

## **Wedded Bride 1321**

### Chapter 1321 Three Days

"It was a client who asked me to have a dinner with him and I refused. I'm so tired of dealing with clients like that," Holley complained. Walking toward Black, she took the dry towel from his hand and helped him dry his hair.

Hearing Holley's response, Black resolved his doubts. He couldn't help but laugh at himself, 'Why was I so paranoid? I should trust Holley.'

Holley ran her fingers through his hair, and her soft touch relaxed him. Black felt his heart quicken.

Restless, he gently grabbed her hand.

Staring into Holley's beautiful eyes, Black said from the bottom of his heart, "Holley, I want to marry you as soon as possible. I can't wait any longer. I don't want you to have to work so hard every day and I don't want you to be troubled by the daily tasks of your company. When you become my wife, I'll work and you will stay home and enjoy a happy life."

Holley feigned a frown in response, pretending that she felt tired and exhausted from work, just like Black had said.

"I also can't wait to marry you. I would love to stay home and relax, away from my company. But most

of my clients have put their trust in me and depend on me. I have to be responsible for them, instead of walking away. I can't let them down!" Holley sighed as she rested her head on Black's shoulder.

Despite her reasonable explanation, Black found it hard to believe it. He cared about her and knew what she was really thinking. From the day they first met, he knew Holley was an ambitious woman and full of tricks. To fulfill her purpose, Black knew she would be willing to do anything. Back then, to undermine Rachel's power, Holley had even secretly enticed other company shareholders to support her. As Black had gotten to know Holley more and more, he had become familiar with her.

So from his understanding, what Holley had just told him was not true. It was just an excuse. Holley must have thought it was too early to get married. She would lose her power and position in Tarsan Corporation.

Black pondered, 'I can't let her bury herself in the business of her company every day. I have to figure out a way to persuade her to leave, so that she can concentrate on our future life together. She doesn't need to be excellent in the workplace; she just needs to be my wife!'

Black decided not to ask Holley again. Instead, he would focus on their current time together. Black

kissed her hard on her lips.

Panting gently, Holley smiled bashfully through the kiss. Her breath came out in short gasps, which prompted him to kiss her more aggressively. Desire and love reflected in his eyes and he yearned for her body.

Holley wrapped her slender arms around his neck in response to his love. With her eyes closed, her whole body hung over Black before he lay her down on the bed.

Loosening Holley's grip on his neck, Black gently kissed her neck. He then went on to kiss every sensitive spot on her body, leaving Holley dazed.

As Black began peeling Holley's clothes off, her white skin and slender body glistened under the lamplight. Her beauty was so breathtaking that Black lost control, becoming completely aroused. He gripped her tight waist, then started to run his fingers lightly up and down her back.

Holley stared at Black nervously as she covered her body with her hands.

As he looked at the beautiful woman before him, Black's Adam's apple bobbed in his throat. He slowly moved Holley's hands away, placing his own on her breasts.

As they continued to kiss, they eventually became tangled up in each other. The bed they were lying on

creaked and groaned under their weight.

Outside the room, the moon slipped behind the clouds, as if it was embarrassed by the scene.

As Black kept pushing himself on Holley's body, she felt both pleasure and pain. Trying her best not to moan, she clenched her teeth and creased her brow.

Seeing her expression, Black urged, "Holley, don't restrict yourself. I want to hear you moan. Cry out."

His voice trembled as he spoke. Clearly, Black felt the same way Holley did, but he wasn't hiding his pleasure.

In a daze, Holley lost her ability to make decisions, so she just trusted and followed what Black had told her. Releasing the pleasure she'd been keeping pent-up, Holley unclasped her teeth, opened her mouth, and let out a long moan.

In the end, both of them had freed themselves. And as the hormones ran through their veins, they climaxed.

As the pair lay next to each other, smiling and out of breath, the last trace of moonlight disappeared behind a dark cloud.

The next morning, the sun blazed down from a crisp blue sky. After opening his bleary eyes, Black attempted to sit up. However, he accidentally pulled Holley's hair in the process, waking her up as well.

Jumping out of bed, Black went off to cook up some breakfast. When he returned, he fed Holley

porridge while she lay in bed. When she was done, Black put his lips close to Holley's ear and

whispered, "I have to go now. You can stay in bed and rest some more. Last night must've taken a lot out of you." Black smirked, emphasizing the words "last night" on purpose.

His teasing brought Holley back to last night and she blushed immediately. With a soft punch to his

chest, she pursed her lips and said, "What are you talking about? Go away!" As she turned her head

away, Black shrugged his shoulders and blew her a kiss from the door.

As soon as the door swung shut, Holley immediately picked up her phone and dialed the private

detective's number.

"Hello, yesterday you told me that someone was investigating me. Do you have any idea of the

person's identity?" she blurted out without any hesitation.

"I'm sorry, Miss Ye. We haven't been able to find out who the guy is. But the one thing we know for sure

is that he's very influential. He is a man with powerful connections and therefore, you must be careful!"

Wanting to hear some good news, Holley changed the topic quickly. "Thanks, I got it. Can you find any leads on who has spread rumors about me?" she asked, trying her best to contain her dissatisfaction. It had been three days since she'd entrusted the private detective with this task. Hearing that there had been no progress, Holley couldn't help but feel disappointed and annoyed.

The detective choked at Holley's second question, detecting obvious impatience in her tone. After a long pause, he replied cautiously, "For the time being, we still haven't found any leads, but we're getting very close. We'll do our best to speed up the investigation. Please give us a little more time."

When she heard that there was in fact no good news at all, a wave of anger rose up within her.

However, she managed to suppress it after taking a deep breath.

Then, she said calmly, "Three days. I will give you three days! If I have not seen any progress after three days, you will return my advance payment." Holley made herself very clear that this was his last chance.

"Okay... Of course," the detective stammered, as if at a loss for words.

Hanging up the phone, Holley felt uneasy. She couldn't help but wonder who on earth was investigating

her. 'Whoever is doing this must have bad intentions! I have to find out, with or without help!' she whispered to herself.

As she reflected on who it could be, she immediately eliminated the possibility of Rex and his son. She hadn't visited Rex, yet he started investigating her.

Holley picked up her phone again and made a call.

"Hello, Mr. Zhao. This is Holley. I was wondering if you'd be available tomorrow," Holley asked cheerfully, her voice sounding soft and sweet.

"Of course! Whenever you're available, I will be too,"

Alan replied in a similar tone. But in his mind, he thought, 'I was looking for you. We have unfinished business, and now you're coming to me voluntarily. How lucky for me! I will make you pay for what you've done to me!' Alan couldn't help smiling with anticipation.

Chapter 1322 Meeting With Alan

"All right. Then let's meet at the Blue Bird Coffee tomorrow morning, at 10 a.m. How does it sound to you?" Holley asked.

"Okay. I'm looking forward to our meeting, Miss Ye. See you tomorrow," Alan replied.

"Goodbye, Mr. Zhao." Holley ended the call.

Holley found herself confounded that Alan could agree to meet her without qualms after being offended the last time. She initially thought that he must still be mad at her.

The next morning, after giving herself a final glimpse in the mirror, she headed out of her room. Soon after, she stood outside the glass door of the Blue Bird Coffee. Thanking herself for arriving way ahead of time, she took a step inside.

She wanted to be here earlier than Alan so she could choose a favorable window seat. She never wanted to be harassed again like what happened last time. Noting that the agreed venue was quite a busy place, she somehow felt assured that maybe he would not dare to do anything to her.

Finally settling herself down, she took out her phone to check the time. It was already 10 o'clock, but Alan was still nowhere to be seen. It worried her as she contemplated in silence.

It was exactly 10 minutes when the door of the Blue Bird Coffee was suddenly pushed open. Alan came into view as he silently swept his gaze across the room. A small grin crept into his lips when his gaze fell on Holley, who was sitting by the window. Then he purposely made his way towards her.

As soon as he took his seat, he smiled widely and stared at Holley with his bedroom eyes.



"Miss Ye, I'm sorry for being late," he apologized insincerely. With his eyes fixing on Holley's plump breasts, he was indeed not sorry at all.

"Never mind. I have just arrived here not long ago. What do you want to drink, Mr. Zhao?" Holley handed him the menu.

After both of them placing their orders, Holley proactively brought up their unpleasant meeting last time.

"Mr. Zhao, I'm sorry for what happened last time in the hotel. I know I was very irrational at that time. I was afraid that Rachel wanted to create trouble for me, so I rushed to leave. She is such a crazy woman, which was why I behaved so impolite and anxious. I know that I offended you, but I didn't mean it, seriously! I'm so sorry about that!"

Holley maintained eye contact with Alan, seemingly like she was saying that from the bottom of her heart. She knew that she was always a good actress.

However, she had underestimated Alan, who was an old fox. Her little trick couldn't fool him at all. No matter how sincerely she acted and pleaded her case, he would only treat her as a joke.

He almost got her in bed. But who would have thought that she could manage to get rid of him and

leave resolutely? What was more, before she turned her back, she cursed that he was a disgusting and dirty old man. She offended him to the core, and he would never forget that insult.

Alan couldn't help sneering in his mind. He didn't have the heart to expose her lie now. Instead, he waited patiently, eager to know what her purpose was today.

Holley watched his mysterious smile and silent face, unsure of what to do next. She asked carefully,

"Mr. Zhao, are you still mad at me?"

She decided to observe his expression more intently at this time, hoping she could read him better.

"How can I be mad at you? If you didn't mention it, I almost have forgotten that thing. It's nonsense.

Forget it. I can understand how you felt at that time. What is gone is gone. Let's all put the things in the past aside, okay?" Alan gave her a wide smile as if he had cast it aside.

Though his words somewhat brought her relief, she remained still apprehensive. She was not sure whether he was telling that sincerely or not. He could be reassuring her but also investigating her at the same time.

Holley then decided to carry on with their conversation and wait for the cat to jump.

"Mr. Zhao, how are you recently? I heard that your business was going very well," Holley remarked.

Their hot coffee was served soon after. It was so hot that the steamy vapor made Holley appear like a bleary picture of an appealing woman in front of Alan.

"Don't mention it. We have got a big client recently. I have to entertain him and treat him to dinner and other activities. I am so exhausted! Yesterday when we ran across each other in the restaurant, I was treating my client. I can't continue to work like this anymore!" He smiled bitterly and shook his head.

"Mr. Zhao, you work so hard. But you can leave some of the work to your staff, and don't do everything by yourself. As their boss, you only need to make decisions for them. Take care of yourself!" Holley exclaimed with concern.

"Ha-ha! Thanks for your words. I also want to take a rest, but I don't have the right man to help me.

They are not able to deal with these matters, so I have to work by myself," Alan answered.

Holley perceived that he was telling partly true. Considering his busy work recently, she could confirm that he didn't lie in the matters concerning his business. She had already asked some friends who knew Alan, and she was told the same thing—that he was practically running off his feet. It seemed that he didn't have time and energy to pick on her.

Then who was investigating her secretly? Who was behind this? After excluding Alan from her list,

Holley was lost in confusion again.

When Holley was in a trance, Alan deliberately stood up and came to sit by her side. Then, he boldly

laid his hand on her lap.

He touched her soft and tender skin, and couldn't help rubbing it. Holley felt disgusted by his

shameless action, but she steeled herself. She resisted the urge to push him aside and splash the hot

coffee on his face.

She felt so embarrassed when his hands crawled under her dress unceremoniously. She drew her

mouth tightly as disgust washed over her. But then she held herself in check, raising her head and

smiling at him.

"Mr. Zhao, your coffee is getting cold. Shouldn't you drink it now?" She could barely keep this smile.

She wanted to use this lame excuse to remind Alan to return to his seat.

"I'm not here for coffee. Miss Ye, you are so gorgeous! It's a shame if I neglect such a beauty like you,"

Alan said blatantly.

Holley smiled awkwardly. She knew that she couldn't offend him again, so she pretended to obey him

and soften her body.

Seeing that Holley gave in to him so easily, Alan couldn't help thinking that she was indeed a cheap woman. He pulled her into his arms and fumbled around her body with the other hand. He was getting more excited as they were in a public place now, with a lot of people coming and going.

"Mr. Zhao, there are so many people watching us. Please let go of me first," Holley said softly.

"Miss Ye, are you afraid of being watched by them?" Alan quickly leaned towards her and took a breath near her neck. Then he kissed her on her lips, amused by her embarrassed expression as she was both afraid and unwilling.

However, just a few hundred meters away from the coffee shop, a camera had already filmed the intimate behavior of Holley and Alan. And simultaneously the film was being transferred to another place.

The photographer was, of course, sent by Rex. Holley didn't know that Rex had seen her through so soon.

Holley was fully aware that Alan wouldn't let her go today until he got his way with her. Finding an

excuse of heading to the restroom, she immediately texted a message to her secretary to let her call her within five minutes. She would answer the call in front of Alan and told him that there was something urgent to deal with in the Tarsan Corporation.

After fixing herself in the restroom, she returned to the lobby. She wore a beautiful smile and sauntered towards Alan.

"Mr. Zhao, do you need something else? I notice that you barely drink your coffee. You don't like it? "

Holley asked.

"Yes, I like it. It is just that you, my beautiful lady, distract my attention," Alan countered beaming at her.

Chapter 1323 Escape

"Do as you please." Alan sat back on his chair, allowing Holley to take the call.

"Hello. Make it quick. I'm busy right now," Holley said impatiently. Although she sounded a little bit rude,

Alan still thought she was perfect in every way.

"Miss Ye, there is a document that needs your signature for confirmation. Could you please come back to the company right now? It's urgent." The secretary spoke loud as instructed.

"Can't it wait? Do you really need it now?" Holley took a quick glance at Alan, who remained quiet in his

seat listening to the phone call.

"Yes, Miss Ye. Please come back as soon as possible." The secretary was still confused. Holley asked

her to call and deliver that message. She was not in the position to ask for an explanation.

"All right. I'm going back right now." Holley immediately hung up. She looked worried and anxious after

the phone conversation.

"Mr. Zhao, I'm so sorry. I'm afraid I have to owe you a rain check. As you heard, I have to go back to

attend to a company emergency. Maybe next time?" Using her charm, Holley blinked her pleading eyes

at Alan.

Alan couldn't help but feel annoyed by today's turn of events. His plan to spend the day with Holley was

disturbed once again and he tried his best to suppress his dissatisfaction.

"Don't worry about it. Please go ahead with your business first. We'll go out again some other time."

Grinding his teeth, Alan looked a little bit enraged as he replied.

"Again, my apologies. See you then." Without further ado, Holley grabbed her purse and immediately

left Blue Bird Coffee.

Holley let out a huge sigh of relief as she stepped out of the cafe. Her plan was successful. She finally

dumped Alan. She would be extremely suffocated if she continued to spend time with such a disgusting person.

While on the road, Holley planned on visiting Charles in the hospital later that day. The emergency was just an excuse. Work would definitely be a breeze.

The thought of seeing Charles made her heart race.

She hadn't seen him for a while so she wasn't sure how he was recovering. She wasn't used to seeing him all pale and weak. Even in illness, Charles still looked handsome. His undisciplined aura made her entranced.

As soon as she stepped in the office of Tarsan Corporation, duty called.

"Miss Ye, this is the document that needs confirmation today." The secretary listed all the assignments that Holley required and handed over the document.

"Well, just leave it there," Holley instructed. The secretary put the folder on top of her desk and left afterwards. Holley started working. Her mind was set on her goal to finish early so she could have time to visit Charles.



The thought of it fueled her with much energy to finish work faster and efficiently.

It took Holley until three in the afternoon to finish everything on her plate. Feeling accomplished, she finally stood up and went to the restroom. She retouched her makeup. Finishing it up with her red lipstick, she smiled at herself in the mirror. She then grabbed her purse and left.

While on her way to the elevator, her phone started ringing. She reached into her purse to get it.

The caller ID showed a number she didn't recognize. Puzzled, Holley hesitated for a while before she finally answered the phone.

"Hello? Who is this?" Holley asked impatiently since she was in a hurry to go to the hospital.

"You don't have to know who I am. What you need to know is that I need to see you in an hour."

Holley was surprised to hear the demanding tone from the other end. It was her first time to be ordered around. She was dissatisfied. Who did he think he was? Why would she even agree to meet someone she didn't know? Her brain started analyzing the situation.

How arrogant he was!

Determined to reject his request, Holley was about to speak up when the voice started talking again.

"Miss Ye, be patient. You'd better listen to me. If you refuse to see me in an hour, you would regret it. I

assure you, you would not be able to withstand the consequence."

The voice made Holley reverse as if there was an invisible power stopping her. She tried to refuse but her words were like a fish bone getting stuck in the throat.

"May I ask why first? Why would I have to meet you?" Holley asked carefully. Whoever this person was, he had a powerful presence which made her surrender. She was left with no other choice.

"Save your unnecessary curiosity, Miss Ye. You will soon find out." His voice sounded so tough that compromise wouldn't be possible. It was like a hard iron, clanking out and making her ears tingle.

"But at least you should tell me where to meet you, right?" Holley tried to control herself but still ended up showing her anger at last.

"Don't worry about it. When you're off duty, someone will pick you up at your office. Just behave yourself."

Holley noticed that this man already had everything carefully arranged. There would be no chance for her to negotiate. So she agreed reluctantly.

"So I'll be looking forward to meeting you. I hope you won't disappoint me." Holley could hear the

confidence in his voice. He was one hundred percent sure that she wouldn't dare to stand him up.

She went back to her office, waiting to get off duty anxiously.

Who could it be? Why would he want to see her? From his tone, she knew that he must be stern. Could

he be the same person that the private detective was talking about? The one who had secretly

investigated her.

Holley's mind was full of questions. The most thing she was worried about was that this man might hurt

her. She spent the next few hours figuring things out but never found her answers.

Looking at her watch, Holley noted it was finally time to go. She had no choice but to come downstairs

anxiously and fearfully, and to wait for someone to pick her up.

Soon, Holley saw a luxury commercial vehicle slowly approaching. Standing by the entrance, she was

still wondering whether it would be one to pick her up. Suddenly, her phone rang.

"Miss Ye, the one I sent to pick you up has arrived. You can get in the car. Let me remind you one more

time. Do not try to play any tricks with me." The voice over the phone sounded cold. Holley curled her

lips slightly and walked towards the vehicle.

"Okay then. I'm on my way. Bye!" she almost shouted. Holley couldn't hold her temper anymore so she

said "bye" rudely. She didn't care who it was over the phone. All she wanted was to vent her anger.

The man over the phone didn't care about her attitude. He simply hung up.

The drive went smoothly. Holley tried to communicate with the driver on their way. She wished to get some information to set her expectations. But she didn't expect that the driver would be as cold and hard as a clam shell. He refused to talk.

However, Holley didn't give up. "Could you tell me where we are going?"

Annoyed, the driver finally couldn't stand Holley's questions. He replied in a cold voice, "I have nothing to say."

Chapter 1324 The Photos

Holley didn't expect that the driver would have answered her this way.

She gave the seat a hard punch, but could only feel more frustrated. The seat of the luxurious car felt soft like a cotton that she felt no pain. Her punch didn't even make a slightest sound.

The scenery outside was changing and everything seemed to be less familiar as they went. Fear started to creep into Holley.

She remembered the scenes she had seen in some horror movies and began to imagine things. She

thought about the terrible kidnapping and even imagined someone being killed and abandoned in desolate mountain.

Holley couldn't help but tremble. After a while, she came back to her senses. 'Maybe I'm overthinking. If they really want to get rid of me, that will be a piece of cake. There's no need to go through all this,' she thought.

Checking her watch from time to time, she was restless. After quite a while, the car finally slowed down and stopped.

Having been in the confined space for such a long time, Holley felt uneasy and depressed. It seemed that the atmosphere froze around her. So the moment that she felt the car stopped, she immediately pushed the door open and jumped out.

To her surprise, what she saw next scared her more.

In front of her was a detached villa in the middle of a suburb. Everything was still and quiet, except for the sound of some birds chirping and crickets crying.

Holley was taken back when she suddenly heard a loud bang. She immediately turned, only to find that the car she was riding earlier had now driven off.

She stood in silence. It was almost dark. She looked around but was unable to find anyone.

Holley was in panic and she instantly fell back. She had initially thought it was just a prank, but now she realized this was something serious. She immediately took her cell phone out and was about to call

Black when a man's voice loudly spoke behind her. Scared, she lost grip of her phone and dropped it.

"Miss Ye, what are you doing?" Holley managed to calm herself down. She turned to look at the man who spoke.

To her surprise, it was Rex! It never crossed her mind that the mysterious caller would be Rex.

Although she was surprised, Holley no longer felt scared after she saw him.

She had seen Rex in the local financial news program before. He was being interviewed as the representative of the Hu Group, so she immediately recognized him. Right now, she was curious as to why he requested to meet her.

She measured Rex up secretly. He didn't look that old. And even with some grey hair, he looked energetic. His eyes shone like lightening as he looked at her. It spoke of a warning that made her feel she had nowhere to hide.

Holley's mind spun as she tried to come up with an idea on how to deal with Rex.

He remained silent as he stared at Holley for quite a while.

Holley, on the other hand, felt as if an invisible pressure was weighing down on her. Her hair stood on end under his gaze.

"It's my honor to see you, Mr. Hu! May I ask why you wanted to see me?" Holley asked with a smile, observing his expression cautiously.

Rex still didn't answer. He stared at her with a touch of smile forming on his lips. Holley couldn't help but become more nervous.

After a while, Rex finally spoke.

"Miss Ye, you're a smart girl. By now I'm sure you can guess why I wanted you here." Rex looked at

Holley from the corner of his eye. She couldn't help hunching her shoulders under his scornful stares.

She laughed awkwardly before she answered, "Mr. Hu, don't make fun of me. How could I possibly

know why you sent me here?" Holley stopped laughing when she realized the touch of scrutiny in the way Rex looked at her.

"I heard that you and my son are messing around. Are you in a relationship?" His tone was filled with

disdain. It seemed that Rex didn't take her seriously at all. Holley clenched her hands firmly.

"Black and I love each other, and we are in a relationship," she replied. Holley had a hunch that Rex brought her there not only to find out about her relationship with his son.

It only took a few seconds before her hunch came true.

"Miss Ye, let's get it straight. You'd better tell me what you have done."

Holley was shocked. Panic flashed in her eyes.

From the way Rex talked, she knew that he already found out about her. It was impossible for her to defend herself.

'What shall I do? What shall I do?' Holley was so anxious that sweat rose from her forehead. She had to think of a way.

Suddenly, she had an idea.

With a bang, Holley knelt before Rex, looking remorseful.

"Mr. Hu, I admit that I have done something disgraceful, but I had no choice. If Rachel, the general manager of Tarsan Corporation didn't threaten me, I wouldn't have done these things. Please forgive



me!"

Tears streamed down Holley's face. She seemed to be trying to arouse Rex's compassion.

Unfortunately, it didn't work. Rex sneered as he threw several photos in front of her. In the photos, she was being intimate with Alan in the Blue Bird Coffee. Some photos showed the two embracing and even kissing!

The photos took Holley by surprise. What she could do was beg for forgiveness. Just like an abandoned dog, she looked bedraggled and embarrassed.

"I know I was wrong. Please forgive me. I promise this won't happen again." Holley shook her head crazily.

Rex snorted. He looked at her like she was a dirty piece of garbage. He suddenly walked closer and crouched in front of her. He patted her on the face, creating a faint slapping sound as his hand touched her face. Holley was completely astonished.

"Mr. Hu, please listen to me. I was threatened by Alan, the man in the photos. But we don't have a deeper relationship. He threatened me with Tarsan Corporation's business, so I had to fake it. Please believe me. I would never lie to you."

Holley's tears continued to stream down her face and fall to the ground.

She raised her head and looked at Rex with begging eyes. "Alan intimidated me into being more intimate with him, but I never agreed. I promise!"

Holley looked sure, but Rex's face showed no change in emotions. Observing his expression, she couldn't tell if he believed her.

Chapter 1325 Discharged From The Hospital

When Holley was almost driven to the edge of collapsing, she heard a very slight sneer from Rex.

"You'd better not lie to me, or the consequence will be worse than you can imagine. Most importantly, don't do it again. You'd better remember that!" Rex posted his threat.

Holley nodded quickly as she replied submissively, "Yes, Mr. Hu. I will remember every word that you said." She still had a lingering fear after the narrow escape.

Rex looked at her frightened and coward face. He couldn't help feeling disgusted towards her. He always looked down upon such kind of woman, who was ambitious yet lacked the ability and courage to match it. Moreover, she chose a wrong path. Rex couldn't figure out why his son, Black, would take a fancy to her.

If he had known earlier what kind of woman Holley was, he would stop Black and give him a lesson in the first place. He would expose her in front of him. But now he knew that Black was already obsessed with her. There was nothing he could do to change his mind and break them apart. Black was always a stubborn boy, so he could only ask Holley to behave herself.

Rex opened the door of the villa and asked Holley to go inside.

"Miss Ye, you have to stay here tonight. I know it's not fancy enough for you, but you have no other choice. Tomorrow morning, someone will come to pick you up," Rex stated coldly. He didn't even wait for Holley to answer. Rex turned around and left.

The noise of the door shutting startled Holley. It immediately brought her back to her senses.

She wandered in the lonely lobby like a ghost, not knowing what to do next. Finally, she went towards the sofa and sat on it. She grabbed a pillow tightly in her arms, trying to get some comfort from it. Right now, it was the only thing that she could rely on.

It was getting darker outside. Soon, a fierce gale sprang up, with frightening thunder and lightning. The air felt thick and humid. It was going to rain soon.

Holley remembered her phone and took it out, only to find that there was no signal. A feeling of

loneliness and helplessness swept over her all of a sudden.

What was worse, the lights in the villa started to flicker, and then they finally went out.

'It might be the bad weather that has caused the unstable electricity supply, ' Holley thought numbly.

Soon, rain started to pour from outside the window. It was dark everywhere. With the help of the light coming from her mobile phone, Holley fumbled from her seat and went near the window. She sat on the floor and listened to the noise of raindrops hitting the ground outside. It was until this time that Holley felt the world was not so deadly quite, and she was not so lonely.

She stared outside through the window, motionless. The picture of Rex humiliating her flashed in her mind again and again. She remembered clearly how he trampled on her dignity, together with the helplessness in this cold, dark room, which tortured her.

Holley remained silent as she felt her eyes went watery. She took a deep breath, trying to hold back her tears, but she couldn't. Soon tears started flowing from her eyes.

The feeling of shame brought by Rex became stronger and stronger. She could feel her heart beating hard against her chest. Her emotion was as furious as the weather outside.

She swore, 'One day, I will trample on those people who have insulted me and looked down upon me! I will make them pay for what they did to me!' Holley's eyes turned cold like a serpent. She chewed her lower lip and bit it hard.

That night, Holley stayed still and didn't close her eyes for a single second.

She listened to the roar of the wind and the falling raindrops the whole night. She didn't dare to take a nap, because she was afraid that she would be trapped in a nightmare. The more she thought about it, the more desperate she felt. She felt that the fierce wind had left a scar in her heart forever.

The sky turned dark after she arrived, but now it turned bright again. Holley blinked to adjust her eyes to the light coming from the window. It was another day.

Holley was almost frozen. She sat huddled against the cold wall overnight, almost frozen. Her limbs were now stiff, her face pale. Her eyes were both red, with dark circles around them. She was nowhere near her usual self.

Even though the sun already rose, she couldn't feel any warmth. The world felt more like a hell for her right now.

The thought that Rex's man would come to pick her up soon stimulated her. She patted her face gently

and rubbed her eyes, trying to look more energetic and more like a living human being. The last thing she wanted was to show them her weak side.

Gathering all her energy, Holley stood up and went to the toilet. She washed her face with cold water, and then checked herself in the mirror. She was frightened by her own reflection. She could barely recognize herself. She looked terrible!

Holley rushed to the lobby and took out the makeup kit in her handbag. She applied some makeup until she looked gorgeous again. She then sat on the sofa elegantly and waited for her ride.

Soon enough, the doorbell rang. Holley opened the door and walked out slowly.

"Good morning, Miss Ye. Please," the man said, gesturing for her to get inside the car. It was the same driver from yesterday. He looked still cold.

Holley ignored him. She walked towards the car directly, opened the door and got in. Today's trip was even quieter than yesterday. None of them said another word.

The car sped on, allowing the water of the muddy puddles to splash against its wheels. Holley looked outside the car window. The scenery outside was the same as yesterday, except for some broken tree

branches from last night's rain.

At the hospital

It had been quite a long time since Leila had been hospitalized. In fact, she wasn't severely hurt even after she fell down last time, but she insisted on staying in the hospital just to annoy Sheryl.

Today, Leila finally agreed to get discharged from the hospital. Since Melissa also recovered from her leg injury, they decided to proceed with the discharge procedure together.

Charles went to the hospital to take Melissa home, and saw them go hand in hand, chatting and smiling like a happy mother and a daughter-in-law. It was a sweet picture but it hurt Charles. He couldn't help feeling that everything would've been better if only Sheryl and Melissa could get along well with each other like that.

Charles felt torn between the two women that he loved most in this world. Sometimes he really felt exhausted and perplexed. He couldn't figure out why his mother and Sheryl couldn't live in peace. In his mind, both were equally important. Choosing between them wouldn't be fair to him. However, it was

impossible for the two of them to live a happy life together. They just couldn't get along.

Charles looked down and sighed. He hid all his emotions and walked towards Melissa and Leila.

"Mom, congratulations! You can finally leave the hospital. Let's go home." Then he turned to Leila and gave her a slight nod, saying politely, "Miss Zhang, I see you have recovered too. Congratulations."

Even though Charles' attitude was cold enough, especially comparing how he treated Melissa just now, Leila didn't mind. She felt rather happy that he finally spoke to her proactively. She blushed and lowered her head shyly.

"Thank you, Charles," Leila replied sweetly.

But Charles couldn't help creasing his eyebrows. He didn't think that he and Leila were close enough, and hearing her call him directly by his name made him feel uncomfortable.

Chapter 1326 Returning Home

But it was insignificant, and Charles didn't want to correct her. He reached out to take Melissa's luggage and handed it to the driver who had been waiting by his side. The driver took it and put it in the trunk.

After the driver had finished loading everything in the trunk, he advised. "Mrs. Lu, Mr. Lu, the car is ready." He then opened the door, making way for Melissa.

"Get in the car, Mom. Let's send Miss Zhang home first," Charles said.



Melissa halted mid-step.

"Charles, why are you still calling Leila Miss Zhang? Don't be so aloof to her. You can just call her by her name, Leila, like I do. We are not sending her home yet. We're inviting her to lunch at home.

What's more, I need her to stay with me for a few days," Melissa said resolutely.

She patted the back of Leila's hand and added in a warm tone, "My stay in the hospital is such an unpleasant experience. Why don't you accompany me in Dream Garden for the next few days?"

"Mom, it's not proper to have Miss Zhang stay in our house. It will also be an inconvenience. You, of all people, should know that," Charles objected.

Sheryl and Leila had many conflicts before, and she hated Leila. If Leila was going to stay in Dream Garden, it would be difficult for Sheryl.

The last thing that Charles wanted to do was displease Sheryl. Even if she would take tough action against Leila's provocation, she would still feel hurt. Moreover, he couldn't let them end up with another fight.

Melissa's voice screeched, "What do you mean? Are you telling me that as long as Sheryl is there, I

can't invite Leila to my home?"

Melissa looked at Charles with accusing sharp eyes. She aggressively waited for him to respond, ready to bombard him if he ended up saying "yes."

Charles creased his eyebrows. He then rubbed the forehead powerlessly.

"Mom, that is not what I meant. Don't misunderstand—" Before he could finish his sentence, Melissa interrupted him quickly.

"Then tell me what you meant! Charles, you are very much aware that I believe Sheryl is not good for you. She is a vicious woman, so you should divorce her as soon as possible. However, you never listen to me! How can you not get rid of her? In my opinion, she has no place in our home!"

Tired of Melissa's false accusation of Sheryl, Charles was provoked by Melissa's comments.

"Mom, Sheryl is my wife. I will never drive her away from home. Please don't say that again. Can you please get in the car first!" he snapped coldly.

"Charles, why are you so stubborn? Why won't you listen to me? I'm telling you, if you still respect me as your mother, take Leila home with us and drive Sheryl away. Otherwise, I won't go back," Melissa shouted angrily.

Charles took a deep look at her and turned away soon.

He didn't think that Melissa would really do that. After all, she had nowhere else to go. But he also knew her mother very well. She would attain her will by hook or by crook. If he didn't agree, she would sure throw a fit. It would be humiliating since they were in a public place.

Therefore, Charles decided to agree with her first to stabilize the situation. He decided that he would try to reason with his mother after they returned home.

Leila carefully observed them. She couldn't help chuckling to herself as Melissa got the upper hand of Charles. In an attempt to make a good impression on Charles, she pretended to persuade Melissa.

"Aunt Melissa, you are so kind to me. But I agree with Charles. I don't think it's a good idea for me to stay with you in Dream Garden. Your family should stay together. In case you miss me, just call me and I will be happy to come and pick you up," Leila said softly.

However, anybody who saw her would know she was bluffing. Feeling embarrassed, Leila lowered her head. Her voice was trembling, and she even started to choke in between sobs.

Melissa felt deeply touched by Leila's words. Believing that Leila was a thoughtful and considerate girl,

she felt the need to protect her. Melissa gently patted Laila's shoulder to comfort her.

"Leila, my dear, you are so sweet! No wonder you're being bullied by that heartless and cruel bitch

Sheryl because of your kindness. Don't worry, I'll protect you as long as you stay by my side. I won't let

her hurt you anymore!"

Turning to Charles, Melissa finally snapped, "Charles, Leila is coming with us today. Sheryl hurt her in

the first place. Don't you think you should make up for her loss? The right thing to do now is to drive

Sheryl away!"

Charles decided to leave it. His face was cold and calm when he spoke again. "Fine, Mom. Let's return

to Dream Garden together. But please don't talk about 'driving Sheryl away' anymore."

He closed his eyes and rubbed his temples, hoping to ease his headache.

Melissa couldn't help feeling accomplished. With an attempt to soothe Charles' emotions, she reasoned

with him, "Charles, don't blame me for this. I did it all for your sake! Sheryl is a bad and wicked woman.

If you continue to live with her, I'm afraid that she will hurt you one day. You deserve someone better.

There are so many beautiful and nice girls in this world, a thousand-fold better than Sheryl. Why do you

keep ignoring what's right in front of you? Leila is a perfect example, don't you think so?"

"Aunt Melissa, I feel so flattered," Leila blushed. She felt like she was on cloud nine.

Leila turned away to avoid Charles' gaze, since Melissa mentioned her so frankly. However, she couldn't resist the urge to check his reaction. To her disappointment, Charles remained emotionless.

Did he really have no feelings for her at all?

"You little fool, don't be shy. You are kind-hearted and considerate. You are deserving any man's love. I hope that your shining points can be appreciated by more people!" Melissa commented purposely, meaning for Charles to hear it.

Feeling tired of their poor performances, Charles turned a blind eye on them. He couldn't stand them anymore.

"It's time to go home. Sheryl has prepared a big meal to welcome you back, Mom," Charles advised as he asked both to get inside the car. The cigarette in his hand was now crumbed. He tossed it inside the rubbish bin before he got inside the car.

Melissa and Leila exchanged glances before they finally got in the car.

The atmosphere inside the car was a little strange.

Charles was sitting quietly in the front. Melissa and Leila, on the other hand, chatted every now and then. Leila would stare at Charles with loving eyes from time to time. It was dead obvious that she was obsessed with him. Melissa couldn't help grinning. She was thrilled at the thought of Charles and Leila being the perfect couple. Now she was even more convinced that she should bring them together.

"Leila, once we've reached Dream Garden, just feel at home. You are always welcome to stay!"

Melissa wrapped Leila's hand with her own. She wanted to assure her that she had her support.

"Aunt Melissa, you don't need to worry about me. As long as you are there, I will consider it my home,"

Leila replied sincerely. She stared at Melissa with warm and innocent eyes.

Chapter 1327 Stay Here

As he heard the conversation between Leila and his mother, Charles's face darkened. Yet he tried to

keep his hands steady on the steering wheel. As he stopped at the red light, his mind clouded with the

thought of Sheryl's reaction when she came to know about Leila coming to Dream Garden.

It was unnerving for him to even think how much this would aggrieve Sheryl. However, he had no other

choice than to take Leila along with him and Melissa. He knew what his mother was capable of and he

didn't want to make things worse. He could only hope that Sheryl wouldn't make a scene out of it.

The hospital wasn't very far from Dream Garden, and they arrived home in no time at all.

Sheryl learned about Melissa's discharge from the hospital in the morning and wanted to prepare a big welcome meal for her. Right after the kids left for school, she went to the market with Nancy and handpicked groceries to make a really special meal for Melissa.

Sheryl didn't mean to play up to Melissa. She just didn't want to put Charles in a dilemma.

Whenever Sheryl ran into any conflict like this, she would always think about Charles. She could go to any length to see Charles happy and peaceful even though she thought that he didn't love her as much as she did.

Back home from the market, Sheryl had been busying helping Nancy in the kitchen for the whole morning. The heat in the kitchen made her sweat profusely. Yet she insisted on helping Nancy.

"Sher, why don't you go out and rest for a while? I will get this done." Nancy saw sweat streaming down

Sheryl's face and suggested out of concern.

"I'm fine, Nancy. Let me help you. I want to cook for Melissa as well," Sheryl said with a gentle smile.

She wiped the sweat off her face and focused back to the food that was being prepared.

Nancy looked at Sheryl with mixed feelings and refrained from asking her to stop cooking. She was

amazed to see what a kindhearted woman Sheryl was.

It made her wonder why Melissa preferred Leila over Sheryl even though Sheryl treated her in such a nice manner.

The more Nancy thought of it, the more confused she became. Hence, she shook her head in dismay and went back to chopping the vegetables.

After two hours of continuous cooking, they finally finished preparing a table full of delectable dishes.

Only then did Sheryl hurry to take a shower and get changed.

It felt as if the entire morning had gone by in a jiffy. Right after Sheryl walked out of her bedroom after taking a shower, she could hear voices coming behind the front door. She realized at once that Charles and Melissa were back. She hurried down the stairs to open the door.

Resolving to put all their conflicts and differences at her back, Sheryl put a smile on her face and opened the door for them, only to find Leila standing there with them. Sheryl was completely taken aback by this unexpected guest, and her smile froze for a while.

She was a little annoyed to see Leila at their door because she still wasn't able to forgive Leila for what she had done to her. Leila was the one who had tried to provoke her and set her up by pretending to be



hit by her.

It took Sheryl a while and a few deep breathes to calm herself down. She pacified herself thinking that Leila would leave after dinner, so she decided to restrain herself from showing any annoyance.

"Mom, welcome home," Sheryl said, forcing a sweet smile on her face. Even though Melissa had wronged her, and the moment when Melissa hit her was still so vivid in her memory, Sheryl still wanted to put all those behind. Since they were of the same family, she thought it was important that they got along with each other. Sheryl also believed that Melissa would get to understand her if she treated her with kindness.

However, Melissa didn't say a word to reciprocate to Sheryl's greeting. Instead, she just turned her head away and ignored her.

"Mom," Charles grumbled, turning to Melissa.

Looking at Charles' discontent look on his face, Melissa heaved a sigh and turned to Sheryl most reluctantly and said in a cold tone, "Please don't block our way. Shouldn't you let us in first?"

Even though there was still plenty of room for Melissa to get inside, Sheryl didn't want to argue with

her. She just glanced over the expansive space in front of the door, and with a faint smile on her face, she stepped aside to make room for Melissa at once.

Charles felt extremely embarrassed to hear his mother's words and thought that his mother had crossed the line this time. He was appreciative of Sheryl that she hadn't argued with Melissa. He turned to Sheryl with grateful eyes. However, Sheryl simply turned her head away. It seemed that she was trying to avoid any eye contact with him.

Ever since he had suspected her for hitting Leila and confronted her at the hospital, something seemed to have come between them, but neither of them dared to clear things up.

When Leila and Melissa walked past her, the glory in Leila's eyes could not evade Sheryl's eyes.

"Dinner is ready. Let's start, shall we?" Sheryl asked politely. She wasn't very comfortable with having dinner with Melissa and Leila. However, after making so much of efforts since the morning, she did not want Leila's presence to dampen her spirit. After all, she wanted to make Melissa feel at home.

"Sher, thank you for all these," Charles turned to Sheryl and said, giving her a fond smile. Walking up to her, he held her hand and led her to sit down. Sheryl was completely taken aback by his gesture but even before Sheryl realized it, Charles had pulled out the chair and seated her down.

Leila's eyes narrowed at such a display of affection shown by Charles towards Sheryl. She could feel

her blood boil to see their intimacy as Charles held Sheryl's hands.

It seemed that the overall mood of the dinner was very downbeat. No one seemed to be in the mind to

start any conversation except for Melissa and Leila. Both of them were chatting while eating.

"Leila, try this. It's yummy," said Melissa, helping Leila with some food. Leila's bowl was filled with food

given by Melissa.

"Thank you, Aunt Melissa. I'll help myself. You and Charles should have more," Leila said as she

refilled Melissa's bowl. Then she turned towards Charles and offered to refill his bowl as well.

Charles did not expect such an act from Leila all of a sudden. He hesitated for a few seconds and had

a very strong urge to stop Leila. Yet, for some unknown reason, he lifted his bowl and accepted the

food eventually. He looked at Sheryl, trying to explain the situation to her, but he paused as he didn't

know where to start from.

Leila had noticed the look on Charles' face, but she still withdrew her chopsticks naturally. In an instant,

her face darkened.

On the other hand, Melissa and Leila were getting along so well that Sheryl began to think that Leila was more like their family member than her. She found the food tasteless as she thought more about it.

Undoubtedly, Sheryl was Charles' legally married wife. However, at that moment, she felt that she was an outsider in that room.

Halfway through dinner, Melissa stopped all of a sudden. She covered her mouth with her hand and cleared her throat to draw everyone's attention.

"I want to announce something. I want to have Leila stay here for a while to keep me company. It's not a big deal. Sheryl, get the guest room ready for Leila after dinner," Melissa commanded.

Sheryl didn't say a word as she thought she might have misheard.

'Leila is going to stay here for a while?' she wondered. It took a while for Sheryl to understand what

Melissa was saying. She felt really upset when she realized what Melissa meant. She couldn't help

turning to Charles. She wanted to know his reaction, hoping that he would say something about it.

She hoped with all her heart that Charles would refuse Melissa's unjustified demand.

Charles had expected that Melissa would throw out such a suggestion. However, he had never

expected that Melissa would declare the news in such a solemn manner during dinner. He also knew

that Sheryl was waiting for his reply with her eager eyes fixed on him, but since he had already agreed to such arrangement, he couldn't say no.

Charles felt as if he had been driven to a corner. He didn't want Leila to stay at their house, but he knew well that his mother would never let him say no. If he rejected her now, he believed that she would make a scene at once.

#### Chapter 1328 Sheryl's Question

Charles had no other choice than to accept Melissa's request. He knew that Melissa wouldn't take no for an answer. In fact, she could even ruin this dinner, which Sheryl had so meticulously prepared.

"Mom, there is no need to tidy up the guest room. Let the servant do the job later. You should taste these wonderful dishes. She has cooked them all for you," Charles said with a faint smile. Sheryl's last hope was gone now. She sat silently next to Charles. The sting in her heart after knowing that she would have to share the same roof with Leila, was clearly visible on her face. On the top of that, Charles' smiling face at Melissa's suggestion worsened her state of mind. Charles' words fell like stones on her, hitting her heart. She could not believe her ears.

Humiliated and heartbroken at Charles' behavior, Sheryl thought to herself, 'What is he doing? Doesn't

he know I dislike Leila? Has he forgotten the series of unpleasant events that we have been through because of Leila? How could he accept Melissa's unreasonable request so easily? Even without asking me for my opinion!

The more she thought of it, the angrier she got. If it weren't for Melissa being discharged from the hospital today, she would certainly keep Leila out of the door. Now she tried not to anger Melissa, lest Melissa might get ill again. She swallowed the grievance but it made her lose her appetite completely.

Observing the upset look on Sheryl's face, Leila and Melissa couldn't be more delighted. That even boosted their appetite and both of them relished the meal with great interest.

The delicious meal prepared with so much love could not eradicate the malice from the hearts of the people who shared the table. They were all full of counterfeit smiles, contriving conversations and sarcastic words.

Sheryl finished her food, left her seat and walked back to her bedroom without uttering a single word.

She was in no mind to spend even a second more at the table, facing the sham countenances. She

thought it would be better to wait for Charles in her room and ask for an explanation from him when she

was with him in private, no matter how much longer she might have to wait.

It was over half an hour that Sheryl had been waiting for Charles, yet he hadn't come back to her. With every passing moment, the wait became more and more difficult. Sitting alone on the bed, Sheryl started to become anxious.

Melissa was well aware that Sheryl would be waiting for Charles. Hence, she left no stone unturned to prevent Charles from leaving the table. The very thought of Sheryl alone and anxious made her heart jump with joy. She twisted her lips in a sarcastic smile as she thought of it.

"Ouch! I feel a sharp pain on my shoulder. Could it be the after-effects after Sheryl pushed me down the stairs? Oh, my god! It hurts so much!" Melissa turned towards Charles and whined in an aching voice. With a flinched face, she lifted her hands to massage her shoulders. She creased her brow and feigned a painful look.

"Are you okay? Aunt Melissa," Leila promptly asked with much care.

"Mom, are you okay?" Charles sprang up from his seat and walked toward Melissa with a concerned look on his face. However, he could not help being skeptical about Melissa's sudden occurrence of pain. He thought to himself, 'What's wrong with her? Just a while ago, she was enjoying her food.'

There was no sign of illness in her. How come she starts feeling the pain all of a sudden?' However, seeing Melissa was really in distress, Charles pushed back the conflicting thoughts and became concerned for his mother. After all, in his view, there was no need for Melissa to pretend to be in a state of illness, just to draw her son's attention.

Charles grew more and more anxious as he saw his mother writhe in pain. After a while, he advised with concern, "Mom, let's go to the hospital. You should get proper medical attention before it is too late. Let's not delay!"

"That's not that necessary. Besides, I am tired of lying in the hospital. I think it just needs some massage. Charles, would you mind massaging me for a while?"

Melissa said as she squinted her eyes in distress as if she urgently needed someone to massage her shoulders.

Charles' face became grim. He fidgeted for a while in hesitation at the request. His mind was occupied with the thoughts of Sheryl waiting for him in the bedroom. Helpless, Charles decided to stay with Melissa for a while to make her feel better. He gently kneaded her shoulders, from side to side,



carefully applying his strength.

As Leila marked the expression on Charles' face, a faint smile appeared on her lips. She could not feel happier at the sight of Charles being bound by his duties as a son which eventually kept him away from Sheryl. She knew what Melissa was playing at, and felt delighted that Melissa was in the same camp as hers to oppose Sheryl. As long as there was anything that could make Sheryl suffer, even the slightest hint of it would make Leila obtain pleasure.

"Mom, do you feel any better?" Charles asked after massaging Melissa's shoulders for a long time.

Both his arms turned sore and he even felt paralyzed.

"Ouch! Still too painful! But your kneading is making a difference. Keep it up!" Melissa replied, still with a twisted expression.

Charles saw that there was absolutely no way he could leave his mother in this state. He started moving his hands over her shoulders with renewed vigor to make sure that his mother felt relieved from her pain. However, though he was physically present there, his mind was somewhere else.

The gloomy look on Sheryl's face at the time of the dinner loomed in front of his eyes. Even as she walked towards her bedroom, Charles could feel that she went with a heavy heart. Since then, he could

hardly wait to talk to her.

However, he felt being tied down at this place by Melissa and could not leave until Melissa felt better.

His anxiety reached its peak as he thought that Sheryl might get tired waiting for him. After all, she had spent the whole day cooking for Melissa. At last, he decided to make a legitimate excuse.

"Mom, I just remember that there is some important work from my office that needs immediate attention. I will have to go back to my room and deal with it. Let Leila massage you.

Miss Zhang, can you help my mom? It's an urgent business that I need to look into."

Saying this, Charles just excused himself from the two of them and left for his bedroom without giving them a chance to react.

Upstairs, in front of their bedroom, he knocked the door gently before he was permitted to get in. He took every step with a lot of caution lest his rudeness would anger Sheryl all the more.

As he pushed the door open, his eyes fell upon Sheryl sitting at the corner of the bed with a gloomy face. He tiptoed inside the room and without saying a single word, he closed the door and locked it first, as the prelude to starting a long and serious conversation.

He quickly adjusted himself and put on a smile, before he turned and faced her. To his surprise, he didn't even realize when and how Sheryl had risen from the bed and was standing right behind his back. When he turned around, he saw Sheryl also cast a beam at him. But by taking a closer look, Charles caught a hint of frustration.

"Well, you finally come up to me. But don't you think it is still too early? You have such a beautiful female guest today. It must be hard for you to resist her soft voice and come to me. Besides, your mother is just discharged from the hospital today. You certainly have a lot to share with each other. Why end your family love and joy so quickly?" Sheryl shot sarcastic remarks at Charles one by one.

Recognizing what she was insinuating and at the same time realizing how much hurt she must have been, Charles ignored her harsh words. Rather, he coaxed, in an attempt to make her feel better, "In my eyes, you are the most beautiful woman. No one can be more irresistible than you. You have to know how much you mean to me. That's why I can't wait to come to you and keep you company." No one knew about Sheryl more than he did. Every time Sheryl felt unhappy, he would be the first person to know about it and do everything within his means to make her smile.

However, at the same time, Charles also didn't take for granted what Sheryl had said. Considering this

dinner, he felt helpless. Indeed, he was aware of how much trouble Melissa had caused to his family since she returned to this house. However, Melissa was his mother after all. Unlike the inferiors and the staff in the company, he couldn't simply lose his temper and scold his mother when she made mistakes. If he dared to say "No" to Melissa, Melissa would bear it in her heart and cause a bigger one. Besides Charles did not want to be entangled with such petty things. Rather he chose to put up with Melissa's mistakes, taking them as a normal phenomenon owing to her age. He thought that women tended to become sensitive as their age progressed and made a mountain out of a mole just by a drop of a hat. 'Perhaps, that's the way of their living, ' he thought.

However, at the same time he felt bad for Sheryl. His heart wrenched every time he found her with a sullen face and a depressed mood. He was torn apart by the fact that it was hard for Sheryl to understand his course of action.

Charles' sweet words seemed to have no impact on Sheryl. She had heard them so many times that she became immune to them. They sounded like hollow excuses to her. As she turned her head away, Charles noticed that her eyes were swollen. She doubted his sincerity. She could not understand when

to believe him and when not to. Especially after having full knowledge about what Melissa and Leila

had done to her, how could Charles be so accommodating towards them? If Charles cared about

Sheryl and held her to be the dearest to his heart as he claimed, how could he tacitly allow them to do

things which hurt his wife?

Sheryl retorted with a stern look, "Really? Do I really matter to you as you have always claimed?"

She threw that question to Charles with all her strength this time. Then she dropped her eyes, silent.

Clearly, she felt exhausted.

This one question had haunted her every now and then—did she really matter to Charles? Every time,

she held her tongue and refrained from saying this out in front of him. However, this one question had

torn her apart, throwing her into the fits of unspeakable dilemma and disruptive thoughts. But today, as

the same question came up again, she couldn't help but blurt it out, right in the presence of Charles. Of

course, it took her a lot of courage and energy.

However, once she threw this question towards Charles, myriads of memories of the happy times they

had spent together came flooding into her mind. Those unforgettable moments when Charles had

made her feel on the top of the world, the terrible days of their separation and the ecstasy of finding

each other; how they held onto each other at the time of despair, the bad times they got over holding each other's hands and many more such bittersweet memories that testified the fact that the love they hold for each other was much above such petty family disputes.

Charles never missed their wedding anniversary. He never belittled the importance of this event.

Rather, every year he did something special to surprise Sheryl by elaborately choosing a gift for her. No matter how busy he was, he made sure to make it big and special for her. As she let her memories run free, she even recalled that every night she took one of Charles' arms as her pillow, and woke up with his other arm twisted around her waist every morning. It dawned on her that Charles was always around her like sunshine. He never left her.

Other than that, Charles even felt jealous when she spent too much time with Clark and Shirley.

Feeling ignored, Charles would even deliberately act childishly to earn the same love as the children from Sheryl. As these moments came alive in her mind, Charles' true love for her needed no further testimony. It made her feel guilty and regretful for questioning his love. In an instant, she was filled with remorse and her eyes brimmed with tears.

However, there was disappointment and desperation as well that Charles had brought to her in all these years. Just as those beautiful memories, the unpleasant recollections hurt Sheryl as much.

There had been umpteen numbers of times when Charles chose to be compliant towards Melissa and misjudged Sheryl, held her responsible for family disputes and even kept quiet when Melissa hurled false blame at her. And now this Leila! Was Charles blind or mindless to be so casual and accommodating towards people who deliberately created trouble in their family? Why did he do that?

These led to small grudges that piled up in her heart. She had spent countless nights in despair, sleepless, with tears washing her cheeks relentlessly.

Sheryl heaved a deep sigh. No! Charles' love for her was still not enough, and his trust over her was still not as strong as she had thought it to be. Otherwise, how could he believe in what Melissa and Leila said, instead of having faith in her innocence? When Leila and Melissa made up that farce to set her up, why would his first reaction be to doubt her instead of trusting her?

The thought of that moment was shattering for Sheryl. How much she longed for a firm and confident look in his eyes that would establish the fact that he had unflinching faith in her! Charles would never know how much that would have mattered to Sheryl. If he could not trust her, how could they stand by

each other through thick and thin and face the difficulties that laid in front of them?

Whenever Charles cast a skeptical look toward her, he hurt her feelings, and even worse, he left her alone to deal with the situation which was beyond her explanation.

For all these reasons, she was afraid that their love would be running out sooner or later.

"Of course, I love you. Sher. No one will ever be able to take your place in my life! I have always tried my best to save you from any harm, haven't I?" Charles said in a stern tone as he looked into her eyes.

He came closer and held her in his arms. He caressed her hair and cupped her face with his warm hands. As he held her close, he noticed how fragile and light Sheryl felt. Her voice trembled and she seemed to be using all her strength to utter each word as she spoke.

"Really? How would you explain this? You know that I have not been fond of Leila ever since I have known her! She had even kidnapped our children! Why would you agree to let her enter our house?

How do you expect me to live with her under the same roof?" Sheryl mustered all her strength and challenged Charles, as she started to question him with her cold eyes.

Chapter 1329 Ended Up With Nothing Definite

"Sher, please calm down first and listen to me. I understand your feelings and I surely don't want Leila



to stay." Charles' heart was broken when he noticed the tears rolling from Sheryl's eyes. He gently kissed her forehead and held her tightly in his arms, anticipating her possible struggle to push him away.

Charles was overwhelmed by mixed feelings. He felt sorry and regretful that he couldn't protect Sheryl from all this sadness. He wished there was a way for him to keep her happy all the time. There would be no better feeling than to see Sheryl with her bright smile.

"I didn't expect Mom would ask Leila to stay. When she initially brought this up to me at the hospital, I rejected her. But you know what kind of person my mom is. She won't stop until she gets what she wants. I was afraid that she wouldn't let it go and cause you trouble, so I made a compromise and agreed."

What Charles said didn't comfort Sheryl at all. All of a sudden, grievance and anger rushed over her, like rising tide. Sheryl remembered how she was laughed at and wronged by Leila, and the compromise she repeatedly made with Melissa. She recalled the disappointed look on Charles' face as he looked at her like it was all her fault. The flashback of sad memories flooded like a never ending movie.

Deep down, Sheryl really wanted to ask Charles how long she had to put up with it. Did she have to sacrifice herself and make compromise all the time when it came to Melissa's decision?

Sheryl's face was pale and she was shaking out of anger. She had enough of this. She could feel her chest tightened as the pain crushed her heart. Tears continued to stream down her cheeks as she cried harder.

"Charles, this is enough!" Sheryl finally exclaimed, breaking away from Charles' embrace. "I can't stay in this house any more, not for another second. If you let Leila move in and stay, then I will pack my luggage and leave immediately. I don't think I have a place in this house anyway."

Sheryl clenched her fists, her fingertips almost piercing her palm. She was still crying but she looked determined, which freaked Charles out. He worried that Sheryl had already made up her mind and would really leave him without hesitation.

Charles reached out to wipe the tears off Sheryl's face. Each teardrop was like a shiny diamond that tore his heart into pieces. It was like a silent rain that showered his heart endlessly, drowning him in sorrow.

He couldn't put up with this anymore. Seeing Sheryl in this condition was torture. He pulled her back into his arms and held her tightly.

Sheryl's tears welled up endlessly, each drop cutting through Charles' chest like a dagger. He felt empty inside. And only Sheryl could fill this emptiness. He needed to have her in his arms right now, as much as she needed him.

Sheryl struggled hard, trying to pull herself out of Charles' embrace. But no matter how hard she tried, she just couldn't break away. Sheryl was fuming and touched at the same time. And what was worse was that she realized how much she wanted to be inside his arms. She hated her weakness. And she hated herself for wishing that time would stop at this moment.

Sheryl punched Charles' chest with her fists, releasing her sadness and rage. She bit his clothes in between sobs.

Soon, Charles' clothes was all soaked in tears. But more than his wet clothes, Sheryl's teardrops had torn his heart into pieces.

All Charles could think about right now was some bad jokes. He hoped that throwing one out of the blue could stop the woman in his arms from crying.

"Charles, let me go. I don't want to stay in this house anymore," Sheryl murmured. Her voice was low and she sounded desperate.

Listening to Sheryl, Charles was filled with regrets and anxiety. A few seconds later, he started to kiss Sheryl restlessly on her forehead, down to her eyes and lastly her lips. His kisses were so enthusiastic that they almost melted Sheryl down.

"Sheryl, do you really think I can let you go? How am I supposed to live without you? You are the woman I want to spend the rest of my life with and nobody can change that. I won't let you leave me,"

Charles whispered in her ears.

He then leaned his head against Sheryl's shoulders, reluctant to let her go. Acting like a bear, he showed her his belly, the most vulnerable part of himself. Then acting like a spoiled child, he snuggled up against her. People who didn't know they had a fight would think they were showing affection.

At this moment, Charles no longer cared about his image. He would do anything in order to make Sheryl stay, even if he had to beg and roll on the floor.

Sheryl burst into laughter. But she reacted soon and held back her smile.

For some reason, Sheryl now felt her sadness and anger vanish. Her heart suddenly felt lighter and more relaxed.

Sheryl knew that she couldn't get rid of this big boy, so she indulged herself in his arms, attempting to avoid his gaze. She didn't want him to see her red eyes.

Charles felt relieved when he heard Sheryl giggle. At least now he was sure that her anger subsided.

"I mean it, Sher. I can't live without you."

Charles choked between sobs. His heavy nasal showed his fear. He couldn't imagine what it would be like to lose Sheryl. Just the thought of it made him crazy. He would probably lose control. His love for her came from an unknown source but yet it grew deeper each day.

Charles' statement made Sheryl speechless. What he said didn't only give her courage but also made her feel hopeful.

They stayed still for a while, savoring that moment. Then Sheryl pulled herself from Charles' arms.

Lifting her head, she looked Charles in the eye and asked him, word by word, "But what about Leila?

And what about our problems? Even if you manage to make me stay, those problems will stay. We

can't ignore them forever and pretend they don't exist. We have to address them, don't we?"

"Sher, I don't mean to let Leila stay. I initially agree just to comfort Mom. After all, she still holds a grudge against you because of the accident. I figure that if I agree to let Leila stay, I can return her the favor so she won't have any excuses to make things hard for you anymore,"

Charles explained sincerely. He believed that Sheryl was smart enough to understand him.

He knew that it was a bit unfair on her part. So he swore to himself that he would make it up to Sheryl one day.

Listening to Charles now, Sheryl understood that there was no better options. She had no other choice but to agree.

"Sheryl, believe me. I won't let you down any more. I promise. Together we can get through this."

Charles said affectionately as he looked Sheryl in the eye.

Chapter 1330 Let Her Move In

"I can let Leila stay. However, if she makes trouble for me again, I won't make a compromise this time."

Sheryl finally gave in to letting Leila stay. She was too exhausted and helpless to argue with Charles.

"Sher, thank you for your understanding." Charles kissed Sheryl on the lips.

Sheryl could smell Charles' cologne, fresh and sweet, like a clear spring in the mountain.

She closed her eyes and kissed him back. She let her guard down as she indulged herself in his kiss.

Both of their desires were like flowers blossoming at night, attractive and alluring.

Charles moved his hands from Sheryl's shoulders to her back. He tapped his fingers on her back and circled around. Then he slid down along her spine.

At his touch, Sheryl couldn't help but tremble. She bit her bottom lip and her face, pale and dazzling, showed red spots on her cheeks.

Charles started to breathe heavily. He lifted Sheryl and carried her towards the bed.

Soon, their clothes were on the floor. Charles kissed Sheryl restlessly, her forehead, her eyes, her ears...

Sheryl could hear Charles' breath, low and heavy, like the sound of a violin. She couldn't take her eyes off him since he, who was usually calm and strong all the time, blushed too. Something was burning inside her.

As Charles went down on Sheryl, she lost her breath. Her whole body couldn't help but shake. She was coming and a white light flashed over her eyes.

Charles held Sheryl's hands and bounced rhythmically. Sweat fell down from his forehead and dropped

on his chest, making her want more.

His heavy breath and her sexy moaning filled the air. It sounded like a wonderful melody.

"Sher, I want you," Charles whispered in Sheryl's ears. His breath tickled her. She couldn't help but turn her head around.

Charles, however, grabbed her wrist tightly. He bent down and kissed her lips restlessly. Sheryl's eyes were filled with mist and her face blushed.

Sheryl was breathless, her voice shaking. "Char... Charles, I am yours." Charles held Sheryl's hand and kissed her fingers.

They both climaxed.

In Dream Garden's living room, Melissa and Leila had chatted for a long time downstairs. They thought Charles would be gone for a few minutes to do his business and would come down soon. But he was still upstairs after such a long time.

Did Sheryl trick Charles to stay again?

Melissa's gaze met Leila's. Without uttering a word, they both realized each other's concern.



Both of them became anxious. Melissa was grumpy. As Sheryl wasn't here and Melissa couldn't vent her anger on Sheryl, so she took it out on Nancy and yelled at her, "Nancy, is this the way you treat our guest? I can't believe that you don't even bother to make a cup of tea! Where are your manners? You're just as impolite as Sheryl." Melissa got angrier and angrier. She even stood up and pointed her finger at Nancy.

Nancy remained silent. After all, Melissa was the host of this family and she was just a servant. What else could she do? However, when Nancy heard Melissa defame Sheryl, Nancy lost her temper.

"Sher is always a nice person. She is polite too. You two are the irrational ones from beginning to end."

Nancy shot back in a low voice, despite her anger.

"I am sorry, Nancy? You, a servant, talked back to me?" A servant talking back to her convinced

Melissa that Sheryl instigated Nancy to retort her. Melissa's hatred towards Sheryl grew stronger.

"Aunt Melissa, please don't be mad at Nancy. After all, she is just a dog in this house. Why bother arguing with her? It is beneath our dignity." Leila helped Melissa sit down again.

"Why are you still standing there? Go and make us some tea," Melissa snapped at Nancy.

Nancy opened her mouth but nothing came out. She sighed and walked to the kitchen.

As she was walking, Nancy thought about the unfair treatment Sheryl had gotten during the past few days. In such a particular situation, Nancy couldn't lose control and get Sheryl into trouble. It was the last thing Sheryl needed. After all, Sheryl brought Nancy to the Lu family. Without Sheryl, Nancy might still be lost and wandering around. Nancy would always remember how Sheryl helped her and be grateful for her all the time.

Therefore, even though she was scolded by Melissa, Nancy managed to remain silent for Sheryl's sake. As long as Sheryl was safe and happy, it was worth it.

When Nancy walked away, Melissa became more and more anxious. She worried that the reason why Charles spent such a long time upstairs was that Sheryl tricked him. Anxiety and worry finally defeated Melissa. She asked Leila to stay downstairs and decided to go upstairs and find out what was happening.

"Aunt Melissa, I don't think it's a good idea. What if Charles is busy with his work? I am afraid that we might interrupt him." Leila was jealous, however, and she was secretly wishing that Melissa would go upstairs to check on them. The thought of Charles and Sheryl in the same room for a long time didn't

sit well with her. Instead, it made her jealous.

Leila couldn't show her intention. After all, in Melissa's eyes, Leila was considerate. Leila was hiding

her jealousy because she knew that Melissa had made up her mind and no matter what she said,

Melissa wouldn't change her mind.

What Melissa said next proved Leila's guess.

"If Charles is busy with his work, that's fine. Couldn't his mother just check on him? However, if he

loses control again because of Sheryl, I have to go there and stop him."

By now, Nancy had put two cups of tea on the table in front of them. Nancy then walked away. Seeing

Leila and Melissa whispering together, she knew that they were planning to do something bad to

Sheryl.

Melissa felt thirsty as she talked too much. She took the tea cup and was going to take a sip. But the

tea was so hot that her hand got burnt immediately. Melissa dropped the cup on the floor and it broke

into pieces.

Melissa glared at Nancy. "Nancy, did you do that on purpose? Fine, then. Since you hate me this much,

why don't you pack up your stuff and get the hell of my place?"

Nancy's eyes were filled with tears. She thought anyone could tell that the tea was hot since it was steaming, so she didn't remind Melissa to be careful. She didn't expect Melissa would lash out. Her sharp words were like a knife, piercing her heart into pieces. At this moment, Nancy had a strong impulse to pack up her luggage and leave.