

## **Wedded Bride 781**

### Chapter 781 Knowing The Truth

Abby finished talking and waited for Sheryl's reaction, but Sheryl remained silent for a long time. Abby

felt nervous and said anxiously, "Sher, I have discussed this at length with Andy. Whatever

compensation you ask for, we will try our best to fulfill the same. Please say something..."

"Aunt Abby," Sheryl finally said. When first hearing Abby's words, Sheryl was really angry. Maybe that

was why Andy didn't show happy appearance when he saw her, she thought.

But then she reasoned that he had done this for Rick's safety. She could understand his love for his

son and was relieved.

Fortunately, the matter was in the past and had been settled, so Sheryl was not going to dwell on it.

"I am glad that you told me about it," Sheryl said. Then she glanced at Abby and continued,

"Fortunately, Shirley is fine now, so let us forget all this. I don't want to pay any more attention to it, and

I don't want to investigate it further."

"Really?" Abby looked at Sheryl in surprise and said, "Do you really forgive Andy?"

"Yes, I am," Sheryl said, smiling. "Rick is safe and sound, and I am happy about that."

"Sher... I don't know what to say... This is really very kind of you." Abby was very touched and promised

Sheryl, "You have my word that such things will never happen again in future. I promise you."

Abby continued, "Luckily, Charlie has only suffered a minor fracture, otherwise we would really be embarrassed to face you and Charles again."

Abby glanced at Sheryl and asked, "Sher, have you ever thought about how you are going to reveal the truth to Charlie? That kid is sensible. I am sure he will accept it very gracefully."

"Aunt Abby, what are you talking about? I am unable to understand what you are saying." Sheryl was perplexed.

Hearing this Abby realized that Sheryl did not yet know Charlie's true identity. She parked the car on the side of the road and told her that Charlie was her son and Shirley's twin. Abby saw shocked surprise on Sheryl's face at this news.

Although Sheryl had doubted this many times herself, she was surprised and shocked to have it confirmed that Charlie was really her son.

"Oh my God! Is that true? How do you know? Are you sure?" she asked Abby incoherently. When

Sheryl saw Abby nodding her head, she was stunned. "How can this be?"

"It's true." Abby smiled gently and continued, "Sher, he's your son."

Sheryl was so confused by this revelation. Dazed, she didn't know how she got to Dream Garden and or how she got off the car. When Sheryl entered there she found Shirley flitting around like a butterfly behind Charlie. When Charlie wanted water, Shirley instantly ran to bring some for him. If Charlie wanted to eat some fruit, Shirley took the initiative to wash the fruit for him. Charlie was bothered by Shirley's actions and her constant shadowing of him.

"Shirley, thank you, but these are things I can do myself," Charlie said.

Shirley did not respond, but continued to do things for him.

When Sheryl came up behind them, Shirley saw her first. She squealed and hugged Sheryl's leg. She said, "Mom, I have been very good. I listened to you and took good care of Charlie."

"You are such a good girl sweetie. I love you," Sheryl spoke to Shirley, but her eyes were on Charlie.

Charlie looked helplessly at Sheryl. "Sher, I am really much better. The doctor said I'll be fine soon."

"Charlie, come here." Sheryl squatted down and called Charlie forward.

Sheryl did not dare cuddle him immediately. She had been separated from him for too long and did not know if he would blame her.

Charlie looked warily at Sheryl. However, he obeyed her and walked forward. He stood in front of her and asked, "Sher, what's wrong with you? Why are you looking at me like this?"

Charlie found Sheryl looking very strangely at him in a way he could not understand. He saw tears in her eyes. So he anxiously said, "Sher, I am really much better. Don't cry..."

"I'm not crying Charlie." Sheryl wiped back her tears and they refused to stop. She took Charlie's hand and cried even more when she saw the birthmark on his wrist.

She thought that God had given her such an obvious hint but she was blind to it.

She could not help blaming herself for her stupidity.

Charlie looked at Sheryl in bewilderment and didn't know what he should do.

Fortunately, Charles came in just then. He saw Sheryl sobbing inconsolably. He hurried up to her and asked, "What's the matter? Sher, why are you crying?"

Sheryl could not speak but only cried further. Charles told the children to go out for some time. Then he asked Sheryl with concern, "What's the matter, dear? Tell me."

Sheryl gave a wry smile and said, "I am all right. Don't worry. I just think... I am an incompetent mother."

My son was in front of me all these days but I failed to recognize him."

"Oh... So you know?" Charles asked. Sheryl was stunned when Charles said these words.

"You knew he is my son. Why didn't you tell me about this earlier?" Thunderstruck, Sheryl looked at

Charles and asked. She said sadly, "I just learned about it but you have known all along?" Charles

helped Sheryl sit down on the sofa. He said, "I myself came to know this recently. Soon after that Leila

kidnapped both the children. I kept silent fearing you would be more worried if you knew Charlie is your

son."

Charles hugged Sheryl and said, "Don't cry. See, Charlie has grown into a big boy. He is a wholesome

and good child and wise beyond his years. You should be proud of him."

"But I feel so sorry for him." Sheryl sobbed and said, "I am sad that he had such a miserable life with

Leila. She neglected him so much and the poor child literally had to take care of himself."

"Don't think so much. You take too much pressure on yourself. You will fall sick with all this, Sher."

Charles patted Sheryl on the back to comfort her. "We will live together in the future and love him

unconditionally. We will make it up to him. He is a very sensible boy and will never blame you."

Sheryl did not speak. It took her a long time to calm down. She looked at Charles and asked, "Do you

know how Leila is now?"

Charles face turned vicious at Leila's name. He wanted to deal with her in his own way and not hand her over to the police, Charles had not found time to deal with this matter. He knew he must not ignore it further but handle it soon.

Charles glanced at Sheryl and said, "I will deal with her in a fitting way. Don't worry about it."

Charles wanted Sheryl to stay the night as it was already dark. Sheryl refused. She was not yet sure of the right way to handle her relationship with Charles. Now, she found herself guilty on account of Charlie. She decided to just go home with Shirley until she was clearer about all these matters.

When they reached home, Shirley snuggled in Nancy's arms and spoke to her for a long time. Nancy was very happy that Shirley was now normal. She helped Shirley finish her bath and put her to bed.

When she came out of Shirley's room, she found Sheryl still sitting on the sofa in a daze.

"What's the matter? You've been sitting in one place ever since you came back. Shirley has recovered from her autism. That is something to be happy about but you are still looking upset," Nancy asked Sheryl in perplexity.

Sheryl looked at her and said, "Nancy, what should I do? I have no idea what to do."

Sheryl revealed the whole story to Nancy. "I just feel so sorry for him, I..."

Hearing Sheryl's words, Nancy was stunned. She never thought Leila would have done such horrible things to Charlie.

She was ashamed of her earlier dislike for Charlie and her attitude towards him.

Chapter 782 Plead For Mercy

Taken aback, Nancy stared at Sheryl and asked, "Sher... How can it be even possible? Charlie's age is different from that of the missing kid. Moreover, how did Leila make him her own son?"

"It is unbelievable for me too." Sheryl gave a bitter smile and added, "But it is the truth."

"So... Does Charlie know about all of this now?" Nancy questioned Sheryl with great concern.

"He doesn't know anything about it yet." Sheryl shook head slightly and said to Nancy, "Nancy, please tell me what should I do now. I feel so discontented."

Although she got along well with Charlie, she still felt weird to know that she was his real mother all of a sudden.

"Don't worry, Sher." Nancy looked at her with solicitude. "What's Mr. Lu's opinion on this matter?"

Nancy asked her.

Sheryl shook her head and answered, "I haven't told him about all this. I don't even know whether I should tell him or not."

Nancy pacified her mood quickly. She continued convincing Sheryl, "Sher, we have spent so much of our efforts to look for the kid and now that we have found him, we should be happy right?"

"Yes, but I still find it difficult to accept the truth." Sheryl was happy to find her son but, was also dumbfounded amidst the result. After some hesitation, she let out a sigh and said to Nancy, "I really don't know how to deal with this matter now. Charlie got injured while he was trying to protect Shirley. I feel so sorry for him."

Nancy felt guilty because she disliked Charlie previously and was not friendly with him at all.

"Now that Charlie is your son, the only thing we should do is to try our best to compensate him. No matter he accepts you or not, we should at least try to make efforts and shower him with the immense love and nurture," Nancy suggested.

Then Nancy smiled bitterly. "After all, you didn't abandon him on purpose."

She cast a glance at Sheryl and said, "Okay, you should have some rest now. Charlie got injured, so I



will make some nourishing soup for him tomorrow morning. You can bring it along with you then."

Sheryl heaved a deep sigh. Nancy was right. Now, to love Charlie immensely was the only way to fix the mistakes.

She couldn't fall asleep for a single minute. She kept on thinking about Charlie all of the time. Sheryl was overwhelmed by both joy and sorrow.

She was happy to reunite with her son eventually.

But she felt sorry because he was always here yet she failed to recognize him earlier and left him to suffer a lot. She was feeling disastrous to left Charlie in Leila's hands.

Sheryl finally fell asleep late at night but, she couldn't sleep adequately.

Charles stayed up for the whole night. When Charlie slept, he went for Hugo and gave him the money as a reward payment. "Hugo, thank you and your men. This is the payment for you," he said as he handed the money to Hugo.

Charles didn't care about how much money it cost to get his kids back as long as he found his two kids safe.

"It's so kind of you." Hugo said with a smile, "I really helped you for the sake of Andy."

Hugo tried to pretend that he didn't care about the money but his eyes had never shunted from it.

Charles said with a smile, "You deserve this money. Take it please."

"Okay, I'll take it. Thank you." Hugo handed over the money to his men and said to Charles, "The person you want is here. When will you take her away?"

"Right now." Charles' face dimmed due to outrage. He even wanted to kill Leila immediately, thinking of Charlie's injury caused by her and realizing that she was the reason due to which, he had been apart from Sheryl all these years.

"Bring the woman here," Hugo ordered one of his men.

A moment later, Leila came inside with her hands fastened. There was a wad of rags in her mouth so she couldn't even utter a single word. She stared at Charles with pleading eyes. But, it was all in vain now.

Charles cast a contemptuous eye at Leila and found her face was black and blue. Hugo's men had treated her in their own way according to the Charles' requirement.

It was visible that she was punched brutally.

"Mr. Lu, here she is." Hugo looked at Charles and said with an evil smile, "I have taken enough care of her for you."

"I can totally see it. Thank you so much, Hugo." Charles smiled at Hugo and said, "I'm taking her along with me now."

Hugo walked up to Charles and whispered, "Mr. Lu, I have to remind you that not to do something that goes too far. There are rules of law in society after all."

"Don't worry. I know what's good for me. Thanks for your advice anyway," Charles answered with a smirk.

Leila got desperate after the brutal torture of a whole day. She thought she would be rescued as she saw Charles, but all her hope vanished, the moment she found that Charles and Hugo were allies.

She realized that all the tortures she suffered were arranged by Charles. She was devastated now but, whatever Leila was reaping now was all sowed by her own hands three years back.

Charles threw her into his car. Her hands were still fastened and mouth gagged. She wanted to scream but couldn't manage to make any voice.

Charles kept on driving silently and Leila understood Charles wouldn't let her go anyway.

She felt panicked first but, got reassured finally because she knew worrying was of no help to her in this vulnerable situation.

Charles took her to the warehouse where Sheryl had given birth to their babies. Andy had been there waiting for him for a while and walked up straight towards him as the car parked.

"What are you doing here?" Charles was surprised to see Andy here. Then, he dragged Leila out of his car harshly.

He didn't give Leila to the police because he wanted to inquire about Ferry's whereabouts from her.

If he had handed her over to the police, Ferry would help her and cause more trouble for his family.

"I knew you would certainly come here so, I came early and waited for you," Andy responded in a calm tone.

Charles threw Leila into the warehouse and inquired in rage, "Look around. Do you still remember this place?"

He took the rags out of Leila's mouth and Leila began gasping. When she finally caught her breath, she asked Charles, "What do you want to do?"

"What I want to do?" Charles sneered and said, "You know it obviously, don't you?"

Looking at Charles' ferocious eyes, Leila felt scared. She pleaded, "Charles, no, Mr. Lu, please forgive me."

She was no longer in position to bear the physical tortures any more. So, she begged Charles to have some mercy on her.

"Forgive you? After all this, you expect mercy from me?" Charles smiled coldly and said, "Okay fine, I can spare you! You should know my purpose to bring you here. Just tell me what I want to know. I promise I will let you go safely and unharmed. I am a man of words, Leila."

Chapter 783 You Only Know What I Want You To Know

"The thing you want to know?" A tinge of vigilance flashed within Leila's eyes. She stared at Charles in awe and questioned, "What do you even mean by the thing you want to know?"

Charles' expression turned fretful. He glared at Leila without blinking his eyes for once and interrogated, "I've had enough of you Leila! You better be honest with me. Otherwise, I'll teach you a harsh lesson that you will surely remember for the rest of your life."

Leila's brows furrowed instinctively. She had apprehended that Charles had run out of his endurance.

But, she truly not even had the slightest idea of what Charles wanted to know from her.

She pondered for a second and made a pledge to Charles, "Mr. Lu, I promise you, I'll make an amend and never show up in front of you ever as long as you let me go. I really don't know what else to say?"

"Stop crying wolf. You know very well this is not I want to hear," Charles responded with creased brows.

He further added in a threatening voice, "Or you just want me to remind you of what you should confess?"

Leila was dismayed and frightened by Charles' furious expression. She looked at Charles and asked tentatively, "So would you like to remind me please?"

"Ferry," Charles replied briskly. When Leila heard Ferry's name, her face got pale as if all of her blood were drained suddenly. She began to avoid eye contact with Charles and pretended not to understand what he wanted to know. "I don't know what are talking about. Who is Ferry? I don't know him at all."

"Leila." Andy could no longer stand to remain silent. "I think you'd better not double-cross us. You even can't protect yourself anymore and you are trying to protect Ferry. Are you even in your senses? You are very well aware of how important Sheryl is to Charles. Now since there are only us here! No one will ever know what happened to you."

Andy smiled sarcastically and continued, "Even if you refuse to confess, Charles and I have the power to find Ferry by just spending enough time and efforts. You are keeping secret for Ferry and trying to protect him. But when we find him, do you think he will do the same for your sake? You can suffer less if you speak it out right now. The ball is in your court, think wisely lady?"

Andy's words made Leila lost in her thoughts. After a long moment of respite, she finally lifted her head and glimpsed at Charles before she replied in a collapsed voice, "What do you want to know?"

She had surrendered herself. She confessed that she was destroyed by destiny.

She originally assumed that she could use Charlie as a helpful puppet, to live a luxurious life. But, to her surprise, she had lost the game after three years and the tables had turned.

Now, she was not even left with a single false hope to reunite with Charles. What all she desired, for now, was to get out of the situation safely.

Charles put on a sarcastic smile on his face. He interrogated ruthlessly, "So what the hell happened three years ago? Why did you ally yourself with Ferry?"

"Three years ago..."

Leila searched her memory for a while before she replied with a heavy tone, "Three years ago, it was

Ferry who reached out to me. At that time I desperately wanted to be with you. So, I had no other choice than to accept his offer. I thought that I could be with you forever and that no one would ever dare to separate us. But, I didn't expect that..."

She smiled wryly and continued, "But I didn't expect that I would be defeated wholly."

"So, Sheryl is Charlie's mother, right?" Charles asked immediately.

Listening to Charles' question, Leila turned silent on the spot.

She didn't know what to say. She was all numb.

Although Charlie was given birth by Sheryl, he had been brought up by Leila. Leila also had feelings for him. She had always treated him as her own child and never ever did she thought of causing harm to him.

But, she surprisingly had to face the truth after three years, that the boy didn't belong to her at all.

Charles took him away from her, which tore her heart apart.

Seeing Leila's struggling expression on the face that represented how her heart was aching, Charles smiled sardonically and stated in a cold voice, "To my astonishment, such a wicked person like you



could even have emotions?"

Leila remained quiet as she could feel her heart in her throat.

Charles looked at Leila. "Even if you didn't tell the truth about Charlie's birth, I already knew it. Sheryl has already recovered her memory.

So, you didn't know she was pregnant with twins when you took Charlie away?" Charles asked with an ambiguous smile.

Leila smiled sardonically and responded, "Yes, I didn't know that at all."

But she continued viciously, "If I had known it earlier, I would have also taken that girl with me."

But if there were truly the "if" situation, she would have seen Sheryl die in front of her bare eyes and then taken her kids away. Maybe by this, she could have won the game completely. Nevertheless, evil never wins.

Charles hardened his expression and interrogated again, "Go ahead. Where the hell is Ferry now? Is it he who asked you to kidnap the kids?"

Hearing what Charles asked, Leila abruptly thought of a woman. Although she had changed her face, she couldn't hide her selfish nature. If she told Charles that Holley was Yvonne, then there was a

chance that Charles might grant some leniency to her and let her go safely?

When she was still hesitating, Charles impatiently interrupted her thoughts. "Leila, don't waste our precious time. You should know I'm not that kind of patient person."

Leila raised her head and stared at Charles. In the same moment, she got the flashback of what Holley once said to her.

If she spoke out this thing to Charles, she could not assure at all that whether Charles would let her go or not. But if she didn't do so, Yvonne would not let any opportunity go to torture Sheryl as she hated her intensely.

Therefore, whatever consequences occurred, she must have to bear it. Leila's wickedness would make her feel happy as long as Sheryl also lived a hard life.

After struggling for a long time, she finally chose to keep Holley's identity a secret.

"I think there is some misunderstanding. The kidnapping was done by me alone," Leila responded to Charles. "Charlie has been with me for so many years. I've truly treated him as my own son. I just want to see him and let him be with me. Am I wrong? Isn't it my right as his foster mother?" Leila kept

justifying herself.

"Leila, I once said that I don't like people who lie to me," Charles answered rudely. "If you still lie to me, I'll teach you a lesson. Keep that in your evil mind." He threatened her with a stern expression.

Leila hesitated for a while, and eventually decided to not to be honest. "Mr. Lu, you should also know that I am a mere cipher. I don't have any power. Each time it was Ferry that contacted me. I couldn't find him at all."

Chapter 784 The Familiar Place

"It seems that you are ready for your predestination of hell now," Charles sneered at Leila with a harsh look. He strangled her neck furiously, willing to kill her right away. Leila felt suffocated and gasped very hard for some fresh air. She felt as if she was taking her last breaths at this moment, and had no idea how to break out of this trap. She could clearly sense her death in the air revolving around her.

Her hands were tied up tightly. The ropes were so strong that she could not break them with her bare hands. She had no choice but to look at Charles who was strangling her to death and to accept her fate. There was no way for her to escape her misfortune now.

Leila breathed faster and quicker and her face turned unhealthily red with each breath. She was totally feeble to utter even a single word. She implored Charles to stop with intense desperation in her eyes.

He stared straight back into her eyes but chose to ignore her begging, for indeed, the pain that she had caused him was much greater than what she was suffering right now. He felt a strange sense of accomplishment and peace as he saw her struggling for her life.

Andy stood aside and turned a blind eye to this scene. He had no sympathy for Leila at all, so he ignored her misery just as Charles did. He was very well aware of what she had done. He knew how agonized Charles had felt throughout this time just because of her. He also knew that he was another one to blame for Charles' pain. He did not even dare intervene to tell Charles to stop.

"Charl... Charles, please...

let...

let me... go." Leila squeezed those few words fragments out using all of her strength. Looking at the man who was trying to kill her, she started to recall all her memories with him, both good and bad. It was like a movie being played in front of her eyes in a glimpse.

To hold the hands of this man, who was trying to kill her, was once Leila's mere dream. She dreamed of being together with him for eternity. She had loved him, or to be more precise, she still loved him. She

loved him so much that she decided to walk through the evil pathways in order to acquire his love. But, what all she received as a return of her love from him was mere coldness and hatred.

She had sacrificed herself to the extent that she had done things that seemed so stupid, so improbable and so outrageous, but she was not rewarded with anything she desired for in return, not even a single bit of it.

Charles' face turned even gloomier. All he needed was just a little bit more strength, and then Leila would be dead. Barely could he survive the agony once he thought of the miseries of Sheryl and the kids. It was all because of this woman in front of him! He just needed a tiny bit of more power to take revenge and he could no longer resist the urge to kill her.

"Do you... really... hate me... this... much?" Leila forced some barely recognizable words out of her mouth. As she struggled to speak, she used up all the oxygen remaining in her lungs, consequently, she suffocated even more. Her face turned even paler, but surprisingly she started to calm down.

If she could be killed by Charles, that would also be a good end for her. She could not think of a better way to die than this. At least she was dying in the arms of the man she truly loved, despite the fact that he was the one killing her.

"Hate?" Charles scoffed at this expression with a condescending tone. "You are underestimating what you have done! Do you think what I have for you is mere hatred? 'Hate' is such a simple term to use! It is beyond hatred, way way beyond that!

Not once, not twice, but for so many times you tried to split Sheryl and me apart. So many times! And you succeeded! For God's sake! Because of you, she has been away for three damn years from me!

She left me, and she left Charlie! What's more? You caused harm to Charlie too! It is also my fault to be so indecisive. If I had known that you could cause all these, I would have kicked you away. Rest assured! This time, I have made up my mind." Charles continued with fury, "I will make sure that you die right in front of my bare eyes, and never appear in my life ever again to cause more misery!"

Leila was struck hopeless. She was expecting at least some mercy or consideration by Charles. Just a tiny bit of mercy was all she needed! However, what she heard was dire rage and pain. She loved

Charles so much that she was not yet ready to give up. She tried to convince him again, "Charles, I have sacrificed so much for you. I have done all these because I love you."

Hearing Leila's 'explanation of her pure love', Charles let go of his hand and jeered, "Love? How

ridiculous! This is the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard in my life!"

Leila finally had a chance to breathe and she gasped hard to inhale some air. While she was still trying to recover her breathing, she started to defend herself. "Charles, I didn't expect you to be so apathetic."

Looking straight into his eyes, she continued, "I know you have always looked down upon me. That's fine! But it is not going to change anything; it is not going to change my feelings for you; it is not going to change what I want to do. Trust me. I love you. My love for you is so great that I can barely control it. It is definitely greater than that of Sheryl."

She rubbed her painful neck with her palm gently and continued, "We all have equal rights. We all have the freedom to make our own choices. You love Sheryl. That's perfectly fine. But what about me? I love you desperately. What's wrong with it?"

She paused and gasped for more air before she could continue, "I know I have done many things that hurt others, but what I did was all for you. I just wanted to be with you. That was my only intent. I was struggling and striving for my dear love. Did I do anything wrong? If you disagreed with what I did, then what about you? You brought me here for Sheryl, right? Just look at what you have done to me. You are trying to kill me! What's the difference between you and me, huh?"

"Stop comparing yourself with me," Charles interrupted Leila with a cold tone. "You are such a vicious and callous woman, you will never know what true and pure love is. I must have committed loads of sins to be loved by the worst person like you!"

Leila's eyes became dark all of a sudden when she heard his curse. She lost all her hope immediately.

It was then that she realized how much pain she had caused to Charles; a fact that she had refused to accept for so long.

Glancing at Charles, she spoke with a mournful tone, "Then kill me. I am ready for that. I have accepted my fate. I am here at your disposal now."

"Kill you?" Charles derided at this idea. "I don't want to do that. You are so dirty for me to kill. I don't wish to make my hands dirty by killing you!"

"Then what do you desire to do, if not killing me?" Leila questioned Charles in distress, "I have confessed everything that I have for you. What else do you want me to do? What I have left is only my life now."

She forced a bitter grin and continued, "You promised me that once I tell you everything, you will let me



go."

"Yes I did promise," Charles replied with yet another sneer. To him, Leila was not able to concede his agony and the will for revenge at all, otherwise, she would not still hold the naive thought of him letting her go.

She had hurt Sheryl so much for so many times. If Charles just let her go like this, how could he even face Sheryl? How could he face the Zhao family? If he did not kill Leila, his guilt would surely kill him!

He only made the promise that he would let Leila go. However, as of whether other people would let her go so easily or not, it would not be in his hands anymore.

"Don't worry. I told you I am a man of my words. I will make sure you leave from here safely." He knew that he had gotten everything he could from Leila, so he didn't want to keep wasting his time on her anymore.

So he untied Leila and gave her his final words, "There are a couple of people waiting outside at the door. They are on my orders. If you can break out from them, I promise that I will never look for you for any reason ever in my life. But if you fail..."

After a deliberate pause, Charles continued, "But if you fail, that would be none of my business. Neither

am I responsible for it."

"Charles Lu!" Knowing that Charles still wished to kill her, Leila burst into anger and tears. What was all this about? Charles was just cheating her feelings. He decided to not let her go so easily, so she questioned in despair, "Are you playing with me?"

"Playing with you?" Charles found it so hilarious that he almost burst into laughter when he heard her words. Then he spoke again without displaying any emotion, "If you think so, then yes, I am playing with you. I thought you like to play, don't you? So, let us play for the last and the final time."

"Charles, you are an asshole! Justice will surely be served for you, and you will regret whatever you have done today!" Leila yelled to Charles hysterically. She had no idea what was waiting for her outside, but one thing she was certain about was that Charles would not let her go so easily.

As she was cursing, she could no longer hold back her tears, which streamed down her face.

She regretted a lot for what she had done. If she had known the result earlier, she would never have chosen to ally with Ferry under any circumstances, not to mention to heed Holley's advice to take the risk to do all those things.

She even began to regret knowing Charles in the very first place.

If she had not met Charles in the first place, she would just have been like a normal girl, had a normal relationship, married someone at a certain age, and led a normal life till the end.

That sounded uninteresting, didn't it? But just give it a thought, a routine life like that was actually not bad.

Charles jeered as he stood up. Leila was shouting and begging, but he just turned a deaf ear and left the warehouse without even looking at her for once.

This place was very familiar. It was where the nightmare of Sheryl had taken place. For countless times, she was awakened in horror by the glimpse of the scene that had happened in this place. She was so scared, so frightened, so terrified just because of the day that was brought by Leila in her life.

Now, it was Leila's turn; it was time for Leila to have a taste of Sheryl's pain. For, karma would serve Leila what exactly she deserved!

As Andy followed Charles out, he saw a bunch of people gathering at the door. They were under the supervision of Hugo. Hugo lent Charles his men graciously, as he was well paid by Charles for this.

"Mr. Lu, we are all ready. Please give us your command," Hugo's man reported to Charles in

excitement.

Charles smiled back and announced, "Thank you all for coming here. After this is done, I will treat everyone with some nice beers. You guys can drink as much as you want! Go ahead and good luck."

Chapter 785 Charles Reconciled With Andy

"Mr. Lu, don't mention it," the gang leader replied in a calm voice. He added, "Hugo said you'll be his friend from now on. He will do you a favor as long as you need help. So we are all at your service."

"Please express my gratitude to Hugo when you go back," Charles bowed down sincerely as he replied. Then he instructed them, "You guys also know the woman inside the warehouse. I think you all know what kind of person she is. I don't have anything else to say. I just want her to suffer. I will take the responsibility even if she dies here. Do you understand?"

"Yes, we understand," the gang members answered in unison.

"Charles." Andy raised his brows after hearing Charles' instruction. He held Charles' arm tightly and spoke in a worried voice, "Just calm down. It is illegal to treat her like this..."

"Are you kidding me? Are you preaching now?" Charles interrupted him impatiently. Then he continued with a sarcastic smile, "You should know that I haven't dealt with you yet. What right do you have to say

that to my face?"

A tinge of embarrassment flashed on Andy's face. He knew that Charles was enraged by what he had done. And he understood that he couldn't be forgiven so easily. But what he just said was truly for Charles' sake.

The current society was being strictly governed by laws. If Hugo's men killed Leila, Charles would only be safe if the murder wasn't discovered. Otherwise, he would go to jail.

Andy creased his brows and got lost in his thoughts.

Although Hugo looked like a straightforward man, it was not easy to fathom a person especially a gang leader. If Charles really ordered the others to torture Leila, he would also be tripped up by Hugo.

He glanced at Charles and reinforced his determination to discourage him once again. Even if Charles disliked what he would say, he had to say it. "I just want to remind you that Leila's death is advantageous to Ferry. If Leila died, just a few people would know what Ferry has done. But if Leila remained alive and kept by us, then... Ferry would be worried and nervous, right?"

He stopped to gather his thoughts before he continued, "With that scenario, Ferry must continue doubting whether Leila had betrayed him or not. Please, think twice. Ferry has carefully covered his

traces. We can't find him at all and thus we couldn't deal with him. But if he knows that Leila is in our hands, would he make a desperate attempt to come back and rescue Leila? Once he comes back, I promise you, I will not give him the chance to approach and harm Sheryl, at all. I will catch him and bring him to your disposal."

After hearing Andy's dissuasion, Charles gazed at him and began to calm down. Although he was disappointed with Andy at that time, it couldn't be denied that his words were reasonable.

Charles was not an unreasonable kind of person. He thought carefully about Andy's suggestion before he opened his mouth, "So... what do you think I should do?"

Andy lowered his voice and whispered to Charles' ear, "I must take your side if you just want to get even with Leila for Sheryl. But you shouldn't cross your limits. Do you understand?" He added in a soft voice, "I know so many gang leaders. I know better than anyone else what kind of person they are.

When you try to use them, you will find yourself as the loser in the end."

He gazed at Charles and continued, "I understand you still haven't forgiven me but whatever I have done, my words and actions now are all sincere. Please trust me."

Hearing Andy's words, Charles realized that his decision was so impulsive. He lowered his voice as he spoke, "So what do you think we should do now?"

"As far as I'm concerned, you can ask them to properly punish Leila. It's normal that we teach her a lesson. But we shouldn't cross the line. After we take it out on Leila, we can send her to the police. That will worry Ferry." Just when Andy completed his words, Charles raised his brows and asked, "Are you kidding me? Yvonne was taken away by Ferry from that police station before. Now you want to put Leila into the same prison? Then, Ferry will seize an opportunity to help Leila escape easily just like how he helped Yvonne."

"Don't worry," Andy stared at Charles and replied in an assuring voice. He tried to pacify Charles, "This time, whether Ferry would help Leila or not, we will win the game."

"What do you mean by that?" Charles asked with raised brows. He didn't know what was going on in Andy's mind.

Andy looked at Charles and whispered, "Since Yvonne escaped easily, the police has tightened their security procedures. They are more cautious now so it won't be easy to take Leila away from the prison."

Andy paused for a while before he continued, "Even if Ferry has somebody to rescue Leila, I have already arranged my man in the prison. That person will immediately contact me when something comes up. And then we can follow the clues and find Ferry's whereabouts. What do you think of it?"

Charles hesitated with creased brows before he asked Andy doubtfully, "Could you assure that... we can catch Ferry by doing that?"

"Take it easy. I promise you we can," Andy answered in a confident voice. He put on an ironic smile and added, "If I were that incompetent and couldn't even handle such an easy job, Abby would truly divorce me."

Charles hesitated for a long time and finally accepted Andy's suggestion. "Fine, I'll trust you this time. You know what will happen to you if you screw this up?"

Then Charles instructed Hugo's men. Whatever they would do to punish Leila, they must spare her life and then throw her in front of the police station. Once done, Charles would send the payment to Hugo to show his gratitude.

Hearing the generous remuneration they would get, the gangsters all agreed excitedly.



Charles was about to leave when Andy rushed and caught up with him. Then he offered sincerely,

"How about... having a drink together?"

Charles glanced at his watch. It was already three in the morning. Even if he went home now, he knew

he wouldn't fall asleep. Why not go and have a drink to relieve his stress? So he nodded his head

slightly in acceptance of Andy's invitation.

Then they headed toward a bar and ordered two bottles of wines.

Actually, Charles and Andy had gotten along with each other well three years ago. But because of what

had happened to Sheryl, their friendship had been tainted.

But it was easier for men to reconcile by drinking together.

Andy intentionally acknowledged the terrible things he had done. After all, they were a family. He had to

apologize for what he had done sooner or later. Besides, it couldn't be denied that it was indeed his

fault.

So Andy opened his mouth in a remorseful voice, "Charles, that matter three years ago was... was my

fault." Andy poured a glass of wine for Charles and continued, "I also didn't know why I was so insane

that I did such a terrible thing. If it hadn't been for Abby who kept on scolding me about it, I wouldn't

have realized how terrible was the thing that I had done. I'll be too ashamed to face you now."

"Actually, if I had been in your place, I might have done the same," Charles replied in a calm voice.

Although Charles was still angry inside, he understood Andy's situation. He would maybe do the same thing if it had been his son whose life was in a brink of death.

Chapter 786 Just Tell Him The Truth

Taking a sip of beer, Charles turned to Andy and said slowly, "Rick is safe now. Sheryl and the kids are also back. Let's move forward and put the entire accident behind us. Act as if it never happened."

"That's easier said than done. You're asking me to forget about what I've done. I simply can't do it. The guilt that I'm feeling is eating me up inside. I just can't forgive myself." Andy smiled wryly and continued, "How could I? I can't even fall asleep because I keep on thinking about all the things that have happened. There's Sheryl, who suffered so much because of this accident. And I also thought of you, and how you suffered for so long when she went missing. It hurts to have this much regret. I feel like someone set a heavy stone on my chest and it weighs down on me with every minute that passes by."

The part that Andy felt most apologetic for was the fact that he trusted Anthony could make Sheryl

happy. He couldn't believe what Anthony had done to her.

Charles offered him a warm smile and tried to console him. "Stop thinking about that. Listen to me. Let it go. Things will get better now. Stop burdening yourself with things that have already happened."

As they continued to drink, Andy kept apologizing to Charles, who chose to forgive him and offer him comfort.

Charles was just putting himself in Andy's shoes. Like Andy, he was also a parent, so he knew very well how natural it was to be selfish for one's own child.

It was already morning when Charles left Andy. Before he reached home, Charles got a call from Hugo, who told him that Leila was brought to the police station. He sighed in relief upon hearing the good news.

He arrived home before sunrise. Glancing at his empty home, Charles realized that his heart felt just as vacant.

He rested on the sofa and closed his eyes for a while. Shortly after, Nancy came in. She saw Charles on the sofa and asked with a worried tone, "Mr. Lu, have you just gotten home?"

"Yes," he mumbled. He softly dug his knuckles at the sides of his head, hoping to ease his headache.

"How was Charlie last night? Did anything happen? Is he okay? Was he in pain? Did he cry?" he asked, one question after another.

"Don't worry. Charlie is perfectly fine," Nancy replied. "He's just as tough as you are. Even if he was in pain, he never complained about it. Not a peep."

For a small child to have suffered such a severe fracture must be very painful. But Charlie didn't cry in pain or say anything. It impressed Nancy when she saw how brave the boy was.

Charles smiled in delight. He felt proud, hearing Nancy compliment for his son's tough demeanor. "Of course he's a tough kid, Nancy. He's my son, after all."

"Definitely." Nancy smiled and continued, "Aside from your appearance, his temper is exactly the same as yours, too."

She got a whiff of alcohol from Charles and sensed he might be a little drunk. "Mr. Lu, are you hungry?"

Let me cook you some porridge. It can help clear your head from all that alcohol," she offered.

He waved his hand in dismissal. "I don't need it," he said, while shaking his head. "I'm not hungry. But please prepare some porridge for Charlie. I'm going to my room to rest."

Nacy nodded. "Understood," she answered. Just as she was about to enter the kitchen, Charles stopped her and instructed, "Do wake me up if Sheryl comes here later."

"Of course," she replied. Nancy was completely different from Nancy. Unlike Nancy, she did exactly as she was told. She followed orders to the letter and avoided trouble by not doing anything that was beyond her duty.

After taking a shower, Charles quickly fell asleep.

Just before noon, Sheryl went by to Charles' place, a homemade lunch in tow.

She was actually planning to be there earlier, but she was determined to cook something really nice for Charles. And the soup that she was carrying took more time to prepare than she expected, causing her to be a little late. She had Shirley with her, and the moment they got inside the house, the little girl rushed to find Charlie. Meanwhile, Sheryl headed to the kitchen to reheat the soup.

"Miss Xia, have you just arrived?" Nancy greeted Sheryl with a smile.

"Yes," Sheryl answered. She wanted to talk to Charles about Charlie. "Where's Charles? Is he home?" she asked.

Nacy nodded. "Yes, he is," she replied. "Mr. Lu came back home just this morning. He seemed a bit

drunk so he went to bed. He must be sleeping in his room."

She looked at Sheryl and continued, "But he did tell me to wake him up if you come here."

"No need." Sheryl stopped Nancy. "Let him sleep as much as he needs to. He's been so tired lately and he needs to rest."

Nancy nodded in agreement. "That's true." Noticing that Sheryl was planning to cook something, she gently took the bag from her hands. "Miss Xia, let me do this for you. This is my job. And besides, the kitchen is a bit dirty. Let me handle this instead," she insisted.

Sheryl smiled back and replied, "It's alright. I don't mind doing this. Don't worry about me." As she set the soup to heat up, she thought about Charlie. She thought of ways on how she could make him feel loved and cared for. With her mind made up, she started thinking of a nice meal to prepare for him.

Before Nancy had any chance to stop her, Sheryl started cooking. Knowing she couldn't change Sheryl's mind, Nancy left the kitchen in silence.

When lunchtime came, Charles woke up and came down from his room. Charlie and Shirley came down with him, chatting nonstop. Sheryl stopped fixing the table as her eyes landed on Charlie. Her

eyes refused to leave him even for a second.

But Charlie remained oblivious of his mother's stares. When he was trying to help Shirley open a bottle,

Sheryl rushed to his side and took the bottle. "Let me do it, Charlie. Just stay where you are."

She then turned to scold Shirley, "How can you ask him to do this? Can't you see that he's injured and in pain?"

Shirley looked at her mother but couldn't say anything. She frowned and felt hurt hearing her mother's words.

Sheryl was very attentive to Charlie during lunch. She looked at him with extreme care. Due to his fracture, Charlie couldn't move his hand freely. Sheryl helped him eat, and peeled the shell of the shrimps nicely. The attention made Charlie feel embarrassed, so he tried to politely stop Sheryl. "I'm okay, Sher. I can do this on my own," he said.

Shaking her head, Sheryl replied, "Please let me do it. You're hurt and it would be hard for you to take care of yourself." Thinking of how hard it must be for Charlie, she couldn't contain her tears as they streamed down her cheeks. Charles sat beside her, patting her back gently to console her. "Alright, let's stop being sad, okay? Just look at Charlie. He's looking much better, isn't he?"

"I'm fine," she replied, wiping her tears with the back of her hands.

After lunch, Shirley and Charlie headed to the courtyard to play. Sheryl looked out the window, staring at them, with loads of thoughts running around her head.

Charles stood beside Sheryl and handed her a cup of hot tea. "What are you thinking about?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Nothing." Diverting her eyes to Charles, she added, "Well, there is one thing. I'm thinking about how I will tell Charlie that I'm his mother."

At the back of her mind, she knew that one day, the truth would come out, but she had no idea how to tell him.

Charles shrugged. "Just tell him the truth, as best as you can," he suggested. "Don't worry about Charlie. He's not like other kids. He'll understand. Trust me."

"But still..." she began saying. She couldn't admit it out loud, but she was terrified of hurting Charlie once she revealed her true identity.

Even after thinking about it for a while, Sheryl still couldn't make up her mind. "I'm sorry. I still need



more time to think about this, to think about what I should do," she said.

"Don't worry," Charles said, trying to reassure Sheryl. "Charlie is our kid, and I know him pretty well. It

may be hard on him at first but I know that he will be able to accept it."

Chapter 787 What He Heard

The leaves rustled on the pebbled ground as the breeze gently blew in the balmy afternoon. A little boy

played with sticks and stones in the yard while two figures staring at the open stood on the porch. "But I

still feel restless." Sheryl said with a frown. "I worry that Leila might cause new trouble again."

"But I've told you, remember?" Charles stood nearer to Sheryl and looked at her affectionately with

loving eyes. "I promise that she can never hurt you and the kids. Please trust me."

The sudden, loud clang of the door bursting open was heard. Chris had arrived and her eyes darted to

Charlie playing in the yard, his hand plastered with band-aid. She felt a little sorry for the boy.

Chris walked towards him and squatted to Charlie's eye level. "Show me your arm Charlie. Does it

hurt?" she asked.

"I'm fine, Aunt Chris," Charlie said calmly. "This little injury doesn't matter for a real man like me," he

quipped.

Upon hearing Charlie's words, Chris couldn't help but giggle a little. She took a good look at Charlie

and said, "You're just like your father."

Charlie joined her in laughter, the sound of his boyish voice mixing in with the tinkle of the wind chimes.

Chris knew that Charlie got injured just now. She just recently gave birth to her baby, so Sam didn't

want to disturb her with this matter. By the time she heard the news, Charlie was almost fully

recovered.

She immediately rushed to their house. When she found out that Charlie was fine and it wasn't very

serious, she let out a sigh of relief.

Chris moved her legs to go inside as she said to Charles, "You and Sheryl are really an unlucky pair.

How can so many misfortunes happen to you? Charlie and Shirley are just kids yet they've suffered so

much. What's wrong with Leila? Is she crazy? Charlie is her son, so how could she even have the heart

to hurt him?"

The light in Sheryl's and Charles' faces suddenly dimmed when she just said those words. She was

confused at this and asked, "What? Did I say something wrong?"

Chris was aware that she was constantly saying inappropriate or even insensitive words without even

realizing it, so she immediately asked them to know if there was something up with what she just said right after asking it.

Sheryl just remained silent because she didn't know how to tell Chris the truth about Charlie. Charles cast a meaningful glance at Chris and said hesitantly, "Chris, Charlie is not Leila's son."

"I'm sorry... What? What did you just say?" Chris asked in shock as she finally got to the porch, her eyes widened to the size of saucers. "What nonsense are you talking about? Charlie resembles you so much; he couldn't possibly be another man's son!"

Chris just thought that Charles just refused to admit his past relationship with Leila with Sheryl's present. Chris gripped Sheryl's hand as if to reassure her and said, "Sheryl, my brother made many mistakes before but he has changed now. Charlie is just a kid. If you don't want to accept him, I can take care of him so that he won't bother you."

"What are you talking about, Chris?" Charles arched a brow and scolded her, "You are being ridiculous."

Confused, Chris said, "Charles, I just want to help you and Sheryl. You spent so much effort just to get reunited so I simply don't want you to break up for this trivial matter."

"Chris, you misunderstood," Sheryl interjected and tugged on Chris' sleeve. She explained, "You misunderstood what Charles said."

"Sheryl, I can understand what you're feeling." Chris patted Sheryl's hand and consoled her, "I like Charlie and I am willing to adopt him."

She then added, "All I wish is that you can be with my brother happily. You didn't know how in pain he had been before you came back. He can't lose you once again."

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Charles interrupted as he couldn't bear Chris' stupid words any longer. "Did I say Charlie is not my son?" he asked her pointedly.

"You said it just now,"

Chris replied firmly.

"I just said Charlie isn't Leila's son. So how can you assume he isn't my son either?" Charles shot back and gave Chris an annoyed look.

"I think that is exactly what you mean," Chris said, clearly standing by her words.

"Chris, you have really misunderstood what your brother meant." It had been three years since Chris

had become a mother, but she still had that same innocence and bouts of foolishness from before.

Sheryl's eyes bore through Chris' and she said, "Your brother meant that... Charlie isn't Leila's son, but mine."

"What?!" Chris' eyes widened in shock even more and her jaw went slack. She stared at Sheryl in equal parts confusion and astonishment and asked, "Are you kidding? How can that be possible?"

Chris remembered the first time she saw Charlie, he was with Leila. He looked like Charles so much so nobody ever doubted that he was Charles' son. Plus considering Charles' past relationship with Leila, everyone definitely believed he was her son.

"Hold on..." Chris asked Sheryl with a frown formed on her lips, "I feel more confused now. How can Charlie be your son?"

That was when Charles retold everything to Chris. When they got to the part where Leila and Ferry worked together to steal Charlie away, she couldn't stop the flurry of curses that flew incessantly from her mouth. "Leila, that bitch! She's always causing so much trouble. If I ever see her again, I will beat her up!"

"It's alright. I can handle her. You should put all your energy on taking care of your baby. Just leave all

the trouble to me," Charles mildly told Chris.

Chris suddenly felt ridiculous because she once helped Leila be with her brother.

Luckily, Leila's scheme failed eventually, otherwise Chris would have no gall to face Sheryl.

"Sheryl..."

Chris said with her voice full of regret while gripping Sheryl's hand, as if to ask for forgiveness. "So

does Charlie know all this?"

She didn't see any unusual expression from Charlie's face just now, so she guessed that maybe he

didn't know it yet.

Now, that was the most difficult problem to deal with.

Charlie was indeed Sheryl's son but he had lived with Leila for such a long time, so he must be terribly

attached to the woman. The worst outcome they could predict was if Charlie would know everything

and then resent Sheryl for it.

"He doesn't know yet." Sheryl added with a bitter smile, "I'd been just talking about it with Charles

before you came."

"So what will you do?" Deep inside, Chris felt happy to know that Charlie was Sheryl's son. It proved that Charles didn't betray Sheryl several years ago.

Of course, it added to the possibility of them being together once again.

However, Chris got worried when she thought about Charlie.

She glanced at Sheryl and her anxious eyes gave away the fact that she and Charles didn't get to a

solution at all when they talked awhile ago. Chris was about to say something when a girlish voice

interrupted her from behind. "Charlie, what are you doing here? Why don't you go inside?" Shirley

asked.

The three adults' faces paled immediately especially Sheryl, who was quite shocked as they heard

Shirley's words.

Sheryl turned back and saw Charlie at the gate, which was right beside the porch. She stared at him in

an expression that was an unreadable cross between fear and amazement.

"Charlie, you..." Sheryl stammered nervously. 'Did he hear everything we talked about?' Sheryl

wondered anxiously as she looked at her son.

Chapter 788 Response From Charlie

Charlie was unusually calm when he heard the news. And his adorable face was devoid of any

emotion. Sheryl stood motionless as she looked at him intently and gave his little face a thorough scanning. She was earnestly hoping to read his facial expression that was held barely discernible. She felt a little uneasy. Then she approached Charlie anxiously and in a trembling voice asked him,

"Charlie, you heard that?"

"Yeah," Charlie answered in a small but affirmative voice. "I heard it."

"Then you..." Sheryl began to say something. But she suddenly felt at a loss that her voice trailed off.

Sheryl swallowed hard and burrowed into her head, hoping to come up with appropriate words to say.

Initially, she was so worried about how to tell Charlie the truth, but now that he happened to hear everything, the heaviness she felt in her chest was finally relieved.

The thing now that made Sheryl worried about most was how Charlie felt.

Charles, who was observing the whole scene, also felt to be on tenterhooks. Though he had faith with

Charlie, he was still worried that Charlie wouldn't be able to take it, so he walked up to his son as well

to prompt him, "Charlie, now that you have known everything. We're not going to hide anything from

you. From now on, there'll be no more secrets. Can you tell us how you feel about it?"



Charles found himself looking attentively at Charlie. A surge of anxiety crawled within him as he waited on for Charlie to speak his mind. But Charles did not receive any response, so he continued to talk to his son, "Charlie, I understand that it is going to be very hard for you to accept it. And I know it will take a little while, but you should have the ability to differentiate the good from the bad. You should be aware who truly cares for you..."

"Charlie..." Shirley chimed in. She was a little scared of seeing Charles in a solemn expression.

Seeing her daughter feeling frightened of the tense atmosphere, Sheryl decided not to let Shirley stay further, so she asked Chris to take care of Shirley. "Chris, can you do me a favor? Please take Shirley out for a while. I need to talk to Charlie."

"No problem," said Chris. Chris gave her a slight nod and left the room with Shirley. On their way out, Shirley's worried eyes kept darting to look back at Charlie.

Even though Charlie was still a small kid, Chris knew that he was highly sensitive when it came to his feelings. She was afraid that acceptance would be too hard for Charlie.

After Chris and Shirley left, Sheryl squatted down and held both Charlie's hands tightly. Then she

pointed to the birthmark right at his wrist and said, "This birthmark has appeared countless times in my dreams, I... I should have realized earlier that the kid in my dream was you. But..." Sheryl's voice faltered and her chest twisted in pain.

Then tears of remorse welled up and streamed down her face as she looked at him tenderly. Much to her astonishment, Charlie quietly pulled out his hands from her grip. And he gingerly reached out to her face and wiped her tears. His hands were so soft and gentle. Sheryl was stunned and felt deeply touched by his gesture.

"Charlie, you..." Sheryl mumbled. Her voice was barely audible.

"I do not blame you," Charlie said promptly. Charlie did not wait for Sheryl to finish her words and continued to speak flatly, "I trust that you also didn't want to abandon me."

"Of course I didn't," Sheryl responded gently, shaking her head slightly. While searching his face, Sheryl asked him, "Don't you blame me?"

Charlie silently shook his head.

Sheryl's eyes widened in surprise to see Charlie's reaction. She had previously imagined numerous scenes in her head on how Charlie would respond to her words. She had visualized him laughing,

crying, and even being angry. But Charlie's calm acceptance never did once cross her mind.

But still, she became a bit skeptical, and her face displayed conflicting emotions. So she tentatively asked, "Are you not... surprised at all?"

He must have been shocked by the sudden turn of events, that Sheryl was his biological mother and not Leila. He shouldn't be this quiet and composed upon hearing this.

And what was even more surprising for her was when Charlie replied, "Actually I knew that Leila is not my mother."

Sheryl and Charles were both startled to hear this and stared at each other in astonishment.

But Charles quickly recovered and asked him, "Charlie, what do you mean by 'you knew'?" Charles instinctively rephrased his question. Looking at his son, he again asked, "You knew that Leila is not your mother?"

Charles was no doubt in a state of utter disbelief that he repeated Charlie's words. He was thinking how could Charlie possibly know about this when he was just a small kid. And the fact that he had only found the truth recently didn't help him at all.

"Yes," Charlie replied in a positive confirmation. Then Charlie continued to explain, "I happened to know Leila's blood type. Biologically, she could not possibly be my mother. It's just that I cannot be fully certain about this."

He lifted his gaze to glance at Sheryl. Then he resumed speaking, "Just now, I heard what Sher said which helped me confirm that my speculation was right."

"Then why didn't you tell me earlier?" Charles queried Charlie impatiently. If he had known this information long before, perhaps he would have discovered the truth much sooner.

"I was also suspecting, but I had no solid evidence." Charlie was abnormally composed. He looked at Charles and said, "That was why I rejected Leila when she asked me to leave with her."

"Charlie..." Sheryl immediately reached out and hugged Charlie tightly in her arms. "Good boy. From now on I will never allow anyone to take you away from me."

Charlie felt an incredible sense of warmth when Sheryl gathered him in her arms. He had never felt this before. Though he had lived with Leila, who took care of him as a 'mother', he had never experienced such a caring and motherly hug. This was indeed a hug from a mother.

"Mo... Mom." Charlie couldn't control himself voicing that word so easily out, as if it was a natural thing

to him.

He had been, in fact, treating her as his own mother way long before he was informed about his real relationship with Sheryl. Knowing that Sheryl truly loved him and wanted only the best for him, he accepted his new identity naturally.

Hearing that one small magic word from Charlie, Sheryl blanked out. She couldn't believe what she just heard. Letting go of her arms, she stammered, "What... What did you say? Again?"

Sheryl's heart brimmed with overwhelming joy and happiness. She had waited for this moment for so long, but when it eventually came, she was so unprepared, as if she was living in a dream.

"Mom..." The first step was always the hardest. After calling her for the first time, the second 'Mom' was way easier for Charlie. He murmured that in a blush, and quickly turned his eyes away.

"Good boy..." Sheryl could hardly contain her excitement. She took a closer look at Charlie again and tightly embraced him, as if trying to prevent anyone from taking him away. And she couldn't seem to let go.

A simple hug spoke a thousand words.

"Alright, alright. Stop crying. We are all good now." Charles wanted to stop Sheryl's tears. He was worried that if Sheryl continued to cry nonstop, her body would not be able to sustain. After all, she had just gone through so much hardship and needed some good rest.

He held Sheryl's hands and said, "Now, Charlie has accepted you being his mother. I know it is worth celebrating. But why are you celebrating with your tears?"

"I am just so happy! These are tears of joy," Sheryl replied with her eyes wet with tears.

"Charlie, get some tissue for Mom," Charles said to Charlie. As Charlie was about to turn to get some, Sheryl stopped him right away and complained to Charles, "How can you be such an irresponsible father? Don't you see that Charlie is still injured? Do you want him to get hurt again? How can you request him to do that?"

Sheryl glared at Charles with displeasure. Then she held Charlie's hand and said in a motherly tone, "Just ignore him. The most important thing right now is to take care of yourself. Get well soon from the bone fracture. It is our top priority. Forget about his order."

"I am fine. It is not painful at all. Besides, the doctor also said that it wouldn't matter a lot," replied Charlie. He focused his gaze at his mother's tear-streaked face. Then he heaved out a deep sigh and

said, "Mom. Stop crying..."

Chapter 789 A Dream Comes True

"Alright, alright, I won't cry." Sheryl constantly nodded and said that to Charlie, so that he could feel better.

Charlie was extremely happy, but acted a little bit awkward. He looked at Sheryl and asked, "So Shirley is my twin sister, right?"

"Yes, exactly," Sheryl responded.

Hearing that, Charlie smiled affectionately and thought, 'Wow, so it means that I have my own sister, a beautiful little girl who needs my protection. I will try my best to be a good brother and strive to shield her from any possible danger.'

Sheryl smilingly inquired, "Charlie, would you like to come home with me tonight? Shirley will be so happy to see you. She will be delighted if you can stay with us for a couple of days. And, I want to make up for my absence as a mother all these years."

Charles immediately refused Sheryl's proposal without even listening to Charlie's will. He was well aware why Sheryl came to his house every day. She visited only to see her son. 'So, she would

continue coming if Charlie is still with me, ' Charlie thought. He didn't want to miss the chances of seeing her each day, so he responded to Sheryl, "He's okay in here and I can take good care of him.

You're busy with looking after Shirley, so just leave Charlie with me.

You can come here to see him every day if you like, and I can even assist to pick you up if you need."

Sheryl gave him a ferocious stare and said, "I'm talking to my son, not you! Is it clear?"

She bent down and softly asked Charlie, "Honey, would you like to come with me?"

Charlie turned to look at Charles and found that his father winked at him, so he got what Charles really meant. Charlie then looked at Sheryl and said, "Mom, it's all right. I'm comfortable at staying here with Dad."

Sheryl was a little sullen about it and replied, "Why not, honey? You don't want to stay with Mommy, is that so?"

Charlie replied, "Mom, of course, I want to be with you. I'm just afraid that Dad will be lonely if I leave him all alone.

You have Shirley but Dad will be all alone by himself if I leave. So Mom, please allow me to stay, okay?"



Charles was convinced by Charlie's response and gave him an affirmative smile. Charlie continued,

"Mom, I know you miss me and I miss you, too. So why don't you just move here with me and Dad? We can take care of you and Shirley, too.

We're a family, so aren't we supposed to be together, right?"

Sheryl froze by listening to that. Her heart skipped a beat suddenly. She never expected that Charlie would ask her to move in with them. It was hard for her to decide because she couldn't convince

herself to get over all that had happened before. Since Charlie had told her that he wanted to be with his father, she had no choice but to come to see her son every day.

Sheryl sighed and said, "Charlie, honey, you're too young to understand all this. You'll understand when you get older.

You're a good boy, it's fine to love your Dad. You're not coming with me and I can understand that. So I will come to see you every day, is that okay?"

"Okay," Charlie responded, and gave his father a helpless look.

The look meant that he had done what he could, but Sheryl was still not ready to move in, and it was

something he couldn't handle anymore.

Charles was a little bit discouraged with that, but he knew that he still had chances to get close to

Sheryl, if she promised to come every day.

Sheryl was extremely joyful that day. She got home with Shirley very late. After Sheryl left, Chris said to

Charles, "Hey, look. How do you plan to speak to Charlie about Leila?"

Charles looked at her and didn't reply. Chris continued, "Leila is not his real mother, but she has raised

him for so many years. It's impossible to cut off all the connections between them."

"That's enough. I know exactly what to do. It's getting dark, just call Sam to pick you up."

Chris stopped harping and after a while, Sam came to pick her. When Charles saw them off, he went

upstairs.

Passing by Charlie's room, he saw that the light was still on, so he knocked at the door.

"Come in," Charlie replied.

Charles opened the door and walked into the room. Charlie was intensely indulged in reading a book.

Charles said, "It's time to rest!"

"Okay, give me just a minute please." Charlie had a quick bath and wore his new pajama on. He asked

Charles, "Dad, is there anything bothering you that you want to tell me?"

Charles paused to gather enough courage and said, "Yes, yes, but it's not something serious. It's just..." He wanted to say but didn't know how to tell Charlie.

Charlie looked at his father and said, "Dad, there is no one but you and me here, you can tell me anything. You're my father and I'm your son, remember?"

Charles then asked, "I just want to ask you how you felt when you learned about the relationship between you and Sher. What were your feelings, my son? I'm afraid that you may find it hard to accept it at a time."

Charlie turned to look at Charles and said, "I remember I have already told you this. I'm okay, really. You don't need to worry about me at all, Dad."

Charles touched his hair and stated, "I know you're a good boy. And, I am so proud of you! I know you don't want me to get worried. But I know that you must have some thoughts about it, right? I want you to talk to me about it and open up. I'm your father, remember?"

Charlie kept his head down for a moment. After a while, he looked up at Charles and said, "It's true that

I was shocked when I learned about it at first, but I have been with Sher for so long and we have already become closest friends. When I learned that she is my mother, I was every happy about it, I thought that I would now be loved by my real Mom."

Charlie was telling his father the truth. Leila was nice to him when he was with her, but he couldn't get into her heart and couldn't know what she really thought. The love she gave him was more of using. It was more of a give-and-take relationship rather than a pure selflessness of a mother.

The more Leila said that she regarded him as her own son, the more disgusted he felt about it. Charlie had never received the motherly love from Leila, which he surely deserved. What he needed was the sincere love from the heart of his real mother.

But Leila had always failed to give it to Charlie. Thereby, Leila had never been like a real mother to him in any circumstances. She had severely failed as not just a lover but as a mother too.

But, Sheryl was completely different.

She would do anything for him, and Charlie could feel himself that she really cared for him. Every time he saw Sheryl holding Shirley in her arms, he had always admired it.

He had even envied it many many times that how amazing it would have been if Sheryl was his mother.

It was that he had always craved to experience the honest love of his mother.

However, little did he know that the heartily desire, which he had always fantasized about, would become reality one day. It was as if Charlie's wish had been fulfilled like a miracle. He finally got what he had desired for years in his heart. Indeed, his dream came true!

Chapter 790 He Was Too Naive

Charles was so gratified to see Charlie being so considerate at such a young age. But, the moment he thought about Leila, he turned depressed all of a sudden.

"Then... What do you feel about Leila?" Even though Charles was so reluctant to mention Leila, he could sense that there was an emotional tie between Charlie and her. Besides everything that she had done, that woman had indeed helped Charles raise Charlie up. If Charlie really wanted to see Leila, he would try to be considerate for Charlie no matter how hard it would be for him.

Looking at Charlie, Charles continued, "I know. After all, she is your foster mother. I just want to... I just want to be sure of how you feel about her. Do you really... have no feelings for her at all?"

Charlie kept quiet for a while before answering, "Actually I am also not sure. I don't even have any idea how to face her..."

Charles then replied, "I believe you have heard about what happened between Leila and Sher. I have come to tell you that Leila now is under the custody of the police. If... if you desire to see her, I can try to arrange a visit for you."

Charlie was startled upon hearing that. In the end, he nodded and said, "After all, she has taken care of me for so many years. I think I should see her if this is going to be the last time."

"Alright! I will arrange the visit for you tomorrow morning then," Charles agreed. He, in fact, heaved a sigh of relief when he heard that Charlie wanted to see Leila.

After all, it would be too ruthless of Charlie to say 'No'. Charles knew that Charlie was not at all such a person.

He reminded Charlie to sleep early, and then he went back to his room and made several phone calls to arrange the session for Charlie.

The next day, Charlie woke up early, finished his breakfast hastily, and waited for Charles at the sofa patiently.

Then, as planned, Charles brought him to the police station. On their way there, Charles did not speak a word. Neither did Charlie. There was an absolute silence throughout this time.

Right at the main gate of the police station, Charles found the person he was looking for. While that man led Charles and Charlie in straight, he talked to Charles, "By legal methods, she has no liberty to meet anyone from outside. After all, we are still investigating into this case. Since Mr. Lu asked a favor from us, we can let you in to meet her. Just that you need to keep it short, otherwise there can be even trouble for us."

"Thank you for your help. Don't worry. I acknowledge the rules," Charles replied affirmatively.

Just as they were about to enter the room where Leila was, Charlie suddenly stopped and requested to Charles, "Dad, can you please wait at the door for a while? I want to talk to her alone. If you don't mind?"

"How can I even allow this?" Charles frowned. A vicious woman like Leila could easily create a nice story and fool Charlie if he entered the room alone. How could Charles allow this to happen? He did not want Leila to have any chance to get close or to hurt Charlie anymore.

"Don't worry, Dad," Charlie tried to assure Charles. "I will just have a small chat with her. Rest assured!

I am not a naive kid, Dad. I can differentiate the good from the bad. I don't trust her at all, no matter

what she says to me."

"But..." Charles was not fully convinced. Though Charlie directly addressed his concerns, he still couldn't expel all his worries away.

Neither of them was willing to give in. Seeing them wasting time deciding, the policeman standing aside asked impatiently, "Have you two decided? If you keep arguing like this, the time will be up soon. You will not be allowed to get inside then."

"Dad, let me get in by myself," Charlie insisted.

Charles read Charlie's resolution. Knowing that Charlie would not give up this time, Charles gave in and cautioned him, "Alright. I will be right at the door. If anything happens, just give me a loud call."

"Okay." Charlie nodded and followed the policeman inside.

Leila was waiting in the meeting room for quite a while. She had heard that someone had arranged a visit for her. At first, she was suspecting that it was someone from Holley or Ferry. Holding the idea that they didn't leave her alone, she reignited her hope, which quickly diminished as soon she saw Charlie entering the room.

Sitting inside with a handcuff over her wrist, she asked with disappointment, "What are you doing



here?"

"I am here to see you. How are you?" Charlie replied as he sat in front of Leila. Looking at this woman who had been his mother for quite some years but had also hurt him quite a lot, strangely he felt that she was both a dear one and yet a stranger to him at the same time.

"About what all you have done... I have heard it from my father. I think you are..." Leila interrupted

Charlie abruptly before he even finished his sentence.

She couldn't control her emotions and screamed to Charlie in desperation, "Don't listen to that man!

Charlie, you are my son! I will never hurt you! It was all because of Charles and Sheryl that I have landed in this miserable situation! It was all their fault!"

Looking at Charlie, she calmed down a little bit and softened her voice, "Charlie, listen to me. Now please talk to your father and ask him to let me go. Trust me! he will definitely listen to you and do whatever you say. After I get out from here, I will take you to a distant place where no one else recognizes us. We will leave from here and live happily thereafter. Okay?"

"Leila, are you still living in your fantasies? You have had this hallucination for so many years. When do

you plan to wake up?" Charlie replied in a harsh tone. "Wake up now, or else you will lose even more."

"Just shut up!" Leila glared at Charlie and raged at him. "Open your eyes and look at who I am! I am

your mother. Even if you are ruthless enough to ignore my pain, how can you even add more to it!

Where did you learn that from? Is it from that bloody Sheryl?"

She sneered and then continued, "I knew it. That bitch would not let me go so easily. Charlie, you have

to listen to me. Don't be fooled by Sheryl. That bitch looks nice from outside, I know, but she is wicked

at heart. She is not going to bother me anymore since I have ended up here, but you are different. You

are the son of Charles, and she likes Charles, so she has to act nice to you, but behind her actions...

anyhow, take care of yourself and be cautious of that woman."

Looking into Charlie's eyes, she continued with her illusion, "If I get stuck here for the rest of my life,

remember to take revenge for me. Don't ever forget what she has done to your beloved mother. You

must not just let her get away with it so easily."

Even until then, Leila was still trying to attack Sheryl and made enough efforts to ensure to cause her

trouble in future.

Charlie returned Leila with yet another frown and jeered at her, "Even until now, you are still indulging

me in your hallucination. Do you really think that I am too young to understand your games? Do you think I am a fool?"

"What do you even mean by that?" Leila suddenly felt humiliated and questioned. She was so agitated that she tried to stand up, but was stopped by the policeman beside her. "Is it all because of Sheryl?"

What did that bitch tell you, huh? Let me hear her story.

I knew that bitch would do this to you. Charlie, don't you ever trust that woman. I am your true mother.

Don't believe her words easily whatever she says to you or how true it seems. She is just trying to fool you!" Leila screeched at Charlie in hopelessness, "She is a vicious person! She does not care for you at all! Don't you ever..."

"That's Enough!" Charlie shouted back. At first, Charlie wanted to see if Leila was remorseful for what she had done. If she apologized for her deeds, he would have probably asked Charles to forgive her and let her go. All he needed was Leila's apology and the promise that she would never appear in front of his family again to ruin their life. That was why he even stopped Charles to step in. But, it was all in vain!

It turned out that he was indeed, too naive as he even thought to give Leila a chance to repent. A

person who chose to live in her dream would never be ashamed of her evil deeds, he finally realized.