

Wedded Bride 1371

Chapter 1371 A Trick

Leila put much thought into it. After weighing up all of the options, she concluded that she had to bite the bullet and make a final choice. Mustering up all of her courage, she decided that she must kill Jim!

Having Jim alive was like a ticking time bomb ready to go off at any time.

The moment Leila had made the decision, she immediately began to put the plan into action. She had to be meticulous. First, she bought a new phone card and then she made a call to an old friend who could supply her with the things that she needed. She planned to overdose Jim with drugs after she rendered him unconscious first.

Leila checked in at the Aegean Hotel

two hours before Jim was supposed to arrive. She sent him the room number via message and told him to be there at eight o'clock.

She went around to familiarize herself with the surroundings and prepare everything before Jim came.

A sinister smile was at the corners of her mouth. 'Jim, you only have yourself to blame for this. You pissed me off, so now you are going to pay for it, ' thought Leila.

The room was designed for couples. The light was dim and sexy, and Leila was satisfied with the

environment because it would aid in her plan. This sort of erotic atmosphere would lessen Jim's

intuition to the danger that he was walking into.

She hid the electric baton, pepper sprayer and drugs in the nightstand. They were all wrapped in paper

lest Jim should find them.

When she was satisfied that everything was in position, she walked into the bathroom and got changed

into a sexy silk dress. The lingerie accentuated her body perfectly. Dressed like that, she looked even

more alluring under the dim light.

Leila glanced at her watch. As the appointed time was approaching, she felt more and more nervous.

She was worried that something might happen and her plan might not be successful tonight. However,

what she was afraid of the most, was Jim. What he did to her had etched into her memory deeply.

Soon there was a knock on the door. It seemed that the man who was knocking was patient and calm.

Leila inhaled deeply to calm her nerves. As she walked to the door, she said to herself, 'This is it.

There's no turning back now.' Before she opened the door, she put on an attractive smile.

At the sight of Leila, Jim knew that it was going to be a wonderful night. He didn't hide the lust in his

eyes or the sleazy smile on his face.

When Leila saw Jim again, her heart leaped into her throat. His expression reminded her of that dark and dirty afternoon.

Jim hugged Leila and was urgent to kiss her before he closed the door. His breath on her face made her extremely uncomfortable.

Jim pushed her back, and she fell onto the bed. He couldn't wait to press up against her. At the same time, she trembled slightly.

"How about taking a shower first?" Leila said to Jim anxiously.

Jim's expression turned dark at her suggestion, and he pinched her chin. "Am I disgusting?"

"No, not at all. I thought it would be better to have sex after a shower. It will open up something between us,"

Leila said pouting while she drew circles with her finger on his chest. This had aroused Jim even more.

Jim didn't want to take a shower because he didn't want to interrupt the moment.

Leila insisted on it and said in an alluring tone, "Come on. It's early. We have all night. Take a shower, and I'll be waiting for you on the bed." Her voice was so sweet and attractive that Jim's heart melted.

Ignoring the meaning of her words, he just nodded hard.

Jim got up and walked toward the bathroom. After two or three steps, he stopped and turned back and said to her, "Women equal trouble." Then he went in.

Leila rolled her eyes and wanted to vomit because of his crude behavior. As Jim closed the door to the bathroom, Leila turned off all the lights in the room. There was only the dim light from the bathroom.

"Leila, why did you turn off all the lights? It's too dark," Jim asked while dirty words rolled off his tongue back at her.

"Jim, you'll get it later. I have a surprise waiting for you," Leila shouted back to him.

Hearing this, Jim felt even more excited. He thought that Leila would play something new with him and that maybe...

He washed his body while he thought about what he was going to do to Leila. He felt even more randy, and his eyes were full of urgent desire. He stared at the door as if he wanted to look through it and see Leila naked.

At this time, Leila made full use of every second. She worked quickly taking out the electric baton and

pepper spray in the darkness and hid them within her reach under the pillows. There were nervous sweat beads on her forehead, and her heart was in her mouth. She had to do all this while paying attention to the bathroom lest Jim walked in and saw her tricks.

After hiding these two things, Leila poured a glass of red wine and spiked it with some drugs. After swirling it around to dissolve the drugs, she placed the glass on the nightstand beside the bed.

Now she lay on the bed, calming herself down while waiting for Jim.

Several minutes later, Jim came out singing happily. He reminded her of a big clumsy but pretentious bear. Looking at him, Leila almost burst out laughing but she managed to control herself.

Jim gazed at Leila, lying on the soft bed. She looked very seductive and provocative. Her dress was up, exposing her milky white skin and the view aroused more desire in him.

"Leila, I'm ready!" Jim shouted and rushed toward her.

Leila had been ready for that. As he dived for her, she got out of the way and avoided him.

Chapter 1372 Backup

Jim immediately became furious. Leila dodging him was like an invisible slap to him. He felt extremely humiliated. Wearing a long face, he was going to teach her a lesson. Though before he did, she made a sexy moan.

She lowered her body onto him moving closer to his face and said in a soft voice, "Jim, let's play something different."

As she pressed her body against his, her large breasts were exposed to him. With the allurements of her sexy perfume, she was irresistible.

"Well, what do you want to play? If it's not fun, I'll punish you tonight as hard as I can," Jim threatened Leila with a wicked smile. He couldn't control himself and roughly grabbed her breasts.

Leila suppressed her disgust and replied haltingly, "Sure. It will be fun. I hope you enjoy this as much as I will. Just wait."

Hearing Leila's words, Jim then stopped and let her go. He showed great interest in her suggestion.

Leila whispered in Jim's ear, "Turn around then." She immediately took a silk scarf and tied it around

Jim's eyes. After waving her hands in front of his eyes to confirm that he couldn't see anything, she put her hands down.

When Leila was moving her hands in front of Jim's face, he almost couldn't resist his impulse. However,

he wanted to see what game she was playing, and he didn't pull off the scarf that covered his eyes.

Leila took the wine glass from the nightstand and held it in her hand. She was struggling in her mind as if she didn't already rehearse everything previously in her brain.

Did she really want to do this? If she did, she wouldn't have the chance to take it back! Even though she had convinced herself before she came here, when the time came to do it, she still hesitated.

If she murdered Jim in this way and didn't get found out, she wouldn't have a problem with living with that guilt. But what if she did get found out?

She would have to spend the rest of her life in jail!

If she let Jim off the hook, she would never forgive herself. At the last moment, she finally convinced herself that Jim was a bastard and he deserved what was coming to him.

Besides, she was confident that she had thought the plan out perfectly and that it was foolproof. Maybe everything that happened today would be buried forever, and she could get away with it.

So Leila made her decision and moved the glass to Jim's lips.

"Jim, how about we drink a little first? Let me feed you." Jim nodded his head in delight. Leila poured the red liquid little by little into his mouth. Seeing the liquor flowing down his throat, she felt extremely excited, and the glass almost slipped out of her hand.

Fortunately, within a few seconds, she had poured all spiked wine into his stomach.

When Jim finished the wine, he couldn't resist the desire and felt around to find Leila's breasts. When he found them, he tried to grab her body, but she dodged quickly.

Since Jim's eyes were covered, he almost fell over. It made him furious, so he grabbed at Leila again.

While Leila was anxiously counting the time for the drug to take effect, she noticed that Jim was acting as usual. She started to worry that the drug wasn't taking effect. Trying to stall him, she comforted him in a gentle voice, "Jim, let's take our time." That didn't work on Jim, especially since Leila had already refused him several times tonight. He couldn't bear it, so he threw himself at her.

Leila was beginning to fret. She threw the pillow aside and grabbed the electric baton hitting him across the back with it. Jim yelled out in pain.

She dared not drop her guard and continued to swing the baton at him, no matter how much he yelled at her.

Leila beat him more violently as if she were venting all of her dissatisfaction and anger out.

Jim tried all he could to protect himself. He was vulnerable and didn't expect that Leila would attack

him. Now he realized that she had just lured him so she could do this. She had planned it well.

He tried to ignore the pain and lash out at Leila to stop her, but she saw through his intention and

continued to whack him with the baton not giving him the chance to come close to her.

Leila was so surprised and feared how tough Jim was. She couldn't even knock him unconscious using

the electric baton. He was indeed a monster. When he was struggling to get close to her, she

remembered the pepper spray next to her. So she immediately took it out and sprayed it into his face

and eyes.

When Jim was rubbing his eyes in pain, she hit him with the baton again and again. Ignoring her own

exhaustion, she just kept hitting him repeatedly. She saw the injury that she inflicted each time that she

beat him.

Jim was howling out loud at first, but later, he could only groan. Then his voice became feeble and was

unheard at last.

Finally, Jim fell off the bed and to the floor without a sound. Leila dropped the baton and collapsed onto

the floor as well.

She glanced over her shoulder and saw Jim lying in an awkward position on the floor. He reminded her

of a pig. When Leila caught her breath, she walked over to him and kicked him as hard as she could to release the resentment she felt towards him.

When she finally calmed down, she took out his cell phone and pressed his finger to unlock it.

When the picture of her pale and terrified face displayed on the screen, she let out a bitter smile. Then she immediately searched through the phone to find the naked photos of her. She had been threatened by Jim to take them the other day.

Even though it wasn't the first time for her to see those photos, she still felt terrified. She looked like a complete slut in the photos. She could imagine how people would talk about her if those photos were let out in public. She would be ashamed to live for the rest of her life.

Without delay, she deleted all her photos on his phone. However, she worried because she didn't know whether he had backed up all these photos in other places. 'What if there were backups?' she wondered. Then her worries disappeared because even if there were backups, she would never let Jim have the opportunity to leak them out.

Chapter 1373 Paid The Price

Just when Leila was about to delete all of the nude photos, one of them caught her eye. It was blurry

and dark, not the most eye-catching of them all, but it sparked her interest nevertheless.

It seemed like this photo was taken in a remote suburb. There were a lot of greenery and open spaces

and in the middle was a small house. Next to the house was a huge chimney.

Even though Leila couldn't see what was going on inside the house, her heartbeat quickened.

Jim wouldn't take such a photo for no reason. Leila knew him well and knew that he did everything for a

reason. The only explanation that she could think of was that the house was an important place for him

and that he might have hidden something inside.

Leila zoomed in on the picture and studied it carefully, eager to find some clues

because she had a strong feeling that Jim was hiding Shirley somewhere inside the house.

Leila swiped up, looking through the photo gallery for more. She hoped that there would be more

photos and clues that would help her find Shirley, but sadly, there weren't.

She sent the photo she found to her WeChat and then saved it onto her phone, intending to study it

more at home. She wanted to be the one to find Shirley before Charles found her.

Leila breathed a sigh of relief after she deleted all of the photos. She walked over to Jim and ripped the

clothes off him. But Jim was too heavy, like a dead fat pig. She was exhausted and out of breath when

she was done, sweat beads dripping from her forehead.

Panting, she took out her phone and turned on the camera app and flashlight and started taking photos of Jim, naked and still.

"Ugh, there is really nothing to look at. No muscles at all. This body is so gross," she exclaimed as she took photos, even dragging him by his ear.

"You deserve this!" she yelled, grinding her teeth.

When she finished taking photos, she walked outside and waited for another woman to come.

She leaned against the hallway wall, waiting, doing absolutely nothing, when suddenly she noticed the camera that was attached to the ceiling. Its blinking red light startled her.

How could she forget about the camera? Leila cursed under her breath. She realized that her hatred had clouded her judgment. How could she have forgotten about the security cameras that would be there?

Groaning, she started to pace the hallway, instantly anxious at the possibility she might have been caught.

What if Jim had died? The security camera was a piece of huge evidence. Even though there wasn't a camera inside the room to catch her committing the crime, the one in the hallway would have caught her staying in the same room as Jim and so she would be pegged as a suspect.

Jim was an asshole and Leila couldn't go to jail again on his account. Leila was sure of one thing—Jim could not die. At least, not now.

But she was so angry and acting out of impulse when she poisoned Jim. She didn't even think about security cameras and the consequences his death might bring to her. Because she didn't bring any antidote to the poison, she could only ask her partner to bring some with her.

"Hey, are you close?" Leila asked anxiously as soon as her partner answered the phone.

"Almost, what's wrong? Did something happen?" The woman on the other end of the phone was surprised at Leila's phone call. She thought that Leila would still be dealing with Jim. After all, he wasn't an easy man to bring down.

"Remember to bring some antidote to the poison. I need them," Leila responded quickly.

"No problem," the woman immediately shot back, understanding that Leila was done handling Jim. She needed to hurry up and get there.

After hanging up, Leila continued to wait for the woman. While she was waiting, she slipped into the electricity room and shut the power off, causing the whole hotel to have a blackout.

Then Leila slipped back to her room and dragged Jim into the bathroom, where it was dark and quiet. It was surely out of the camera's view.

As she did that, a woman walked up to the door. She wore a big black hat and a pair of huge sunglasses with a mask over her face, covering pretty much her entire face. Her makeup was so heavy that people looking at her would know that she was wearing makeup.

She knocked on the door just as Leila was heading back from the bathroom.

Leila went to open the door and nearly screamed, startled by the woman standing outside.

The woman wearing all black was a frightening sight and Leila wouldn't have recognized her if she didn't know that she was coming. After all, it was nighttime and the woman's face was covered.

When she recovered from shock, she stood straight and nodded at the woman. She peeked outside to check whether there were others in the hallway before she let the woman in. The woman, who noticed that the hotel was in darkness, found it strange, but given the fact that Leila didn't give her an

opportunity to ask, she followed her inside the room.

Leila closed the door and turned to the woman, stretching out her hand as if asking for something. The antidote.

The moment the woman pulled out the antidote from her bag, Leila grabbed it and dropped the liquid into a cup of water. At that moment, the hotel's power returned and momentarily blinded her and the woman. Once her eyes readjusted, she ran into the bathroom and knelt beside Jim's body, grabbing his face and forcing the antidote down his throat, praying that Jim got cured from the poison.

She didn't want to pay the price for his death.

When Jim had drunk the whole thing, Leila stood and took a few steps back, allowing the woman in black to do her job.

The woman took out another bag of white powder from her pocket and a syringe from her handbag.

Bending a bit, she injected the powder into Jim's body.

While this was happening, Leila was recording the scene with her phone, making sure to focus on Jim and not the woman in black.

The whole process didn't take long. Just a few minutes later, the woman put the syringe back in her

handbag and stood up.

Chapter 1374 Jim Was Arrested

Rummaging through her purse, Leila took out a bank card and handed it to the woman. "The password is 123456," she said in a low voice while eyeing the woman. Looking over her shoulders, she glanced around to make sure that no one had seen her.

Then she turned around and looked at Jim coldly with eyes full of disgust. Finishing off her business with the woman, she pushed open the door and walked out without looking back, leaving the woman there to deal with Jim.

Feeling impatient and anxious, Leila stood silently in a corner near the gate of the Aegean Hotel.

There was a flicker of panic in her eyes and she found it hard to stay calm like she was being covered by dark clouds.

In the back of her mind, she even began to fancy things and was afraid that Jim would suddenly wake up at that moment and catch her in the act.

She was so nervous that her right hand trembled slightly. Thus, to keep herself composed, she rubbed her index finger with her middle finger. Deep in her heart, her feelings were mixed.

Fortunately, it didn't take a long time for the woman she talked with earlier to come out of the hotel.

When she saw Leila, she nodded slightly towards her. They didn't talk, but only glanced at each other for a few seconds, and seemed to have understood each other by just exchanging glances. With that, the woman walked away with graceful steps.

With the woman gone, a smile appeared on Leila's lips. Finally, she was relieved as if a thorn had been plucked out of her heart.

From the way things turned out, she understood that she didn't have to use the most extreme way and means to deal with people like Jim. She knew perfectly well that hitting the needle would give him a heavy blow. When she thought about this, coldness flashed in her eyes.

Moments later, Leila didn't hasten to leave. She patiently waited and after staying in the corner a while longer, she took out her cell phone and called someone.

Ending the call, she remained where she was standing, merged into the endless darkness, unseen and unnoticed, her eyes lingering around.

About ten minutes later, when Leila's legs were about to go numb, she heard the police car screaming.

The light above the police car flashed and lit up the nearby area. It seemed that nothing in darkness

could be hidden any more amidst the blaring lights.

Soon, Jim, who was disheveled on his feet, staggered out under the escort of several policemen.

In the far corner, Leila observed them secretly. She saw the panic and confusion on Jim's face,

knowing that he was about to face a grave dilemma.

As the officers dragged him along, Jim seemed to be arguing something out loud. He kept on

explaining to the policemen that he did nothing wrong and he was innocent. However, since they had

found enough physical evidence in the room, none of them would like to listen to Jim's explanation. He

was so noisy that everyone wanted to cover his mouth to stop him from talking.

Seeing that Jim had been pushed into the police car and taken away by the policemen, Leila heaved a

long sigh of relief. Satisfied that her plan worked out well, Leila turned to leave.

Leila's heart was full of joy brought by revenge. She was so overwhelmed by the triumphant sensation

that a wide grin was drawn on her face.

Now that Jim would be put behind bars, nobody could threaten her again. The unpleasant memory

about what had happened to her that dreary afternoon had been buried with Jim's imprisonment.

'Nobody else would know what happened that afternoon. That nightmare would be forgotten at last!'

Leila thought.

However, she had never expected that someone had seen and recorded that scene. And Charles, the man she cared about most, had already known what had happened to her that afternoon.

Leila knew nothing about that, so she still felt triumphant. By the way she imagined it, she thought that everything would be okay when the police located where Shirley was.

Meanwhile, Cassie was on duty at the hospital today. She didn't have a decent sleep last night because she had a nightmare and she dreamed of Nick. When she woke up at dawn, she opened her heavy eyes and found that nothing changed in the room and Nick wasn't there.

Cassie smiled bitterly. 'What am I expecting?' she asked herself with a nasty frown.

Cassie was seated in daze on the chair when Cora walked towards her. Lowering her head, Cora asked with a mysterious expression, "Cassie, what did you say about my brother when we sent you home last night? He looked out of mind after getting in the car. Did you say anything to hurt him?"

The half-joking inquiry made Cassie's heart grow bitter. She would thank God if she wasn't the one being offended yet, how could she hurt others?

"Stop joking. We're at work," Cassie said and looked at Cora, with her eyebrows crossed in confusion.

Seeing her so troubled, Cora chuckled and continued, "My brother loves you so much. Last night, I found the light in his room was still on when I got up to drink water. I guess he was missing you, so he couldn't fall asleep. What do you think?"

Hearing that, Cassie shot Cora a glare and protested, "I won't talk to you anymore if you keep on talking nonsense."

With Cassie's bitter response, Cora made a sign of shutting her mouth up and replied, "Okay. I'm not going to talk about him anymore."

Now that Cora had promised not to bother her anymore with her brother, Cassie's face softened.

However, as Cora looked at her, she couldn't help but ask, "Who were those people I saw last night?"

Why did they want to kidnap you?"

At Cora's question, Cassie's face darkened. She had no idea about what really happened last night.

She couldn't even remember how she got herself to bed.

From the look of it, she guessed it might be Shawn who had done this. However, when she had

returned home last night and called Gamora, nobody answered the call.

She wondered that maybe something bad had happened to Gamora. 'Maybe Shawn had found out that

Gamora hinted me and controlled her, so she couldn't answer my call.'

With her thoughts running wild, Cassie had assumed many possibilities. She even had decided to call

the police if she still couldn't reach Gamora today.

Hearing what Cora had asked, Cassie couldn't help but tell her everything she knew, hoping that Cora

could help her in some ways she could.

When Cassie was done relating the incident to her, Cora opened her eyes widely. "God! So that means

you're in trouble with gangsters?" she asked.

"They are not gangsters. But there are many people in their group and they are rich and powerful."

Showing that she was not bothered at all, Cassie snorted with a shrug.

Yet from the way it sounded, Cora was still scared. She couldn't imagine what she would do if she

would be put in the same scenario. "Cassie, if Shawn won't let you go, what are you going to do?" she

asked worriedly.

"I couldn't figure out a good idea. But anyway, I have already reported it to the police. I hope they can

find some clues," Cassie answered with a sigh.

The words she just heard did not relieve Cora. She knew that people like Shawn wouldn't leave any evidence to others, so he must have already bribed the police.

Worried for Cassie's safety, Cora decided to tell this to her brother. Maybe he could find a way to help her.

At noon, Cora and Cassie went to the hospital canteen together when they saw a woman standing near them with her eyes fixed on Cassie. The way she looked at her was so creepy as if she was watching every move she was making.

"Is she your friend?" Cora asked curiously, nudging Cassie by the side to look at the woman. She thought all the while that Cassie seemed to know this woman.

"Oh yes, she is Gamora, my classmate in the university," Cassie whispered in Cora's ear.

"Gamora!" Hearing the name, Cora shouted in surprise but immediately covered her mouth with her hand realizing how loud she was.

Glaring at her with eyes that warned her to be quiet, Cassie nodded and said, "You go to the canteen

first. I'll talk to her."

Though hesitant, Cora agreed even if she was a little worried about her. "Be careful!" she reminded.

Teasing her, Cassie said with a smile, "Don't worry. I won't go out with her."

Chapter 1375 Questioning

After Cora left, Cassie noticed a difference in Gamora's facial expression as she walked over to her.

This time, her face looked pale and frightened.

"Cassie!" Gamora called her name, then bit her lip, reluctant to utter another word.

Cassie looked at Gamora and asked, "I've tried calling you a few times, but the line wasn't going

through. Did something happen? Are you okay?"

Gamora pressed her lips tightly and kept silent. The color from her face had drained and her limbs

were heavy and powerless.

"What on earth is the matter with you? Does he know that I called you yesterday?"

Cassie's eyes widened with anticipation.

Eventually, Gamora raised her head slowly, her eyes glazing over like person bereft of all hope.

"Cassie, sorry. I'm so sorry. I..."

"Sorry? For what? Don't be sorry. You haven't done anything wrong to me. There's no need to feel

guilty."

"The truth is..." Gamora took a deep breath. "The reason you got into trouble with Shawn was because I had showed your picture to them. It was all my fault. I must be out my mind at that time, and I should not have done that."

Cassie was relieved to get an apology from Gamora. She thought that it was not a big deal. She had known that what had happened in the KTV must be related with Gamora, but she had forgiven her already.

"I have known about for some time now," Cassie said calmly.

"What? You knew about it all along?" This time Gamora's eyes widened. But it had more to do with the shock Cassie had given her.

The feeling of guilt over what she had done haunted her thoughts for a long time, but she never expected that Cassie had known about her involvement the whole time.

"Gamora, I don't blame you for what you did. I hope that you stop feeling guilty about it. In fact, unknowingly, you ended up saving me this time. But you should be careful of those people. Good isn't a

word I will use to describe them. You would be better off staying away from them," Cassie suggested with deep sincerity.

Gamora nodded once and then muttered in a low voice, "I've been thinking about leaving them, but... I don't think they will let me go so easily."

"Anyway, you should watch out for yourself. Have you had lunch by the way? Would you like to grab some lunch with me?" Cassie asked, quickly averting the subject.

Gamora shook her head and said, "No, I can't. I just sneaked out secretly. And you'd better not call me unless it is something important. I'm afraid that Shawn will stir up trouble again if he finds out. By the way, last night, the police almost caught his men. And there is something unlawful with his business in Vietnam. He'll be too busy with those things to bother about you."

"I'm glad to hear that. Thanks for telling me. Be careful and I wish you good luck," Cassie assured Gamora.

"I... So, are we still going to be friends in the future?" Gamora couldn't help but ask.

"Of course!" Cassie nodded her head, and gave her a warm, heartfelt smile.

Gamora smiled back, stretching her arms out to hug Cassie before she turned around to leave.

Cassie got lost in deep thought as she watched Gamora walking away.

'We grew apart during the later years when we both started working. We hadn't been in touch for a while, until recently. But then unpleasant things happened.

Perhaps we're not the only ones who have had to go through something like this. I've heard that only when people experience difficulty together, will they start to cherish each other. I'm sure after everything that has happened Gamora will cherish our friendship. If not, she wouldn't have gone to the trouble of sneaking out just to apologize to me.

Oh Gamora, I hope that you will be able to stay away from Shawn. I wish you all the happiness.'

At the Dream Garden

Relief graced her heart once Leila entered the living room and realized that there was nobody there.

The last thing she wanted to do was deal with people she did not like. Without further delay, she rushed to her bedroom.

Carefully locking the door behind her, she sat in front of the computer and logged in. She uploaded the photo she found on Jim's mobile phone and searched for houses with a chimney all around the city.

She was so nervous that she had even forgotten to breath.

The one thing all these houses shared in common was that they all have an old-fashioned chimney.

As Leila took out her phone to ask someone to go over there, she heard a sudden knock on the door.

And Melissa's angry voice followed, "Leila, come on! Open the door!"

Suffice it to say, Leila was not happy with the sudden interruption. She felt upset, but she had to hide

her phone away because she remembered Melissa's determination. Wearing a kind and welcoming

smile, she walked over to the door and opened it.

As soon as Melissa heard the sound of Leila's door open, she couldn't wait any longer to push the door

open.

Melissa's eyes were going up and down on Leila. As Leila expected, Melissa questioned her

immediately, "Leila, tell me the truth! Is there something wrong with my granddaughter? Why hasn't she

come back yet? It's already been a few days!" The anger in her fiery eyes was undeniable.

Leila, on the other hand, was guilty and did not look at Melissa. She tried to avert the topic by saying

something to distract her attention.

However, since Melissa was already expecting Leila to lie, she made sure not to give her any chances by bombarding her with questions.

"Don't make a fool out of me! What happened to Shirley? Tell me the truth! Tell me everything clearly!"

Leila understood that she couldn't hide the truth from Melissa, so she told her the whole story, keeping the part where she was raped by Jim to herself.

"Melissa, take it easy. At first, things were going well, but the man called Jim, who was asked to kidnap Shirley, betrayed us, all of a sudden. He hid Shirley and tried to blackmail the Lu family for ransom money." Leila confessed to everything while she looked at the shock register on Melissa's face.

"So do you know where Jim and Shirley are?"

Melissa's voice carried a hint of urgency and desperation. Shirley was her granddaughter and Melissa could watch as anything bad happened to her.

She was even more angrier at Leila because if it weren't for her, they wouldn't have been in such a messy situation.

Melissa snapped, failing to control her temper at the thought of how she had trusted Leila and yet she was the one who allowed for this kidnapping to happen.

Leila, however, instead of cowering, arrogantly rolled her eyes at Melissa. 'If I knew that, would I be so anxious?' Leila complained in her mind.

Chapter 1376 Three Days Of Mercy

"Frankly speaking, I also have no idea where Jim took and hid Shirley. I tried to ask him many times, but he always refused to tell me, even just a single clue. I only found out recently that Jim was an ex-convict due to drug-taking. I had no idea, and the news had knocked me over with a feather. I am uptight where Shirley could be, as well as her safety, as much as you do. Aunt Melissa, I am still trying the best I could to look for—" With a shot of Melissa's blazing eyes, Leila wasn't able to continue her pleading explanation. Inevitably, she trembled in nervousness and hesitance. Although she tried to persuade Melissa and erase her worries, Leila herself even found the situation hard to rest assured. It seemed that things were going to lose out of control!

The pleading and concerned words from Leila didn't make Melissa feel even a little bit better. Instead, she was in the verge of losing her temper. At the same time, her heart sank, and panic crawled across her spine. The old lady was starting to taste a bitter end. The plan was supposed to oust Sheryl from the Lu family, but the result was turned upside down. Unbearably quivering inside, Melissa thought, 'Did

I misheard her? Still looking for what? Why did she ask an unsavory man like Jim to do such a job in the first place? And what? A drug addict? She bet Shirley's life on a drug fiend! They have no mercy!

They are willing to kill to buy drugs. How stupid Leila is to let my granddaughter fall into that criminal's hands!

Don't tell me that Leila intentionally planned all of this? It was a benefit to Leila if we can't retrieve Shirley soon. Charles and Sheryl's relationship will have a taint for sure. But should she give Shirley to a delinquent man like Jim? Such a wicked woman! I can't believe her guts! She made a fool of us! You will regret this, Leila! Many suspicions were molding inside her head.

The more Melissa thought of the situation, the worse the scenario she imagined. Her paranoia was making her imagination more vivid in her mind. She had faltering confidence, not only about Shirley's condition but also about the wrath of her son. If anything happened to Shirley, Charles would surely let the police step in and fully take over the case. The truth would escape from the discretion at the end of the day. What if Charles found out that his mother was one of the accomplices of kidnapping his daughter? Then what would be left with her? Imagining that her son would be the first one to take her to the police and put her into prison terrified Melissa. From what she already knew, Charles could never

tolerate any threats in any form when his daughter's safety was involved.

Having a stern character, Charles didn't show much enthusiasm towards people. But the way Charles pampered the two kids showed there was no one else who could replace his kids in his heart. Even if

Melissa, his mother, dared to cross his bottom line, Charles would not overlook her sin at all.

Forgiveness and mercy would not cross his mind if he discovered her role in kidnapping his daughter.

With these troublesome thoughts, Melissa's face turned gloomy. She questioned in her mind, 'Are you going to kill my granddaughter?' While casting a sinister look at her, Melissa badly wanted to yell out to Leila's face, but that would sound too emotional.

So, she suppressed it, pulled it back, and snapped out in a calm and solemn tone, "Anyway, you have to find my Shirley and bring her home safely. I have to warn you, if anything happens to Shirley, neither of us could afford to take the blame! We all know how Charles' vengeance could be when his children are involved. And to remind you, that was your idea in the first place!" Though Melissa tried to be as calm as she could, her eyes could flash laser lights, as they were full of anger.

However, Melissa's fury was noticeable, making Leila tensed. The guilty lady immediately thought of

ways to alleviate her mood, and hurried to come up with a way to comfort her. She began, "Don't worry, Aunt Melissa. Come on and take a look at this! These are what I have found recently, the three possible locations where Jim could have hidden Shirley. We could focus our action in these places, and circle in to find Shirley."

With the advent of technology, Leila carefully led Melissa to the computer desk. Utmost patience and clarity in the explanation were necessary as she gestured to Melissa to look on the screen. Then, she pointed out three dubious spots to let the old lady be assured. She was worried that Melissa would be too scared and confess their mutual plot to Charles. That could worsen the current situation, in Leila's eyes.

In half belief, Melissa sized up the spots. Reminiscing about Leila's promise of the safety of her granddaughter, made her mind ease a little. However, what she had never expected still happened!

Melissa could only blame Leila to wash her hands clean.

Absurdly, she even thanked herself for giving her granddaughter to Leila, instead of her grandson. She was also relieved and grateful for not putting all her faith in that wicked woman, or else, the boy might have been in peril now. She could never forgive herself if that happened.

Feeling helpless, Melissa felt confused about whether she should continue to trust Leila's words.

Melissa could never remain calm even though Leila had deduced the possible locations. But she seemed to have no choice but depend on Leila. All she could hope right now was that Leila would fulfill her promise. Then both of them would be happy.

Still, Melissa hurled an angry look towards Leila. Anger continued to build and swell her chest. Even her eyes were ablaze with wrath. She snapped out, "Then do something with it to find my Shirley as soon as possible, slowpoke! Why are you still staying at home without doing anything? You are supposed to..."

All the resentments coming from Melissa's mind were exhausted as harsh words that humiliated Leila.

The words pierced like an arrow as Melissa didn't think too much about Leila's feelings. Leila even trembled a little unexpectedly, and felt too disgraced to meet Melissa's glare.

As her rationality went back, Melissa stopped ranting, getting aware of her recklessness. Thinking that she might have just been too rude to Leila, she blinked her eyes and shook her head to calm down.

She closely stared at Leila, only to see Leila's bowed head. Then she spoke another scurrilous words.

"Leila, let me be clear. You have made such a messy plan which obviously have failed, and now you lose control of it! If anything happens to her, you will suffer the same!"

With Melissa's threat, Leila didn't have the nerve to retort. A nod and a feigned smile were her reluctant answers. In a coherent way, she replied, "I will..."

Stunned by Melissa's angry words and looks, Leila surely had gone weary. With a bang of the closed door, Leila didn't know when Melissa turned and left her room. As the door was shut and Melissa was nowhere to be seen, Leila's look turned into a long face. With her teeth gritted, she couldn't help but curse, "Why did she yell at me like that? Is it all my fault?"

To Leila, it was absurd to understand the old hag. The whole kidnapping plan was combined from their complementing ideas. With full confidence, Melissa agreed with her back then, but now Melissa seemed to deny her involvement. Even worse, she turned her back against Leila and threatened her.

Outrageousness escalated Leila's feelings.

If something ominous happened to Shirley, did Melissa think she would not be held responsible? The foxy old lady acted like she had nothing to do with the kidnapping, turning a blind eye about the instigation of the kidnapping incident. Instead, she was trying to make Leila as the punching bag and

shield from the blame. Feeling disgusted with Melissa's act, Leila had been cursing countless in her mind.

Instantly, Sheryl's face came into her thought, like a passer-by. At the moment, Leila couldn't be more loathing of Sheryl. Even if it was unintentional, she had sabotaged every plot Leila had raked her brain to make, and cornered her to come down such a bold and dangerous road. However, all of Leila's efforts went in vain.

Facing the chaotic situation recently, Leila found herself on the verge of collapse and doomsday.

Nonsensically, Leila considered Sheryl to be in a more comfortable condition than her. In Leila's thoughts, Sheryl's illness was an escapade from all the trouble and blame that she was supposed to receive.

The fury inside Leila's mind accelerated even more. Karma had arrived to her already.

Desperately, Leila immediately sought for a way to vent out all the piled frustrations from Melissa, Sheryl, and from the failed kidnapping plan resulted. As she looked around in her room, her hands itched to smash some things. But she should not make a loud noise that could disturb others, and

provoke their curiosity about Leila's rage. Seeing the pillow, she came up with a way to exhaust her anger. At last, she violently picked up the pillow on the bed, then threw it to the direction of the door while clenching her teeth. Now, her spleen was lessened.

After Melissa left Leila's room, she still failed to put her heart to rest as she walked. She could not help but grow more and more skeptical about everything Leila said. Especially, about the three spots Leila showed to her, Melissa doubted that that might be a pretense Leila made to calm her down.

As long as Melissa got no lead from her granddaughter, her heart would continue to be in vehemence.

She had to push herself to extremity this time; or else, she might be kicked out of Lu family.

On the other hand, Melissa regretted that she didn't pressure Leila more. At the back of her mind, she said, 'I could have fiercely told Leila that if Shirley would not be found in the next three days, I would call the police or tell Charles her plan. Then I could claim I knew nothing, but...'

Baffled thoughts made Melissa torn. After a while of contemplation, she finally decided to give a little patience to Leila and wait for three more days. But if Leila failed to keep her promise, she would taste the wrath of senescence, as Melissa would not hesitate anymore to destroy Leila mercilessly.

At the moment, Melissa's eyes turned grim. Her feeling of extreme fury seemed ready to tear

everything in front of her eyes. Their plan was failing miserably.

At the dining room of Lu family

The whole dining room that used to be full of laughter and noises, was now silent. Charles didn't come home tonight. Perhaps he was invited to join a dinner party for business. Meanwhile, Sheryl was too weak to go downstairs, and was being taken care of by Nancy. Only the two people, Melissa and Leila, sat at the table who were both fuming mad inside, filling the dining area with tension.

During the meal, both Melissa and Leila buried their faces to the table. Before today, they used to have a lot to talk with each other before the food was served. But now, not a single word from them was uttered. The atmosphere was completely different from before due to the quarrel invoked by Melissa, which seemed to result in the alienation of them.

"Leila, let me repeat myself to make things clear. Three days, I'll only leave you three days. And if you fail to take Shirley back home, prepare for the consequences!"

The ambiance darkened even more as Melissa warned Leila in a cold voice. Leila's eyes were still dropped into her bowl as she tried to suppress her anger.

With Melissa's repeated threat, Leila felt more diffident that she couldn't reply at once. Though she had promised that she could bring Shirley back to Melissa in three days by searching the three spots thoroughly, that was for certain at all. After a while of thinking, she adjusted herself and was ready to respond.

"Okay, Aunt Melissa, rest assured. I won't fail you this time. Three days, I will find out where Shirley is hidden, and bring her home!" Leila replied, with a sweet smile.

These words worked effectively, like a charm. After hearing what she had said, Melissa didn't utter one more word. Gladly, she had made herself clear and intimidating. With these treatment from Melissa, she believed Leila would make every effort she could do to find Shirley; otherwise, Leila wouldn't get away with what she had done. Anyone who messed up with Lu family would taste their wrath, little by little and very painfully.

Chapter 1377 Lifted A Finger

Both Leila and Melissa lost their appetite. They took a few bites and went back to their own bedrooms, as if some monsters were chasing them

When she was in her bedroom, Leila remembered something which was interrupted by Melissa just now. She took out her phone and dialed a number.

"Hello, Benjamin. Can you help me look for a girl? It isn't like looking for a needle in a haystack. I will text you three locations. Can you do me a favor and go to those places?" Leila asked sincerely.

"Leila, we're friends. Sure, I will be glad to help you. Text me later. And remember to send me a picture of the person you are looking for so that I can recognize her." Benjamin said yes to Leila, which made her breathe a sigh of relief. She needed to find Shirley in three days. It would be an impossible mission if she did it on her own, since time was limited. She decided to ask for help.

"Thank you so much, Benjamin. I will text you now."

"No problem. It's just to lift a finger."

"I really appreciate it, Benjamin. Please call me if you have any updates. She's a missing child from my relatives. We're very worried now." Leila exaggerated it, trying to make Benjamin be serious about this.

Benjamin was startled. A missing child was a big issue. He fully understood Leila's anxiety and worry, so he assured Leila from the other end of the phone, "I promise, I will try my best to find the kid and bring her back to you as long as I find her."

Leila still couldn't fall asleep after she hung up. She felt like she couldn't breathe as this issue had been

weighing in her mind.

She tossed and turned until midnight.

At midnight, Leila was so anxious that she got up and sneaked out from her bedroom.

She tiptoed to Sheryl's bedroom. She opened the door easily and slipped into it.

It was very dark inside. Wind shook the curtain against the window. Leila walked to the window in

darkness and opened the window very carefully. The bright moonlight shone through the window and

into the bedroom. Leila got to study Sheryl under the moonlight.

Sheryl was sleeping. She looked quite and paleness didn't reduce her beauty at all. Her skin was as

smooth and white as milk. Her lips were perfect and her eyelashes were thick and long, like a baby

doll. She had the cutest button nose. Her neck was as slender as an axe rod and below it were her

sexy collarbones.

Sheryl was like the sleeping beauty.

However, the more beautiful and peaceful Sheryl was, the more eager Leila was to destroy her.

Leila was jealous of Sheryl's beauty. She wished that Sheryl could disappear in this world forever so

that Sheryl could not distract Charles' attention any more.

Sheryl used her pretty face to seduce Charles! Leila got angrier and angrier. Why could Sheryl sleep tight here. Why could she have two wonderful kids? And why could she enjoy all Charles' love and care?

It was unfair!

Wonderful things were created to be destroyed.

Leila squinted and ground her teeth. She looked like a demon, scary, especially in this quiet night. If other people could see her in this bedroom, they would think she was insane.

Jealousy was like a monster, devouring Leila. She felt like she was a rat in the ditch right now, peeking on Sheryl and ready to attack her.

Leila was so jealous. Her anger and jealousy towards Sheryl grew stronger and stronger, torturing her.

Leila used to be an outsider, looking Sheryl and Charles showing in public. They were perfect match and that was very upsetting for Leila.

She used to dream for many times that she was the one who stood next to Charles. But the fact was that she was like a clown, standing next to them silently and listening to others praising Charles and

Sheryl, which made Leila clench her fists.

Now that Leila finally got the chance to be closer to Charles and his family, she couldn't lose this game.

The closer she was to him, the deeper her love was until she totally fell in love with him and thought

she couldn't live without him.

Charles' handsome look, charm and his determination as the leader of the Shining Company attracted

Leila.

But Sheryl stood in her way. The closer Leila was to Charles, the more clearly she saw Sheryl and

Charles' relationship.

After she moved in, Leila noticed the way Charles looked at Sheryl and the way he took care of her.

And they had two wonderful kids, who were the symbol of their love and also the origin of Leila's

hatred.

Sheryl seemed to be the happiest woman in the world. She had everything. How could Leila not be

jealous?

Especially now, all Leila wanted was to kick Sheryl out of the house so that she could pursue her true

love, so she came up with a plan to kidnap Shirley. It was faked. She didn't really mean to hurt Shirley.

She had done nothing wrong! But why? Why should she be tortured by Jim that way?

Leila didn't think Sheryl was any better than her. Why should she fall in hell whereas Sheryl lived in heaven, enjoying all the love and care? Why were their situations so different?

This was unfair! Leila didn't believe in fate! She was the one who took charge of her life. Why should Sheryl always live in the castle and be treated like a princess? Leila was determined to destroy Sheryl, because in her eyes, Sheryl didn't deserve this. This world would be much better if Sheryl never existed. Then she would be Charles' wife and she would be the host of the Lu family.

Leila totally went out of control. Her eyes became red because of anger and hatred. Sheryl brought her nothing but pain. Leila wanted Sheryl to feel that too. She wanted Sheryl to experience the feeling of being tortured and never getting the man she loved.

Leila thought about those painful experiences—she looking at Charles and Sheryl displaying affection and she being ignored even hated by Charles.

And Leila would never forget that afternoon when Jim rode on top of her in that dusty room. Those pain and desperate were still vivid.

Chapter 1378 Kill Her

Leila only wished that someone would give her just the tiniest hope at this point in her life. However, she had no one. No one reached out to her.

She didn't bother crying about it and moping around because now she'd found a new goal. She found something that would motivate her which was hatred. 'There's no way back. I can't turn back time, so I might as well just take Sheryl down with me, ' Leila thought to herself.

Her eyes were full of deep-seated hatred. Leila was going to do no matter what it took.

Leila stared at Sheryl's perfect figures for a long time. Finally, she lifted her hand to touch Sheryl's cold face in the dimmed lights. She stroked her figures lightly as if enjoying a perfect masterpiece.

'Wow, such a beauty! What will happen if something goes wrong with her face? Will Charlie still love her?' Leila began to fantasize. She even had time to test her ideas.

Sheryl should've awakened by Leila barging into her bedroom and caressing her face like a pervert— anyone would've gotten awoken by it.

But what was strange was that Sheryl was still sunk in sleep like she was already resigned to this world of darkness that she was now in.

Leila didn't realize how strange it was because she was too caught up in her own emotions. She just

thought the reason why Sheryl didn't wake up was that she was in the middle of a deep sleep and that her touch was gentle enough to not disturb her.

Leila's hand looked thin and white in the moonlight. She gradually moved her hand to Sheryl's delicate neck.

Looking at Sheryl's beautiful and vulnerable neck, Leila associated her with a maiden of sixteen.

Looking like a budding flower, Sheryl was a woman of great beauty.

Leila grabbed her neck lightly and could feel Sheryl's pulse.

She looked insane under the moonlight while the darkness hid her evil intentions.

With jealousy boiling inside her, Leila started tighten her grasp around Sheryl's throat.

Leila loosened her grip when she realized the odd bluish color of Sheryl's neck. 'Why hasn't she awakened?' She realized that there was something wrong.

'What have I done to her?' At this moment, Leila was at a loss. She was scared by what she had done.

She couldn't believe that she almost killed Sheryl.

Instead of ensuring that Sheryl was still alive, Leila dashed out of the room like she was trying to

escape from it.

She stumbled on her way out. When she returned to her room, she slid down with her back against the wall, gasping and afraid.

She recalled what she had done and she realized that Sheryl looked like she was in comatose.

She was afraid that she'd killed Sheryl.

Leila despised Sheryl but that didn't mean that she wanted to kill her.

She didn't even want to think about what Charles would do if Sheryl really died. 'He'll get mad at me and get his revenge. He'll make my life a living hell. I can't let that happen. I'm not a murderer!' Leila panicked to herself.

The only thing she could do now was pray that Sheryl was safe and sound.

'She can't be that weak, ' Leila assured herself. 'My grip wasn't that strong. She can't just die like that. I should go to sleep now. At least in my dream, I can do whatever I want to her.'

Leila rubbed her chest to make herself calm down and talked herself out of panicking. After which, she went to bed.

Leila woke up early the next morning.

When she opened her eyes, last night's events immediately flashed in her mind. She recalled how silent Sheryl was.

The blood drained out of Leila's face. After looking back to everything that had happened the previous night, Leila realized something—Sheryl never responded to her.

The more she tried to remember what she'd done to Sheryl, the more scared she became. She made her way to the living room to distract herself.

It was still early in the morning, so there was nobody in the living room except her. She sat on the sofa, deep in thought. She couldn't get her mind off it.

She wanted to go upstairs to make sure that if Sheryl was still alive, but she was afraid to face the truth if she wasn't.

The air in the early morning was a little cold and moist. Leila had sat on the sofa for half an hour, and her hands and feet had become as cold as water. As the sun gradually came up, the fog had disappeared as if it was never there. It was replaced by the sunlight.

Leila still felt cold despite the sunrise. She felt like she was in hell. She wrapped her arms around

herself, terrified.

After a while, Melissa got up and went downstairs. She looked relaxed. It seemed that Shirley's condition didn't bother her at all. She was selfish like that. She never bothered to worry about anyone as long as she was okay.

If it was Charles who had been kidnapped, she wouldn't get worried as long as she could still keep her lavish lifestyle. Maybe she'd act sad and worried for a while but that was it.

The only one Melissa cared about was herself, and what mattered most to her was her luxurious life. She'd gotten a bit worried about Shirley but had sooner dismissed the feeling when she realized she could just blame it all on Leila.

Chapter 1379 Sheryl's Coma

As Melissa got to the living room, she sat down and saw Leila sitting on the sofa with a straight face.

Leila didn't look well, as if her world was about to end.

Melissa asked distantly, "Leila, you're up early. You look unhappy. Did something happen?"

Leila just realized that Melissa had gone downstairs and sat behind her. She raised her head and greeted Melissa coldly.

"Good morning, Aunt Melissa. I'm fine. I just wasn't able to sleep properly last night and it's making me

dizzy."

"Really? Then why are you up so early? Why don't you go back to bed and try to get some sleep?"

Melissa walked towards the refrigerator and poured Leila and herself a glass of milk.

Leila took the glass of milk unconsciously, keeping silent. She was in her own world.

Leila despised the way Melissa was treating her. Her voice was annoyed when she spoke. She figured

Melissa wouldn't even notice because she wasn't the type of person to notice things like that.

"Even if I lie down now, I wouldn't be able to fall asleep. I may as well just get up. It might help."

Melissa nodded and didn't press on any further, but she did continue talking.

"Sheryl hasn't been getting up the past few days. All she did was lie in her bed waiting for other people

to do things for her. What I don't understand is how on earth Charles married a woman like that!"

Melissa kept rambling on regardless if Leila said something or not. All Melissa cared about was talking

about Sheryl behind her back like she was waiting for Leila to join her.

Leila mumbled something just to get Melissa to shut up but it didn't seem to work. She just kept

rambling. Leila swore she saw spit flying from her mouth. Leila was starting to get uncomfortable and

she just wanted Melissa to stop but she didn't know how to.

"I don't know what I did to deserve someone like her! Such bad luck! Just look at how she behaved.

She just lay in bed all day eating and sleeping! Let's see if she can do that her entire life!" Melissa said, fuming.

Suddenly, Nancy rushed downstairs, shouting.

"Ah... No! No!" Nancy's face turned white. Her voice echoed through the roof and it was trembling.

"What the hell is going on?" Melissa screamed when she saw Nancy rushing towards her.

"Help! Help! She doesn't seem to be breathing!" Nancy said, out of breath, with tears welling up in her eyes.

Bang! Leila dropped the glass of milk she was holding. She looked frightened and she was trembling.

She tried to calm herself down as she was afraid Nancy and Melissa would grow suspicious about her.

But she couldn't shake her fear that Sheryl could die. 'Did I kill Sheryl last night?' Leila thought to herself.

Leila was shaking and unable to breathe out of fear.

Melissa cast a glance at Leila puzzled—she didn't know why Leila was acting that way. However, she

only glanced at her for a second before turning back to Nancy to ask her to call Charles.

No matter how much Melissa hated Sheryl, she still knew the right thing to do. Otherwise, Charles would get mad at her.

Sobbing, Nancy picked up the phone and dialed Charles' number. Meanwhile, Melissa stood beside her clam as ever.

"Hello, Charles. Sher doesn't seem to be breathing. I have called the ambulance but you should get here right away."

At Shining Company

Charles froze upon hearing Nancy's words. He didn't even notice that he'd dropped his pen.

He asked after a deep breath, "Nancy, what do you mean? Isn't Sher breathing? What does that mean? She's just at home. How can she not be breathing? Is this a joke?"

Charles was stunned and couldn't bring himself to believe Nancy. He felt his heart twist and his soul vanish as if into thin air.

Nancy cried, "It's true. Sher isn't...Just please! Get here right away!" The way Nancy was crying broke

Charles' heart.

Charles tightened his grip on his phone—his face was pallid and sweating.

'How? How could something happen to Sheryl? I just left the other night. How could something bad happen to Sheryl?

Sheryl, Sheryl. Please, please, you'll be okay, ' thought Charles.

Charles got up right away, grabbed his keys, and headed out the office.

'It can't be. This can't be. Sheryl's fine. God, please.' Charles was praying in his heart.

In the Dream Garden

Nancy went back to Sheryl's bedroom while waiting for the ambulance. She stood silently beside

Sheryl. She held Sheryl's hand tightly as if she wanted to transfer some life into her.

Melissa followed Nancy to the bedroom. She wanted to see what really happened. She saw how still

Sheryl lay like she was in a coma. She put her finger under Sheryl's nose trying to feel something but to no avail—Sheryl wasn't breathing.

Melissa gazed as Sheryl lay there motionless. Something was stirring in her heart. She hated Sheryl

with all her might and maybe God must've heard her.

Melissa lowered her gaze to hide her joy. She figured if Sheryl died, she wouldn't have to deal with her anymore and her son wouldn't have to spend his life with such a useless woman.

Chapter 1380 She Deserves To Die

That would be absolutely perfect.

If Sheryl died, Melissa was confident that Charles would listen to her once and for all and leave his property in her care. In that case, she would be the real hostess of the house—it would be necessary for her to manage the family's finances.

Indulging in her imagination of an easy future, she thought, 'Sheryl, you've tried to fight me all the way through. Well, now you're facing the consequences!'

With this in mind, Melissa could barely hold back her laugh.

Soon, the ambulance sirens could be heard from outside. A group of medical staff jumped out of the car and rushed to Sheryl's room to put her on a stretcher and drive her to the hospital.

On the way there, Nancy stayed with Sheryl in the ambulance. She remembered to call up Charles and tell him to head to the General Hospital instead of Dream Garden.

Worried out of his mind, Charles drove to the hospital at incredible speed. In a gloomy mood, he felt

everything turn gray around him when the dust flew by as he drove.

Once he got to the hospital, he rushed to the emergency room faster than ever in his life.

Inside, the doctors were doing their best to save Sheryl's life.

A doctor came out to have him sign the Critically Ill Notice, telling him with candor that the patient inside might not be salvageable. Charles' hands shook violently. At that point, he could no longer stop the tears from streaming down his cheeks.

Staring at the sheet in front of him, he signed it like he was stuck in some kind of dream, in contrast to the usually vigorous signature he would use on his office files. His uncontrollably shaky hands revealed his extreme panic at the moment.

"Doctor, please save my wife. Please!" Charles pleaded, grabbing the doctor by his arm like he would be a lifesaver if he was drowning in the sea.

Although the doctor was already used to being around matters of life and death, even he was moved by the weakness and pleading in Charles' eyes.

"Mr. Lu, we'll do everything we can."

Each operation was a battle—doctors couldn't ever make any promises to patients' families. The only

thing they could truly do was put all their effort into saving every patient they had.

With that, the doctor gently removed Charles' hands from his arm and gave him a brief pat on the shoulder before throwing himself into the emergency room, ready to enter the battle of saving another life.

The sound of the door shutting on him made Charles tremble even further. All he could do was stand still outside the room, his eyes fixed on the door as if it could determine life and death itself.

Before the procedure was over, Melissa and Leila arrived at the hospital in a rush. Seeing the light on the emergency room sign, they knew that Sheryl was still in there.

"Charles, don't worry. Sheryl could recover soon. Don't make yourself suffer too much."

Seeing Charles' ghastly face, Melissa comforted him with as much sincerity as a hypocrite could manage.

Unsurprisingly, Melissa dropped by the hospital not out of concern, but out of spite—she wanted nothing more than to see Sheryl miserable and helpless. Seeing Sheryl die a painful death would be cause for celebration.

Melissa's attempt at comforting Charles did nothing to relieve him of his grief. All it did was remind him that in the Lu Family, Melissa and Leila never liked having Sheryl stay at home, so they must have something to do with her coma.

Sheryl had just caught a cold. How could it have turned into a critical illness?

It was too much for Charles. The only way he could make sense of it was if Melissa and Leila had something to do with it.

With that thought, Charles couldn't hold back his anger, and he practically roared, "If something bad happens to Sher, I won't let you get away with it!"

The two were stunned silent. His fierce gaze seemed to pierce through them.

Being on the receiving end of his anger, Melissa felt wronged. Although she had always wanted Sheryl out of their lives, this time, she did nothing to put her in danger.

Just when she was ready to snap back at Charles for yelling at her, his grim, dark expression scared her off—she didn't dare say anything more to provoke him.

Instead, she continued pretending to be worried about Sheryl to appease Charles. That didn't stop her from cursing the woman inwardly.

'Why isn't she dead yet? My own son yelled at me because of that bitch!

She has always gone against me. She deserves to die!'

With hateful thoughts filling her mind, Melissa's face lit up—she couldn't be any gladder to see Sheryl in such a hopeless condition.

Meanwhile, unlike Melissa, Leila was feeling rather nervous, genuinely hoping that Sheryl would survive.

Although she had looked forward to Sheryl's death for a time, she realized soon after that things were different in this case—she was a major player in Sheryl's critical illness. If she died, it might end up a real murder case.

In spite of everything, Leila couldn't afford to risk facing the consequences of murder.

While she wanted to bring Sheryl down, she didn't want to live the rest of her life as a murderer. Gritting her teeth, she wondered and regretted how her impulses led to such dire consequences.

For the first time in her life, Leila genuinely worried about Sheryl, even if only for her own sake. In her heart, she prayed hard for Sheryl's survival.

Subconsciously, she ended up taking Melissa by the arm, seeking any kind of support.

Playing the part of the concerned relative, Melissa feigned mumbling to herself, "Poor Sheryl, please be alright."

As she did it, she subtly glanced at her son, hoping he heard her small prayers.

Much to her disappointment, Charles didn't even spare her a glance. Sheryl's safety was all that mattered to him at that moment. Regardless of the mess of the situation, he just wanted Sheryl to recover as soon as possible.