

Wedded Bride 731

Chapter 731 How Is Brent

"Sheryl!" Anthony fumed. He let out a cold, humorless laugh and continued, "So you've decided to break with me to be with Charles, is that right?"

Sheryl's eyebrows knitted together as she replied, "I don't want to argue with you about this."

Anthony sneered, "Don't forget, you are MY girlfriend. Do you really think it's appropriate for you to choose another man over me and defend him right in front me?"

"Enough!" Sheryl was visibly upset as she shouted in Anthony's face, "Anthony, I told you, I don't want to talk to you right now. Please leave. I will talk to you in a couple of days after we have both calmed down."

Anthony looked at Sheryl and answered, "No. We need to settle this, right here, right now. Otherwise I'm not going to let him get away."

Anthony raised his fist, about to hit Charles but Sheryl blocked his way immediately. "Stop it, Anthony!" she screamed.

"Sher, why don't you go upstairs first?" Charles said. Charles tugged on her hand gently and added,

"Go up and get some rest. Let me deal with this."

"But..." Sheryl glanced at Charles with concern and worry. Charles gave her a reassuring nod to convince her. Finally she nodded in agreement and said, "Okay, but be careful."

She picked up her luggage and went upstairs without sparing a glance in Anthony's direction.

Anthony was about to grab Sheryl's hand and make her explain things but Charles was faster. He swiftly blocked him and said, "You'll leave her alone if you really want her to be happy."

"Just who do you think you are?" Anthony challenged with a sneer. He shook off Charles' hand and

said, "You may be Shirley's father, but I'm the one who's been by their sides all these years. Shirley

thinks of me as her father, and the most suitable man for her mother. I hope you realize you're just an outsider to them."

Anthony jabbed his finger into Charles' chest and added in a cold tone, "Even to Sheryl, you're just

Charles Lu, the boss of Shining Company, and that's it."

"Is that right?" Charles smirked and added, "I told you, I'm an extremely patient man. As long as you

and Sheryl haven't tied the knot, I'm not going to give up. I don't care if she is Autumn or Sheryl. Here's

a bit of information for you — she is mine, forever."

The look of defiance on Charles made Anthony lose control of his temper. He grabbed Charles violently by the collar and growled, "She is my girlfriend now and she's happy with me. If you really want her to be happy, why are you harassing her?"

Anthony pulled his lips back in a sneer as he told Charles, "Charles Lu, you made a huge mistake showing up in her life again. If you really want what's best for her, you'd better stay the hell away from her. Do you understand!?"

"Do you really know how to care for her? I don't think so." Charles shoved Anthony away from him and said, "What did you do for her when your mother was abusing her with insults? Where were you when she fainted and had to be sent to the hospital? How can you be proud to keep reminding me that you're her boyfriend? Don't you realize how pathetic that is?"

Anthony was shocked and taken aback by Charles' words.

"I..." Anthony stammered as he lost his nerve. He knew he had messed up by not responding when Laura had accused Sheryl, but who was Charles to judge when it was none of his business? No matter what, it was between him and his girlfriend, Sheryl.

He managed to regain his composure and fired back, "What does any of that have to do with you? I'm

her boyfriend and whether or not I acknowledge my mistakes and apologize to her, that's between the two of us. You have absolutely nothing to do with these things, so stay out of it."

"Of course I do! I'm her husband, remember?" Charles replied smugly.

Anthony was rendered speechless. He knew that Charles and Sheryl were still legally bonded even though they had parted for so many years.

"What's the matter? Cat got your tongue?" Charles grinned at him, "Anthony, I'm not the one who objected to your marriage. Why don't you settle things with your mother first, before saying all these things to me?"

Anthony remained speechless for a long while.

Charles dusted off his suit and straightened his tie. "Well, I think it's best for you to leave now. You look like an idiot standing there."

"Wait!" Anthony's arms shot out as he stopped Charles. "Do you know... Why... why did Sher faint?" he asked hesitantly.

Anthony knew that Sheryl must be furious with him and probably wouldn't even want to talk to him. The

best thing to do right now was to give her some time and space to calm down.

But he still needed to know why Sheryl had ended up in the hospital and the only way he could find out was through Charles.

"It's no big deal." Charles glanced at Anthony and added, "The doctor said that her memory is recovering. You were her primary doctor back then. I think you should understand it better than I, right?"

Anthony was stunned by Charles' words. He remained rooted to the spot long after Charles had gone up the stairs.

He was going to lose everything if Sheryl really recovered her memory at such a crucial time.

He couldn't help giving a bitter smile. What a life, he thought to himself.

Charles went to Sheryl's place and knocked at the door. Seeing Charles alone, she asked, "Is he gone?"

"Yes," he answered, his head nodding slightly.

"Did he cause any trouble for you?" she asked with concern, her eyes checking him up and down for any injuries.

"Of course not. Do you really think I'm the type to just sit back and take trouble from anyone?" Charles teased.

Later, he taught Nancy what she needed to pay attention to when taking care of Sheryl. Sheryl invited him to stay for dinner but he declined, saying, "No no, you need to rest. I'd better get going."

Then Charles left immediately. After dinner, Shirley went to bed early and Nancy served Sheryl the medicine she needed to take, along with a glass of water. "Miss Xia, don't forget your medicine," she said.

The sight of the pills and water triggered a memory and Sheryl suddenly remembered how Nancy had poisoned her all those years ago.

She looked up and stared right into Nancy's eyes.

Nancy was taken aback. She felt Sheryl was acting weird today, more cautious and skeptical than usual. Nancy summoned up her courage and asked timidly, "Is everything okay, Miss Xia? Are you feeling unwell?"

"I'm fine," Sheryl answered. Then she smirked and asked, "So Nancy, how is Brent?"

Chapter 732 My Memory Is Back

Nancy felt like she had been punched in the gut by Sheryl's words and she actually forgot how to breathe for a second or two. Her back was suddenly stiff with fear as she forced herself to look at Sheryl. "You..." she stammered.

Sheryl cut her off. "Yes, my memory is back. I remember everything," She smirked and continued, "I bet you never expected me to regain my memory. Otherwise you won't have even dared to dream of coming to work for me and becoming Shirley's babysitter."

Nancy had indeed been shocked by Sheryl's sudden recovery, but managed to recover quickly.

The truth was, Nancy had already been mentally prepared for Sheryl to regain her memory. She had even imagined countless scenarios and how she would respond. But she had never in a million years imagined this particular situation. Sheryl's attitude towards her, and the words that were coming out of the mouth was shocking, to say the least.

"That's great to hear!" Nancy smiled and continued, "I knew that one day you would regain your memory. I have been anticipating it."

"What are you talking about?" Sheryl asked in confusion. "Aren't you scared? Now that I've gotten my memory back, aren't you worried that I'll take my revenge?"

"Whatever plans you have for me, I admit that I deserve the punishment and suffering." Nancy gave a forced smile and continued, "What happened back then... I admit, it was my actions that resulted in your separation from Charles, not to mention the misfortunes you suffered afterwards..."

"Enough!" Sheryl got up and turned away, unable to look at Nancy anymore. Despite her motherly, loving appearance, she still couldn't get over Nancy's crimes against her. "Just stop talking."

"Please, just let me finish what I have to say." Even though she was now talking to Sheryl's back, Nancy continued, "I've been carrying this heavy block of emotions for the past three years. Now please give me the chance to get them off my chest. I fear I'll never get the opportunity to speak them again."

Sheryl kept quiet and Nancy took it as a sign of encouragement. "Three years ago you were kind enough to employ Brent, but what you only got was misery. Brent has passed away and now I too, am prepared for whatever punishment you have planned for me, as long as it helps to clear any vengeance and hatred in your heart."

"What did you say?" Sheryl was stunned by the words that just came out from Nancy's mouth. "Brent is dead?"

"Yes..." Nancy gave a bitter smile and replied, "My son has been dead for the past three years. "

What Nancy said completely made Sheryl forget about any plans of revenge, and was instead replaced by sympathy.

She knew that Nancy only had one son. If Nancy were still working at Dream Garden, Charles would make arrangements for her after her retirement. But now, not only had she lost the job at the Dream Garden, she had also lost her only son.

'What would happen in her later years? Who is going to take care of her?' Sheryl's sympathy grew on her.

"Since Brent is dead, why are you still here? Why didn't you return to your hometown?" Sheryl gave Nancy a puzzled look. "I don't see any reason for you to stay in Y City."

Nancy explained, "I did think of returning to my hometown after Mr. Lu dismissed me, but I could never forget the fact that my family have done you wrong. My guilty conscience prevented me from doing so; I couldn't just leave."

She paused to recollect her thoughts and continued, "So I remained here in Y City and got a job with a local housekeeping agency. It doesn't pay much but it's enough for me to survive.

As for the reason of my staying in Y City, I could get easy updates about you if you has survived. At least it would help lessen the guilt and unease in my heart." Nancy gave another bitter smile and continued, "The day you came to the agency, I was actually happy to see you. Knowing that you had developed amnesia, I knew I had the perfect chance to serve you once again and take care of you properly to make up for the sins Brent and I committed against you. It was my way of clearing my conscience.

I knew you wouldn't suffer from amnesia forever, and would be bound to recover someday. But I never expected your recovery to be so fast." With another forced smile, she continued, "I know you probably don't want to see my face anymore. I will pack up my belongings right now and get out of your life forever."

"Stop right there!" Sheryl immediately stopped Nancy and forced some superiority into her tone. "After everything that you've done to me, you're planning to leave, just like that?"

"No, it's not like that..." Nancy wrung her hands in distress and tried to defend herself, "I just... I don't know how to face you. I don't know what I should do."

"Well, listen closely. There is one way for you to make up for me." Sheryl gave Nancy a shrewd look and continued, "From now on, you must put in every last bit of your effort in taking care of me and Shirley. That way you'll always be under my nose, and if you try any funny business again, you can expect severe consequences."

Maintaining the stern, icy exterior, she added, "I want you to prepare shrimp wanton for my breakfast tomorrow."

"Wh- What?" Nancy stared at Sheryl in confusion. "You want me to stay?"

"Who said I was chasing you out?" Sheryl gave a cold laugh and continued, "After everything that you've done to me, I don't think the remainder of your life is enough to atone for your sins.

Heck, even your next lifetime would not be enough to make up for everything." Nancy looked at Sheryl with delight and vowed, "Don't worry, Mrs. Lu. I will do everything I can for you and little Shirley."

"Don't address me that way anymore," Sheryl said with a frown. "Just call me Sheryl."

Then she took her medicine and retired into her room for some much needed rest.

Nancy stayed up late that night preparing shrimp wanton for Sheryl. When she was sure Sheryl was asleep, she quickly called Charles to inform him about Sheryl's recovery.

Charles had known that Sheryl had recovered, but since Sheryl hadn't mentioned it, he decided to feign ignorance.

The same night, a very drunk Anthony returned home to find Junia squatting in front of his door, and from the looks of it, she had been there for quite a while.

Seeing Anthony approach, Junia hastily tried to get up, but her numb legs prevented her from doing so and she had to hold on to the wall for a while to recover.

"Anthony!" Junia called out to him urgently, "Aunt Laura is in the hospital. You had better go visit her."

"Do you seriously think I'm going to fall for this set of lies again? It was foolish of me to trust you previously. How blind could I be to believe every sentence that came out of your mouth? What a joke," he sneered at her.

He gave a dry laugh and continued, "Actually, it's a good thing you're here. Go back and tell my beloved mother I don't want anything to do with her anymore. I'm disowning her."

Even though Junia knew that it was the alcohol in his blood that was making him speak so carelessly, she was still shocked by Anthony's harsh words. Frowning slightly, she responded, "Look, I know Aunt

Luara and I were wrong to lie to you. But right now, she's really sick. You're a doctor, won't you at least go visit her and find out what's wrong?"

Chapter 733 Visiting Zhao Family

"You really think I'm going to listen to you?" Anthony smiled, albeit coldly. The way he was looking at her had Junia's words stuck in her throat.

He wanted to be over the whole episode, but before he could retreat to the comfort of his house, Junia stopped him.

"I have to go, Anthony. You should look after your mother in the hospital. It's the least you can do."

Before walking away she rested her hand on Anthony's, much to his dislike. He felt a piece of paper slip into his hand. "The address," she told him. "Talk things over with her." Anthony didn't look at her as she left. He was done with dealing with anyone for the day. He would drink everyone away that night, he decided.

When morning came, Anthony wasn't so grateful for being sober. He looked at the dreaded piece of paper Junia had left him as it lay on a table in front of him.

Anthony knew of his mother's condition — but for her to be hospitalized? All sense of trust seemed to be fading away from him, maybe even that for his own mother.

Laura was his mother, nonetheless, so he found it in himself to get up and see her, at least. At the hospital, Junia was visiting Laura as she often would. The air seemed to get tenser and tenser as the days went by. "Are you feeling any better?" Laura didn't really need to respond. Junia gave a tight smile.

She suggested to head out and find some food Laura could enjoy, but the woman declined. "I couldn't enjoy anything right now anyway."

"He'll have to come around," Junia tried to reassure her. "He's a busy man, after all."

Laura put her hand on the girl's shoulder. "Thank you, Junia, for all your support. But I'm not that dense. I know he'd sooner leave the family than sort things out with me."

"He wouldn't," she said as she stood to find a glass for Laura.

"He knows his duties as a son," she tried to sound certain.

Laura sighed in response. She had no more energy to say more.

As Junia left the room to fetch water, she did not expect to see Anthony.

When he saw her, he turned on his heel to retreat like it was a new reflex. "Anthony!" She walked up to

him. "Where are you going?"

She could see his shoulders sag as he sighed. "She's been waiting for you, you know that." He turned to face her properly, with an uncertain look on his face. "How could you suspect your own mother?"

Junia scolded. "Do you really think we could deceive you somehow after all that happened?"

He simply stared at her. "Just be a good son and go see her."

Albeit hesitantly, Anthony entered his mother's room.

Upon seeing Anthony, Laura had to stop herself from smiling. It felt like she would be getting what she wanted, finally. "So you finally came," she said, instead.

"Need to see for yourself if I'm sick or faking it?" Anthony clenched his jaw to compose himself. "I'm not here to argue, Mom.

You should go home to rest. I don't understand why Junia has to come to visit you everyday."

He couldn't seem to find anymore affection in his words towards his mother. "Are you just here to spite me, then?" His mother's words were cold. "Do you hate me now, Anthony?"

"Mom..." Anthony started, but the frustration was strong within him. "I'm not leaving Sheryl, Mom. You have to accept that I'd rather do anything than lose her, even if that means cutting off ties with you."

Laura's eyes widened. "You..." She was livid. "You ungrateful son! So this bitch is worth more than your own family? She doesn't deserve it!"

"I love her, don't you understand?" Anthony pleaded. "I couldn't bear to lose her." Anthony's feeling of uncertainty when he arrived turned into distance. His devotion was completely to Sheryl, and he no longer wanted anything to do with this issue. "You should get good rest before going back home. I'll buy the ticket for you to go home," he said as he started walking away.

Laura was speechless.

Much to Junia's concern, she spotted Anthony on his way out. "You're leaving so soon?" Junia asked.

"Anthony!" Laura called from inside the room. "Anthony, you come back here!"

He paid no mind to his mother's calls. Anthony left without looking back. Laura propped herself up on the bed. She was desperate, but almost hopeless. All she could do was ask some more of Junia.

"You follow that boy and then tell me if he's going to see that damned woman again." "Aunt Laura."

Junia was uncertain.

"I'm not sure. Maybe we should just let him be. He cares for her." "You think I'm going to sit here and

leave my son with her?"

Laura leaned forward, the air around her turning threatening. "You go monitor my son, or I'll go do it myself."

Junia swallowed her resistance down, and agreed.

She rushed to find a taxi to follow Anthony's car. It was parked at some apartment nearby, so she stayed to keep watch.

Not an hour passed when she saw Sheryl walking out of the building. Anthony, however, didn't go to greet her. He simply drove away when Sheryl was out of reach.

Junia sighed. "Are we tailing after the car again?" asked the taxi driver. "There's no more need. Take us back to the hospital, please."

"God dammit." Laura couldn't help but curse when she heard Junia's report.

Junia wouldn't dare

say anything more.

Sheryl went directly to the Zhao family house this morning. There was some obligation to at least try to be closer with her family. Or at least closer than to Charles.

With her parents gone, she had to make sure that her grandparents could at least live without worrying too much about her anymore.

'At least I have Shirley with me, ' she thought. Together they carried some gifts to offer.

Abby greeted Sheryl with much delight, and moved in to hug her. "Sher, it's so good to see you. How have you been? We've missed you!"

"You know how busy it gets sometimes, I'm sorry." Sheryl patted her back. "It's good to see you."

Abby wanted to make themselves comfortable and led them inside. Arthur greeted her with the same excitement and affection. They offered to prepare a good meal for her, but Sheryl declined. "Please, you don't have to fuss over me. I came to visit my family." She smiled. She was grateful to them, but felt she was an unworthy granddaughter to be receiving so much warmth.

She should have, at the very least, visited them sooner.

Chapter 734 Andy's Secret

"It's not a bother at all. I'll go prepare a meal while you all chat. It shouldn't take long. I'll cook your favourite sweet and sour ribs!" Amy offered.

Shirley's eyes lit up at the mention of "sweet and sour ribs".

"You little glutton!" Amy teased Shirley affectionately.

"Shirley, shall we go and look for Rick? I'm sure you can't wait to play with him." Arthur smiled at Shirley.

"Yes! Let's go!" Shirley clapped her hands excitedly. It had been a long time since she had played with Rick.

There were now only two people left in the living room — Abby and Sheryl. Seeing the look on Sheryl's face, Abby knew that something was bothering her. She couldn't stop herself from asking, "Sheryl, what's wrong? Is everything okay?"

"I'm fine." With great difficulty, Sheryl forced a smile and tried to change the topic, "So, I heard that Rick has a weak heart, is that true?"

"Yes, that's right." Abby sighed and continued, "I went into premature labor and poor Rick was born with a heart condition. To be honest, Rick was already at high risk then. I hated myself so much at that time. Fortunately, Andy managed to find a matching heart for Rick and he underwent a successful operation overseas. Now, other than his weak constitution, Rick is a normal, healthy boy. So, there's a little less guilt in my heart."

Abby's words hit Sheryl with a wave of guilt. She'd never expected her absence to affect so many people. Even while she had been gone, they had still been thinking of her. It filled her with warm happiness knowing that this family had so much love and care for her.

"Are you okay? Why the sudden question?" Abby could sense that something was not quite right, but just couldn't put her finger on it.

"No, it's no big deal. I was just wondering," Sheryl replied faintly.

"No, there's something you're hiding from me," Abby insisted. And then it hit her. She leaned forward keenly. "Sheryl..."

She looked at Sheryl with widened eyes.

Could it be? Had Sheryl regained her memory?

Sheryl looked into Abby's eyes and nodded slightly, confirming her suspicions.

Abby was momentarily stunned into silence, almost unable to believe it. After a long while, she finally recovered her composure and asked, "Sheryl, Do you remember everything?"

"Not everything," Sheryl replied softly, "some of the details are still foggy."

"So..." Abby hesitated, considering her next question carefully. "Have you told him about it?"

"Not yet," Sheryl knew that Abby was referring to Charles. She too, hesitated before admitting,

"Actually, I came by for a reason... I know Andy has a lot of contacts. I can vaguely remember that I was pregnant with twins and I was hoping he could help me investigate the whereabouts of my other child."

Abby's face grew serious and she told Sheryl, "Actually, I already asked Andy to investigate long ago, when you first went missing. But... He kept insisting that he couldn't find anything."

"Really?" Sheryl frowned with suspicion.

Just then, Andy returned. Abby glanced up at him. "Ah, perfect timing. You can ask the man himself for the details."

Abby motioned for Andy to join them, explaining quickly, "Sher's memory is returning. She wants to know some details from three years ago. You stay here and chat with her, I'll go help my mom with the food and tell her of the good news."

"Oh... Really?" Andy showed no signs of happiness or excitement at the news, which made Sheryl feel suspicious.

Abby didn't notice anything and rushed to the kitchen in excitement, eager to update Amy about the revelation. Andy turned to Sheryl and asked, "Do you recall what happened?"

"Yes." Sheryl nodded gently and before she could open her mouth, Andy continued in a rush, "I'm so sorry about my actions. I had no choice, I was going through some hardships."

"Hardships? What hardships?" Sheryl was confused. She had no idea what Andy was talking about.

She waited for Andy to continue speaking, sensing that he was going to share an even bigger secret of catastrophic proportion.

"You know that Rick was born with heart disease. I was going to wait for things to settle down before telling Abby that you were alive, but Anthony was the one who found the matching heart for Rick. I was forced to agree to his terms and conditions of not disclosing your whereabouts, in return for saving Rick's life." Andy grimaced and said, "Rick is my son. I had to prioritize him and not let his life go to waste, so..."

"Enough!" Sheryl cut off Andy's words with a steely look in her eyes.

Anthony again!

Why did everything seem to be linked to Anthony!?

"Answer this question. Where is my other child?" Sheryl asked Andy earnestly.

"Do you not know?" Andy was surprised. Sheryl herself had been the one to tell him that Leila had taken the other child, but since she was now asking him again, it was obvious that she had not fully regained her memory.

He looked back at her and lied, "I have no idea."

Sheryl looked at him doubtfully and asked, "Are you sure?"

"Of course. One hundred percent." Andy nodded and continued, "My people's efforts to locate the little one proved to be depressingly futile."

Sheryl struggled with her suspicions for another minute or so, and finally resigned herself to believing his words.

The return of Sheryl's memory was a cause of celebration in the Zhao family. Amy tried to get her to stay after dinner but Sheryl politely declined.

"Grandma Amy, it's getting late, and we should really get going. Don't worry, I'll drop by again when I have some spare time," she reassured Amy, while holding her hands comfortingly.

"You promise?" Amy's eyes filled with tears, as she couldn't bear to part ways with Sheryl. "Well, be sure to remember your words and please come by more often."

"Of course." Sheryl smiled and told them, "You all should get back into the house because it's quite a chilly night."

"I'll give you two a ride back," Abby offered.

Initially, Sheryl was reluctant but Abby insisted, saying, "It's too late for you and your daughter to returning home alone. Let me and Andy send you home."

Finally Sheryl agreed. During the ride home, Abby remained silent the whole way. As soon as they got home, she headed straight for the shower. Andy stayed out on the veranda and smoked. After two cigarettes, he called Anthony, only to be left unanswered.

He sensed someone watching him and turned around to see Abby right behind him. "Ahh! Why are you so silent? You nearly gave me a heart attack!"

"What's the matter, are you feeling guilty?" Abby asked with a knowing smile.

Chapter 735 The Agreement Between Anthony and Andy

"Abby, you are talking nonsense!" Andy flashed an embarrassed smile and added, "I will never do

anything dishonorable!"

But Abby sneered and said that she knew Andy was calling Anthony to inform him of the development.

Knowing Abby could see through his act, Andy was shocked and fearful. He asked softly in a hesitant

voice, "Have you eavesdropped on our conversation?"

"Definitely I have! 'A clear conscience is a soft pillow, ' can you make sense of this saying?" When

Sheryl had been chatting with Andy, Abby had eavesdropped on their conversation. She realized Andy

had fulfilled Anthony's wish of not disclosing Sheryl's whereabouts.

'How could my husband see my aged parents and me plunge in the depth of sorrows and yet not

disclose Sheryl's whereabouts to us?' Abby's hatred for Andy grew as she was tormented by these

thoughts.

"Abby, please calm down and listen to me." Andy had anticipated Abby's complaint and had wished to

postpone it as long as possible.

"No explanation could justify your deed!" Abby smiled coldly and complained to Andy, "Your keeping

Sheryl out of my parents' life was very inhuman. Andy, your behavior is beyond tolerance and

despicable!"

"What was I supposed to do? Tell me?" Andy forced a smile as he stated, "Abby, I could not lose our child under any circumstances!"

"You..." Abby trailed off and she had to admit that she would have done the same for Rick.

However, Abby could not bear to see Sheryl suffer so much.

"Abby, I did all that against my will!" Andy patted Abby's shoulder and tried to comfort her by saying, "It has been Autumn's decision to drug herself. I was greatly relieved to see Anthony's devotion to her after this. Thus I prioritized Rick's life over anything else..."

"But why didn't you discuss it with me?" Abby said tearfully, "My aged parents were disturbed and troubled by Autumn's absence..."

"I fully understand that!" Andy drew Abby into arms and continued, "But your knowledge of that would have caused you immense pain!"

Abby, at that moment, succumbed to profuse tears. She wept over Sheryl's misfortune which she was helpless to mitigate.

Andy tried to appease her with the mention of Sheryl's recovery from amnesia and her reunion with

Charles.

"Andy..." Abby withdrew from Andy's arms and urged him to tell her the whereabouts of Sheryl's other child.

"I..." Andy started to say but then trailed off and tried to pacify her by telling her the little one was living in peace and good health.

"Andy, I must know this information!" Abby broke free from Andy's hand and said, "Poor Sheryl, she is a single mother and should be given our all the help to reunite with her other child!"

"Abby..." Andy frowned and continued, "I will try my best to make up for Sheryl's suffering as I am partly responsible for it. But I have to honor my promise to Anthony!"

"So... you mean to keep the information of Sheryl's baby from me?" Abby asked with sarcasm.

"Abby, please do not pressurize me, okay?" Andy was determined to keep it a secret. Thus, the couple did not talk to each other further.

There was a coldness between them thereafter.

Back at her apartment, Sheryl found no peace. With growing uneasiness she realized how much

Anthony had used and betrayed her.

'Anthony must have committed something horrible. He has done something which is not in my knowledge. I can sense it, ' Sheryl pondered.

Sheryl found the two faced side of Anthony hardest to accept.

Sheryl was on a leave from work due to her sickness. The next morning, Charles paid her a visit.

"Charles, what brings you here?" Sheryl met Charles in a state of sleepiness. Nancy had gone to the market.

Charles entered the house and closed the door. He said, "Sheryl, go and freshen up. I want to take you to a place."

"Where?" Sheryl stretched herself, overcome with tiredness due to her sleepless night.

"You will get to know soon. It is a surprise." Charles urged Sheryl to change into a dress despite her reluctance.

Charles looked at Sheryl and then motioned if he should help her.

Greatly embarrassed by this, Sheryl immediately returned to her bedroom, her face flushed, which made Charles burst into laughter.

Meanwhile, Shirley rushed toward Charles in her pajamas. Charles lifted her up in his arms and jested,

"Baby, how naughty you are!"

Shirley lay her head on Charles' shoulder and asked, "Uncle Charles, why did you not bring Charlie here?"

"Charlie is at home," Charles hugged Shirley endearingly and said, "and do you miss him?"

"Yes, I miss him." Shirley nodded eagerly and asked Charles if she could play with Charlie.

"Of course!" Charles smiled as he replied, "I will take you to play with him later!"

Satisfied, Shirley dozed off in Charles' arms.

Sheryl walked out of her bedroom just then and saw the bonding between her daughter and Charles.

She was overcome with a growing guilt over their separation.

"Charles..." Sheryl moved forward but she was motioned to be silent by Charles.

Chapter 736 A Surprise Visit To Emily's Tomb

Charles carefully carried Shirley to the bedroom and tucked her under the quilt. He walked out and closed the door gently when he made sure she had finally slept soundly.

"She just fell asleep. Don't wake her up," Charles reminded Sheryl.

"Where are we going?" Sheryl asked him. Charles didn't answer her question. He saw Nancy came

back. Then he decided to take Sheryl out. He bought a bunch of Chrysanthemums on their way.

Sheryl suddenly realized where he would be taking her.

The destination was exactly the same as her guess.

"We are here," Charles said. Charles lovingly glanced at Sheryl before he got off the car and opened the door for her.

After getting out of the car, somehow, Sheryl couldn't move and just stood there, frozen. Charles grabbed her hand and found it was dead cold.

He embraced and consoled her, "Don't be afraid. I will be with you."

Sheryl wasn't afraid to come to Emily's tomb but she felt guilty. She took that medicine to forget everything partly because Charles had cheated her on Emily's issue.

She didn't come here to say goodbye to her when she died. In the past three years, she hadn't come to visit her either. She was worried whether Emily would blame her in heaven.

"Let's go," Charles suggested. He grasped her hand. He knew that the matter about Emily remained a burden on Sheryl's heart. So, he took her there that day to clearly explain things to her.

Obviously, Charles was very familiar with the place. He found Emily's tomb quite easily. At the sight of Emily's smiling face in the photo, Sheryl couldn't help but burst into tears.

Charles stood beside her, silently. When she stopped crying, he hugged her and said to the tomb, "Grandma Emily, I have brought Autumn back."

Sheryl kept on apologizing to Emily, totally ignoring to ask Charles why he knew her memory had recovered.

Charles put the flower aside and walked up to her. "I had no intention to cheat you on purpose. I didn't tell you the truth about Grandma Emily's death simply because of... I didn't want you to be bothered by her death. I decided to do that after a discussion with Grandpa. I believed Grandma Emily would agree if she knew my purpose," he explained.

He looked at Sheryl and added, "You and our babies were more important than everything back then. If I had a chance to go back, I would have made the same decision."

"I perfectly understand," Sheryl said. Sheryl calmed down gradually. She believed she would have done the same thing as Charles if she were him in that situation. "I don't blame you. It's not your fault," she added.

"No, you did blame me." Charles glanced at her and added, "Otherwise, you wouldn't have left me for three years or taken that medicine to forget everything."

"I was just..." Sheryl frowned and stammered, "I was driven by... by the medicine to treat my mental disease. I couldn't make the right judgment then."

"So do you mean... if you had been sober then, you wouldn't have left me, right?" Charles asked Sheryl excitedly while holding her hands.

Sheryl hesitated for a moment and replied, "At least, I wouldn't have made a decision without careful consideration."

"Do you mean it?" Charles hugged Sheryl in happiness. "You have come back now and will never leave me, right?"

"I don't know..." she answered hesitantly. She pushed him aside and said, "Charles, many things have changed in the past three years. I was Anthony's girlfriend during that period. So... Don't you mind it?"

Although she had never had sex with Anthony during those years, she was still worried Charles wouldn't believe her.

However, Charles answered firmly without hesitation, "Sher, you are my Autumn and will always be. No matter what happened in the past three years, I really don't care. All I ever want is just you."

"But..." Sheryl frowned and replied after a long while, "Please give me some more time to think it over."

"Okay," he answered. Charles knew he couldn't compel her to agree so he said, "Please, you can stay here and be with Grandma Emily as long as you want. I will just wait for you in the car."

"Okay," Sheryl said and nodded. After Charles left, Sheryl just stood in front of the tomb for a long time.

"Sorry, Grandma Emily, I came so late. Did you ever blame me?" Sheryl said with tears on her face. "I didn't come to visit you neither when you just left me nor in the past three years. You must be really disappointed with me, right?" she asked.

Emily was especially important to Sheryl because the former had brought her up. Now that she had long passed away, Sheryl felt sorry for not having the chance to take care of her.

"Grandma Emily, I forgot everything about you during those years..." Sheryl began retelling what happened in the past three years in front of the tomb. She sat there for a long time until it was dusk. Finally, she patted out the dirt on her clothes and stood up.

"Grandma Emily, I won't leave this city from now on. I'll come to visit you often," she said before she

left.

She saw Charles smoking as she walked up to the car. Under the light of the setting sun, he looked so gentle and handsome. Sheryl couldn't help but gaze at him in awe. Charles put out the cigarette as he saw her approaching and moved to meet her halfway.

"Let's go," he said. Looking at Sheryl's swollen eyes due to the intense crying, he held her hands gently and said, "Let's have dinner now."

Sheryl leaned against the seat of the car and closed her eyes to rest. She felt upset. She wanted to talk to Charles, but she didn't know how to start it.

Charles took her to a hot pot restaurant and ordered a private room. Then he gave the menu to Sheryl.

"Order food for us, please."

Sheryl didn't have an appetite but she still chose several dishes because she wanted to have a long talk with him during the dinner.

"You..." Sheryl said.

"You..." Charles said at the same time.

Both of them wanted to say something to one another.

"You first," Charles said to Sheryl with a smile.

Sheryl nodded and said to Charles, "When did you figure out that my memory has recovered?"

"When you were in the hospital." Charles looked at her and added, "You became weird since you woke up. I guess, maybe you remembered something. Later on, Nancy called me so I decided to take you here to see Grandma Emily."

'Oh, Nancy! She has worked at Dream Garden for so many years. She must be willing to do anything for Charles,' Sheryl thought.

"Sher, I didn't hide this from you on purpose." Charles stared at Sheryl and said, "I just... I just couldn't find the perfect moment to tell you."

"I truly understand." Sheryl gave a bitter smile. She understood Charles' feeling because she had been in the same situation as his.

Chapter 737 Never Let Her Go

Suddenly, the air shifted around them. Maybe at a different time, it wouldn't have. Maybe a time ago, the moment would have been colorful — something that made eyes sparkle with delight, and cheeks fold with smiles — but no longer. The moment had only made the distance between the two awfully

clear.

"Sher..." Charles tried to break the silence. "Even if you remember now, I know that... I know you couldn't possibly accept it. My grandfather wanted to have you move back and live with us, that's how it was supposed to happen. But I know we can't just demand that of you." Charles looked at her with gentle eyes. "When you're ready to move back, you can tell me, and I will bring you back. What do you think of that?"

Sheryl's eyes were already glassy at that point. She didn't know how to take it all — the way Charles spoke to her, the way he looked at her. "Why would you do this for me?" The kinder he was to her, the guiltier she felt.

Charles' hand twitched, as if he was ready to reach out and wipe her tears away. He leaned in a little closer. "Silly girl, for whom else would I do this for?" Charles' smile was loving.

Save for Sheryl's trembling breaths, the silence between them was heavy with the unspoken. It took everything for Sheryl to finally ask, "Don't you... Don't you want to know where the other baby is?"

He swallowed shakily. "You...you remember?" he asked, sounding smaller than he was.

Sheryl looked down and shook her head slowly. "I've remembered everything but that day. Nothing about the day I gave birth... My mind is cruel that way."

There was an ache in Charles' chest, when he saw Sheryl the way she was, in that moment, like she was mourning for a whole life that she had lost. In an attempt to bring some comfort, he made sure his voice was confident. "It doesn't matter. I'll continue investigating on it. We'll find out soon, one of these days. Trust me."

A sigh escaped the woman's lips — Charles had not found the other baby either. She couldn't help but feel more hopeless than anything.

The two shared a silent dinner. There was no idle talk, nor talk of the past.

When they headed back and reached Sheryl's door, she stopped to look at Charles. "Goodnight, Charles. I need to be alone for a while," she said, sounding firm.

Charles didn't seem to mind. He put his hand comfortingly on her shoulder. "Alright. I know you need to be alone for some time." He took a few steps back. "But not forever, Sher. You know if you take too long, I'll do everything I can to take you back." His eyes were determined, and they pierced through her.

"And I mean everything."

He had done everything to be with her again, and never again could anything pull them apart. He wouldn't allow it.

"Goodnight, Sher. Rest well." He resigned for the night. Sheryl said nothing more to him, but her eyes were tired, and he knew that she had to sort herself out. He left once he saw she close the door. 'At least, ' he thought to himself, 'I'm not watching her walk away this time.'

Meanwhile, eyes lingered at the scene. Anthony sat in his car not far away from where the couple stood — and as every minute passed by, his hands gripped the wheel tighter. His hands shook with anger, but there was an ache in his throat as tears dared to escape him.

Before Sheryl could tuck herself in, the doorbell rang. Much to her surprise, Anthony stood at her door.

"Anthony? What are you doing here?"

She didn't know how to face him, not anymore. Maybe once, there was a deep softness for Anthony.

Now, though, he didn't seem much like a familiar face in her eyes anymore.

Things had been changing lately, and she didn't expect to see him so soon.

"Why?" Anthony's tone was cold, but also broken. "Now that you've got Charles, you've lost interest in

seeing me?" His eyes narrowed, and he leaned in, a little dangerously.

Sheryl couldn't keep the concern off her face. She could smell the alcohol from his breath. "You've been drinking, haven't you?" she stated more than asked.

"So what?" he scoffed at her. "It's not like you care. You've got Charles now, that shit. Why is that Sheryl? Why? Why when I love you so much?" His words were forceful and desperate. "Doesn't matter if it was then or now, you or anyone else, I'm a loser in love, that's all it is." He looked unstable as he raved.

"You're drunk." Sheryl tried to calm him.

She knew she had to talk to Anthony about their relationship, she owed him that. But not now, when he was drunk and throwing words around. She put her hand on his chest. "We can talk when you're sober, Anthony," she tried to say gently.

He shoved her arm off rather harshly. "Are you serious? Now you won't even let me through your door cause of him?" He pushed her aside and stumbled into the house. He went straight for the sofa and made himself comfortable. "Don't you want to talk to me?" He looked at her expectantly. "Go and talk."

After leaving Laura behind, he had isolated himself. He drifted away from people and retreated into

himself, wanting to numb it all, but couldn't bare to see Sheryl with Charles. He was breaking.

Sheryl sighed. "Anthony, it's late. Please just go home and rest. I can't talk to you while you're drunk."

The man had changed over these years. She couldn't let all her walls down with this person in front of her.

His smile was barely a smile. "I'm sober enough. I know exactly what you're going to say to me." He

looked up at her with a sadness in his eyes. "You want to leave me to be with Charles, don't you? Just go on and say it."

Sheryl stayed silent and looked away. She didn't want to deal with this. The lack of response triggered

the anger in Anthony, and he made his way off the couch and close enough to grab Sheryl. "Anthony

I..." He didn't let her speak. He pulled her into the living room and threw her on the couch, his weight

trapping her down. Her eyes went wide, and her breath came short. "Wh-what are you doing?"

She was shaking beneath him, waiting for him to answer. Anthony took his time. "Sheryl, do you know

what I regretted the most in those three year we spent together?" A dark smile found its way on his

face, and Sheryl tried to squirm out of his hold.

He wouldn't budge. She struggled and tried to shove him off.

It was no use, and it only ticked him off. His hold tightened, and his one hand grabbed her hands and pinned them over her head. With her arms above her, he suddenly realized how thin her nightgown was — how it stretched and fell loose in all the right places over her curves. He couldn't help but swallow hard.

She couldn't get her hands out of his hold, but she struggled with her legs, trying anything she could to put distance between them. "Let me go," she demanded.

Her voice snapped him out of his lustful gaze over her body. It made him scoff. "Let you go?" He looked at her like she had asked the most ridiculous thing. "For three years that's all I did. I let you go. I had so many chances to take you and make you mine. I could've slept with you long ago and then you wouldn't leave me.

But I wasted all those chances. I respected you, I didn't want you doing anything you didn't really want to do." He chuckled at the irony. "But now I know it just made things so much easier for you. It made you leaving me so much easier."

His face was only inches from hers now. Their breathing almost seemed to echo in the dead quiet of the

room. His eyes narrowed, and Sheryl trembled. "I've let you go too many times, Sheryl. I'm making you mine tonight." He leaned in until his mouth was right next to her ear. "You'll never be with your beloved Charles after this."

And then he went for her neck. It was like he was devouring her, the way his mouth moved on her skin.

"A-Anthony... please... please..." Sheryl was crying. "You can't do this... please..."

"I can't?" he didn't stop. His one hand was gripping her arms tightly, and his body stayed firm over hers.

His other hand was on her body, grabbing at her nightgown. "And why can't I?" he taunted. Sheryl

couldn't control the tears streaming down her face. She could barely form words. "That's right, Sheryl.

Don't forget, I'm your boyfriend. I can touch you when I want to, because you're mine." He made sure

his mouth was right over hers. "I'm never letting you go again."

Chapter 738 Drive Him Out

Anthony stretched out his hand to pull Sheryl's nightgown. Sheryl was shocked and in panic. Suddenly

a bottle of wine shattered on Anthony's head as she desperately struggled against him.

Sheryl instinctively closed her eyes to prevent the pieces of glass from falling into her eyes.

Anthony felt himself go blank and he swayed with the impact. He turned back and saw Nancy holding

the broken neck of the bottle. Sheryl immediately pushed Anthony away and refastened her nightgown quickly. She then rushed upto Nancy and hid herself behind her.

She was still very shaken at what had just happened.

"Sheryl, are you alright?" Nancy asked Sheryl nervously.

Sheryl nodded slightly and answered in a wobbly voice, "I am fine."

As a nanny, Nancy knew that it was not right for her to concern herself in the personal matters of her employer. So she had not prevented Anthony from entering, instead, she had eavesdropped on their conversation.

This was how she came to know of Anthony's dishonourable behavior. Instantly she had grabbed a bottle of wine to use as a weapon and rushed out.

Luckily, she managed to rescue Sheryl on time. She shuddered to think of what would have happened if she had not acted on time.

Anthony gingerly touched the back of his head and found it bleeding profusely. He sobered immediately and regretted his rash action.

Looking at Sheryl as she stood trembling behind Nancy, he apologized, "Sher... I didn't mean it. I just

lost my head. I am extremely sorry."

"Enough! Don't speak any more. You disgust me!" Anthony's behaviour nauseated Sheryl and she didn't want to see him anymore.

Nancy asked Sheryl, "Sheryl, shall we call the police?"

Anthony was taken aback. He looked at Sheryl with pleading eyes. He knew he had crossed all limits of decency.

However, he put it down to being drunk.

Sheryl had freaked out but now she slowly calmed down. She glanced at Anthony with revulsion and hesitated for a moment. Then she said to Nancy, "Forget it. Just drive him out of here."

Sheryl did not wish to involve the police out of respect for their past relationship. She merely wanted Nancy to drive him away.

As Anthony left, she hugged herself and curled up into a ball trying to erase the bad feeling and console herself.

Nancy turned around and found Shirley standing there with a pale face. "Shirley, when did you come?"

What are you doing here?"

Sheryl turned to see Shirley when she heard Nancy's words. She walked up to her daughter and embraced her. "Shirley. Don't be afraid," she comforted.

Shirley silently shuddered in Sheryl's arms.

She had been frightened by the sight of Anthony's blood.

"Sheryl, you better sleep with Shirley tonight. She will be scared after witnessing the whole nasty scene," Nancy said in a whisper to Sheryl. Sheryl nodded. "Nancy... Thank you for rescuing me. I am indebted to you."

"You are welcome." Nancy smiled and added, "It's very late. It's time to go to bed."

Sheryl carried Shirley to her bedroom. Shirley was still in shock. When she fell asleep, she talked in her sleep and was very restless. Sheryl hugged her in concern.

She felt guilty about Shirley having witnessed the horrible scene.

Anthony didn't go home after he left Sheryl's house. Instead, he knocked Sue's door.

Sue's foot was almost completely recovered. She was heading for bed when Anthony knocked. She was shocked when she saw Anthony's face covered in blood. She pulled Anthony inside and asked

anxiously, "What happened to you? How did you get injured?"

Anthony was mute. He didn't understand why he had come here. Maybe subconsciously, he assumed her to be the only person in this city who could understand his heart.

She was also the only one who would talk to him.

Sue didn't know what happened to Anthony. She got very agitated on seeing him bleeding profusely.

"Sit down. I'll deal with your wound."

Sue ran inside and quickly came out with the first aid box. She felt lucky for having one handy and immediately started cleaning the cut on his head.

"It will be painful while I clean the wound. Please bear with me," she reminded. But Anthony seemed to be numb and didn't show any pain during the process.

Sue bound the wound with gauze. Luckily, it was a small wound and wasn't as severe as it looked from the surface. "You had better have a thorough check up in the hospital," she suggested.

As she replaced the medicines in the box, she asked Anthony hesitantly, "How did you... get injured?"

Anthony was still speechless. After a few seconds, she again prompted him, "Did you get injured in

Sheryl's house?"

Anthony glanced at her suddenly when she said this. She realized instantly that she had guessed right.

She knew Anthony must be heartbroken and decided not to bother him further. When she finished rearranging the medicine cabinet, she said, "There are some dumplings in the refrigerator. You can eat them if you feel hungry. I will leave some water beside you so you can drink if you feel thirsty. I am going to bed now."

"Do you have... some wine?" Anthony asked in a stammer.

Sue was amazed. She asked Anthony, "Are you insane? How can you still want a drink after getting so badly injured? Do you want to kill yourself?"

Anthony sneered as he heard Sue's words. "Why should I live?

Without Sheryl, my life doesn't make any sense."

Sue hesitated and then took out a bottle of wine. "This was gifted to me by my friend. If you want to drink, I'll join you," she said.

Anthony glanced at her and asked, "This wine is expensive. Are you really willing to share it with me?"

Sue opened it and answered, "Of course."

Looking at Sue's face, Anthony suddenly realized that she was very beautiful.

"Here you are," Sue said as she handed the glass of wine to him. Then she asked, "Can you tell me what happened?"

Anthony drank the wine in one gulp and stammered, "Sheryl and I... We might be over this time. Our break up is inevitable now."

"Why?" Sue was surprised at first and then felt a little happy. But she refrained from showing any emotion on her face.

Chapter 739 The Phone Was Finally Answered

"Because I have done something that she would never forgive." Anthony smiled bitterly and shook his head. He did not expect Sheryl to forgive something as unforgivable as this. He even thought that he deserved her hatred. He couldn't help thinking that his relationship with Sheryl was completely and finally finished.

"Anthony, what have you..." Sue thought awhile and started to ask Anthony what he had done to Sheryl. But she was interrupted by him even as she started talking.

Anthony put down his glass and looked sideways at her. "Don't ask me about that. I will never tell you

what happened. Please don't even mention this again and I will be very thankful to you for your consideration."

How could Anthony tell her what happened? He was too ashamed about his behavior.

As he showed no willingness to talk on that subject, she relented, "Fine! If that is your wish, I won't ask you about this anymore. Let's have a drink."

Each lost in their own complex thoughts, they finished the bottle of wine very quickly.

Sue was still sober, but Anthony was not.

Before he came, he had been drinking a lot. He was also in a bad mood, because there was too much on his mind these days. He was pessimistic about the future of his relationship with Sheryl. He had been so upset that he drank faster and much more than Sue did. Thus he soon fell unconscious.

Sue stood up and walked to her wardrobe to fetch a quilt for him. She covered Anthony with the warm quilt to prevent him from catching a cold. She smoothed the quilt softly over him just as she wanted to soothe his knitted eyebrows and confused heart. As she was about to leave, Anthony clutched her hand and begged her to stay with him.

There was a dim light in the room. She could clearly see the pleading look in his eyes. How could she

refuse him when he was looking so sad and vulnerable? She was struggling with her conscience. She hesitated and then said to him in a soft voice, "Anthony, you are drunk. You don't know what you are doing. You will be regret it tomorrow."

"I am not drunk." said Anthony unhappily, "Why do you all think I am drunk? I am not drunk, definitely not! I desperately want to get drunk, but I can't."

Anthony murmured, "Why don't you just let me get drunk? All my troubles end when I get drunk."

Sue felt her heart ache when she saw Anthony's pain. She hesitated for a while. At the end she couldn't resist her feelings for him, and she sat down next to him. He tightly grasped her hand so she could feel his desire to be with her that night. She nodded gently and said, "Okay, I will be here with you."

Only then did Anthony's face show a satisfied smile. The next second, he took her into his arms.

Sue was quite taken aback by this. Although the sofa was quite roomy, it still seemed too small to accommodate two people. Anthony hugged her tightly in his arms as if she could help him get away from what had upset him so much. His breath tickled the back of her neck and left her hypnotized.

But the next second, a thought hit her and she struggled to free herself.

She was not sure who Anthony had taken her for. 'Does he recognize who I am?' she couldn't help but think. She only knew that he was drunk. She could not use this chance to be with him by pretending she was Sheryl.

"Anthony, let me go. We can't do this," said Sue as she struggled out of his arms.

But Anthony didn't allow her to wriggle free. He still held her tightly in his warm arms and said to her,

"Can you be honest with me? Don't you like me? Then why do you want me to let you go?"

"Are you out of your mind, Anthony?" said Sue with a frown. Since she was being hugged from behind, she couldn't see his expression. This made her anxious. She said to him in desperation, "Do you really know who I am?"

"Of course I know who you are," said Anthony. "You are Sue. I am sure."

She became speechless with astonishment. She had not expected him to say this. He knew that she was Sue, not Sheryl. He also consciously realized that the one he was holding was Sue, not Sheryl.

As she stopped struggling, Anthony started to kiss her neck and her back. She turned around in his arms to face him and asked him seriously, "Anthony, I'll ask you again for the last time. Are you sure

you want to do this? Are you sure you will not regret it later."

Anthony looked at her for a while. He was hesitating. The truth was that he still did not understand why he had come to her house. Maybe because his self-esteem and confidence had taken a hit Sheryl's house, he had come to Sue to get his confidence back. He knew that Sue loved him.

When she saw him hesitating, Sue couldn't help laughing bitterly. She knew him so well. How could she have had any expectations from him? But when she was ready to move away, Anthony pulled her back and asked, "Sue, are you not willing to spend tonight with me?"

His words cast a magic spell over her. She threw away all her apprehensions and expressed her consent with action, not words.

She kissed him tenderly on his lips. God alone knew how long she had waited for this kiss.

He passionately kissed her face and her lips and made her gasp. She felt an electric shock going through her whole body.

Anthony too got very excited. He slid his hand inside her halter top to touch her breast. The next second, he picked her up and walked into the bedroom.

Outside the window, the night was dark and cold.

While inside, the young lovers were full of passion and enjoying their wonderful night.

Anthony leaned back on the bedrest to smoke after their love-making. Slowly, he sobered up. He was staring at Sue who was now asleep. To his surprise, he was unexpectedly calm.

He thought he would regret his loss of control, but in fact, he didn't.

Deep in his heart, he had always known that Sheryl would never be his. Maybe that was why he was so calm. But it was not fair to Sue after all.

Probably awakened by the smell of smoke, Sue turned around to face him and pulled the quilt up to cover her breasts. Then she snuggled into his arms. With a satiated sigh, she whispered in a husky voice, "Aren't you tired? Why don't you sleep for a while?"

Anthony pinched out the cigarette in his hand and hugged her. His eyes were empty. He said, "It's OK. I'm not too tired."

She lay contentedly in his arms, smiling. Her wish had come true.

Men distinguish sex and love very clearly. They know the difference between emotion and sexual desires.

But women are a different species.

Whether she likes the man or not, a woman's perspective about the man changes once she sleeps with him.

Sue liked him very much, and now they just had sex. He was definitely very special to her.

Playing with her hair, Anthony asked, "Do you regret it?"

"No, I don't." She shook her head. On hearing this question, she raised her head doubtfully and looked at the him. She asked, "Do you regret it?"

"No, I don't and I mean it," said Anthony with his head shaking, too. But he still seemed hesitant. He added, "But as you know, I have not officially broken up with Sheryl. I'm afraid that it is not fair to you. I don't want you to be unhappy."

"It's fine. I knew what I was getting into. I just followed my heart," she answered with a bitter smile on her face. She had always known him as Sheryl's boyfriend. Moreover, Sheryl used to be her friend!

"I always believe in the saying 'love will come with time'. As long as you promise to stay away from Sheryl, I trust and know that you will fall in love with me," she tried to convince him.

"I hope so," said Anthony, but his voice reflected his doubt. He didn't say a word after that and eventually drifted off to sleep.

Anthony woke up the next morning to the sound of the telephone ringing. It was a call from Andy. As soon as he answered the phone, he heard Andy's impatient voice. "Thank God, you finally answered the phone."

"What happened?" he asked. Sue, who was lying in his arms, turned over in her sleep. He took the opportunity to extricate his arms from around her.

"I have been trying to reach you for a long time. Why did you not answer your phone?" Andy questioned. He continued anxiously, "Do you know that Sheryl's memory has come back?"

"What? I didn't know that!" Anthony was now fully awake and instantly alert. He noticed that Sue was restless and disturbed by his call. He got out of bed and put on his clothes. He then went to the living room to continue the conversation. "When did this happen?"

"It's been several days," said Andy. He frowned and added, "I called you several times and you never answered. I was so anxious. The other day she came to ask me about her child's whereabouts. Now my wife knows the deal between us. She kept pushing me to reveal the child's whereabouts to her but I

never told her a word. Now, we can't keep this secret forever. It will finally come to light."

Andy sighed and said, "I am not breaking my promise. I'm calling you today to inform you that my wife

is now aware of our secrets. I'm not sure how long I can hide it from everyone. If the secret gets

exposed one day, please don't blame me."

Chapter 740 Why Are You Following Me

"Okay, okay, I get it," Anthony spoke as he pressed his forehead with his index finger and thumb. Too

much wine can make things really worse between two people. And that was what happened between

Anthony and Sheryl. Anthony was drunk last night. If he had known that Sheryl's memory had come

back, Anthony would not have been so impulsive.

"Anthony, please wait for a second," said Andy when Anthony was about to hang up the phone. "In fact,

I know exactly what you have done for Sheryl during these years. Actually, I will be happy if you could

be with each other. But if she still couldn't forget Charles after all these years, then it's of no use for you

to wait for her. I think it's better for you to give up. I am sure you could find a better girl," added Andy.

"Andy, thank you. That's very thoughtful on your part," replied Anthony in a very casual yet polite tone.

After that he hung up the phone.

Anthony turned around and took a glance at Sue who was still asleep. His face became grim and a heaviness hung on his chest. He tried to grip Sheryl with both his hands, but she was slipping away like a fistful of sand. He heaved a deep sigh and walked towards the kitchen.

He cooked some porridge and egg soup. In the last three years, cooking had almost become his second nature. When he used to cook for Sheryl, it was the only way for him to express his love as Sheryl was not much responsive in any other way. Every time a thought of Sheryl came to his mind, it left him with a mild pain. He took the breakfast on a tray and was about to come out of the kitchen when Sue held him abruptly from behind.

"Good morning," Sue spoke in a soft voice. Sue's voice reflected a happiness and joy. However, Anthony could not reciprocate as heartily as she did. He looked expressionless which formed a sharp contrast with Sue. "Go and wash up. The breakfast is ready," said Anthony without showing any sign of mood swings.

"Okay, wait for me for a moment," Sue replied in a cheerful voice. She really felt warm as she saw Anthony cook breakfast for her.

Every time over these years when she saw Anthony take care of Sheryl, Sue felt a void in her heart.

Even she longed for someone to take care of her like this. But now it had finally come true. Sue felt as if the fondest wish of her life had been granted.

As they ate the breakfast, Anthony remained silent. Sue glanced at him once in a while and a smile appeared on her face each time. After finishing breakfast, Sue thought Anthony would leave. However, he just sat down quietly on the couch. Sue walked up to him and sat down by his side. She then asked him in a very soft voice, "Anthony, you are not going back?" She looked into Anthony's eyes, and waited for his reply. She could understand Anthony's state of mind.

"Going back?" Anthony looked at her face with an absolutely blank expression. "Where shall I go back?" he asked.

"I mean going back to your house," Sue replied in a very gentle voice. She was taken aback by Anthony's question. After a small pause, she then added, "Didn't you say that your mom is still at home? Are you not going back to accompany your mom?" Sue kept looking at Anthony's face while she asked.

"Who told you my mom is at my house?" Anthony asked her with a frown. Sue could see the coldness

in his eyes as he interrogated her. He stared at Sue, trying to read her face for the truth.

Sue became a little uncomfortable to sense such weird coldness in Anthony's behavior. "I..." she muttered. She could feel chill run down her spine as she looked into Anthony's cold eyes. She had never seen him in this way. It was true that he had never told her about his mother. It was Holley who gave this news to her. She kept quiet for a while and then replied putting a soft smile on her face,

"Have you forgotten? You told me a few days ago."

"Did I?" asked Anthony with his eyebrows still knitted in a tight frown. He looked confused as he tried to remember the instance when he spoke to Sue about his mother, but he still couldn't remember if he had told her earlier.

"Of course you did or how would I know this?" replied Sue. She maintained the soft smile on her face as she spoke to him.

Though he could not remember distinctly, yet Anthony looked assured by Sue's words. He said, "There is no need for me to go home. My mom has gone back."

"Well, then..." Sue spoke with a bit of hesitation in her voice. She looked up at Anthony and asked, "Are you going to live here with me?"

"Is there anything wrong with that? Are you feeling uncomfortable about this?" Anthony asked looking straight at Sue, his eye brows furrowed. Anthony was at a loss at the moment. He didn't know where to go and moreover, he did not even want to meet anyone. However, he only felt relaxed in this place with Sue.

"Anthony, I don't mean that at all," explained Sue. She gave a smile and asked, "Shall we go out to buy some clothes for you? We could also buy some household items as well."

"No, I don't want to go out. You can buy whatever you want to buy online," Anthony said in an indifferent tone. "I want to be alone for some time," Anthony added as he looked away from Sue.

Sue patted in his hands and left him alone as he desired. She walked away and bought some clothes and some fruits online.

Sue thought she would be happy as Anthony stayed at her place, but it was not how she had expected.

She looked at Anthony but could not find the Anthony she had known for the last three years. He seemed to have changed into a completely different person overnight. He sat silently on the couch and poured the drink down his throat. Did he just need her on the bed? Apart from that, she hardly existed

for him.

Sue felt empty inside her heart.

Shirley was sitting still on the chair all the morning. She did not even respond when Sheryl called out her name.

When Sheryl put her down from the chair, Shirley could hardly take a step forward. Moreover, she even refused to eat which frightened Sheryl. Sheryl felt these symptoms to be alarming and decided to take her to the hospital. As she opened the door in one hand carrying Shirley on her shoulder, she found Charlie standing at the door with Charles.

Watching Shirley lying motionless on Sheryl's shoulder scared the hell out of Charles. "Sheryl, what's wrong with you?" he asked. The anxious look on Sheryl's face frightened him all the more.

"Something is wrong with Shirley. I am going to take her to the hospital," Sheryl replied in a trembling voice. "Did you drive here? Could you take me to the hospital?" Sheryl asked as she walked towards the elevator.

"Okay, let's go," Charles said as he followed her holding Charlie's hand. The cold stare on Shirley's face scared Charles. As many times as he glanced at her, he quickly removed his eyes and prayed that

everything was alright with this little girl. Shirley sat motionless and didn't even take a glance at Charlie, let alone to talking to him.

Upon arriving at the hospital, Charles and Sheryl rushed to the Pediatrics' chamber. The doctor made a careful examination of Shirley and found that she had developed autism triggered by mental stimulation. Sheryl dropped into a nearby chair as she heard the doctor's words. Charles and Charlie stood still for a while. Charlie slowly approached Shirley and stroked her hands gently even though she did not respond to him.

Charles rushed and held Sheryl trying to comforted her, "Don't get so anxious. I will get the best doctor to treat Shirley no matter how much it will cost."

"It is my fault. It is all my fault. Shirley, I am so sorry," said Sheryl in a choky voice. She broke in an uncontrollable sob. What happened last night was probably the most terrible experience for Shirley.

Had it not been for her, she wouldn't have been like this.

"No, Sheryl, don't say like this. Don't blame yourself. It is not your fault. You are a good and loving mother," Charles spoke in a soft voice. He asked Charlie to stay with them and went out to meet the

doctor. Charlie sat beside Sheryl holding her hands. Even he was numb to see all this. Several questions came to his mind. And more than anything else, his heart sank every time he looked at Shirley.

"Doctor, what shall we do now? What shall we do for her?" asked Charles with a frown. Charles could feel his knees trembling. Small droplets of sweat appeared on his forehead. Although he was nervous, he had to remain strong as he knew that Sheryl would need his support.

The doctor looked at him and gave a reassuring smile. "In fact, you don't have to be so anxious," he said. He took a glimpse at Charles and then went on to continue, "Nowadays, autism is a common mental disease. As long as the girl gets proper psychological service timely, her condition will improve fast and soon we will be able to restore her mental health."

"Thank you," Charles replied heaving a sigh of relief. He felt relieved as he heard the doctor's sentence.

As he just stepped out of the doctor's office, he spotted a familiar figure. However, given the mental condition he was in, it took him several seconds to think about who it was. And the moment he could identify the familiar figure, he just could not help flaring up.

He rushed behind and finally caught Leila at the gate of the hospital.

To his surprise, she warped herself in a thick scarf and put on the sunglasses at such a hot day.

Perhaps it was a camouflage she had put so that people could not recognize her in this way.

"Stop!" shouted Charles. He followed right behind her and held her arms. He turned her face towards him so that she could no longer hide her identity and asked in a very cold and intimidating voice, "What are you doing here?"

Leila felt that there was no need of any cover to hide her face since Charles had already recognized her. She freed her arm from Charles, removed her scarf and sunglasses, glared at Charles and sneered, "That is none of your business. Is this hospital owned by your family? Why can't I come here?"

"Leila, you better not make a pretence in front of me," said Charles with a serious look. "I have nothing to say if you have really come here to see a doctor, but then why did you run away when you saw me?" asked Charles in a grim voice.

"I..." Leila stammered as she was at a loss of words. After hesitating for a while, she finally said, "I have

already seen the doctor. Why can't I leave? Do I need your permission for that? Do you really think you are so important to me?"

"Really?" asked Charles with a sneer. Then where is your medical card? Show me," Charles probed further.

"Charles, don't cross your limits. You are going too far," Leila roared impatiently. "What are you going to do to me?" she sneered at Charles like a wild cat.

"Are you serious, Leila?" Charles narrowed his eyes as he interrogated. "It is you who followed me to the hospital. And on the top of that you are asking me what I am doing here. Don't you think it sounds ridiculous?"

"You better tell me why you have come here or I won't let you go." Charles was not surprised at her behavior. She had always been like this. He knew it for sure that she was following them and she also had some reason behind it. He kept glaring at Leila furiously and waited for her to reply.