's soft and sweet voice from the other end of the line, she felt that it was strange. Usually, she thought that such a call was from one of Lance's terrible love affairs. However, his

very death reminded that such a thing was impossible. "Who is this?"

"I'm Rachel Bai. I think you know me well, right? After all, you almost succeeded in framing me up and putting me in jail."

After Miranda heard Rachel's words, she hung up the phone at once. She felt guilty and frantically stared at her phone, as if the thing in her hand was not a phone but a time bomb.

'How did Rachel find it out? Does she get the crucial evidence? Or she was just bluffing me into her trap?'

All kinds of anxious thoughts filled up Miranda's mind, and she felt even worse.

She suddenly regretted hanging up the call before she could've tried to extract any information Rachel knew. If Rachel did have the evidence and handed it to the police...

The mere thought of it sent Miranda to a frenzy. She racked her brains and tried to remember if she had left any trails, but to no avail. She thought that she had been careful enough to be cautious of everything in the crime, so she began to suspect if any of her trusted subordinates had betrayed her.

Meanwhile, Rachel wasn't angry when Miranda suddenly hung up. She casually opened her computer

instead, and copied the video and audio record files Bernard had sent her to a folder. All of these were crucial evidences.

A few minutes later, her phone rang as she had expected. A smug smile stretched on her lips.

"Mrs. Zhan, you are available to talk to me now, right?" Rachel was relaxed as she leisurely reclined on her chair.

"Well, what do you want to talk about? I don't think we have anything to talk about. I don't even know you. Why did you call me then? What do you want?"

On the other hand, Miranda tried her best to sound calm.

"Really? Let me give you a hint. What about Mr. Zhan's accident and his death? Is this a great topic to start with?" The words from Rachel's lips dripped with satisfaction. She was like a sly cat that breezily toyed with a cornered mouse.

Miranda's heart thumped as she subtly felt how dangerous this call was. "I don't understand what you are talking about. I feel sorry for my husband's death. The murderer has been put into jail, and I'm grateful for this result. But all of these have nothing with you, Ms. Bai. You'd better mind your own business."

"You are really humorous, but I'd like to offer my disagreement about this.

Anyway, Mr. Zhan and I had a very good relationship, did I put it right?

Besides, you forged the monitor video to frame up my partner. She is still in jail. Do you still think these have nothing with me?" Rachel calmly stated.

She rested by the French window as she casually talked to Miranda like they were old friends.

It began to rain outside, and the water droplets made tapping sounds on the window. The rain came down harder, and the view outside the window became foggy. Inside, however, was warm and dry.

When Rachel looked out the window, some lights were turned on, but they soon went out. Such a rainy night usually made Rachel feel downcast, but she was happy and delighted now. It was like a dandelion had grown inside her heart, and the wind blew and spread its seeds of joy all over her chest.

She was overwhelmed by a boatload of problems, but she didn't worry about those now. 'Miranda should be the one feeling trapped now, ' she thought with a smile.

After quite a while of silence, Miranda spoke again. "I don't know about the fake video you were talking about. And I'm not interested about the relationship between you and my husband. After all, he has

passed away. His history is gone with him now." However, Miranda didn't sound confident when she said those words. It was like she tried to defend or convince herself that those were true.

"Haw-haw!" Rachel sneered, which irritated Miranda to the core. But no matter how much Miranda got irritated, she knew well that things had turned around for the worse.

"I didn't expect that Mrs. Zhan is also a good actor. You want to play this with me? Alright, that's fine by me! But I guarantee that you must be interested in this audio record. Let me play the record for you."

Before Miranda could even respond, Rachel put her phone over her computer's speaker, and started the audio clip.

Miranda was a bit surprised when she heard her and her lover's pleased sounds, but she kept calm.

Such a secret affair was only a scandal material anyway, and not crucial evidence that could put her behind bars. However, what came next was not what she had expected.

"Since your husband is dead, shall we stop such a secret date from now on? After all the internal funds of Silver Corporation are transferred into our foreign account, we can settle down abroad and enjoy our happy days."

Every word of Miranda's lover was clear over the phone, which filled Miranda with horror. Her body

trembled with fear as she knew where this conversation went next.

Her mind screamed "stop!" as panic rushed in every fiber of her being. 'Shut up! Stop! That's enough!'

she mentally cried out. But how could Rachel stop it now?

When Miranda heard her own voice, she felt as if two invisible hands had strangled her throat. She

struggled to shout for help, but failed. The very familiar voice shut her into a wild world with a deadly

silence, where she could only hear her own heavy breath.

"Yeah! Finally! Finally he died! I guess that he never expected that I would kill him. Haw-haw! Do you

know what is the funniest part? When he was about to die, he still thought that I was the stupid

housewife who was blindly in love with him. What a fool!"

Her voice in the audio clip was laced with such a joyful satisfaction, but her tone was also oddly

twisted.

The record was still playing, but the sound had drowned out into a blur, until it was completely gone in

her blank mind.

After a long time of silence, Rachel pressed the space key to stop the record and patiently waited for



Miranda's answer.

Chapter 1265 Sad Truth

Feeling bored, Rachel rested her chin on her palms and silently gazed out the window, staring

absentmindedly outside. It was difficult to make anything out from the vague expression she was

making. Was she simply daydreaming? Was she occupied by the whole issue with Miranda? Or was

she simply enjoying the night view in the rain?

It started pouring down heavier and heavier, but some sins were just too thick to be washed away by

strong rain.

"Ms. Bai, I assumed you would want to discuss this with me. Just tell me. What do you want? I can

meet any of your demands with my full capability as long as you destroy any copies of the file and give

me the original."

Clearly, Miranda was terrified. How could someone like her allow anyone else to have their hands on

something that could be used against her? How could she stand to be threatened?

Although her eyes silently pierced with cruelty, her tone only reflected a soft, pleading voice.

"Mrs. Zhan, you're a smart person. What I want is really simple. I have no doubt that you can meet my

expectation as long as you want to. I hope that you can invest profusely in the Tarsan Corporation.

You've probably heard by now that my company is going through a tough period these days. I need your investment to help us get through. The moment I receive the money, I will hand the audio file over to you. How's that? It's a fair deal, right?"

Though she scoffed in her mind, on the surface, Miranda answered with careful politeness so as to avoid triggering Rachel, "Alright, I can agree to that. But I hope that you will keep your promise as well."

"You can rest assured. I'm happy to finally strike a deal with you, Mrs. Zhan." After the call ended,

Rachel couldn't help plastering a smug smile on her face. It didn't take her much effort to get the company's issue solved, thanks to Bernard. At last, Holley was able to offer something helpful—she referred Rachel to the right person.

'Well... it seems I should treat Bernard for this, ' Rachel decided.

And Holley, who had been eagerly waiting for Rachel to help her get out, was, of course, pushed to the back of her mind.

However, Miranda was not at all elated. In spite of everything, she stood still on her feet because of something on her mind.

The tender, delicately made-up face was flashed with insidiousness.

In her eyes, Rachel's presence was like a bomb that could explode at any given moment. How could a proud woman like Miranda stand to be humiliated like that? 'That bitch knows too many of my secrets!

I can't allow her to go on like this...but...

I still need to craft my plan carefully. I can't mess up, ' Miranda decided firmly.

Meanwhile, another issue was taking place in a cafe near the Shining Company.

From her sources, Rachel found out that Charles was finally back at work in the company along with a shocking secret.

As it turned out, when Melissa invited Leila to her house, Sheryl committed a crime—she poisoned Leila's tea, leaving her hospitalized. Since then, she had been in a coma and hadn't woken up. And not only that, when Melissa confronted Sheryl, she was pushed down the stairs, severely injured, and was left hospitalized as well. Melissa's condition still remained unknown.

Upon hearing the news, Rachel burst into laughter, overcome with joy.

It was the perfect picture. Finally, luck was on her side. In the past, whenever she tried to get close to Charles, Sheryl would be standing in the way to block her. When she was pushed aside, Leila

appeared and took all of Melissa's fondness for herself. It seemed that Rachel wasn't next in line after Sheryl to stand beside Charles like she thought she would be.

Now, she had just cleared out both of her obstacles and there was no one left to compete with her.

How happier could she be?

After some pondering, Rachel decided that she would approach Charles using the excuse of her company facing some problems. The last time she tried to find him, he was away—now, he was finally back from the business trip. It would be a pity if she failed to seize her chance.

If she went straight to his office, however, she was wary about Charles refusing to meet her. Eager to get some time with him, she waited for hours at the main entrance of his company.

It was a rather sad truth that she no longer had the privilege to wander around the area—it was too much of his world. So she ordered a cup of coffee to kill time while waiting for Charles to get off work.

After what felt like a century, Rachel eventually saw the figure she was longing to see. She wasted no time in dashing toward him to say her piece.

"Charles, Holley and I have been framed. We didn't murder Mr. Zhan. Now that Holley is going to be

sentenced soon, could you please help us?"

Afraid that he wouldn't have the patience to listen to her explanation, she spoke out everything in a single breath.

"Please...please help us. Will you? Even just for the sake of...

for what we had in the past...okay? Charles?"

While she pleaded to him, she almost began crying. As a part of her meticulous plan, she had to act extremely pitiful and grief-stricken.

It was basically second nature for her to arouse men's pity for her.

Unfortunately for her, she might have forgotten that Charles wasn't just any man—he wouldn't just love her and dote on her if she let a few tears escape.

When he saw Rachel's face, his eyes suddenly turned dim. With a hint of disgust on his face, he retreated a couple of steps to keep a distance from the woman. It was only then when he graced her with a reply.

"I have nothing to say to you. Especially not about our past relationship. As for the trouble you mentioned, I have no way to help you. You've asked the wrong person. And by the way, as far as I

know, you had a good relationship with Lance."

After a pause, he continued, "There's one more thing. Rachel, we still haven't solved everything. I don't even want you in my sight. What in the world makes you think that I would ever help you?"

His words struck Rachel speechless. All she could think was how much she hated hearing Charles' cold and hurtful words. It was clear that she couldn't take his harshness.

Seemingly oblivious to her pain, Charles was already walking away. In a hurry, she grabbed onto his sleeve as if it were the only beacon of hope in the sheer darkness—it really was her only hope.

"Charles, don't leave, please...I... I really have no idea what to do. Help me, please. I know I did wrong but I truly love you. Please..."

Never had she ever brought herself so low—she had virtually given up all her self-esteem. But that was her only chance.

"No, I know exactly what kind of woman you are. You will get what you want regardless of what it takes.

You always have a mask on. You enjoy being admired by everyone around you. And that's all you really care about. That's who you are. I don't trust you. I can't help you either, so just go."

With practically his full strength, he shoved off the hand on his sleeve. It was clear to him that talking to the selfish and hypocritical woman in front of him was only a terrible waste of time.

The only thing on his mind was the thought of getting back home and seeing the faces of Sheryl and his children. As for Rachel, all he could feel for her was hatred and disdain.

Without another glance or word, he strode towards his car and drove off. From the rear view, Rachel's figure grew smaller and smaller until it eventually disappeared.

As soon as Charles left, Rachel seemed to have lost her soul—she was stumbling over herself, down on a road where she couldn't see the end. How ridiculous, she thought.

Even as she was disdained by the man she loved, she was still trying her hardest to capture his heart once again.

Early in the morning, Sheryl got up and was ready for the day. As per her usual routine, she went down to check on her children and lightly smiled as she saw Clark and Shirley still tucked in bed, dreaming away.

Still busy in the kitchen, Nancy noticed that Sheryl had just woken up, still in a daze. "Sher, you wake up so early lately. You don't have to go to the hospital by yourself. There are other people there. You

can sleep in a little bit..."

"It's alright, Nancy. Now that Mom is hospitalized, I should take care of her. Charles is really busy. He has whole days of work and then hospital duty at night. I think I should do what I can to help ease his burden."

Despite what she said, she still felt a deep bitterness inside.

Day after day, she would prepare soup and other meals for Melissa, but nothing was ever accepted—she wasn't even given a chance to talk to her. Whenever she appeared in sight, Melissa would turn extremely agitated in a snap and chase her out with harsh words.

Chapter 1266 Insulated Lunchbox And Eavesdropping

Despite everything that had happened, Sheryl still did not want to give up. She was determined to visit Charles' mother in the hope of moving her heart even just the tiniest bit. Even though she was aware that the chances of Melissa putting aside her hatred towards her was slim, she was still convinced to give it a shot. Otherwise, if she chose to give up, then it would already be impossible for her to live a happy life with her husband and their children. That was one reason. The other was because she wanted Charles to know that she was sincerely and truly cared and worried about Melissa's well-being.



With an insulated lunch box in hand, Sheryl walked past the people and nurses in the corridor of the hospital.

As she was about to turn the corner of the corridor, familiar voices had reached her ears.

She stopped in her tracks as soon as she recognized the speakers and listened.

Sheryl glanced and sure enough, she was right about the two people standing in the hallway.

Leila gave Charles a coy look, and in a sweet voice, she said, "Mr. Lu, it is my deepest gratitude that you paid for my medical expenses and even hired a nursing assistant to take care of me. I really appreciate your help, but I don't know how to repay your kindness."

Without any expression on his face, Charles replied flatly, "I just did what I had to do. After all, you fainted in my premises. I should be responsible for your accident. Anyway, how are you feeling?"

Charles looked at her, devoid of any facial expression. As a matter of fact, he just inquired about her condition out of courtesy. However, for Leila, she interpreted this gesture differently. She thought that what Charles had said was the sweetest words she had ever heard.

"I'm okay now, thanks to you. The nursing assistant you hired also does her job very well, and oh, she often speaks well of you as well." After saying these words, Leila pretended to be shy and lowered her

head.

Any man who saw a beautiful girl like Leila acting this way would surely be attracted and drawn to her.

Then again, Charles wasn't just any man. He was an exception. In a casual tone, he asked, "What did she say?"

"Well, she said you were filial and responsible, and she also said..." And there she paused in purpose to give way for the dramatic effect. She cast him a quick glance and looked down at her feet before she continued, "She said you were really nice to me, and that I was lucky to meet you."

It was clear that those words were not from the nursing assistant but from Leila. That way, she could confess her feelings for Charles.

Even then, Charles was keen. He saw through her mind immediately, but he let it go and decided not to dwell on it too much. After all, he wasn't interested in Leila. He glanced at the door of the ward from behind and said, "I will figure this case out. If it was Sheryl's and Nancy's doing, I will not cover up for them, but I have a request. I hope you will not involve the police in this."

"Of course, of course. I will not call the police if you think it is best not to involve them," Leila promised.

"Besides, I figured that Sheryl probably didn't mean for this to happen. I have thought about it a lot after I got poisoned. Now I am already out of danger and recovering fast, so I really just want to let it go."

After Charles heard that, his expression still didn't change. He gave her a momentary look before he said without any emotion at all, "You should go back to your ward and have some rest. I need to go check on my mother."

Leila's eyes lit up as she responded, "Oh, well, a while ago, I came over to see Auntie but found her sleeping. Perhaps, she has woken up now. If you don't mind, I'd like to join you and see how she is doing."

Charles just gave her another glance and turned towards the direction of his mother's ward.

Since Charles didn't stop her, Leila smiled and was delighted deep inside. In a hurry, she followed him into the room.

As soon as the two got inside the ward, Sheryl finally walked out of her hiding place. Her eyes fell on the door of Melissa's room and she wondered if she should still enter.

After pondering it for a moment, she stepped forward and stopped just outside the ward. Since the room wasn't soundproof, she could hear the conversation inside.

Inside the ward, Melissa carefully sat up on the bed as soon as she saw Charles coming in.

Charles greeted her, followed by Leila who walked forward from behind. With a beaming smile, she greeted, "Hello, Auntie. I came by to see you earlier today, but you were still asleep. How are you feeling?"

Melissa felt slightly glum before her visitors came, but the moment she caught sight of Leila, her eyes immediately lit up in joy, and her face broke into a bright smile. She reached out her hands and replied, "Oh, I'm fine. How about you, Leila? Are you all right?"

Leila perched on the edge of the bed and hurriedly took hold of Melissa's hand as well. The two looked like they could pass for mother and daughter.

"Auntie, I'm good now, and I'm recovering fast. I just had a little stomachache, so don't worry too much about me. Besides, if Mr. Lu hadn't gotten me a nursing assistant, I might not have been able to recover in such a short time. He is my benefactor. You raised him well, Auntie," Leila replied. She wanted not only to briefly share her current health condition, but she also wanted to praise Charles and make Melissa feel good as well.

Melissa smiled at Charles and back at Leila. "Well, I have to admit that my son is a responsible and sensible man. Besides, you are friends with me, and you often talk to me and take care of me. Since you had the accident at my house, he should take care of you, or I will definitely not spare him. No exceptions even if he is my son."

Charles just stood aside and watched the two chat silently, still not showing any expression on his face.

As for Sheryl, as soon as she heard this, she had a hunch that Melissa was going to start to speak ill of her. When she was about to push the door open, Melissa's voice reached her ears and froze her from doing so.

"Oh, Leila, if it wasn't for this accident, I wouldn't have found out about Sheryl's true colors," Melissa said with a deep sigh. "Although she is my daughter-in-law, I have never seen her do her duty. I invited you over for a visit, and yet, look what she had done. She did such a horrible thing to you. She gave you the cold shoulder and even poisoned you, making you suffer so much. What a horrible woman!"

Hearing these words made Charles' eyebrows furrow into a frown. Before Melissa could say anything more, Charles interjected, "Mom, there is no evidence that Sheryl did this. Please, stop jumping into conclusions."

'Why does he always defend that woman?' Leila thought to herself and whined. She was upset deep inside. However, the look on her face did not betray her. She turned to Melissa and followed, "Mr. Lu is right, Auntie. Please don't blame Sheryl. Perhaps, it was just a coincidence, and Sheryl didn't mean to hurt me..."

"What are you talking about? She clearly did it on purpose! She wanted you gone! She even wanted me dead! I was just talking to her in the staircase, and when I said something that upset her, she gave me a push and sent me falling down the stairs. She is such an evil woman. And it's so unfair! Why do I have to live such a tough life? I was separated with my son for fifteen years, and while I was gone, he married such an evil woman. Oh, Charles, if you don't divorce her and kick her out of our family, I'm telling you, I don't want to live any longer." Melissa then buried her face in her hands and started to break out crying. She wiped off her tears as she whined.

Hearing the hostility of Melissa towards Sheryl made Leila happy inside, but she knew she had to put on a fake worried look on her face. She immediately grabbed the tissue on the bedside table and helped wipe the tears off Melissa's face. She comforted her and persuaded her to calm down.

Without attempting to move beside her mother to console her, Charles just stood frozen still, his face dimming with anger and frustration. His fists started to clench, making his veins pop under his skin.

Ever since Melissa woke up, she wouldn't stop urging Charles to leave Sheryl and send her away from their house almost every day since.

Charles had made great efforts to defend and stand up for Sheryl at first, but each time he started to speak in his wife's favor, Melissa would get emotional and break into tears. It even came to the point where she hit her head against the wall, freaking him out entirely. At this point, he was stuck in a fork road, and for the first time, he didn't know what to do.

#### Chapter 1267 A Perfect Match

Charles was depressed. Watching Melissa gradually lose weight and slowly go crazy when she was emotional broke his heart.

This was his mother and the closest person to him biologically. While he loved her dearly, she always forced him to do things he didn't want to do.

It was because Melissa cried so much that Charles was affected. It liked whenever he went home to Sheryl, he brought this sadness with him. He couldn't help but be grumpy and found himself unable to say anything nice. He had to try his best not to talk much when he was at home because he didn't want

to hurt anyone with his words.

Outside the ward, Sheryl was devastated.

She usually felt mentally prepared whenever she visited the hospital, but this time she felt anxious. She hadn't anticipated being so sad over Melissa telling Charles to divorce her and let her leave the house.

What made her even more upset was that from beginning to end, Charles hadn't said a single word in her defense, even though Melissa was slandering her.

Sheryl's heart sunk at the very thought. Lowering her hand with food for the patient powerlessly, she turned around and went outside. Taking a deep breath, Sheryl turned her head and glanced at the ward door. The sounds of cheerful chatting and laughing from inside the door were strident and hurtful.

Later that night, back at the villa, Danny walked quietly toward the gate. Taking out a key from his back pocket, he put it in the lock and opened the door.

He had something very important to do, so he was late. As soon as Danny entered, he immediately saw Miranda sitting on the couch, her face emotionless.

"Honey, what's wrong? You look unhappy," Danny said, with worry in his voice. Sitting down on the



couch next to Miranda, he gently wrapped his arms around her.

He was good at playing the role of a considerate lover.

"Do you remember that woman Rachel Bai I mentioned to you before? She found out that we murdered my husband and then transferred the property. She even has evidence," Miranda explained. She was worried that Danny would want to escape this disaster and leave her, so she purposefully stressed the words "transferred the property."

Frightened by what he'd just heard, Danny stuttered frantically, "Then...Well... What should we do? Let's run away and go abroad. We've always wanted to move away. Why not just do it now?" He anxiously looked at Miranda, his eyes wide and tearful.

Shaking her head, she responded, "But we can't guarantee that would work. And who knows, maybe Rachel already sent someone to spy on us." Touching his shoulder calmly, Miranda tried to ease Danny's anxiety.

"I would rather deal with Rachel directly than be threatened by her. That way, no one in the world will know our secret anymore, right?" Miranda spoke softly into Danny's ear. Her lips lightly brushed his earlobe as she spoke, making him tremble.

To the outside world, a couple whispering into each other's ears would appear to be an act of love, not a plan to murder their next victim.

While Danny had stolen some money before, he had never killed anyone. Hearing Miranda's subtle suggestion, he felt a shiver go down his spine. He was absolutely terrified and shook his head immediately.

Miranda continued to press him. "If we don't take preemptive action, neither of us will get out of this. I don't want to go to prison. Do you? Hmm?" While Miranda spoke softly, to Danny it sounded like a war drum- dense, approaching, and irresistibly powerful. In that moment, he seemed to have lost the ability to speak.

After a long moment, he finally awoke from his trance. Looking at the intense expression on Miranda's face, he realized that she was right and there was no other way out of this mess. Both of them were in the same boat. Even if he wanted to run away, Miranda wouldn't allow him to.

"So we just do it," Danny said decisively. "We'll make a detailed plan. We can't do this rashly." Once

he'd realized that there was no other way, it was like a switch had flicked in his mind. He needed to be

ruthless.

The couple stayed up all night discussing how to make Rachel disappear. At this point, they had no reverence for life. They were just ready to risk everything. When the sun began to rise and the birds started chirping, they hugged each other and fell asleep.

Meanwhile, Rachel was still excitedly awaiting the good news that the company would be extricated.

The last thing she would think was that someone was planning to murder her.

Mr. Li, a long-term client of the company, would be having his birthday party soon. Rachel was planning on taking this party very seriously, as she wanted to seize this opportunity to find new business partners.

On the night of the party, Rachel put on her new customized evening dress and started applying her makeup. She was determined to stand out and be the focus of everyone's attention tonight. This would allow her to show that her company was not in trouble, but that it was still prosperous.

After giving herself a once over in the mirror, Rachel left for the party, her invitation in hand.

Arriving at the gate of the hotel, Rachel had attracted the attention of many men. It reminded her of when she was a superstar and would be in the spotlight wherever she showed up. Every woman was

jealous of her, and every man was crazy for her. Such a thought gratified her vanity.

Rachel entered the lobby gracefully, as if she were walking on the red carpet. When she saw Mr. Li, she hugged him warmly, wished him a happy birthday, and then gave her gift to the man in charge of receiving presents.

"Ms. Bai, you are more and more beautiful every time I see you. Enjoy yourself tonight," Mr. Li said to Rachel happily. It seemed that he was proud to have such a beautiful woman attend his party.

"Mr. Li, happy birthday. And is this your wife? Mrs. Li is so beautiful. As a single, I am jealous of your deep love."

Mr. Li chuckled in response. "Many successful men came here today. Take your pick! I must go now, but, Ms. Bai, make yourself at home."

Rachel nodded and smiled. After Mr. Li left, she started to scan the room for potential business partners.

Suddenly, there was an uproar at the hotel gate. Her heart sank at the commotion. Unexpectedly, she saw someone she was familiar with.

Charles and Sheryl were walking into the party, hand in hand, like the most affectionate couple in the world.

The crowd surrounding them praised them as a perfect match. Rachel heard and saw everything and wanted to rip their mouths out. 'They are a perfect match, but who am I?' she thought to herself.

Chapter 1268 Kidnap

Rachel thought, 'I'm the only woman that should be at Charles' side!' Clearly, she could feel anger,

envy, and sorrow boiling in her heart, which made her feel very uneasy. All she wanted to do was

shove Sheryl away from Charles! It was painful to see them being so close and affectionate towards

one another!

Rachel wasn't even in the mood for the banquet anymore. She felt completely empty and as though

she was unable to move her body. Her soul disappeared into thin air. It went to a faraway place where

she knew that it wouldn't get hurt. However, even so, she was still eager to take a few more glances at

Charles, the man she loved so much. Recalling her surroundings, she had forgotten why she was there

in the first place. While the crowd was chatting about, drinking and having fun, she felt like she was an

outcast. Even though she tried, she couldn't see, nor hear anything. It was as though someone pressed

a pause button, and the world went completely silent.

The only person that she was able to see in the room, was Charles. In silence, she moved over to a dim corner to hide. Actually, she didn't really want to see Charles at all, because he was enjoying himself. To make things worse, the disgust he had in his eyes for her, was literally killing her!

She continued observing Charles holding Sheryl's hand tenderly. He smiled affectionately at Sheryl and even introduced Sheryl as his wife to others.

For no apparent reason, she couldn't move her eyes from Charles. Her eyes had captured every single move he made. Every scene playing out in front of her was deeply engraved at the bottom of her eyes and replayed itself over and over again. She felt tormented!

Perhaps the only way to ease her pain was to imagine herself as Sheryl at that moment. She couldn't help but picture herself next to Charles' side, which only brought her a brief moment of peace.

Dejected, she drank alone in the shade. The experience was bitter. Was it because of the alcohol? Or, perhaps due to the bitterness she'd felt in her heart? She couldn't come to a conclusion.

In her mildly drunken state, she couldn't resist the urge to approach Charles. Holding her glass of wine, she walked up towards Charles and Sheryl.

Sheryl was still holding Charles' hand, greeting the attendants whom she was acquainted with. She then saw Rachel standing close by, whom she hated with every fiber in her being.

Recalling what had happened between her and Rachel in her mind, Sheryl went completely silent.

Sheryl's abrupt mood was quickly noticed by Charles. He turned his head to Sheryl, only to find that her vision was fixed at someone in front of them.

Following Sheryl's gaze, he found her target. The next moment, his brows shot up.

Rachel could see the anger brewing in Sheryl's eyes. What was hurting her more, was Charles' impatience.

Her heart immediately sank. When she saw Charles pull Sheryl to another direction away from her, an ironically pleasing smile appeared on Rachel's face. Rachel then moved forward to block their way.

"What? Are you afraid of me? We can't even have a drink together now?" It was evident that Rachel wanted to provoke them. When Sheryl frowned, Rachel felt excited about her response. The people surrounding Sheryl and Charles noticed their somewhat hostile presence.

"Did you say, 'drink together'? Well, do you worth it?" Charles was being mean to Rachel. Her invitation was coldly rejected. Immediately, Rachel's face turned pale. The incident drew the crowd's attention,

who were quietly exchanging glances and gossiping with one another. Being judged by the public,

Rachel only wished she could vanish from everyone. Even though the idea thereof was painful, it

seemed far better than being hurt by Charles or even being judged by others.

The colder Charles was towards her, the more she wanted him back. How could she accept her fate

like this? In the past, she was the woman whom Charles treasured the most! He would always check

up on her, even if the slightest thing bothered her.

"After all, we were a couple. Why am I not worth it?" Brows furrowed, Rachel looked deeply into

Charles' eyes. It wasn't her intention to embarrass him, but the pain boiling in her heart was just too

much for her to bear, so she blurted her words out. Soon enough, she managed to make up an excuse

for her counter attack. 'You bastard...You've hurt me and now that I've caused you embarrassment, it's

only fair.'

However, there was no fairness in their relationship whatsoever. If there were, most people wouldn't

end up thinking about the other halves alone, while the people they were longing for were enjoying their

lives with another love.



Charles didn't want to have a connection with Rachel anymore. He definitely didn't want to see Sheryl get hurt by her either. He proceeded to give Sheryl a hug and left. Rachel was left alone and stunned by what had happened.

It was only until the banquet was over and everyone left, that she managed to finally regain her strength. Forcing out a bitter smile, she shook her head at the empty room and left.

As she walked out to the street and alone in the night, her mind was empty. Luckily there were street lights, lighting up the pavement where she walked. The road ahead seemed endless. Despite the distance in front of her, the darkness in her heart couldn't be expelled.

Suddenly her phone rang. She glanced at the screen and saw the caller ID. It was Bernard. She then picked up the phone.

"Hello, Bernard. Thank you for finding out the truth for me last time. I never even had the chance to thank you." She forcefully infused some strength into her voice.

"Oh, that's fine. There's no need to thank me. I did it out of my own will." Secretively, Bernard always wanted to see Rachel. He missed her so much, in fact, that even listening to her voice was satiating

enough for him. However, it was only until now that he had mustered the courage to do so.

Rachel laughed and replied, "Bernard, I do appreciate your help. When will you be free for a meal? My treat!"

Bernard was exhilarated to hear Rachel's response. A big grin was plastered onto his face.

Suppressing his euphoria, he tried to sound as normal as possible as he answered, "Alright, I'm free at any time. It will be my pleasure to have a meal with you." For Bernard, however, it wasn't just a pleasure. He was overjoyed.

"Okay. I will tell you when..." Before she finished her sentence, her voice ended abruptly.

A stranger appeared from behind her and swayed her phone to the ground. Then she blacked out. At the other end of the call, Bernard could only hear the noises in the background. Rachel didn't say anything else. He tried to end the call and call her back again, but she didn't pick up.

His immediately thought the worst. Something must have happened to Rachel. Anxious, he scratched his head to try and think of ways to find her.

Rachel woke up in an unknown place.

When she tried to make sense of what had happened, all she could think about was her headache. The

confined space was filled with darkness and her one hand was tied to a heavy pillar. There was no way for her to figure out where she was or what time it was.

She then remembered what happened before she woke up. She must have been kidnapped, but who would do this?

Thinking about all of the names of people that she might have caused trouble to, and the people who might take action against her, she just managed to increase the intensity of the pain caused by her headache. At last, she gave up the attempt to think and closed her eyes, pretending to be in a coma as she patiently waited for the person in the dark to appear.

After what felt like a long time, she finally heard a sound.

A door was slowly opened. Light shed into the room, which hurt her eyes, as she had been accustomed to darkness for too long. The sudden light caused her eyes to well up with tears. After finally being able to see her surroundings vaguely, she found herself in an abandoned warehouse.

Squinting her eyes, she saw someone approaching her. To her surprise, one of the people was

Miranda. Rachel was at a total loss and had no idea of what to do.

"Ms. Bai, are you still waiting for my investment in your company? You couldn't have imagined that you'd end up like this, right? Hah!" Her laugh reverberated in the spacious warehouse, which terrified Rachel.

"Mrs. Zhan, I thought we had an agreement. If you dare to do anything to me, the evidence of you killing Mr. Zhan will surely end up with the police!" Thinking to herself that she still had her bargaining chip in hand, she managed to calm herself down.

Chapter 1269 You Are Too Naive

"Don't you think that you are too naive, Ms. Bai? Who put such an idea in your head that I will still let you see the light of day after taking pains of bringing you here? Well, sorry to tell you, this will be the last place you will ever see. Want to expose my crime? You can do it in the next life!"

Full of hate, Miranda spat those words at Rachel. Danny, who stood right next to her felt chills run down his spine. But still, he nodded. And Rachel, she had never felt so scared and desperate in her entire life until now. She didn't expect that Miranda was a bold and crazy bitch.

Now that Rachel had the time to contemplate about her actions, she regretted that she had provoked Miranda. Had she known that Miranda was psychologically unstable, she would not have acted on impulse. 'How could I get out of here? Think, think, think! I don't want to die yet! I couldn't die like this!'

"I'm really sorry, Mrs. Zhan! Please forgive me! I now learned my lesson. I shouldn't have done this. I

wasn't thinking clearly! I promise, when I get home, I will destroy all the evidences! Please, trust me. I

will really do it!"

Lying on her stomach, Rachel begged like a dog.

Miranda was unaffected by Rachel's begging. She saw her as a pile of rubbish needed to be disposed.

And the more wretched Rachel was, the happier Miranda felt.

Truth be told, what she felt towards the girl was complicated. When she learned of her husband's affair,

she was more jealous than enraged. Rachel was younger and more beautiful than her. Though there

was no love lost between her and her husband, the feeling of humiliation surfaced. They were well-

known in high society. What would they say if they learned about the affair? It was a harsh slap in her

face. And it was payback time!

"Trust you? Are you kidding me, Ms. Bai? I wasn't born yesterday. The moment I let you go, you will

send me to prison!"

Miranda snapped, her voice as cold as ice. Sentencing Rachel to death was so easy. It was just like

talking about the weather.

"No, I won't! I swear! I will never ever call the police! What should I do to make you believe me, Mrs.

Zhan?! Please, tell me. I will do anything. ANYTHING!"

In a trembling voice, Rachel pleaded and pleaded. With tears rolling down her dusty cheeks, she was a picture of hopelessness. But Rachel didn't care how she looked at the moment. Her goal was to get out of her bad predicament. She would do everything to convince that woman to let her go.

Then, she supported herself up with her arms and knees, and crawled towards Miranda. As she approached her, she reached out to grasp her feet. But before she could touch them, Miranda kicked her hard. A foot connected with her left cheek. She fell down on the ground and shrank with pain.

"Don't try anything anymore, Ms. Bai. Save your energy for later. Whatever you do, I will never change my mind. Know the saying, 'if there's no fire, there's no smoke?' So, you see...the best thing to do in this situation is put off the fire. If you will be on your best behavior from now on, I promise you I will give

you a quick death." As Miranda was saying the last sentence, she bent down to look at Rachel face to face. Then, she gave Rachel's bruised cheek a pat.

"Ms. Bai," Danny started, "don't try to shout anymore for help. Nobody can hear you. You should have learned from the business industry never to provoke someone you can't handle." Turning to Miranda, he said, "Darling, when are we going to do it? We can do it right now, or you rest first. Your choice."

The warehouse they were in had been closed for several years now. Thus, it was very warm and stuffy inside. All of them were sweating so hard. Though Danny found a piece of paper which he used to fan Miranda, it wasn't enough.

Looking up at Danny, Rachel lost her last hope of escaping. She was praying that Danny was a soft-hearted man. But after seeing his expression of ruthlessness, that last fire of hope was extinguished.

Though it was hard to accept, Rachel was slowly trying to come to terms with herself. This was her last day. She already resigned herself to her fate—DEATH.

Time passed agonizingly slow in the darkness.

Nobody moved or spoke among them. Miranda wanted Rachel to experience the last peace she could ever have. After all, there was still a little good left in her.

In the midst of silence, a memory suddenly popped up. Like a movie slowly playing in front of her eyes, Miranda saw how she accidentally killed her husband that day. She could see how fearful and panicky

she was. Never had she thought that she would be a murderer one day. Nightmare after nightmare was all she experienced every night she closed her eyes.

She didn't want to suffer sleepless nights anymore. She knew that committing another crime would not stop the nightmares. However, she believed that this was inevitable.

In the end, she realized that no one could have the best of everything. Life after all was like a wheel.

Sometimes you were up, and sometimes you were down. One must be ready with the consequences of every decision made. In her case, her life would never be the same again.

'Rachel, you deserve what's coming to you!' Convincing herself, Miranda kept on repeating the line in her mind.

Meanwhile, Rachel was experiencing the same thing. She was staring out of nowhere. In a slow motion, her whole life played back in her mind. But in reverse. It started with seeing Charles and the last moments they were together. She realized that being with him was the happiest moment in her whole life. Her biggest regret was that she didn't treasure them.

She could vividly hear Charles' sweet whispers. And one by one, the romantic moments they shared



flashed. They looked so ordinary for her at that time, but once the chances of having them once more were gone, you could no longer have them anymore, and everything would be special.

How sweet they were! Enveloped in their love, they could only see each other. They found happiness even in ordinary things. Their love was so pure and innocent. But, in just a snap of a finger, everything was gone. Life was really fleeting. If she could just turn back the time, she would definitely treasure every minute she had with Charles. She would make sure that every day would be something special for him, for both of them.

'Charles! Oh, Charles!' Rachel's heart shouted the name of the man of her dreams. 'This is just a dream. A very bad dream! When I wake up, Charles will be there, waiting for me with open arms!' If anyone could only know what was going on in her mind, one would pity her. Poor woman!

"It's time, Ms. Bai. Any last wish? I will see to it that they happen the way you want them," Miranda finally said.

"One day, Mrs. Zhan, you will get what you deserve! Do you think I'm the only one who knows of your crime? My death will not keep your secret! Somebody will expose you! Just wait and see. Hah!" Rachel shouted maliciously at Miranda.

Miranda was shocked! Though she couldn't tell whether Rachel was telling the truth or not, it made her hesitate.

"Who else knows about this?" she asked.

"Why should I tell you, Mrs. Zhan?" Rachel replied calmly in a sing-song voice.

It was so dark that Miranda couldn't see Rachel clearly. But she could tell that underneath her calm reply was a mockery solely intended for her. Was it a threat? She couldn't really tell. But one thing was for sure, she was losing her patience. Then, Miranda flared up and gave Rachel a big slap.

It was so hard that Rachel fell on her side. She felt the warm sting in her cheek. She tasted the rustiness of the blood oozing at the side of her lips. She spat it out immediately. Then she raised her head arrogantly to maintain her dignity.

"It doesn't really matter whether you tell me or not. What is important is you. Don't you agree? One way or another, you will face death." Still, Rachel's words continued to make Miranda think. 'If someone else really knows what happened, and has proof, why does Rachel just threaten me with it now?' Miranda couldn't help but feel a little intimidated by Rachel's revelation. But after careful deliberation, it all boiled

down to one thing—SHE DIDN'T BELIEVE HER!

Chapter 1270 Chaperone

Suddenly, a dim light squeezing through the warehouse door caught Rachel's attention. She was the only one who had noticed it since she was facing the exit. The light was as weak as the one that fireflies gave off. The next second, it was gone.

Having been tormented by Miranda, Rachel became more paranoid. Even the dim light rekindled her desire to survive. 'Am I imagining things now? Is there someone out there? If I scream for help, will someone come to my rescue? She is going to kill me anyway. So I might as well wait for an opportunity and give it a shot, ' she brooded.

Noticing that Rachel was slightly absentminded, Miranda was pissed off. Looking down at Rachel, she said superciliously, "You know what? I'm going to tape your mouth because you might not be able to endure the pain and cry out. Although I'm sure that no one will hear you in this remote place, to hear you make any noises will definitely upset me."

She then signaled to Danny to get her a scotch tape. Rachel somehow gathered up some courage and screamed for help in the direction of the door. "Help! Anyone! Help me!" she shouted. Panicked, Danny

hurried to tape her mouth shut.

Even though Miranda and Danny didn't believe that anyone would show up, they still turned around to look at the door fearing that someone might ruin their plan. But the door remained shut. Silence filled the air. There was no doubt that no one could find them in this deserted place.

Rachel's actions reminded Miranda that she should take down the hostage right now, in case any emergency happened. Miranda picked up a fruit knife and approached Rachel slowly. As the sharp edge of the knife reflected a dazzling light in the darkness, Rachel shook her head with infinite trepidation. She wanted to move backward but she couldn't move an inch since terror had seized her. She tried to scream but to no avail for her mouth was taped. Closing her eyes, she accepted her fate as tears rushed down her cheeks.

At that moment, they heard a noise from outside. It sounded like someone was approaching. Surprise came upon them as a loud kick hit the door and it swung open. With a terrified expression, Miranda and Danny turned around to check what was going on. Before Danny could do anything to stop the intruder, the latter kicked him hard in the stomach and he fell on the ground. Miranda tightened her grip on the knife but that didn't help. It took the unexpected visitor less than half a minute to snatch the weapon

from her hand.

Now empty-handed, Miranda was overwhelmed by tremendous fear. There was only one thought in her head—she needed to escape from that place as soon as possible. Ignoring Danny who still hadn't recovered from his shock, she ran swiftly towards the open door and never looked back. The door slammed with a loud thud, bringing Danny back to his senses. He jumped to his feet and made his escape.

Overjoyed on how things turned out, Rachel finally opened her eyes and lifted her head as Bernard came into her view. In her eyes, he was like a hero who appeared out of nowhere. His presence made her feel safe. She was overwhelmed with the joy of survival.

Rachel threw herself into Bernard's arms involuntarily. She cried her heart out to vent out all her fear and sadness. With a heartbroken look on his face, Bernard pulled her closer to his chest and caressed her hair in the hope of comforting her.

Had he come a minute later, he might not be able to see Rachel again. He felt relieved to come to her aid in time, otherwise, he would live with guilt and torment for the rest of his life. The thought that he

might lose Rachel forever sent shivers down his spine. As he became aware that he now held her in his arms, his heart pumped rapidly. He felt like his heart was about to jump out of his chest.

After a long while, Rachel regained her composure. Looking bashful, she let go of Bernard, and looked up at him with gratitude in her eyes.

Bernard stared at the teary-eyed lady in front of him. Something about her still stirred up the surge of desire to have her under his protection. He wiped off the tear stains near her eyes, and unconsciously he lowered his head and kissed her.

Rachel closed her eyes. She didn't refuse his rude action, perhaps because he had just saved her life, and she wanted to seek solace.

His kiss was soft, as he cherished her very much. He tried to control himself. He did not want to make her feel uncomfortable. Rachel gradually indulged herself in the kiss. Taking time on how his lips worked out on hers, she fell for him for a moment.

When the two walked out of the deserted depot, Bernard's face was as red as a tomato. Good thing it was dark outside, so Rachel didn't notice that he blushed.

"Thank you for helping me out. If it weren't for you, I might have died. Thank you, Bernard!" she said

between sobs.

She shuddered at the thought of what she had been through. Never in her life did she imagine herself going through such a situation.

"I'm glad that I came here just in time. I couldn't imagine my life without you. Perhaps now is not a good time, but I want to let you know that I love you. If you would just give me a chance, I would protect you for the rest of my life." Bernard proclaimed his love for her on impulse.

"I'm sorry. I can't give you a reply right now. My mind is a mess. I will think it over and tell you my decision another time, all right?"

Bernard's sudden confession took Rachel by great surprise. She knew that Bernard had a crush on her, but she thought he was too shy to confess his love to her face to face. Today's confession never ran across her mind. 'Perhaps he did this because he was afraid of the thought of losing me forever, ' she assumed.

Bernard drove Rachel to her condo. The ride was long and quiet, as neither of them uttered anything while on the road. As they arrived at their destination and stepped out of the car, they found themselves

facing each other in silence without any intention of going their separate ways. It was a starry night.

The soft night breeze blew, spreading the pleasant scent of gardenia. At this point, the peaceful atmosphere filled the two.

"I'm going to the police station tomorrow to submit the evidence which could prove that Lance's wife is the murderer. Can you come with me, Bernard? I hope you can join me," Rachel said sweetly.

Bernard nodded in agreement. Even if Rachel hadn't brought it up, he would have offered to accompany her to the police station. "Get inside and have some rest," he suggested. "If anything happens, call me." Just as he said it, it suddenly occurred to him that Rachel's cell phone was broken.

Without thinking twice, he reached out to his pocket, got his phone and handed it to her.

"I completely forgot that your phone doesn't work. Well, you can use mine for now. We can go get yourself a new one tomorrow," he added. As soon as Rachel opened the door, he pushed her inside, waved to her and took off.

Fixing her eyes at his receding tall figure, Rachel suddenly felt slightly upset. 'He is so tall and has broad shoulders. It seems like he can protect me from harm, ' she thought.



Rachel took a shower and threw herself onto the bed. After tonight's narrow escape, she thought that she might have trouble finding sleep. But to her surprise, she dozed off as soon as she closed her eyes.