

## **Wedded Bride 1381**

### Chapter 1381 His Suspicion

With Sheryl's life hanging in the balance, Charles recalled all the things that he had done to her and

how he had failed Sheryl's love. He hung his head low and felt deeply remorseful. Charles regretted not

treating Sheryl better and not telling her how important she was to him.

'Sher, please don't give up! Please live for me!' Charles prayed silently.

If she pulled through this, Charles would ensure that they lived the rest of their lives happily together.

He would never let Sheryl be exposed to any harm or injustice again. No matter what, he would stand

in front of her to protect her from all evil.

Now that Charles might lose Sheryl, he realized that she was the most important person in his world.

Without her, he would live with a dead heart.

Time trickled by, and every second was like a year to Charles. Charles was tortured by sorrow and

depression every second because he didn't know what was happening to his precious Sheryl.

The longer he waited, the more anxious Charles had become. He was overwhelmed with grief that he

hallucinated Sheryl standing before him with a smile on her face. She told him gently that it was only a

nightmare and that she was safe and sound.

Sitting on a chair, Melissa was playing games on her cell phone to while away the time. She glanced up and noticed the anguish and despair on Charles' face. He was her son, and it broke her heart to see him so sad and depressed.

She patted Charles on the shoulder and pretended to feel the same way as Charles. "Charles, I know you're worried about her. We must believe the doctors will try their best to save her life. Come on. Sit down, and have some rest."

Charles wasn't in the mood to deal with Melissa now. All that he cared about at this point was Sheryl.

Melissa opened her mouth to say something else, but Charles cut her off and said callously, "If Sheryl doesn't survive, I'll find out by any means possible what happened to her, and the people who hurt Sheryl will suffer greatly for it!"

Charles had never looked so fearful as he did now. His expression was cold and determined, and his eyes were filled with hate and vengefulness.

When Leila heard it, a cold shiver ran up Leila's spine, and her hands began to tremble with fear. She slipped them into her pockets so no one could see them shaking. Then she bowed her head down,

biting her lip hard, afraid that Charles would notice her nervousness.

Contrary to the calm expression on the exterior, her mind was overtaken by fear. She prayed silently,

'Sheryl, please survive. I dare not do it again!'

She hoped that her prayers would be answered and Sheryl would survive.

Melissa curled her lip in a show of disdain and said, "This is just a symptom derived from her illness.

The family doctor checked on her, and you know that. There is no one to blame for what has happened to her."

She wondered if Charles had lost his mind from worrying about Sheryl. Melissa was shocked by his accusation. She didn't believe that someone could be that vicious to do anything sinister to Sheryl and decided that he was overthinking it all due to the stress.

Charles lifted his head and stared emotionless at Melissa. "I'm afraid you're wrong. Sher is undergoing an operation and fighting for her life. You say it was just because of the cold from the other day?"

Melissa was rendered speechless and remained quiet. She decided that it was best not to say anything else afraid that Charles would become angry with her.

What Charles had said made perfect sense. Melissa began to give thought to everything that had

happened in the past few days. 'Sheryl did only have a cold that had escalated into a fever due to her stress over Shirley. But the doctor had given her adequate treatment, and she was getting better.

There was no indication that Sheryl's condition would take a turn for the worse, let alone die from a little

cold. What Charles had said implied that someone tried to murder Sheryl and this person lived in the

Lu family residence. It was all a reasonable possibility, not Charles' insane imagination at all.'

Melissa suddenly recalled that Leila looked odd when Nancy ran downstairs in a rush and told her that

Sheryl had stopped breathing.

At that time, the milk bottle dropped out of Leila's hand, and Leila lowered her head immediately as if

she was trying to hide her expression.

'Could Leila really be responsible for what has happened to Sheryl?'

Thinking of that, Melissa cast a suspicious glance at Leila. 'Leila could very well be the one who tried to

kill Sheryl.'

All of a sudden, she began to see Leila in a different light. Melissa had always thought Leila was the

kind, gentle, and cute girl, whereas Sheryl was the vicious and nasty one. So she had always wished

for Leila to be her daughter-in-law.

If Leila were indeed the one to blame, Melissa would be in total shock. Leila had been very good at hiding her true colors.

Finally, the door to the emergency room opened, and the nurses wheeled Sheryl out though she was still unconscious in the bed.

Charles had been anxiously waiting for what felt like an eternity. When he saw Sheryl, he rushed over to the bed and held her limp hand in his.

With a look of urgency, he asked the doctor in a quivering voice, "How is my wife doing?"

The doctor removed his surgical mask and answered gently, "We have stabilized her, and she is out of danger now. She was asphyxiated and had trouble breathing. That's why her life was in danger. The throat is an extremely vulnerable part. It was lucky that she was sent to the hospital in time. Otherwise, the consequences would have been severe. We'll keep her here for observation, and after a few days she should be well enough to go home."

Charles was so relieved that Sheryl was going to be all right, and he breathed a heavy sigh of relief.

Knowing that she wasn't going to leave him, he suddenly felt everything was okay again. Charles already had his suspicions about how Sheryl came to be in this state, and the doctor had just confirmed what he thought was right.

However, at this point, all that he cared about was the health of his wife, and that she was going to be okay.

"Thank you so much! Thank you!" Charles wept because of the joy and relief that he felt. He kept repeating his gratitude over again to the doctor.

Melissa wasn't happy. She couldn't believe that Sheryl was so lucky to have survived and she felt dissatisfied. Melissa was hoping and had expected that Sheryl would die so she wouldn't have to see her anymore and wouldn't be bothered by her.

But to her disappointment, Sheryl lived. It was very frustrating to her.

Leila's mind was racing, and she was weighed down with panic and fear. They all heard what the doctor had said, and she knew that Charles would get to the bottom of who had tried to strangle Sheryl.

She had to figure out how to disassociate herself from this accident. Otherwise, Charles would never forgive her and who knew what he would do to her if he found out.

'What can I do to get out of this?' Leila was immersed in her thoughts.

There was no evidence to prove that she had tried to asphyxiate Sheryl. If Sheryl claimed that she did it, then Leila would deny it. She believed Charles wouldn't do anything to her and would believe her.

Chapter 1382 The Self-injury Trick

As Leila carefully recalled what happened that night, she made sure that no one would be able to see her break into Sheryl's room at midnight. She knew that Sheryl's room wasn't installed with security cameras. No one saw her creep towards Sheryl; no one saw Leila pinch her. Sheryl was still blissfully asleep, stuck in her coma.

Only Leila and God knew what she did here tonight.

'Whatever Charles might find out later, he would never think that I had something to do with it, '

Leila thought to herself calmly, her heart beginning to slow down.

Charles followed the nurses to where the hospital ward was. He was busy thinking about the process, just as Leila had expected.

He suddenly recalled the doctor's words in front of the emergency room. 'Strangle Sheryl? I know enough that there's someone out for Sheryl. But who is it?' Charles pondered worriedly, squinting his

eyes in exhaustion.

When he got to Sheryl's ward, he found a dark, purple bruise on her pale, slender neck. It stood prominently against her skin, like a distracting stain on a beautiful white shirt.

He felt extremely sorry for Sheryl. His guilt had piled up on the edge of his throat. He wasn't able to protect her when she needed him.

Charles gently touched Sheryl's neck, carefully grazing the bruise. Even if the doctor had told him that Sheryl's condition had stabilized, he was still frightened for her.

If she didn't make it, nothing would be able to ease his pain, not even if he figured out who the murderer was.

Sheryl was still asleep.

She lay motionlessly in the bed, except for the shallow rise and fall of her chest.

Nobody would have expected Sheryl to be awake this moment. From last night until earlier today, she had stayed awake and kept her head as clear as she could.

Whether it was during the moment that Nancy found her, or whether they were on the way to the hospital, she kept her head clear.



When she heard Nancy's desperate cries, she didn't make a sound. She no longer believed that they could find Shirley, which was why she had to figure out a way to deal with Leila on her own.

She listened when Charles showed his worries for her, but it wasn't long before she realized that she didn't care for him anymore.

Sheryl didn't know herself whether she should trust Charles entirely anyway, even if she loved him from the bottom of her heart.

Maybe her disappointment grew stronger each time Charles didn't trust her. She began to lose confidence in him, because she realized that she couldn't trust him, either. Shirley was her everything.

She would never compromise for anything if it came to her child.

Sheryl could easily remember what happened last night. She heard the door open, thinking that

Charles had returned. But then, she realized that it didn't sound like Charles' footsteps.

She squinted against the light leaking from the doorway, seeing a feminine figure. It was Leila. Sheryl was shocked to see such a wretched woman; she never would have believed that Leila would have the audacity to sneak into her bedroom. Sheryl knew that Leila kidnapped Shirley. But what was she here

for?

Sheryl could feel Leila slowly approaching her, and quickly shut her eyes, pretending to be asleep. It

was only a few seconds before she felt Leila strangle her with her hand.

That was when she realized Leila was going to kill her!

Sheryl was horrified at the sudden awareness, but she couldn't do anything. She had to pretend that

she was stuck in a coma. She decided to go along with Leila's trick, but she had to make sure that she

wouldn't lose her life from it. She still had to find Shirley.

She knew she took a big risk. She bet that Leila wouldn't be able to kill her now, so at the very least,

she should be able to catch Leila in the act. She could use this for blackmail in the future.

Just as Sheryl expected, Leila couldn't kill her. She ran away in fright.

Sheryl tried to be as still as possible when Leila held onto her neck so tightly. It became difficult for her

not to move or make a single sound.

However, Sheryl had luck on her side. Leila ran away before she could hold it any longer.

Sheryl immediately took the chance to carry out her plan.

As soon as Leila ran out of her bedroom, Sheryl opened her eyes.

She stroked her neck, feeling a little itch and soreness. She had to keep her cool; there was still so much more to do.

The next second, Sheryl got up and looked for her phone. Once she had it in her grasp, she opened her contacts and dialed quickly.

Sheryl was lucky that the person she was calling was still awake at this time of night.

"Doctor, good evening,"

Sheryl greeted over the phone. She and the doctor were very old friends, but they rarely contacted each other. Charles was oblivious to his existence.

They always kept in touch, however. They always called each other during the holidays or festivals.

"Sheryl. Is everything all right? Are you okay?"

the doctor asked almost immediately upon hearing Sheryl's crooked voice. He could tell from the sound of her rasp and broken voice that something was off. He quickly got up and headed towards the wardrobe, preparing to change into his work clothes.

Sheryl heard those sounds and explained quickly, "Relax. I'm okay. I'm sorry I called you too late. I just

want to ask you a favor."

The doctor slowed down, and continued to listen to what she had to say. They talked for a few hours before they called it a night. They were going to start the plan the next day, with his full cooperation to help Sheryl make it look like a self-injury.

Leila had taken her actions foolishly; it was the perfect time for Sheryl to set a trap for her. She had to act well. Leila had to pay for what she had done, and this was the only way to know where Shirley was.

#### Chapter 1383 Bad Dreams

What happened last night flashed across Sheryl's mind vividly like a movie. She made the utmost effort to make sure that every step was seamless, and she couldn't afford any mistakes or accidents.

It was the breakthrough that Sheryl needed, a once in a blue moon opportunity. Leila was so cunning and deceitful whereas she, on the other hand, was softhearted. If Leila hadn't given herself away, Sheryl would never have come up with such an idea of bringing her under control and forcing her to reveal where they hid Shirley, although she desperately clung to the idea to get Shirley back. Sheryl would never regret doing it for one moment.

Sheryl lay motionless in the VIP ward at the hospital, and she still hadn't woken up, not even once.

Twelve hours had passed by quickly, and by this stage, the doctor was sure that she was out of danger.

After giving Sheryl another thorough checkup, the doctor returned to his office and called Charles to keep him updated on Sheryl's progress.

"I have a question, Doctor. Now that she is out of the woods, why doesn't she wake up?" Charlie asked in a worried tone. Charles came into the doctor's office immediately in the hope that there was a sign that she would wake soon.

The doctor looked up at him after reading the medical record and replied earnestly, "Mr. Lu, please don't worry. These things take some time. After all, she had been attacked unexpectedly in her already weakened condition. She has been through a lot and needs more time to rest. I believe that she will wake when she is well-rested."

"All right then. Thank you for your letting me know, Doctor," Charles said. The doctors' words offered some comfort to take a load from his mind. However, Charles wouldn't completely relax, not until Sheryl woke up and smiled at him.

"You're welcome, Mr. Lu. I'm just doing my job. She will get better soon and please take care of her. If you have any concerns, please feel free to contact me," the doctor added.

Charles nodded and left the doctor's office. He rubbed his head, absentmindedly on his way to Sheryl's ward. When he entered the room and saw Sheryl, a smile of relief crept onto the corners of his mouth.

He noticed beads of sweat on her brows, which reminded him that he needed to bath her.

It had been two days since Sheryl had a shower, and he knew that she would feel remorseful if she learned that she hadn't showered yet.

The smile on his face widened when he remembered how Sheryl used to show ill-temper at him.

After locking the door for privacy, Charles went to the bathroom and soaked a towel under the tap.

Then he went back to the bed and gently proceeded to wipe Sheryl's face and neck with great care.

Charles had never done this before, and so he deliberately slowed down his movements, in order not to hurt her.

When he spotted the bruise on her neck, he paused, and the tenderness in his eyes disappeared. He felt the rage building inside of him and rolling into a full-force storm. Charles felt distressed for not protecting Sheryl and regretted not taking Leila down from the start.

To this moment, he had almost ascertained that it was Leila who tortured Sheryl. That night, both Leila and Melissa were at home, and today, he had talked with Melissa, trying to find out something useful,

but only found out that Melissa didn't get involved.

It was Leila. He would never forgive her and would pay her back an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.

The anger rose to a near boiling point inside of Charles. He hardly did anything to Leila when she

kidnapped Shirley, but that wasn't enough for Leila as she had dug her claws into Sheryl as well. That

was the breaking point for Charles. He swore that he would make her pay.

Now was not the right time. Charles still hadn't found where they were keeping their daughter, and

Sheryl was still unconscious. The most important thing was to take care of Sheryl until she regained

her strength and woke up. Revenge is a dish best eaten cold, and Charles could wait.

Charles squeezed some ointment onto his fingers and gently rubbed it onto the bruises on her neck

until it had absorbed into her skin.

The bruises were slowly fading, but they would remain etched into Charles' memories forever. They

would stay there as a constant reminder of how he neglected the woman he loved and allowed her to

go through this hell.

Even when Sheryl healed, he would not. Even if Sheryl forgave him, he would never forgive himself. It

was all his fault for giving Leila the chance to hurt Sheryl.

Charles had his own plan set in motion. He decided to let sleeping dogs lie until they dropped their guard and gave the game away. Charles could then track them down and rescue their daughter.

However, he never anticipated that Leila could be so callous and raise her hand against Sheryl as well.

It was too late to regret now.

It turned out that it was all wishful thinking on his part. If he had been more alert, all of this would never have happened.

The more he thought about it, the more enraged he became. Charles had to use every ounce of his strength to stop himself from going to find Leila this minute and tearing her limb from limb.

He had to be patient. Justice had long arms. When Charles had finally finished bathing Sheryl, he found that his clothes were soaked in sweat. He didn't know if it was out of nervousness or fear of losing her. Charles was exhausted and felt like he had just finished a tough business negotiation. A negotiation that he had never encountered before.

When he gazed upon Sheryl, a touch of sweetness warmed his heart. It was a pleasant feeling to take care of the love of his life when she needed it, and it was a happiness that he had never tasted before.



Charles felt that his life was becoming more completed with Sheryl around. It took this tragedy for him to realize how important she was to him.

"Sher, can you hear me? Please wake up! I'm so scared!" he whispered into her ear. Charles rested his forehead against hers and stayed like that for a moment.

He then gazed at her and slowly raised his hand to tenderly caress her cheeks. Charles could feel that her cheekbones had become more prominent. 'She must have lost weight these past days because of the worry and stress from losing our dear daughter.'

He closed his eyes tightly to stop the tears from falling and remembered the promises he made when they were married. To love her, cherish her and protect her no matter what happened till death did they part. Charles didn't keep his promise.

The guilt soon took over his heart. It opened his mouth, slithered down his throat, and seized his heart tightly that he almost felt like he was choking. For a moment, he was numb with pain.

The painful lump in his throat caused him to gasp for air. He wanted to say that he was sorry from the depth of his soul, but he could only whimper.

It took Charles a while to compose himself. When he finally opened his teary eyes, he gazed at Sheryl with such self-condemnation and repentance in his eyes. "I'm so sorry, Sher. I would rather kill myself than to watch you suffer this much. Please, please give me your trust one more time. I'll do my utmost to protect you and our children. I will make you the happiest woman in the world. I swear to you with all of my heart and soul!"

He then lowered his head and showered her with tender kisses like delicate raindrops. Charles hoped that she could feel the love and warmth, so she knew how much he loved her.

When the night fell, Charles didn't leave her, to go home.

Instead, he stayed at the hospital with Sheryl and told the nursing staff that he had employed, to leave them alone.

Earlier that afternoon, he called his assistant and said that he would be away for a couple of days. He left the vice president in charge during this period. Charles stressed that he didn't want to be disturbed unless there was a major emergency such as the sky was falling down.

All of his attention was on Sheryl now. He wasn't able to spare any of his time to his Shining Company.

He pulled a chair up next to her bed and sat down. The chair wasn't very comfortable because Charles

was a tall and burly man. However, Charles didn't seem to realize it. Sheryl was the only person that mattered now, and nothing else was necessary at the moment.

He just gazed at her and was unaware of the time. Suddenly he heard Sheryl mumble something in her sleep. Charles leaned in and put his ear closer to her mouth to listen.

"Oww, it hurts! Please don't hurt me! Stay away from me! Stay away from my daughter! Please, leave us alone!" she murmured with her eyes still shut.

Charles' heart broke when he saw that Sheryl must have been having a nightmare. She frowned in her sleep while her eyelids twitched and tears slid down from the corners of her eyes.

Charles didn't interrupt her but stayed quiet to hear more. However, Sheryl fell silent once again. It was as if what he heard were all in his imagination.

He stroked her hair lovingly to calm her down.

"Sher, it's me, Charles! I'm here with you. It's all right. Don't be scared. I'll protect you and the children.

I'll always be here for you. Just relax and sleep, knowing that I am here with you," he whispered

regardless of whether she could hear him or not.

The next moment his eyes had sharpened like a pair of icy daggers. No trace of the softness was left that he bore for Sheryl from a moment ago, because he thought of the people that hurt her.

He gently rubbed her shoulders to soothe her until her breathing was slow and steady again. When

Charles was satisfied that Sheryl had relaxed and fallen into a deep slumber, he stood up and headed for the door. The gale was raging, and the storm was about to break and wreak havoc.

Chapter 1384 Things Turning Out The Opposite

It was a cold and quiet night.

Cassie lay in bed, restless. She kept thinking about what happened those past few days.

Shawn arranging to have her kidnapped, Jordan saving her by accident, and even his weekly visits were upsetting Cassie a lot.

She suddenly felt an impulse to hide. She wanted to run away, where no one would find her. Cassie just wanted to live quietly.

If she couldn't be with Nick anymore, any other place was just the same. Cassie was shocked by this sudden realization. 'Does Nick play such an important role in my life?'

She ran the question over and over in her head. Cassie kept trying to take him out of her mind, but she never succeeded.

No matter how hard she tried to push him away or forget him, he was rooted deeply in her heart.

Cassie was getting even more distressed. She sat up, giving up on sleep, and took her phone out to browse at WeChat.

She clicked on Nick's profile. Their last interaction was a little more than two weeks ago. Those sweet messages were now like a huge slap in the face to her. It was mocking her and her innocence. She couldn't help but feel humiliated.

'Cassie, are you really still so hung up on him?' Cassie asked herself sadly.

Looking at Nick's photo, Cassie couldn't help but cry. She sniffed as she clicked on it, accessing his Moments.

Nick rarely updated his profile, and even more so his Moments. The last one he posted might have been more than two weeks ago. However, once she saw his Moments, her eyes widened.

This was new?

This was just posted. Nick published a new Moment.

It was of a high-class restaurant. Nick took a few photos of the menu, which Cassie looked at

thoroughly. She didn't know what she was really looking for, but at least it kept her up to date with Nick's life.

Staring at the photos one by one, Cassie couldn't help but feel a little down and disappointed. These photos had nothing to do with his track.

Cassie was beginning to feel a little worse, wanting to close the Moments. She stared at the last one.

In the last photo, she saw a pair of hands on the right side, resting on the table. They were the hands of a woman.

The fingers were delicate and slender, like thin porcelain. Nick might not have intended to take a photo with her in it, and Cassie guessed that that was the case because the hands were further outside the frame.

Cassie tried to dismiss it, but she could already picture how beautiful the owner of the hands would be.

She must have the sexiest figure, and the most beautiful face. "God damn it," Cassie whispered to herself.

Cassie tried to grip on her phone tightly but her hand kept trembling in anger and betrayal. She couldn't stop herself any longer; she zoomed the photo in to look carefully at the hand.

'Her hands are glowing and delicate. She takes good care of her skin. She doesn't seem like a relative.

Nick was having dinner with a woman. A woman! He even posted it on his Moments. But it's also as if he was hiding her; he didn't want to take a photo of her on purpose.

What is Nick trying to say or do? Is it deliberate? Did he mean to include just an inkling of a hint?'

Cassie thought.

Cassie felt an ache in her heart. She closed the Moments, itching to call Nick to clarify.

It was already late at night, but she was dying to know who the woman was.

She always kept in touch with him by calling him and sending him messages, but she never got a reply.

She could never get close to him, but he was having dinner with another woman. 'Maybe I'm just thinking too much, ' Cassie thought to herself.

She decided to call him. 'Nick, please pick up. Please. Come on!'

The phone kept ringing, but there was still no answer. Cassie's eyes were already brimming with tears without her being fully aware of it.

'Why aren't you answering? Why?'

Cassie asked angrily in her heart, her hand trembling with anger as she stared at her phone with disdain. She threw her phone in frustration and shoved her head on her pillow crying heavily.

Cassie didn't care if her phone broke or not. Her mind was filled with speculations as to who the mysterious woman could be. It was beginning to eat Cassie up; she couldn't understand why Nick would be so cruel to her.

'Why! How could he do this?'

Cassie buried her head in the pillow, letting her screams and wails swallow her. Her tears continued to spill out of her. She thought about how lucky she was to see this in the comfort of her own bedroom, and not in public where other people could find her.

Time passed slowly. It was a while before Cassie finally wore herself out from crying. When she lifted her head up, her eyes were sore and red. She took a few deep breaths before turning to sit up. She stood and made her way to the living room to grab a glass of water. She felt a lot better.

When she glanced to the side, she noticed that the moonlight was shining brightly on her window. She walked closer and peered at the moon.

She remembered the time that Nick accompanied her home. He didn't want to come into her house



because he wanted to avoid unnecessary gossip. He merely stood underneath this window, looking up

at her. She behaved like a foolhardy woman, looking down at him with loving eyes.

When their gazes met, Cassie thought that she shared a moment with him. To her, she felt like the

whole world became quiet.

Apparently, it was only all in her head. The relationship and love she thought she shared was all a

sham. 'Cassie, you're such an idiot.'

Cassie chided herself sadly, tears rolling down once again. She wiped them off quickly, knowing she

shouldn't recall him the time of day any longer. Shaking her head, she suddenly saw a tall figure

underneath.

The silhouette was slender and long, cascading a longer shadow by the moonlight. Cassie blinked

once, then twice, to make sure that her eyes weren't playing tricks on her.

'Could it be Nick? Could it really be him?

It's him. It must be him! Who else could it be?'

Cassie thought excitedly, anger and sadness no longer in her body.

She rubbed her eyes and stuck her face closer to the window. She wanted to look more clearly. She wanted to make sure it was him. However, it also frightened her to know that there was a possibility that she was just seeing things that weren't there.

She couldn't help it. She had to find out. She put her hands closer to the windowsill, looking at the dark silhouette.

She blinked her eyes, letting them adjust to the dark evening. As soon as she saw the different chiseled shoulder, the different stance, her heart began to break.

It wasn't Nick.

This man was looking directly at Cassie; something Nick never did to her. It was a cold, intimidating stare. It was Jordan.

Cassie jumped away from the window like a hot, burning fire.

'Why is Jordan here? At this time of hour? Why is he looking at my home?' Cassie wondered, baffled by his presence.

Cassie's heart rose up in her throat, beating much more quickly.

Chapter 1385 Why Are You So Nervous

In the corridor of the hospital, Charles raised his wrist to look at his watch. It wasn't too late at night.

Without hesitation, he dialed the number of Dream Garden.

It was Nancy who answered the call.

"Hello, Mr. Lu. Did Sher wake up?" Nancy had planned to stay at the hospital to take care of Sheryl.

However, Charles insisted on being there alone, so she had to go back to Dream Garden, though she never stopped worrying about Sheryl.

She was anxious to know how Sheryl was doing and couldn't help but ask Charles eagerly.

"Sher hasn't woken up yet. But the doctor said that she was out of danger and would recover after some rest."

Charles knew that Nancy was worried about Sheryl, so he promptly told her what the doctor had said.

"Thank God! I am so relieved to know that." Upon hearing the good news, Nancy was so happy that she was about to cry.

Nancy was thinking about making some nutritious food for Sheryl to aid in her recovery when she regained consciousness.

"Nancy, tell Mom and Leila, they are not allowed to leave Dream Garden until I find out who tried to

murder Sher!" Charles said in a serious voice.

"Got it," Nancy answered. After hanging up, she immediately went to inform Melissa and Leila.

Nancy found them lazing around in the living room. She approached them with a straight face and said,

"Mr. Lu said until the perpetrator for the attempted murder of Sheryl is found, you two are not allowed to

leave the house!"

Nancy had always been nice to everyone. She would never show irritation when Leila and Melissa had

gone too far with her, but now she was different. Her face was dark, and her eyes were filled with

coldness.

Melissa and Leila were astounded by her bluntness and attitude toward them. When they heard what

Nancy had said, they were even more dumbfounded.

After a short time, Melissa recovered from the shock. 'Charles regards me as a suspect as well!' she

thought disgruntled.

Melissa was an arrogant and unreasonable woman. Moreover, she hadn't done anything to Sheryl this

time, so she immediately flew into a rage when she felt that she was wrongly judged.

She roared at Nancy, "Why should I listen to him? What do I have to do with the attempted murder?"

How dare he treat his mother like this? You scum! You're bullying me with him!"

Melissa kept cursing her while grabbing for anything that was within her reach and smashing it onto the floor.

After a short time, the living room was a mess, and the floor was covered with broken vases, cushions, a smashed TV screen, and even the glass coffee table had been destroyed at Melissa's hands.

It was hard to find a clear place to walk from all the strewn debris that covered the floor.

Nancy didn't do anything to stop Melissa. All she cared about was Sheryl's safety. She wouldn't give

Melissa so much as a look, let alone a frown if Melissa had broken everything in the house.

Furthermore, Charles was already upset because of Sheryl. When he found out that Melissa had made a scene at home, he would only hate her more.

Since Nancy had conveyed the message that Charles had instructed her to, she turned and walked into the kitchen without looking back, ignoring Melissa. Nancy assumed that Sheryl would most likely wake up tomorrow, so she began to prepare the materials. She was planning to make her a wholesome chicken soup tomorrow morning.

Melissa became even more infuriated when she saw Nancy turn her back on her and go into the kitchen as if nothing had happened. As if Melissa had not done enough damage yet, she began to kick the things on the floor to vent her anger.

She kicked indiscriminately without taking notice of the glass pieces at her feet. Her foot struck something sharp which sliced her toe open, causing the blood to ooze out immediately.

That made her even angrier, but she couldn't do anything about it. Melissa hobbled over to the sofa and began to tend to her wound.

All the while, she kept on cursing even while she was wrapping her foot with a bandage.

In contrast to Melissa's outburst, Leila didn't say anything. She looked calm and even emotionless.

Melissa glanced up at Leila from her bandaged foot. Only then did she notice the vague look on Leila's face and that she wasn't her usual self.

She narrowed her eyes as she noticed that Leila was behaving oddly. She knew Leila well enough, to know that she wouldn't be like that if she weren't guilty of doing something.

'What's wrong with her? Normally, she would have gone along with me to condemn Charles or try to

soothe my anger. Instead, she's sitting quietly in a daze, ' Melissa wondered.

After quite a while of sitting in silence, Leila drifted off into her bedroom like a ghost. Melissa watched her leave, contemplatively.

Once Leila had returned to her bedroom, Melissa got up and limped to the door of Leila's room. She guessed that Leila wouldn't have locked the door and barged inside without knocking.

When Melissa entered, Leila had been in her own little world. She jumped and cried out in surprise at the sudden intrusion.

Melissa raised an eyebrow at Leila's jumpy reaction and stared at her mysteriously. Leila felt intimidated and scared by her intense gaze. She couldn't help but ball her fists instinctively.

"Why are you so nervous?" Melissa asked as she walked closer to Leila and whispered in her ear.

Leila winced, it was as if she wasn't used to Melissa being so close to her. She subconsciously stepped back, distancing herself from Melissa.

Melissa regarded her for a moment and decided to be frank. "It was you who tried to kill Sheryl. Am I right? Leila, I have to say. I admire you very much. You've got guts I'll give you that much!"

Leila was in a panic, and her legs nearly buckled beneath her. She took a couple more steps back and

turned so as not to look at Melissa.

"Aunt Melissa, I don't understand what you're talking about. How could I do something to hurt Sheryl?"

You must have misunderstood me. I didn't know that Sheryl was in danger until this morning," Leila

protested with trepidation. She had lost all sense of logic, but she still tried to reason with Melissa,

refusing to confess.

Melissa despised Leila's affectation. She looked at Leila with an ironic smile, and to Leila, it was like

being slapped hard across the face. Leila felt ashamed.

Chapter 1386 Confession

"Leila, how couldn't you know what I'm talking about? Who could have sneaked into Sheryl's room in

the middle of the night?" Melissa said with a scornful smile.

Nancy had found Sheryl in a breathless stage this morning. Leila must have sneaked into Sheryl's

room in the middle of the night, so Melissa decided to trick her.

Leila panicked as she thought that Melissa had known about her crime.

"Aunt Melissa, I'm sorry. Please don't tell others. I'm begging you," Leila confessed immediately, too

scared to lie. Unable to stop herself, Leila began sobbing. Her tears were enough to confirm that she



admitted to trying to kill Sheryl.

Anxiety and guilt overcame Leila, and she couldn't think clearly enough to tell that Melissa was merely manipulating her. Thinking that she was already exposed, she decided it would be better to confess herself, hoping that Melissa would stay on her side and keep her secret.

Nodding her head in satisfaction, Melissa said, "You can rest assured. I'm not Charles. I don't care about who tried to kill Sheryl."

Then, she added, "But Leila, how can you be that stupid? It doesn't matter that you failed to kill her. But you should have kept yourself clean. How are you going to stay out of this now?"

As if she was ashamed of herself, Leila lowered her head. In truth, she condemned Melissa inwardly, 'Easier said than done. Why don't you do it yourself if you're such an expert? You never had the guts to do it. And now that I've tried it myself, all you can do is lecture me! At least I did something. You coward!'

Of course, Leila didn't dare say such words to Melissa's face. Instead, she bowed her head and listened to Melissa silently.

As Melissa continued, she got more and more excited. "If only we could get rid of her! I wish she'd just

die already. She'll never do us any good. What a shame! She got lucky this time."

For the first time since they worked together, Leila realized that Melissa was just as vicious as her. She had underestimated Melissa before, it seemed.

"You're right. Sheryl just got lucky. That luck will run out, sooner or later."

That, at least, Melissa could agree with. Having been allies for so long, Melissa treated Leila as a real friend. For now, she could manage to keep her temper. Because of Shirley, however, things had been rather awkward between them lately.

"Charles is already suspicious of you. You need to be careful. You can't confess so easily like you did just now. I asked him to save you from prison before. But I can't do that a second time."

As she warned, Melissa gave her a pointed look, as if she was doing her a favor, and all that she could to help her.

"I know, Aunt Melissa. I'll be more careful." This, at least, satisfied Melissa. Leila's behavior made her feel more superior.

With that, Melissa headed back to her bedroom, her hands resting on her back. Behind her, Leila finally

rolled her eyes after holding back during the entire conversation.

But Melissa was right. If someone like Melissa could guess that it was Leila's doing, a clever person like Charles must have already uncovered the truth. Otherwise, he wouldn't have let Nancy say such things to her. From what she heard from Nancy, Charles was dead-set on finding the murderer.

Because of Sheryl, Charles never had a good impression of Leila from the start. After the accident, Leila knew his image of her had become even worse. How was she ever supposed to win his heart?

The idea worried her.

How could she stay clean in this situation?

Lost in thought, Leila sat in front of the dresser all night, racking her brain for a solution.

The next morning, in Sheryl's hospital ward, Nancy dropped by for an early visit because the doctor told her that Sheryl was already doing better and that she should be waking up soon.

She had two containers with her, one for millet congee and the other for chicken soup. It took a while for her to prepare the meals, having made sure that they were light and not too oily. Nancy wanted to do all she could to help Sheryl recover.

When she stepped inside, the first thing she saw was Charles, sitting next to Sheryl, having fallen

asleep with his head on his arms.

Not wanting to disturb him, Nancy walked quietly. Still, Charles was never a deep sleeper, and he woke up the instant he heard footsteps in the room.

His face was pale with exhaustion, having had little sleep lately. Rubbing his eyes, he greeted, "Nancy, you're here so early. Come, have a seat."

He pointed to the chair next to him.

Seeing the dark circles under Charles' eyes, Nancy felt rather sorry for him. She knew that it was a difficult time for him, and it kept him from getting a good rest.

With a subtle sigh, she wondered why there were so many tragedies happening lately. Shirley was still missing and they had no clues about her whereabouts. Now, Sheryl had to be hospitalized because of attempted murder. 'What happened to this family?' Nancy asked herself, thinking of going to spend a day at the temple for prayer.

All Nancy wished for was that Shirley returned to the family and that Sheryl recovered quickly. She dearly missed the laughter and harmony within the family.

"Mr. Lu, I can take care of Sher. Why don't you go get some rest? I'm sure that Sher wouldn't want to see you like this when she wakes up. You can't take care of this family if you get sick as well," she suggested, noticing that Charles was almost drifting off to sleep again.

"I'm fine, Nancy. Thank you. You don't need to worry about me. I want to stay here with Sher," he declined with a smile.

Though she understood, Nancy couldn't help but sigh.

Seeing the love and concern in Charles' eyes, she was rather puzzled. Only a few days ago, Charles was so quick to misunderstand and blame Sher, even when she was in pain because of Shirley's disappearance.

With a shake of her head, Nancy thought she might just be too old to understand young people nowadays.

After a quick stop to the bathroom to wash his face, Charles returned to the ward quickly.

All he could do was fix his gaze on Sheryl and worry, wondering why she was still unconscious. He knew he would never relax until she woke up.

About half an hour later, Nancy suddenly called his attention in excitement. "Mr. Lu, look! Sher's

fingers! They moved." She pointed it out, her eyes welling up with tears.

Chapter 1387 I Don't Know!

When he heard Nancy's words, Charles glanced from Sheryl's face to her fingers. As Nancy said, her fingers move slightly.

Wearing an astonishment expression, Charles blinked his eyes a few times to clear his sight. Suddenly, he lowered his head, closed his eyes, and pinched between his eyes. After a while, he opened his eyes again and let out a deep breath as a sign of relief. A coma patient who could move her fingers was a good sign of recovery.

Luck was on their side. Soon after, Sheryl opened her eyes slowly in the hot gaze of Charles and Nancy.

Ecstasy clouded him, making Charles held Sheryl's hand. Looking at her with his eyes filled with deep love, he was preoccupied now.

"Sher! Finally, you're awake. It's a miracle," Charles said. His feelings and emotions were too complicated, and he didn't know how to express them.

Bursting out into cries while speaking was a rare thing to see from Charles. When Sheryl was in a

coma, he felt guilty and blamed it on himself every second. His anxiety was at a peak as he thought that Sheryl would not come back into life again.

If so, he would lose Sheryl forever. What could have happened to him then?

As long as this thought hit his mind, Charles felt a piercing ache in his heart. The pain could almost drive him into suffocation.

Gladly, Sheryl was alive, so his fear would not occur this time. Life came back, not only to Sheryl but also to Charles, who almost died in worries.

At this time, Sheryl seemed to be confused about what had happened, and why she was in hospital now. She looked around in a daze.

A minute later, she focused on Charles.

"Have I been in sleep for a long time?"

Sheryl widened her eyes and asked Charles.

"Yes, you were in a coma for such a long time that I was afraid that you wouldn't wake up again,"

Charles answered fretted. Out of great relief, Charles pulled Sheryl's hand and kissed it.

Feeling concerned, Nancy interrupted them, "You have been in a coma for a long time. Are you hungry

now? I bring you some chicken soup and porridge. Come to eat some first."

Embarrassment filled Charles; he scratched his head and said regretfully, "Right, how can I forget it.

Sher, let me feed you with it."

Although Sheryl hesitated for a second, she nodded her head gently.

Her response made Charles jump with joy. Excitedly, he opened the cover carefully, scooped a spoonful of hot porridge, blew on it a little to cool it and tenderly put it in Sheryl's mouth.

As Sheryl finished the porridge, Charles suddenly recalled her sleep talking that night.

However, he was afraid to bring out the topic. The nightmare could remind Sheryl of the attempted murder, so he could only look at her first. Pondering for a while, he finally asked, "Sher, do you know who wanted to kill you?"

As soon as she grasped Charles' question, Sheryl shook her head anxiously while saying, "I don't know. I have no idea."

Feeling sorry for asking, Charles could see how terrified Sheryl was. Thinking how his wife had suffered, he clenched his fist.



Tears streamed down on Sheryl's face as she said, "I only care about Shirley now. I am not concerned with other things. My life doesn't matter. I only want Shirley to come back safely with us. Then we can live happily again."

Undeniably, Charles was also worried about Shirley. But in his heart, Sheryl was important too.

The sense of guilt almost drowned him to death. It was his fault that he couldn't protect the family well.

This time, he would find Shirley soon.

He hugged Sheryl tightly to comfort her silently.

"Charles, you should be careful too. I'm worried that the murderer will come back to kill you. He already made actions to our family and I almost got killed. It won't be a blow when he harms you or the people around me either. Our little boy, Clark. You need to protect him too,"

Sheryl said in paranoia to her husband. To ease her distress, Charles nodded hard and emphasized that he had arranged many people to protect Clark. It was not good for her to be stressed any longer.

Standing beside them, Nancy felt sympathy and resentful upon hearing Sheryl's anxious voice. 'She had suffered enough already, ' she thought and felt Sheryl's pressure and pains.

To alleviate the ambiance and make Sheryl get rid of these thoughts, Nancy shifted the topic. Recovery

should be Sheryl's focus, so thinking a lot could worsen her condition.

"Sher, you can have a taste of the chicken soup later. I cooked it with an old hen. You're frail now, so it's good for you to recover."

"Thank you! You must have cooked it well," she said pleasantly. Sheryl wiped her tears off her face as she didn't want Nancy to worry about her.

All of the people in the ward didn't talk about Sheryl's coma, but it didn't mean that the gossip would not

spread secretly. Even Nancy could know Leila must get involved in, not to mention Charles.

Charles would let Leila get into trouble and wait for the chance to give her the last shot.

At least, after finding out the truth and evidence this time, he could get her out of the Dream Garden.

Then he would consider the other revenge into consideration.

It was more urgent that Leila mustn't stay in the Dream Garden any longer or she could hurt his family again. What Leila had done was enough for the Lu family to loathe her.

On the other hand, Charles had been the hottest topic at the hospital because of the way he cared about Sheryl day and night. People saw a lot of bad men who were indifferent to their wives at the

hospital, so it was rare for them to see such a perfect husband who loved his wife much. Other

husbands could have cheated already, but Charles was on another level. Besides, Charles was rich

and handsome. The center of jealousy was the Lu couple.

Therefore, lots of nurses would take rounds as an excuse to see Charles. Every time they saw Charles,

they carried an expression of admiration.

Who could have not felt the same as the nurses? They just saw the scenes where Charles fed Sheryl

with food, accompanied her to walk, read poems for her and would cover her eyes and say "It's okay"

every time she got injected and then blew her bruise gently.

It was the scene in the soap opera that no one would not dare to miss. It was sweeter than the soap

opera.

Those nurses were stunned in Charles' charm and deep love, so the topic they chatted was all about

Charles and his wife.

"Mr. Lu is perfect! He is rich, handsome, and he loves his wife deeply. How can I find a boyfriend like

him? Alas!"

They sighed in jealousy and lamented about how all perfect husbands had wives already. Life was cruel and unfair to them.

"Yes. If I have such a husband, I'll laugh even in sleep."

"You continue your foolish daydream."

Everyone was fooled by love based on physical aspects. It was superficially perfect at first. But if it involved other perspectives of life, it began to worsen and be destroyed later.

Where could perfect love have hidden? Match made-in-heaven lovers were rare to witness nowadays.

This kind of scene was only in soap operas on television. It suggested that people were always looking forward to perfect love.

Chapter 1388 I Saw Him

At a loss for words, Charles didn't know what to make of the fact that Sheryl had different nurses checking up on her every day. Although they didn't give him the slightest hint that they were gossiping about him, somehow he still felt uncomfortable.

Sheryl teased Charles, just to relieve her sheer boredom, "See, here comes another member of your fan club."

Amused, Charles chuckled and pinched Sheryl's nose. "You know, I love you the most."

Charles spent the last few days at the hospital taking care of Sheryl, putting aside his work. In the meantime, he had hired some people to keep looking for Shirley. Before long he came to learn from his subordinates that Leila had framed Jim and sent him to prison.

This knowledge only helped to fuel Charles' frustrations. He was annoyed at Leila for making a mess of his plans because if it weren't for her, Shirley would be back home by now.

Jim was the only person who knew where Shirley was. Now that he was in prison, Charles had to make different arrangements. He had to call in favors from his friends in high places to help him contact Jim.

Sheryl wasn't the only one worried about Shirley. In fact, Charles was just as overwrought as she was.

At the Dream Garden

Leila was utterly exhausted and the consequences of her actions had caught up with her. It was as if she had jumped out of the frying pan and into the fire. Not only did she fail to find Shirley, she was also the reason why Sheryl was in the hospital.

Charles had put her under house-arrest, preventing her from going anywhere without his permission which made her want to pull her hair out.

After all, she couldn't just stay at home and do nothing. Shirley was still out there and she needed to find her as soon as possible. There was no room for excuses.

After much deliberation, Leila finally concocted another plan. However, since she wasn't allowed to leave the house, she would have to ask for someone's help.

Quickly grabbing her cellphone from the bedside table, she called a number without hesitation.

"Hi, Benjamin. It's Leila. Do you have any updates about the missing girl?"

"Sorry, I've got nothing right now. The locations you texted me are very remote and scattered. Finding a missing girl in places like that is like finding a needle in a haystack. It will probably take me a few more days. But rest assured, I am working on it as we speak." Benjamin had been tirelessly working against the clock to find Shirley and it drained him, both mentally and physically.

"I know you are doing your best to help me, Benjamin. I really appreciate it. But my relatives and I are very worried about the child. What if I double your reward? Could you please try harder?" Leila urged him politely.

"Fine, I will try harder. But remember to keep your word when I find the child." Benjamin agreed to Leila's new and improved offer immediately.

"It's settled then. I look forward to hearing from you soon. Please find her as soon as possible."

In truth, if Benjamin had actually put in the work to find Shirley, the chances of him finding her by now would be a lot higher. However, since he and Leila weren't that close, Benjamin didn't really put in a lot of effort to find Shirley.

But now, with the new offer, Benjamin became more serious.

He found the picture of the missing child Leila sent to him last time and printed it to pass it around the neighborhood. Day or night, he drove to the three locations without complaining.

Leila breathed a sigh of relief since Benjamin was finally getting serious about finding Shirley. The old proverb—"Money makes the mare go"—couldn't be truer. Benjamin would probably deceive her if she hadn't made him a new offer.

Suffice it to say, Leila was upset. After all, she could have used that money to buy a few handbags.

Ever since Cassie found out that Nick had updated his Moments, she became obsessed with the Internet and kept checking his posts. At work, Cassie would frequently check her phone from time to time. When she had come back home at night from work, she would do nothing but lurk his Moments.

However, Nick hadn't updated his status since that night.

Cassie felt upset and yet secure at the same time. She felt upset because she could no longer know how he was doing. She felt secure because she took comfort in assuming that Nick didn't have any female friends apart from her as he hadn't posted any pictures.

However, Cassie felt terribly frustrated for not being able to express her thoughts and feelings freely.

Cora could sense that Cassie was upset, so she invited Cassie to watch a movie with her after work.

Since Cassie didn't have any plans other than going back to her lonely house, she agreed to Cora's proposal.

They bought tickets for The Island and got two bags of popcorn for free because their tickets were season tickets. They walked into the cinema, each holding a bag of popcorn hoping to find good seats.

Fortunately, they were just in time as the movie had started as soon as they sat down.

Cora was completely absorbed in the movie but Cassie felt distracted and restless.

Sitting next to Cassie was a lovely couple. From what she could gather, they were very sweet. They sat very close to each other, feeding each other popcorn and coke, which made Cassie jealous.

"Cassie, what's wrong? This is a good movie. Aren't you having a good time?" Cora asked Cassie.



Cassie shook her head and lowered her voice saying, "I need to go to the bathroom. Be right back."

Cora casually nodded her head and made space for Cassie to leave, finding nothing suspicious.

Cassie badly needed a breath of fresh air outside the cinema.

The couple sitting next to her made her sick.

In truth, Cassie was just envious of their loving relationship. No matter how different their backgrounds were or whether they were good looking or not, as long as two people loved each other and cared for each other, it was the happiest relationship in the world.

Wallowing in self-pity, Cassie couldn't help but sigh in exasperation as she thought about her current situation. Feeling upset, she decided to go to the bathroom to fix up her make-up and that was when she saw him.

Was it Nick?

It was Nick!

The moment Cassie turned around and lifted her head, she saw him walk to a corner.

Cassie felt her heartbeat quicken, and without thinking too much, she ran to him.

Chapter 1389 Did You Get Injured

In an unlucky coincidence, just as Cassie was about to approach Nick, another movie had finished causing a stream of people to rush out of the cinema abruptly and block her path.

"Sorry! I didn't see you there." One of the people apologized as he accidentally stepped on Cassie's foot.

Cassie shook her head and stood on her tiptoes to look over the crowd anxiously. Unfortunately, Nick was gone.

"Damn it!"

Cassie stood there, clenching her fists in disappointment. She was certain that it was Nick.

She was also certain that she had seen a female companion by his side. The woman had a tall figure with long hair which draped over her shoulders. Cassie figured it must be the person whose hands she had seen in the photo.

Cassie's heart ached. Although she hadn't seen the face of the woman and her conclusions were only based on assumptions, she knew that a man would not have come to the cinema all by himself to watch a movie.

'Since when did Nick come back? And why didn't he contact me?

Did he fall in love with another woman?' Cassie was so upset.

She couldn't find a way to calm herself down. Caught up in her own despair, she even forgot about

Cora who was still watching the movie in the cinema. At a complete loss, Cassie walked along the road

aimlessly, paying no attention to the people and things around her.

Suddenly, the sound of her cell phone ringing in her pocket caused her to stop walking.

Cassie was distracted by the familiar song she had set as the ringtone. Instead of answering the call

immediately, she left it ringing until the caller hung up. Then she slowly took out the phone to find out

who the caller was.

It was Cora's number.

Suddenly, Cassie remembered that Cora was still waiting for her at the cinema, so she immediately

called back.

"Cassie, you've been in the washroom for a long time. Is everything okay? The movie just ended.

Where are you?" Cora was on the verge of tears, fearing that Cassie had been abducted again.

Cassie bit her lip, feeling guilty for worrying Cora. She immediately explained, "I wasn't feeling well so I

walked out for some air. Don't worry. I'll come and see you soon. Right now, I am at..."

Cassie looked around, but found nobody around her. After standing there for a while, she realized she didn't know where she was.

'God, where am I? I must have walked a long way. No wonder I feel so tired and my feet are so heavy.'

The long silence gave Cora a cause to worry and she anxiously asked, "Cassie, what's wrong? I'm so worried about you. Where exactly are you right now?"

"I..." Cassie was just about to tell Cora that she was okay and that she had walked a little far from the cinema, but the call got disconnected as her phone battery died.

Distressed, Cassie held her cell phone and stood there wondering what to do next. She whipped her head about and found that she was the only one there.

'How do I contact Cora? She's been worrying about me for this whole evening. Unable to contact me, she's going crazy! I need to get in touch with her as soon as possible!'

Like a cat on hot bricks, Cassie walked ahead anxiously. She hated herself for being so careless and she hated herself from coming out of the cinema in the first place.

However, regret wasn't going to help her. Her only option was to walk back in the direction she had

come, hoping to reach a place where she could hail a taxi.

Cassie staggered onward, her weak legs trembling with every step she took. She was so tired that all she could think of was a safe place where she could lean against something.

Meanwhile, after the call got disconnected, Cora called Cassie again, but found it had been switched off. Consequently, Cora's heart started palpitating and her sweat glands went into overdrive.

'Is Cassie in danger?'

Cora immediately called Jordan and told him what had happened and that Cassie might be in danger.

"I'm coming over. Don't worry. Since she was walking, she couldn't have gone too far. I should be able to find her by driving along the way towards the cinema. Unless she ran into some trouble... In which case, I'm not sure what to do," said Jordan.

"Jordan, you must find Cassie! I don't even want to think what will happen if a young woman like her fell into the hands of street thugs!" Cora pleaded.

"I know. I have set off. You should go back home first. Be careful," Jordan answered.

He drove the car along the way to the cinema at an incredible speed, looking out his window from time

to time. Whenever he found someone who looked similar to Cassie, he would slow down and take a few more looks.

After driving for over ten minutes, he reached a fork in the road which was about eight miles away from the cinema. It was very remote and the traffic was inconvenient. Only a few people would choose this way.

Jordan hesitated for a while before driving head on. If Cassie got lost somewhere in downtown, she would be safer. As an adult, she would manage to find her way home. However, things would be very different if she ended up taking this remote and inconvenient route.

Jordan drove the car slowly to search for Cassie. After a while, he saw a girl sitting at the side of the road, massaging her feet. Looking from behind, she looked very similar to Cassie.

Jordan sped up and stopped the car close to her. He opened the door and rushed towards the girl.

Fortunately, he had guessed it right. It was none other than Cassie!

Extremely relieved to see her, Jordan called out to her excitedly, "Cassie!"

Cassie was so tired that she decided to rest for a while. While she was rubbing her legs and feet, she

heard a familiar voice. At first, she thought it was just her weary mind playing an illusion until a pair of

strong arms pulled her up.

"Jordan!" Cassie cried out surprisingly when she saw the man's face.

She never expected Jordan would have shown up here.

"What happened? Are you okay?" Distressed, Jordan looked at her with concern.

Cassie shook her head, not knowing how to explain herself. In fact, Jordan was the last person she wanted to see. However, ironically, this man appeared in front of her when she was in trouble.

"Cora called me just now. I was worried that you might run into trouble, so I came as fast as I could.

You don't look so good. Let me take you to the hospital." Cassie's silence added to Jordan's anxiety and he was about to pull her hand.

However, Cassie drew her hand back to avoid his touch. Then, without word or warning, she turned around to walk away. But the moment she lifted her foot, a sharp pain shot up her legs and caused her face to contort in agony.

"Did you hurt your feet?" Jordan just noticed that Cassie's feet had swollen up. Although she was wearing sandals, he could see that her toes were not only swollen, they were frayed and bleeding as

well.

Chapter 1390 Do Things Differently

"You're bleeding, Cassie. I'll carry you!" Jordan squatted down suddenly and asked Cassie to hop on his back.

"No, no. You're embarrassing me. I can walk by myself..." Cassie refused him at once, without a conscious thought.

However, Jordan didn't have the patience to deal with her stubborn attitude. He sprang up spryly and picked her up in his arms before she could even finish her words.

"Jordan! What are you doing? Let me down! Let me down!" Cassie's sweaty face flushed red with embarrassment. 'How can he do this to me?'

Jordan, however, ignored her protests and began to walk towards his car nonchalantly.

He opened the door of the car with one hand and slowly sat her in the front seat.

As he bent over and leaned closer, Cassie's heart skipped a beat. She was afraid that he would do something to her.

Before long, Cassie was relieved to find that Jordan was just fastening the seat belt for her and making sure that it had latched on properly.



When Jordan turned the ignition key and revved the engine, Cassie turned to him and said, "Thank you very much."

"Any friend of Cora's is a friend of mine. And I... I see you as my own sister. It's normal that I treat you well." Jordan had other words on the tip of his tongue, but he changed them in the end.

Cassie felt embarrassed and decided to change the topic. She asked, "Can I use your phone to call Cora? My phone battery died earlier."

Jordan took out his mobile phone and passed it to Cassie.

The moment she swiped and unlocked the phone, her jaw dropped to the floor.

Never in her entire life did she expect that his screen saver would be... a picture of her!

'Oh my God, this is so embarrassing!' Cassie was so nervous that her palms were clammy and sweaty, but she could neither say nor ask anything. She couldn't bring herself to face him. She didn't want to bring it up because she was afraid that he would say something she wouldn't be able to handle.

Pretending as if she hadn't seen her picture in his phone, she casually dialed Cora's number.

After a few dial tones, Cora answered.

"Hello! Jordan, have you found Cassie?"

"Cora, it's me." Cassie explained everything to Cora and asked her not to worry.

While she spoke to Cora on the phone, Jordan slowly turned his head and stole a glance at Cassie's face.

Jordan knew that she would see the photo on his phone screen when he gave her the phone. He did it on purpose because he wanted to know how she would react. What disappointed him was the fact that Cassie made no reaction.

Fortunately, Jordan wasn't desperate as a part of him refused to believe that Cassie had no feelings for him at all. After tonight, he thought that he was likely to win her heart.

For now, he was happy to just look at her face. 'Good God! What a beautiful face! Sooner or later, I will be her boyfriend,' Jordan thought confidently.

At the Lu family's residence

Ever since Melissa found out that Leila was responsible for Sheryl's dire situation, she started to show up in front of Leila more often. Melissa's constant nagging was starting to get under Leila's skin. She couldn't feel comfortable with Melissa breathing down her neck.

"Leila, it's already been more than a few days. You promised to find Shirley and bring her back, but where is she now?"

If it weren't for Sheryl falling into a coma, I would have sent you out of Dream Garden. I am willing to give you a few more days. You'd better find Shirley if you want what's best for you!"

Melissa didn't hold back on the threats.

Melissa was like a fly that was constantly pestering her and all Leila wanted to do was swat her with her bare hands.

Leila answered confidently, "Aunt Melissa, I have found some important clues as to her whereabouts. I am trying my best. I'll find Shirley soon, I promise. Don't worry and take it easy."

Melissa nodded her head silently and strutted around Leila's room like she owned the place.

Puzzled by Melissa's silence, Leila tried to figure out what she meant but her presence was making her nervous and anxious.

Drawing her attention, Leila said, "Aunt Melissa, about Shirley, I know I've made a mess of things. But I am trying to make it up. I hope that you can forgive me!"

"My grand-daughter is nowhere to be found because of you and I don't even know when I will ever see her again. How do you expect me to forgive you? Especially after you tried to kill Sheryl? Listen! If it's not about my grand-daughter, then I don't want to hear another word from you. Do you understand me?" Melissa looked at Leila with disdain.

Leila averted her gaze and answered, "Aunt Melissa, you have every right to be mad at me. But you have to believe me when I say that I am worried about Shirley's safety too."

Melissa sneered contemptuously at her and then walked away. She didn't really care about Shirley; all she wanted to do was to laugh at Leila.

After Melissa's leaving, Leila gritted her teeth tightly. She found it increasingly difficult to tolerate Melissa. She wanted nothing more than to tear that woman apart. Even if Melissa knew that she was the one who tried to murder Sheryl, she didn't have any evidence.

Leila couldn't trust Melissa any more. Leila realized that if she wanted to win Charles' heart, she would have to find a new ally.

At the Shining Company

When Sheryl's situation showed signs of improvement, Charles decided to go back to the company and

deal with all the work that had piled up.

"Come and see me in my office!" After Charles arrived at the company, the first thing he did was call his assistant instead of dealing with the heaps of files scattered on his desk.

"Yes, Mr. Lu," said his David, as he hung up and went to Charles' office immediately.

"Mr. Lu, what can I do for you?"

"Have you found out anything about Shirley? It's been a long time now. The longer she's out there, the greater her chances are of being in danger. You need to speed things up!" Charles tapped his fingers on the desk subconsciously. It was clear that the man was dealing with severe distress and anxiety.

He hadn't slept for many days. As long as he thought that Shirley was still in danger, he couldn't stop feeling restless. Every fiber of his being yearned to shred Leila into pieces.

"There is no new information. After Jim went to prison, the clues stopped coming in. How about doing things the hard way and forcing him to tell us where Shirley is now?"

David understood and sympathized with Charles, but thanks to Leila for sending Jim to prison, all their plans had gone down the drain. Finding himself at a dead-end, he couldn't think of anything else

besides torturing Jim. Time was of the essence and they needed to act accordingly.